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Rev. Samuel Seabury, DD
Bishop of Connecticut and Rhode Island

THE

T H E

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A REPOSITORY

OF

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FOR

The Christian Family.

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No. 1.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF BISHOP SEABURY.

SAMUEL SEABURY, the first resident Bishop, who had right of jurisdiction in the portion of the earth now known as the United States of America, was born in Groton, Connecticut, in 1728. His father, Samuel Seabury, was a student in Yale College, Connecticut, at the memorable period, 1722, when the President of the College, the Rev. Timothy Cutler, together with the Rev. Samuel Johnson, afterwards first President of King's (now Columbia) College, in this city, and the Rev. Mr. Brown, Congregational ministers, conformed to the Catholic Church, and went to England for orders. In consequence of the troubles thus excited in Yale, young Seabury, the father of the Bishop, removed to Harvard University, Massachusetts, where he graduated in 1724. He was soon after ordained to the Congregational ministry; but conforming to the Church, he went to England for orders, about 1731 or 1732. On his return as a Priest, in 1733, he was appointed Missionary at New-London. In 1743, he removed to the charge of St. George's Church, Hempstead, Queens County, New-York, where he died, in 1764.

Of the early history of his son, the subject of the present sketch, very little is known, except that he was always remarkable for soundness of mind, clearness of understanding, tenacity of memory, and comprehensiveness and solidity of judgment. He was educated at Yale College, where he graduated in 1748, with credit to himself and honor to the College. His degree of A. M. was from King's (now Columbia) College, New-York, and that of D. D. from the University of Oxford, England.

The medical profession was his first choice; and he went to Scotland in 1751, to complete his preparation for it. At the time when he resided for this purpose in Edinburgh, political circumstances and sectarian prejudices had made the down-trodden Episcopal Church of Scotland an object of special jeal-

ousy and suspicion to the ruling authorities of Church (Presbyterian) and State. It was unsafe for Episcopalians to meet together, or to be seen together in the street. Young Seabury sought out, and obtained, lodgings in the family of a Churchman. On the first Sunday after his arrival in Edinburgh, his host told him that he could attend the service of the Church, only by being very cautious in his mode of going to the place of worship; and directed him to follow him at such a distance as not to excite suspicion of their being together. At the proper time they set out, the landlord walking some distance ahead of his companion, and occasionally, as he turned corner after corner, in his designedly circuitous route, looking over his shoulder to see that Seabury kept him in view. The host at last stopped at the door of a house many stories high, and in a neglected and dilapidated condition, and looking back upon his friend, entered the house. When young Seabury reached the house, he, too, entered, and hearing footsteps on the stairs, he commenced the ascent, and, guided by this sound, continued to ascend, until he met his friend at the door of an apartment in the highest story. They entered. It was a chapel, fitted up for the decent celebration of the Church services. The congregation gradually assembled, one by one; and there they worshipped. The service over, they left in the same way, one by one, at sufficient intervals to prevent their being suspected of having been together.

Soon, however, Mr. Seabury relinquished his medical studies, and commenced preparation for the ministry. He was ordained by the Bishop of London, Dr. Thomas Sherlock, in 1753.

On his return to America, he was appointed, by the Church of England Society for Propagating the Gospel, Missionary at New-Brunswick, New-Jersey, where he remained in charge of Christ Church, until Easter, 1757. He then removed to Jamaica, Queens County, New-York, and had charge of Grace Church, until December, 1766, when he was removed to St. Peter's Church, Westchester, Westchester County, in the same State. Here he remained until the fall of 1776, when the troubles that beset that portion of the country, growing out of the recently-commenced Revolutionary War, in connection with his own conscientious attachment to the cause of the mother country, induced him to remove to the city of New-York, then in possession of the British; where he resided during the greater part of the seven years' war, as one of that large and respectable portion of the then society of New-York, known as Refugees. During this period—there being but little call for his ministerial services—he resorted, as a means of support for himself and family, to the profession of his original choice, and practised medicine; conscientiously availing himself, however, of the opportunities thus presented, of doing good to the souls, as well

as the bodies, of his patients. There were living, but a few years ago, physicians who, at this time, studied their profession under Dr. Seabury. A portion of this period, however, was devoted by him to the duties of Missionary on Staten Island.

During the war of the Revolution, Bishop Seabury, and other missionaries of the Venerable Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, felt themselves bound by the oath of allegiance to the King, which they were obliged to take before their ordination, by their relation to their Diocesan, the Bishop of London, and by their duty to the Society of which they were missionaries, to espouse the cause of the King and the mother country. And they were still further stimulated to this course by the violent opposition made to the consecration of Bishops for this country, and by the unmitigated hostility manifested towards Episcopacy itself.* But there is no pretence that they ever did any acts inconsistent with their character as ministers of the Gospel of peace. They were content to remain silent spectators of the conflict, faithfully discharging their duties to God and the Church, and when the final issue declared America triumphant, those who had not been removed by the Society in whose employ they were, cheerfully came forward and acknowledged their allegiance to the new government.

Immediately after the declaration of peace, and before the British troops had left the city of New-York, and only two days after a formal proclamation of the cessation of hostilities throughout the army had been made, the Episcopal clergy still remaining in Connecticut held a private meeting in the city of New-York, and in concurrence with the clergy of that city, made choice of the Rev. JEREMIAH LEAMING, D. D., as Bishop of the Diocese of Connecticut.† Debility and many bodily infirmities caused him to decline, and the Rev. SAMUEL SEABURY, D. D., was unanimously chosen, April 21, 1783. The Archiepiscopate of Canterbury being then vacant, by the death of the Right Rev. Frederick Cornwallis, a letter was written by the Rev. Abraham [afterwards Bishop] Jarvis, the Secretary of the Convention, and testimonials were signed, addressed to the Archbishop of York, to whom belongs the right of consecration, when any vacancy occurs in the See of Canterbury. The reasons for this apparent haste are thus described, in the letter addressed to the Archbishop of York, from which we make an extract:

"This part of America is at length dismembered from the

* See "Minutes of the Convention of Delegates, from the Synod of New-York and Philadelphia, and from the Associations of Connecticut, held annually from Jan. 1766 to 1773, inclusive," for some evidence of the state of public feeling among non-Episcopalians at that time.

† Dr. L. was born at Middletown, 1717, graduated at Yale College in 1745, ordained in 1748, stationed at Newport, R. I., about eight years, when he removed to Norwalk, Conn., and remained there twenty-one years. He subsequently resided at Stratford, New-York, and New-Haven; at which last city he died in 1804.

British Empire ; but notwithstanding the dissolution of our *civil* connection with the parent State, we still hope to retain the *religious polity*—the primitive and evangelical doctrine and discipline, which at the Reformation were restored and established in the Church of England. To render that polity complete, and to provide for its perpetuity in this country, by the establishment of an *American Episcopate*, has long been an object of anxious concern to us, and to many of our brethren in other parts of this continent. The attainment of this object appears to have been hitherto obstructed by considerations of a political nature, which we conceive were founded in groundless jealousies and misapprehensions that can no longer be supposed to exist : and therefore, whatever may be the effect of independency on this country, in other respects, we presume it will be allowed to open a door for renewing an application to the spiritual governors of the Church on this head ; an application which we consider as not only seasonable, but more than ever necessary at this time ; because, if it be now any longer neglected, there is reason to apprehend that a plan of a very extraordinary nature, lately formed and published in Philadelphia,* may be carried into execution. This plan is, in brief, to constitute a nominal Episcopate by the united suffrages of presbyters and laymen. The peculiar situation of the Episcopal churches in America, and the necessity of adopting some speedy remedy for the want of a regular Episcopate, are offered, in the publication here alluded to, as reasons fully sufficient to justify the scheme. Whatever influence this project may have on the minds of the ignorant or unprincipled part of the laity, or however it may, possibly, be countenanced by some of the clergy in other parts of the country ; we think it our duty to reject such a spurious substitute for Episcopacy, and, as far as may be in our power, to prevent its taking effect.

“To lay the foundation, therefore, for a valid and regular Episcopate in America, we earnestly entreat your Grace, that, in your Archiepiscopal character, you will espouse the cause of our sinking Church ; and, at this important crisis, afford her that relief on which her very existence depends, by consecrating a Bishop for Connecticut. The person whom we have prevailed upon to offer himself to your Grace for that purpose, is the Rev. Doctor *Samuel Seabury*, who has been the Society’s worthy Missionary for many years. He was born and educated in Connecticut—he is personally known to us—and we believe him to be every way qualified for the Episcopal Office, and for the discharge of those duties peculiar to it, in the present trying and dangerous times.”

* The author of this plan was the Rev. William [afterwards Bishop] White. It is described in his *Memoirs* Prot. Epia. Ch. 22, 23, 86—93. It was published in 1782, before any prospects of peace had appeared, and a considerable portion of it was republished in the *Episcopal Recorder*, Philadelphia, Dec. 1842.

The Bishop elect sailed soon after, and arrived in London July 7th. On his arrival he found the See of Canterbury filled by the translation of the Rt. Rev. JOHN MOORE, from the Diocese of Bangor, and the Archbishop of York had been gone from London a fortnight. Dr. S. immediately waited on the Bishop of London, under whose jurisdiction the colonies had always been, who entered heartily into the scheme, and declared his readiness to co-operate with the two Archbishops, but was unwilling to take the lead in the matter. He found, however, upon conferring with the Archbishop of Canterbury, that the oaths of allegiance to the King, and of obedience to the Archbishop of Canterbury required by act of Parliament, were likely to be very great obstacles in the way of the accomplishment of the object of his journey. Besides this, it was objected, that the Bishops of England had no right to consecrate a Bishop for Connecticut without the consent of the State, and there was no evidence that, if one were consecrated, he would be received and obeyed, and that no adequate provision had been made for his support.

In addition to all these obstacles, there was one which gave more uneasiness than any other. Hitherto the whole proceedings seem to have been conducted silently, fearing that, if they were known, the dissenters would interpose and prevent the consecration entirely. Nor was this fear as groundless as at first may seem. The Episcopate proposed was precisely of the same character as that which had called forth so much opposition before the Revolution, and the feelings manifested towards the Church during the Revolution were calculated to strengthen their apprehensions. The expectation was, that the dissenters in England would prevail on the government of Connecticut to remonstrate against the consecration of a Bishop, which would, of course, prevent it. These obstacles would have disheartened a less persevering man than Dr. Seabury, but firmly believing that the integrity of the Episcopal Church in this country depended on the early consecration of a Bishop, he determined not to give over the pursuit, so long as any hope of success remained.

To obviate the objections made in England, a special convention of the clergy was called at Wallingford, and a committee appointed to confer with the Legislature, then in session in New-Haven, to procure permission for an Episcopal Bishop to reside in Connecticut, and to allow him to exercise the functions of his office over his own congregations. The opinion of the leading members being that such permission had already been granted, no new act was proposed, and certified copies of the laws on the subject were made and transmitted to England. These succeeded in removing the objections, only in part. After having

been in England a year, without any prospect of success, a correspondence was opened with the nonjuring Bishops of Scotland, who declared themselves willing to consecrate a Bishop for this country. The Bishops of England felt that they could not consecrate without a special act of Parliament, authorizing them to do it, and Parliament having refused to pass such an act, the clergy of Connecticut directed Dr. Seabury to proceed to Scotland, and apply for consecration there.

Accordingly, he proceeded to Scotland, and was consecrated at Aberdeen, Nov. 14, 1784, by Robert Kilgour, Bishop of Aberdeen, *Primus*, assisted by Arthur Petrie, of Ross and Moray, and John Skinner, coadjutor of Bishop Kilgour. He arrived at New-London in June, 1785, after an absence of near two years, most of which had been a period of painful trial and solicitude.

The consecration of Bishop Seabury was an important era in the history of the Catholic Church. He was, as observed above, the first resident Bishop who ever had right of jurisdiction in this country. The full organization of the Church in Connecticut, by the choice of him as its Bishop,* and his consecration by Bishops of the Catholic Church, holding office in the regular Apostolical succession,† was the first effectual move towards the formation of the American branch of the Catholic Church. Indeed, such a Church was thus constituted. Very little had been done elsewhere towards a similar result. Nearly seven months after Bishop Seabury's election, the first step towards organizing a Church in the States south of Connecticut, was taken at a meeting of the vestry of Christ Church and St. Peter's, Philadelphia, in consequence of a recent personal interview between their Rector, Dr. (afterwards Bishop) White, and the Rector of St. Paul's, Dr. Magaw. By agreement of the two vestries, a committee of each met the two Rectors, more than four months afterwards. This conference led to a fuller meeting of Pennsylvania Churchmen, clerical and lay, in May, 1784. A few general principles were here determined upon as proper for a union of the Church in the several States. In the same month, a meeting of clergymen and laity from New-York, New-Jersey, and Pennsylvania, was held for another purpose in New-Brunswick, New-Jersey. But by previous understanding, the subject of a general ecclesiastical confederation was considered. Little or nothing,

* Although the original choice had in it peculiar features, and may not have been in entire conformity with Catholic usage, yet there does not appear to have been any opposition to it, or dissatisfaction with it, on the part of the diocese; and it certainly was fully adopted and approved by that diocese, and ultimately by the whole American Church, as it had been by the Scotch Church.

† Bishop Seabury's consecrators received the Episcopate in a line of succession, commencing with a consecration by English Bishops, in 1661. This appears from the lists of English and Scotch consecrations appended to Percival's "Apology for the Doctrine of Apostolical Succession," and from a valuable document laid before the General Convention of 1789, and published in an appendix to its Journal.

however, was done. The next meeting was held in New-York, October 6, 1784. Here the principles above mentioned, as having been determined on at the Pennsylvania meeting, were, in substance, again adopted as a desirable basis for the proposed confederation; and the whole subject was referred to a Convention to be held in Philadelphia, September 27, 1785. By that time Bishop Seabury had been more than ten months consecrated, and about three months in the personal oversight of his diocese. Of course the Connecticut Church was then complete; although not yet competent to transmit the Apostolical succession by the number of consecrators—three—which, not indeed as *essential*, but as desirable and proper, is one of the most ancient requisites of Catholic Canons. It is understood, however, that if the clergy and laity in other States did not, in reasonable time, so organize their ecclesiastical system, that the Connecticut Church would deem a union with them consistent with its jealous regard for the integrity of evangelical and Catholic doctrine and order, it would procure the consecration in Scotland of two other Bishops.

It is important to remark, that at the time of Bishop Seabury's election and consecration, our States were rather a confederation of distinct national sovereignties, than one nation. Their only common tie as provinces was their common connection with, and dependence on, the mother country. This was now completely severed; as was also, happily, the tie of common resistance to the tyranny and oppression of that mother country, and common defence against the war she was waging with them, for several years after they became independent States. At the time now referred to, Connecticut, and every other State, had power to form a virtually national branch of the Church Catholic. Connecticut did so; and with the best Christian feelings towards the brethren in other States, the Church there was ready to co-operate with them in any proper measures for extending the true cause of Christ and His Church throughout the thirteen Republics.

(To be continued.)

TRUE RELIGION.—Religion is seeking after the gracious promises of God in the soul; and finding him there is salvation, or heaven begun. Those who have experienced the two states of nature and grace, know the difference to be as great as between heaven and earth.

A CAUTION FOR THE TONGUE.—Remember a word cuts deeper than a sharper weapon, and the wound it makes is longer curing.

DR. STERLING AND HIS CHOIR.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM STAUNTON.

"Bring here the lyre, to sing a solemn lay,
The tabret's sound,—the trumpet's startling tone,
Dulcimer and lute, and singing psaltery ;
Lift up the voice, and let the sound arise,
Symphonious swelling to the solemn skies."

FRED. MULLER.

*Introduction—Irritability of Musicians and Choirs—Causes—Apologies—
Troubles in the Organ-loft.*

CHAPTER I.

It yet remains for some philosophic writer on ecclesiastical phenomena to give the world a rational explanation of the singular fact, that, in very many cases, the most energetic elements and actors of discord in religious society are found, somewhat threateningly grouped, in that conspicuous locality within the Church, which is commonly supposed to be devoted to the production and conservation of harmony. "Musicians," it has been said by some testy and rather wolfish censor, "musicians are a haughty and irritable race;" an assertion which, in our opinion, is considerably too strong and daring, and far too sweeping in its range; as is also the well-known counterblast, often quoted from the immortal dramatist, attributing a peculiar fitness for "treason, stratagems, and spoils," to the unfortunate wights who have not music in their souls. We cannot, honestly, go the length of either maxim; for we claim to have too much benevolence and kindness in our nature to allow us to endorse the first; and for justice' sake, we must reclaim against the last, as rather too spitfireish to pass for truth at the present period. We confess our decided leaning to a *via media* course, as most convenient and respectful to the parties affected by such dogmatical judgments.

But, after all, and in spite of such charity as few can match, and none surpass, we must say that a Church-choir is too frequently a sort of battering-ram to the affections of the quiet people down stairs,—a *crux sacerdotum* in another quarter,—a most unmanageable thing on all hands; and on great occasions, it has often proved to be a downright Stromboli or Vesuvius in miniature, ready at a moment for eruption, noise, smoke, thunder, flashings and shakings, and the sudden scattering of its explo-

sive elements, far and wide, no one knowing, exactly, to what profound law of nature or of harmony they were indebted for the honor of the catastrophe.

A Church-choir is not a bad type of a musical composition. Do what we may, there must and will be *discords*; they may come prepared or unprepared, but we must take good care to see them well *resolved*, even though this may be retarded, occasionally, by *suspension*, or the interposition of a shorter or longer *rest*. It would be well, however, if the analogy could be so far broken up, as to displace from the choir every element of *dissonance*, and constitute it the model of *perfect concord*. We are not alone in the expression of such an opinion. We know many a one who has ventured to risk his credit by setting up as a peace-maker, in cases of choral skirmishes, and who has been glad to retreat from the fray under the agreeable *sobriquet* of an "accidental flat." Unambitious as we are of such a distinction, we cannot but sympathize with those who good-naturedly attempt the tranquillizing of the organ-loft, even though they should fail for the time, and think best to reserve their forces for a *Da Capo*, or a second or third movement. The thing has been tried over and over again, both by lay wit and clerical wisdom, and has ended sometimes successfully, sometimes dubiously, sometimes despairingly. In the Protestant Episcopal Church, the minister is authorized to take the principal place in the direction of the music; and where there is sufficient knowledge and prudence on the clergyman's part, this is sometimes done, and all ends well. But, too often, for want of patience on the one side, and discretion on the other, the choir becomes a source of such continual vexation and disappointment, that in the end, its supervision is given up quietly by the minister, to some one more able to bear with its feuds, and deal with its eccentricities.

Now, though we believe all this, yet (as was said before) we do *not* believe that musical people—organists, singers, professional folks—and amateurs, are to be classified and set down, once for all, as a body pre-eminently gifted in the way of irascibility, ferocity of temper, superciliousness, petulance, intolerance, and such like virtues. This would be to carry the censure altogether too far; for those who look on them so suspiciously, are made and compounded of the same simple elements and materials, passions and impulses. They judge unfairly. They do not well weigh the provoking and maddening nature of the trials which beset the friends, patrons, and lovers of the art divine. If Handel broke a violin on a leader's head, and made a projectile of his own wig, doubtless there was a reason for it, and a frightful lack of temperament *somewhere*. If wags will most atrociously thrust corks into trombones, that they may witness the convulsive

efforts of the player to overcome the obstinacy of the instrument ; if they *will* sew torpedoes in the leathern heads of drumsticks ; if they *will* lubricate the bows of violins and double-basses ; if they will *drop* mice in the ophicleide's brazen mouth, and unpin the valves of bugles, and split the reeds of clarionets ; if they *will* maliciously stab the bellows of the organ, or glue the keys together in twos and threes,—it must be expected that an immense quantity of indignation will be suddenly evolved in those quarters where the injury is felt, even though it should be at the risk of a *pro tempore* oblivion of the more amiable attributes and features of character. For *such* provocations, no contrapuntist has ever made allowance in his enumeration of musical licenses ; and we ought, therefore, to judge leniently of the feelings of those who are brought to encounter them.

We grant—and this is all we intend to grant—that persons possessed of a very refined musical ear are oftentimes hasty, nervous, sensitive in regard to matters of the tympanum, and very much disposed to resent all waverings of time, all uncertainties of intonation, all sins against the cardinal laws of harmony, all offences relative to progression, resolution, inversion, the choice and disposition of intervals, and so forth. That this sensitiveness should issue, at times, in certain coruscations of temper, slightly alarming to the innocent simplicity of the non-musical, is not to be wondered at. And it *may* possibly be that those who have looked deep into the mysteries of the celestial science are framed with so tender and delicate an organization, as to make them incapable of breasting—without a start—the rude thrusts and shocks which humanity is commonly doomed to meet and bear with in this rugged world. We merely throw out the idea in a hypothetical form, as leading to a ready explanation of that extreme susceptibility of offence, which has been laid to the charge of the musical ; for we have really no wish at present to run into the discussion of a rather subtle physiopsychological question, which might carry us altogether beyond our depth in controversy. We only ask the reader to keep in mind what all must allow to be a fact, viz., that many a clergyman has found the choir somewhat more difficult of regulation than all the rest of the parish, while it always *should* be his most important and trusty auxiliary, when he stands by the altar of God, to offer up “the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving.” Seriously would we say, that organists and singers occupy a position, the dignity of which they are apt to underrate very considerably. Let them thoroughly and manfully believe that the songs of the Church, when rightly uttered, are mingled with those of angels and archangels, and are thus borne up to the throne of God. Let this not be forgotten, and then will

the high and ennobling office of a choir be perceived ; and if perceived, the first movements of strife and discord will be discouraged, and harmony of spirit keep pace with the harmony of tongues.

To illustrate this—to show the difficulties through which a choir must not unfrequently pass on its way to eminence, to prove that a good understanding may subsist between the occupants of the sacred desk and of the music gallery, and to touch upon some of the annoyances which all parties will encounter, and the encouragements they may reasonably anticipate—we are now about to give a narrative gathered from the notes of one who had not only science and a thorough love of ecclesiastical music to enlist his energies, but also a good share of tact, and an undaunted resolution, in carrying forward the improvements he projected. But as the present chapter is merely introductory, we shall reserve for the next the introduction of the reader to the Rev. Dr. Sterling, his accomplished organist, and the ambitious personages forming his choir.

CHAPTER II.

Rev. Dr. Sterling—Choir of St. Michael's—A Gamut-Master—The Unmusical Parson—A Belle for an Organist—Professor Larigot and his Miraculous Voluntary—Dr. Sterling on the verge of Catalepsy in the Desk—His Ruminations at Home—Admonitory Epistle to the Organist, and the Organist's very astute Reply—Reflections.

ONE of the principal personages in our story was the Rev. Dr. Sterling, an Episcopal clergyman of some distinction, who for several years filled the office of Rector of St. Michael's Church, in the populous and thriving village of Stafford. The good Doctor, though very diligent in theological pursuits, and laborious in the ordinary duties of his profession, was accustomed to divert his mind, and brighten up many a leisure hour, by indulging his refined taste for music. From an early age he had, by diligent cultivation, developed and matured that native aptitude for harmony, which, though often permitted so far to engross the mind as to become a passion, was happily guided and restrained, in his case, by the exercise of a disciplined judgment. It was very natural, therefore, that soon after his removal to Stafford, the improvement of the music in the gallery of St. Michael's should begin to occupy some portion of his attention. The choir consisted of twelve or fifteen persons, tolerably well trained, and by no means deficient either in natural powers or acquired talent. They had been well drilled, in their days of rudiments, by one of the better sort of country singing-masters—a man whose aspect and action bore a

good deal of the appearance of a *Maestoso* movement, pretty liberally sprinkled with *forzandos*. In regard to matters of Do, Re, Mi, &c., this drill sergeant was exceedingly happy, as a general thing; though it must be confessed that, in sounding the seventh of the scale, he often felt that kind of uncertainty which reveals itself in the elevation of the right shoulder, and the simultaneous knitting of the eyebrows. However, as a compensation for all defects, it was universally allowed that none could excel him either in the fluency and clearness with which he depicted the respective characters of crotchets and minims, or in the admirable tact he displayed in beating time into heads which had never before been guilty of nodding by rule, or dreaming of such a thing as rhythm.

Under the guidance of this worthy gamut-master, the choir gained as much knowledge "as could be expected;" and, at any rate, were put into a fair way to do better at some future time. Meanwhile, they made the best use of what they had acquired, by zealously and honorably meeting the important duties assigned them as leaders of the holy praises offered in God's house.

In doing this, their course had not been at all times smooth, during the period before Dr. Sterling became Rector. Among other annoyances, they were particularly exposed, at one time, to the animadversions of the clergyman, who happened to be a novice in musical affairs. It is not worth while to make so serious a thing of his objections as to put them upon record; but, as a specimen of them, we will just mention his dislike to a certain chant, because it put him in mind of "Hail Columbia;" and his antipathy to one of the common hymn tunes, on account of a repetition of the last line, for which he could see no use in all rhetoric or reason. Choruses from the *Messiah* were too operatic for him. Anthems, in general, were destructive of solemnity. In short, "*Old Hundred*" was the great and almost supermundane model of Church music—the very crowning point of the sublime—"provided," added he, invariably, "provided that our organist don't spoil it with that rumbling *thorough-bass*,"—the name by which the parson always designated the sound of the pedal-pipes.

There was also a short period during which a very inexperienced performer had possession of the organ. This was a source of infinite embarrassment to the choir. The performer in question was a young lady, whose fingers had been taught to trip very artistically to the time of a few polkas and waltzes, &c., without any over-scrupulous nicety as to the particular keys on which those fingers might chance to alight. She possessed, too, a very happy unconsciousness of ear in regard to the effect of such slight errors as a semitone or two on the finger-board. Her capacity of reading music was even lower than her skill in

execution, being very far inferior to the grade which the choir had reached under the drilling of the home-spun singing-master. As to her efforts at the organ, what shall we say? Reader, do your best to imagine (and save us the torture of describing) the horrible piping, screaming, jarring, clashing, squalling, and roaring, which an organ of fifteen stops would be likely to give out under the flippant hand of a lively boarding-school girl, without ear, without soul, without the sense which appreciates musical sounds, without the first germ of discretion, without one devout thought, without even self-restraint enough to keep out the taint of the polka from the solemnities of divine worship. Imagine this, and you will know what might be said. Make yourself a member of the unfortunate choir, and you will not wonder that the bellows-blower was frequently absent from his post,—by accident.

But better days had now arrived, and the management of the noble but abused instrument had been confided to more experienced hands.

We come down to the time of Dr. Sterling's incumbency. Enough has already been said about the choir, to give a tolerable ground for surmise as to the extent of its capabilities. The members were, for the most part, in possession of good voices, together with a respectable acquaintance with the ordinary principles of music; and if the share of taste which fell to their lot was not all that could be desired, yet it was balanced by a degree of ambition for improvement, which carried its aspirations to a very praiseworthy elevation. But, with all this ability, their conceptions of the *style* of music proper for the temple of God, and the mode in which it should be performed, were in character with the opinions prevailing in the community around them,—a community in which the religious spirit was in daily collision with the severe prejudices of those who affected to believe that true science and refinement in the music of the Church must necessarily be antagonistic to the development of the higher qualities of Christian character.

The organist—a man of unusual ability, and no inconsiderable degree of science, combined with a fine genius or tact for extempore playing—was a model of self-possession, exceedingly tenacious of his *rights*, somewhat dignified in his intercourse with the choir, and in some respects would be set down as a rather eccentric personage. Occasionally, his habits and bearing would give rise to unpleasant feeling; but, in spite of all failings of temper, he was sure to win consideration from his masterly command of the instrument at which he presided. His performances on the organ were all that could be wished, so far as science and imagination were concerned; and he left nothing to

be desired, except that the scene of his display might sometimes be changed from a church to a concert-hall. Here, indeed, was his great fault. He could not always adapt himself with ease and hearty good will to the circumstances in which his duties placed him. He could not gracefully humble himself to an admission of the subduing thought that he was in God's holy temple; and it was for want of this spirit of reverence and devotional awe that, on more occasions than one, he provoked reproof, and very seriously weakened the confidence which all parties wished to repose in his prudence and discretion.

One Sunday, in a fit of inspiration, he entered on the introductory voluntary with a beautifully conceived adagio, most gracefully and pathetically breathed out from the Dulciano, in slow, liquid tones, that streamed along so ethereally as to seem like angel voices. And as the strain moved on, its harmony—hitherto compact and simple—now became more complex, curiously intricate, and full of that mysterious interest with which an experienced harmonist can captivate and enchain the ear, by the singular effect of equivocal combinations, suspensions and enharmonic changes. Then, as from a vast distance in the rear, came in the magic tones of the full swell, crowded with its thrilling reeds, and silvered all over with the light brilliance of its cornet. Now the flute, the night-horn, and the cremona, fall in successively with their fanciful melodies, as if to greet the advancing crescendo of the swell. A moment more, and a signal-note is heard from the great trumpet, and the huge double-diapason of the pedals begins to roll upward its massy volumes of sound, as if "deep unto deep" were verily now "uttering her voice." There is a gathering together of forces; the artist feels his power, and the elements he commands are charged with life. Suddenly he pauses! but it is only for a moment, and then, on bursts the majestic and glorious peal of the full organ, filling nave, aisle, and roof with an overwhelming chorus of pure harmony.

In plain terms, the organist, having proceeded thus far, had completely forgotten himself, and, as if in an ecstasy, rushed into a kind of labyrinth of remote and abstruse modulations. He then boldly ventured on that most perilous of all things musical,—an *extemporaneous fugue*; and pursued his theme through the various keys and modes, with an ease and grace perfectly admirable, winding up with a rich descending chain of harmonies, and the heart-stirring roll of a magnificent cadence.

The congregation, as may well be imagined, were either grievously shocked or completely entranced, according to the nature of their tastes. And as to Dr. Sterling, it was abundantly evident that he had been thrown, for some minutes, into a state of semi-somnambulism, hardly knowing whether he was in

heaven or on earth ; for, while he stood in the desk, during the latter part of the performance, looking out (as usual) the places for lessons, &c., in the Bible and Prayer-book, he had unconsciously folded down leaves enough for half a dozen Sundays, and caught himself afterwards just on the point of beginning service with the reading aloud of the first *Rubric*!

The good Doctor's nerves did not recover their usual tone for several hours. How could it be expected? He knew not what to think or what to do. "The music was surpassingly beautiful," said he to himself; and then added, quite submissively, "but the Church's ways, also, are surpassingly sober." He took a nap between services, but with little relief. He thought the matter over and over in the evening, and then took the consideration of it to bed with him. He awoke by daybreak, and it was his first thought. He breakfasted on it, smoked a pipe over it, and tried to read the morning news while thinking of it. At last he really succeeded in making up his mind, and, almost with tears in his eyes, penned and sent to his ambitious organist the following note:—

PARSONAGE, *Monday Morning.*

MY DEAR SIR:—It is always with reluctance that I enter on complaints relative to the music of the Church, especially when they affect the department given into your charge. But I am obliged to remonstrate against some improprieties which were exhibited in the introductory voluntary of yesterday morning, and, I may add, in various parts of the service following. You will do me the justice to believe that my objections do not arise from mere caprice, nor from an oversight of the superior ability and classical taste displayed in the very performance which I am constrained to censure. I trust that a little reflection will convince you of the propriety of adopting, on *ordinary occasions*, a more subdued and chastened style in your Voluntaries and Interludes,—a style which may be pure and scientific, at the same time that it recognizes the solemnity which becometh the place where God's honor dwelleth.

Very sincerely,

Your friend and servant,

ALFRED STERLING.

FREDERICK LARIGOT, Esq.

The organist had not so many scruples to arrange or overcome, as had the Doctor; and so, in less than an hour, he concocted, committed to paper, and sent to the Parsonage, the following characteristic reply:

MANSION HOUSE, *Sept. 2d, 18—*

REVEREND SIR:—Your polite note of this morning is before me, and I proceed to answer without delay.

I can assure you, Sir, that the complaints you have preferred are more than overbalanced, by the very complimentary terms in which you have spoken of my performances.

I thank you for the indications you have given of kind feeling; and, with a most sincere desire for the continuance of the friendly terms now

subsisting between us, would beg leave to remind you, how very much our mutual quiet must depend on the acknowledgment of one plain fact, viz., that *the functions of our respective offices will be best discharged, when we least interfere with each other's peculiar rights and privileges.*

I am, Rev. Sir,

Your very humble servant,

FREDERICK LARIGOT.

REV. DR. STERLING.

Now, really, could anything be more cool, consequential, polite, and provoking ! It was, manifestly, a note of war ; or, at least, a very broad hint that—in Mr. Larigot's estimation—the organ stood quite as high as the desk, and that he was resolved to guard his prerogatives against all interference on the part of the Rector.

Larigot, doubtless, was right, in so far as he set himself sturdily and promptly against what he viewed as an encroachment on the privileges of his office. But he was wrong in his conceptions of what those privileges were. He did not stop to consider whether *his* abstract rights were in any way limited by the abstract rights of *others*. He was aware that the Doctor had moved very gently and cautiously in the matter, not forgetting to file off the rough edges of his remonstrances, nor to mingle with them just such laudations as would diminish the painfulness of their application. "So it is," thought the nervous organist, "so it is with all old, experienced intruders. They begin softly and warily, seeming content with a little, and, fox-like, watch their opportunity, always keeping their eye on the ultimate issue, to which they are sure to come in the end, with a spring and a pounce. So rose the Papacy, little by little, till the word of a Hildebrand served to shake an empire. Despotism seldom exposes the full figure of its hideousness at once, but steals on, at first, by strides only as it were of a finger's length." And so, Mr. Larigot, fearing that something of the kind—something equally formidable and awful—was about to demonstrate its ruinous aims, by an artful, but most piratical, invasion of *his* rightful territory, concluded that it was his duty to stand out manfully on the defence, and show the aggressor, at once, the exact line which marked out the sacred boundaries of Organ'dom.

But, without knowing it, Larigot had most fully committed himself ; and the very portion of his note which he had underscored, as if for the purpose of impressing on Dr. Sterling's mind a proper idea of the astounding danger of meddling with his official rights, was all that the reverend gentleman needed, either for his own vindication, or with a view to prevent the too frequent recurrence of extempore *fugues*, chromatic fantasias, and ill-timed experiments in the mysteries of double counterpoint. The proof of this will soon appear.

EXPERIENCES OF LIFE.

BY REV. JOSEPH J. NICHOLSON.

You ask me for some lines from my "Dottings by the Wayside," of the stores of reminiscences, which lie clustered in my heart.

I grant the request, and yet with many misgivings. For my experience in life has been far too superficial, transient, and shallow, to enable me to say aught, I fear, for your entertainment. And yet I write—write, because writing is my trade—a good trade when well followed, but in the present instance, in very clumsy hands, (in fact, if it must be told, the tools are not good, neither the brains, the pen, nor the ink, are of the best order, and I wish to improve them all very much, but especially the *former*)—I write then, I say, because writing is my trade—my meat, my drink, my daily bread—write, not that I expect to entertain, please, or profit you; but because I cannot help myself!

"No thanks to you, then," you say.

Nay, not the least!

I thank the printer for printing, and you for reading.

Only let this be premised. You must altogether permit me to have my own way. You must not attempt to cross or bias the bent of my mind; but let me go on just as I please; enjoy my own humor—for, for long years, I have been my own master—indeed, I do not know but that I was self-willed from the cradle. You must permit me to be cheerful, or melancholy, or witty, or religious, or philosophical, just as the vein runs. I will not, cannot, be forever cramped up in the small measure of dull sobriety—I must away at times, like the playful zephyr, over hills and dales, scenting the wild flower, or listening to the singing birds, mingling in the glee and poetry of life. And sometimes I must be sentimental, perhaps never profound; for I write of various things, and various characters, from men down to the animalcule—and from the tiny plant, up to the glorious sun, which gives it life, and paints its flower with the blush and bloom of beauty! And should you smile or grow sad, and wipe the tear-drop from your eye, then it is not I that do it, but only my simple story from the Book of Life.

"I assent to all this," you say—"it is but reasonable."

Then listen to the

STORY OF THE BLEMERTONS.

It was in the autumn of 18—, that I was introduced to the Blemertons. At that time they resided in the city of——, to

which place a business engagement led me. My business relations soon brought me into contact with what, in common parlance, is termed "fashionable life." It was the season of gayety and hilarity, and, as is customary in that season, balls, parties, operas, lectures, concerts, &c., were in their full glory. I am older now, by some years, and yet I well remember the delight which thrilled my breast, when I received my first invitation to a fashionable entertainment. I felt that my debut must be made with all the characteristic embarrassment and awkwardness of a young man, unacquainted with city ways, and who, for the first time, was to make his appearance amidst the fashion, luxury, brilliancy, and accomplishments of a great city. And yet the prospect was a pleasant one. It was quite an epoch in my history and experience. I was to date from that event. Hereafter I was to be *something*—hitherto all was a blank—a long line of nothingness. Though not unused, in my native place, to the ways and customs of the "best society," as it is technically known, I did not disguise from myself the fact, that my old-fashioned, obsolete, homely manners, would contrast strangely, if not ludicrously, with the elegance and refinement to which I was about to be introduced. I was not yet old enough to know that life is made up of contrasts, strange, wonderful, and, at times, quite overpowering. The whole machinery of society, of life as it is, is made up, held together, and worked, by nothing, more nor less, than a grand set of contrasts—one thing laid, as it were, against another, giving it shade and color, and, in turn, borrowing shade and color from it, and then held out, the two combined, in bold relief, to give the finishing touch to something else: and so the contrast is seen by contact, as when the parting rays of the setting sun linger behind, to play with the cloud which hangs above the horizon, you behold in the *one* picture, the glories of light and the glories of darkness! If the figure appear involved and enigmatical, I have only to say, I intended it to be so. But it has a meaning, which, with your permission, will in due time come out. I pause not for explanations. I write from shadows and images in the heart, and the heart will understand them!

I felt, I say, as though my old-fashioned, homely ways, would contrast strangely, if not ludicrously, with the elegance and refinement to which I was about to be introduced. It is ever so with those, at least, who do not fancy that they are wiser than all the world besides; and who shrink from the fearful responsibility of setting themselves up as paragons of perfection, or as patterns for the imitation of their fellow-men. I had a strange, horrid presentiment of failure, of mortification, that oppressed my spirits, as a deadly incubus. Four days did I labor to cast off this oppressive feeling, but without success; it was present to

my thoughts, waking or sleeping. How could I meet the "lions," the beau-ideals of fashion and refined accomplishments, unmoved? In my silliness, I forgot that the heart, the mind, the intellect, made the man! What had I to do with such meaningless things, as the *manner* of a bow, or of the *entrance* into a room, or the conventional formalities of an introduction! Fie upon me, for such a folly! I had a great, big heart in my body, full of the kind and genial warmth of life, and ready to run out to heart wherever met. What needed I more? I had a head, which, though young, was stored with gleanings from the Book of Life, and from many written pages of the good and wise, that had cost them years of intellectual labor. And I had a tongue, that never stammered or faltered, when it was called into service. And yet I was frightened by a folly!

I was younger then than I am now, and, consequently, did not possess so much of the "philosophy of life." This wretched feeling grew upon me. I could not master it. As the time approached, my timidity and apprehensions of rendering myself ridiculous, increased with fourfold keenness. A fashionable tailor was sought, and a rich suit, in the most approved style, was ordered—next the boot-maker was brought into requisition, and a pair of "high-heels," of the best "calf," were ordered to my room—then came the pure white French kids, the very *ton* of style—and the ruffled bosom, (for ruffles were fashionable at that day)—and last, though not least, I paid the barber a visit, and was knicked and trimmed in the most approved style, (the *moustache* was not then the rage, as it is now—had it been, I should, undoubtedly, have been under the painful necessity of *borrowing* or *buying*.)—And yet it would not all answer! The mirror told the story! In spite of every effort, I bore the marks of a gawky country lout. I should be the butt of the house. A-lack-a-day! what snivelling, shrinking apes, pride makes of us!

II.

I was ever of a contemplative turn of mind. Even though mingling in scenes of festivity, running the rounds of gayety and pleasure, I had yet periods, many periods, of sober thoughtfulness, when the gay world was shut out from my heart, and it mused on the mysteries of nature, or the depths of the Divine wisdom and goodness, or contemplated the striking contrasts between the conditions of men, the oppressions and hardships of poverty, the heart-withering, blighting influences of wealth, with its accompaniments of voluptuousness, prodigality, and misapplication of time and means, given by a benevolent Father, for higher and holier purposes.

It was **the day** before my anticipated introduction into the

mazes of fashionable life, that, in one of my half-sad, half-melancholy, contemplative moods, towards the setting in of twilight, I emerged from my hotel, and leisurely sauntered down a crowded thoroughfare, scarcely knowing or caring whither I went, or on what intent. There are strange turns in every man's life, or turns that *appear* to be strange, as he looks back upon them, which, somehow or other, lead to events that leave their impress forever. And without the reasonable, comfortable, Christian doctrine of an overruling Providence, causing all things, even the strange, unaccountable things of life, to work together for good to them that seek good, we should often be baffled by our life experience. But, with this heavenly doctrine before him, the Christian has a key, which unlocks many events that would otherwise appear mysterious. I mean not to assert that this *clears*, or *solves*, the *mystery*. Nay, not exactly that, but it often enables us to see the *hand* that *rules* and *guides* in the mystery; and faith rests satisfied with this, and dwells with rapture on the thought that the Almighty governs,—not only in “the whirlwind and the storm”—but in many, ah, how many! of even the apparently trifling incidents of life, bringing to Himself honor and glory, and teaching us deep and abiding lessons in love, and training our hearts, or developing our character, for a wide sphere of benevolence. And why should it be thought a thing incredible, that the All-wise Father of Mercies should, by some secret or hidden influence to us, direct our steps unto *chance* opportunities, as they may be termed, of doing good—opportunities, that is, that we do not *seek*, but with which we, nevertheless, meet, as it were, casually or accidentally? I verily believe it, and cherish the belief, as among the sweetest treasures of that faith, which teaches me to go out of myself—to fall down before, and do lowly reverence to, Him who hath numbered the very hairs of my head!

Now, I had not pursued my walk far, before I found that I had threaded my way out of the crowd, into a less-frequented, and more secluded street. Along this I slowly wended my way, wrapped in my own meditations, unobserved and unobserving. I rejoiced to be free, at that calm, holy hour, from the noise, bustle, and clamor, of a great city. For the first time since I had entered it, I found myself alone. It was really a refreshment to my spirits—my heart ran out in genial musings—my consciousness, my personal identity, returned to me. Hitherto I had been in a whirl of commotion and excitement—carried hither and thither by the fluctuating tides of a new life—I was myself again. I could think of home, and the dear ones whom I had left behind. The everlasting whirl of that great city went on as usual—but to me all was silent, silent as the profound stillness of death! I was alone with myself, and with Him to whom my heart did homage!

And yet I was not alone. There was one being besides myself, who, unobserved by all save Him who counteth the pulsations of the heart, pursued her lonely way along that deserted street. A lamp, which gave a flickering light, enabled me as I met her (for we were going in opposite directions) to mark the traces of sorrow in the awful gloom and melancholy which, as a dark cloud, rested on her countenance. I had met one of the sorrowing of earth! It was enough. A chord was touched that woke the music in my soul of heaven-born charity and pity! I was just in that mood, to which a tale of sorrow would bring a real balm. I was in love with all mankind. My heart was sad and full of kindly sympathies, and gushed out towards that lonely stranger.

There are moments in our lives when our sympathies are fuller of life than at others. There are few, who are striving to strew flowers along life's pathway, or to chase away the shadows of darkness from sorrowing hearts, but will avouch for this truth. There are times when we really *love* to come in contact with sorrow—not for the sufferer's sake—nay, but *for our own*. Since sorrow is the portion of man's cup, and all must drink more or less deeply of it, as the dispensation of a wise and holy Father, we would not be altogether segregated from it—we would come in contact with it—we would strive to soothe it, to pour in oil upon it. Nor yet that we take pleasure, in itself, in the wail of human anguish. Nay, you will not understand me thus. This would not be a Christian sentiment, but one indicative of a heart-sickness, near akin to misanthropy. I profess to be but little versed in anthroposophy, and yet methinks the full throbbing heart of humanity, going out towards and throbbing for humanity, when guided by that “still small voice,” whose infant whisperings were heard first in the manger, will bear witness to the sentiment that there are times peculiar, and above all others, when we *love* to come in contact with sorrow. We feel that it is *good* for us. It draws us nearer heaven. It is a genuine cordial to the heart, and we feel as though we could bless the Providence that directed us to it!

At least such were my feelings. As we passed each other beneath that flickering light, a pensive, melancholy glance of sorrow pierced my heart. No word was spoken, no appeal to my charities or commiseration was made. She passed on. But, oh! that look of deep dejection, the silent language of a deeply-wounded, if not broken heart, told its story—a story that I could not, would not resist.

Now, with all my other failings, I am very impulsive,—following the current of my feelings, I seldom pause for reflection, seldom pause for what philosophers term “forethought,”—I mean of course in the common-place charities of life—but go

at once out of myself, forgetting self and selfish things, right in pursuit of whatever is in keeping with the dictates of my sympathetic feelings and impressions. And now I must know that tale of sorrow. It was an impulse in the right direction. It was a voice from God, speaking to my inner being.

Perhaps had I thought of the proprieties of life, I should not have accosted a lone young female, at such a time and place. I should have passed on, heedless of any other consideration than that of propriety, so that heaven-born charity would have been locked out of my heart, (or rather in it,) and I should have passed on heedless of the sufferings of a bleeding heart too sensitive to appeal to me, and yet too worthy to be left to unappeased sorrow. And more: I should have gone down to the tomb without the blessed memory of a good deed which has ever been to me as light in darkness, and which, doubtless, I shall carry with me into the eternal world—a source of joy throughout the ages of eternity!

Kind reader, did you ever perform a good act, a deed of mercy, that for many days, many years, made your heart laugh for joy—that stirred up its deep fountains ever and anon as your memory recurred to that deed? Then you can sympathize with me in my fond feelings of the past, as the memory of one glorious act comes up before me, and I contemplate the many, many blessings that have been invoked upon my head through the long intervening years. Aye, and may it not be, that that good deed shall rise up and call me blessed in my Father's Home, when the thread of life is snapped, and I stand among the hosts who have passed the flood of death? I say it not as boasting—nay, nay, God forbid. I speak it as a hope, as a faint foretaste of the glorious revelations of memory in the world to come. I speak it not as of merit—nay, nay—of *merit* there is none, but in ONE—He *merits* all—He *bestows* all of free, unmerited grace. And yet, if that good deed so bless me while tabernacled in the flesh—if it so thrill my heart while seeing “through a glass darkly,” and reading myself so imperfectly, I know, when the shadows shall flee away, and I shall “know as also I am known,” that that good deed will wake my heart with everlasting songs of joy, and fill my soul with gladness throughout eternity. Such is the necessary result of good actions. They leave behind them happy, pleasant memories. Good deeds carry with them their own reward, and yet I would not say that the reward is not of grace. *It is of grace*, and yet it is a reward, if I may so speak, springing out of the action itself. It is so, because it cannot be otherwise. *God hath so ordained—it springs of Him*—it is a great law of His kingdom—a great law of a probationary state; and so it is of grace. For man, having cut himself off from God, having lost his purity, only grace could search him out and re-

instate him in God's favor—so that all is resolved in the overflowings of the divine mercy in the Cross of Christ. Man, viewed as a probationer, as a rational being, is obliged by a law *a priori*, antecedent to all other laws, to do good, to obey God; and therefore there can be no *merit* in the sight of a Holy Being, who must measure all actions by the inflexible standard of justice. As a general thing, men dwell not enough on such thoughts. They are too prone to consider the Almighty as an arbitrary dispenser of rewards and punishments, forgetting that He is a law unto Himself, and unto all things emanating from Him,* and that He governs and dispenses, by a *fixed law*. Nothing can be more derogatory to the divine goodness than the losing sight of this fact. Goodness is so intrinsically good, that it is its own reward: wickedness is so intrinsically evil, that it is its own punishment. "Verily I say unto you, they have their reward." Whatsoever a man seeks, in that shall he find his reward. If he seek holiness, goodness, religion, allegiance with his Creator and Redeemer, he shall certainly find them and their reward, if he seek aright and with all his heart. If he seek vice, irreligion, unbelief, he shall find them and be rewarded in them. In the one case the reward found will be eternal happiness, in the other eternal misery. He cannot be rewarded in that he *does not seek*. As I have before stated, man is a probationer, a rational being, and therefore he chooses freely, and freely choosing *evil*, he must meet the *reward of evil*; it springs naturally out of itself, and yet it is none the less the reward of the Divine justice, because, as in the other case, it is a great law of His kingdom, and cannot be otherwise. Grace, through the incarnation and atonement of the Son of God, intervenes to give man reconciliation with God; to pardon the demerit of even his best works—for sin mingles with all man's doings, even the best of them. Were it not so, that is, were it not for the GRACE of the ATONEMENT, no man could be reinstated in God's favor, or receive the rewards of free grace. Then it necessarily follows, that if man *will not have, or accept of grace* (Faith is the hand which he must hold out to receive) to blot out his sins, to hide his imperfections, the imperfections even of his best performances; he must be left to reap the fruits of his own way—"For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Hence, then, for the man who would be happy in the world to come, it is an abiding law that he must seek that happiness in this life, or he *cannot* have it hereafter. For how could the impure, the unjust, the unsanctified in heart, and life, and temper, be happy in heaven? Its holy associations—the blaze of its eternal day and glory, would confound them. Not a chord in

* Archbishop Leighton.

their hearts would beat in unison with the gladsome symphonies of that Temple not made with hands. They would meet nothing there congenial to their tastes or inclinations, not one sentiment with which they could sympathize; and it is the law of rational intelligence, fixed, universal, incontrovertible, that it can only be happy in kindred associations.

Take a man of really depraved and wicked dispositions and habits, (I mean not some one of the weak vessels of earth who, though ever and anon turning aside here and there from the right way, are yet struggling at the foot of the cross, striving manfully to overcome every weakness, every sin, and washing them out, through the atoning blood of Christ, in the tears of penitence)—but one devoid of all holy aspirations, who has steeled his heart and his conscience against every fear of a judgment to come, and every emotion of love and gratitude to his heavenly Father. Take such an one, I say, from the scenes, employments, and associations in which he has sought his happiness, and place him in the company of the sanctified, where every word that he heard would utter to *him* an awful reproach. Let him hear but the language of saintliness, the music of the heavenly harpings, and I ask, could he be happy? Would not every word, every note that would fall upon his ear, be as a scorpion lash—every sound hateful to his heart and ears—and would he not cry out in his misery for some strong arm to snatch him from his own condemnations; or some dark cloud, if it were possible, to hide him from himself?

But I intend not to run into the deeps of theology. I have said thus much to clear up a former remark, and to show my feelings and impressions as I dwell on the recollection of a good deed; that I lay no claim to *merit*—nay, perish the thought—and yet that deed has ever blessed me, ever been as a very pleasant line in the checkered history of my life, as year by year has written that history up; and that if it be so gracious a cordial to my heart *now*—so pleasant and thrilling a reminiscence—much more will it be so in the world to come, when all shall be light, and no shadow shall intervene between me and the past!

That silent appeal of sorrow! That lone girl, the picture of unutterable grief! Was she not one of the “wounded and bruised” by the wayside, left “half dead,” whose tale of anguish appealed to the passer-by, for the kindly offices of the good Samaritan? How many, perchance, like the Priest or the Levite, had passed by “on the other side,” or came and looked upon the scene of wretchedness, yet hurried away without so much as a loving word! Ah, I know not, and yet, alas! it is a common case. In a crowded city, poverty, suffering, misery, leave their deep, abiding traces in many hearts which are re-

vealed in the haggard, care-worn countenance, in the stunted garments, tottering steps, shrivelled, feeble, and skeleton-like bodies. And men grow accustomed to such sights—their hearts grow callous by familiarity. Ah, it is a sad, dreary picture; but true, alas! too true. We appeal to the great experience of life. Go back, reader, to the days of your youth, and tell me what were your impressions when first you read in the sacred page the story of the sufferings and magnanimity of a Joseph. Did not your heart recoil from the wicked deed of his brethren, when they thrust him into the pit, or sold him to the stranger, to be taken far away from his loved and loving home? And did it not bleed with that aged Patriarch, when the iron went into his soul and he wrapped himself in gloom, the mourning of a crushed heart, to go down to the grave sorrowing unto his beloved son? But pass on—for the scene changes. Did not your heart swell and throb, when years after you beheld those cruel brethren, compelled by hard necessity to stand in the presence of that injured brother, strangers in a strange land—and lo, when the curtain is drawn and all is explained, and that brother stands forth revealed, and the providence of the Almighty is brought distinctly out. I ask, did not your heart *burst* and run out in generous tears, when you heard those touching and thrilling words, "*I am Joseph—doth my FATHER yet live?*" Now, why did you find such thrilling delight in this story, but that it spoke to the fountains of your inner being, ere yet they were dried up—but that it appealed to your generous sympathies, ere they were at all warped, or blighted, by intimate contact with the world?

And yet go farther; take up some line from your own youthful observation. In younger days, ere the heart was hardened, or rendered callous, ere the marks of many sorrows, many disappointments, or many rebellions against its pleadings, had scarred it over, did you ever witness pain or anguish without experiencing the up-risings of sympathy and commiseration? Nay, never, never! For hours have you followed the mendicant on his lowly pilgrimage, from door to door, asking alms, to satisfy the cravings of his nature. For hours would you stand and gaze upon the blind beggar, as he sat by the wayside and stretched out his gaunt fingers for the mite of charity. And how your heart has bled when one by one the throng passed on, heedless of that outstretched arm, and the appeal from those sightless eyes! And at last, when some good Samaritan passed that way and that arm was heeded, and the deed of love was done, as the tears of joy and gratitude streamed down from those sightless eyes, you could bear no more, but mingled your tears with his, and went on your way with a lighter heart. And how you envied that good Samaritan his deed of love! O that you

had but the ability, and how many tears of gratitude would follow you through life! Ah, reader, you were young then. Your heart was simple as the heart of the weaned child. How is it now? Alas! alas! those thrilling sensations are gone. They lie buried with the past, they are overgrown by the cares of the world, the deceitfulness of things transient as the morning cloud. The story of Joseph no longer brings its melting rapture. The wayside beggar, the blind, the needy, the helpless, no longer draw so strongly or largely upon your sympathies, or wring out your heart in tears. Nay, nay, you have grown familiar with such scenes: you have stifled those godly emotions: you have gone out into the world, taken hold upon its interests, or laid your heart upon its altar, until it has robbed you of your youthful sympathies. If I have drawn a faithful picture of your life, I pray you make haste to efface some portions of it. Make haste to become a little child again of gushing sympathies and love—for of such, we are told, “is the kingdom of heaven!”

THE MORTALITY AND THE IMMORTALITY OF CHILDREN.

A BELOVED relative, to whom the following unremarkable lines afforded comfort, desires their appearance in the *Churchman's Monthly Magazine*,—if the editor suffragate. They are founded on Sermon xxxii., (Vol. I. p. 382,) of “*Sermons and Episcopal Charges*,” published in Philadelphia, in 1851.

ANGEL-INFANTS.

“In heaven, their angels [they beatified] do always behold the face of my Father.”
ST. MATTHEW, xviii. 10.

“Always behold!” O Saviour mild,
Though rent from us, upborne to Thee,
Each world-exempted “little child”
Looks nigh on God eternally.

From far, from near, the Brow divine
Is viewed by every saint above:
From nearest, of our fallen line,
By ANGEL-INFANTS, first in love.

To see that Father's gentlest “FACE”
For ever, and for ever near:
O what, to this, a sire's embrace,
A fondest mother's care or tear!

O.

PHILADELPHIA, October, 1853.

LITTLE GEOFFREY.*

It was a warm summer evening, the school had long since broke up for the day, and Ellen Foster was sitting by the door of her grandmother's cottage, looking idly up the lane. The house was on the outskirts of the village, and almost from its little garden rose high up into the air the deep beech woods of Arlington; the large, long house was distinctly visible, and very magnificent it looked from its size and situation, crowning the eminence on which it stood, and surrounded on all sides by noble trees.

But Ellen Foster was in no mood for admiring the scene; she was thinking, with a sad heart, what a dreary life hers was; her grandmother was fretful and impatient, and required a great deal of attention, and she did not much like her school, which seemed very irksome and full of constraint at times; she suspected that she was no favorite with the mistress, and she knew that she was not with her companions. She was now occupied in contrasting the princely mansion on the top of the hill with the humble cottage that she dwelt in at its foot. While she thus stood dreamily by the house door, two figures on horseback appeared in the lane: the one an elderly gentleman, of very venerable appearance, the other a young lady, who might be about twenty years of age. Ellen knew them at once to be Sir Hugh Fleming and his niece; a third figure was following them, a groom in a bright livery and splendidly mounted. Miss Fleming was the greatest heiress in the county; in a few years Arlington was to be her own, which she was to inherit in right of her mother, who was lately dead. Ellen Foster looked at the cavalcade, and sighed again. Sir Hugh and his niece and their attendant rode past in silence. Miss Fleming, who was said to be as haughty as she was beautiful, did not see the little girl who curtsied to her as she passed.

"You have not begun your task this evening," said old Widow Foster, as her grand-daughter re-entered the house.

"There will be plenty of time for it," said Ellen, who took up, as she spoke, her bonnet and shawl, and commenced putting them on.

"Where are you going to, Ellen?" asked the old lady.

"I am going to Sophy White," replied the little girl impatiently, "to ask her to come out for a walk."

"If you go any where, you should go and see your cousin Geoffrey; your aunt told me to-day that you had not been lately to see him."

* Selected from Parochial Tracts.

"I don't want to go now," said Ellen, impatiently; "besides, I am going to Sophy White; Geoffrey makes me wretched to be long with him;" and she left the house as she spoke, and walked down the village towards the cottage where Sophy White lived. Before she arrived at it, she came to a road which cut across the village; here she stopped involuntarily. Were she to turn to the right, she would be taken to her cousin Geoffrey; if she went straight on, she would come to the dwelling of the Whites. She stopped and hesitated which should she do; she knew which she ought to do; the choice was between a pleasant ramble with one of her school-fellows, or an hour spent in the close confinement of a sick-room; which will she do? How awful are these moments! When, in the common path of daily life, we are called perpetually to choose between the good and the evil, such choices are often about apparent trifles; but how awful, I say, are they to us all, when we think that they are forming what we call our characters, and are laying their stamp upon us for eternity!

The evening could not be finer, no companion could be more cheerful than Sophy, she had already declared her intention of following her own pleasure; but she paused, as there came over her a vision of little Geoffrey's pale, suffering face—the path to the right was taken, the pleasure foregone, the duty chosen.

But, as she walked on, the thoughts which she had but now entertained returned. "I wish I were an heiress," she said unconsciously and aloud, "a great house, a high name, plenty of money, horses, carriages, and attendance." Ellen Foster had once been up to the great house, and the spacious, richly-furnished rooms were not forgotten in her picture; she was puzzled while she thought, for almost the first time, of the great contrast between the rich and poor; all the blessings of life seemed on the one side, all the sufferings on the other. "I wish I were an heiress," she thought again and again, as she walked up to her uncle's cottage. A fair and quiet spot it was, surrounded by a well-kept garden, the windows looking along a great expanse of down, which seemed to rise up to the clear gray sky above it. Her uncle was working in his garden, he spoke kindly to her, and bade her go in, and sit with Geoffrey, who he told her was alone, and would be glad to see her.

Ellen entered accordingly; the poor boy was laid upon a couch by the fireside, he smiled gently as he welcomed her, and her heart misgave her for having been so seldom lately to see him.

A few books were beside him, but he seemed to have been lately, from his attitude, looking out upon the evening.

"Ellen," he said, when they had spoken a few words on common topics to each other, "Ellen, I am so happy." She knew not what to say quite, and he continued. "Mr. Ward has

been here this afternoon, and he has told me of such beautiful things, the earth looks so fair sometimes that I am very loth to quit it, as I told him ; but he spoke of another land, where the skies are never clouded, and the flowers never die, and the winter never comes, and all is full of a beauty beyond what we have ever seen or guessed at here."

Still Ellen answered not, there was a long pause, the little sufferer looked earnestly out upon the hushed, clear air. At last Ellen spoke.

"Geoffrey," she said, "you will think me very wicked, but I am not happy at all, I am very wretched, all about me seems miserable ; we live, you know, very poorly, and grandmother is so cross, and I am sure the new schoolmistress does not like me, and I seem to have nothing better to look forward to ; and I have been wishing all the evening to be an heiress, and the wish even seems to make every thing about me more wretched than before. It seems very hard that some should be born to nothing but happiness, like Miss Fleming, and others to nothing but misery, as I am."

Geoffrey was silent for a moment, and he shrouded his face with his hand, uttering a silent prayer that what he spoke might be of use to his cousin ; he was not a very great deal older in years, but he had been a long time at the school, and had been very attentive there. Sickness and solitude, with the near approach of death, had made his thoughts, too, deeper and truer than perhaps they would have otherwise been.

"I wish Mr. Ward would talk to you, Ellen ; I don't think you would wish to be Miss Fleming, if he did. It is natural to us to look forward, I suppose, and long for what is bright and above us, but I am sure it is not right for you to wish to be an heiress in the way you mean. Besides," he said, suddenly, as though the thought flashed across him, "are we not heirs already, and what inheritance so glorious as ours shall one day be?"

"What do you mean, Geoffrey ? 'Heirs ?' inheritance ? I am not 'an heir,' I have no 'inheritance' to look for ; nothing but poverty, vexation, and misery," she added, with a sigh.

"Are we not all, dear Ellen, made at our baptism heirs of the kingdom of heaven?"

"Yes, but that is so far off."

"Who shall say so, Ellen dear ? Do you mind how last summer I went around as blithe and strong as any, and now they say I cannot live another winter ; the time of waiting may be shorter than we expected, the inheritance nearer than we hoped."

"Oh, Geoffrey, I do not wish mine near, I do not mean that ;" and the little girl shuddered as the thought of death passed over her.

"You mean, Ellen, that you are afraid to die, your heart is

bent on an earthly inheritance, you do not wish for any other."

Ellen was silent ; soon she went on again. "Do you think, Geoffrey, that this heavenly inheritance would make things different now, as Miss Fleming lives now in great state, though not so grandly as she will, they say, when she comes into her fortune?"

"Yes, Ellen, I am sure of it ; this I can tell from experience. A little while ago, a year or two back, I thought like you, how fine it would be to be rich and great. Now I never think of it at all ; at least my notion of riches and greatness is changed, all is different. You know I have trials too as well as you, Ellen." A sharp and sudden pain made him pause even as he spoke, and lay his hand to his side ; when it was gone his calm smile returned, and he continued, "You know I too have my trials, Ellen. I do not think that I could bear them, but in the thought of that inheritance which may one day be mine."

Ellen was silent ; she looked on the young face before her, marred by suffering, and yet full of a certain spiritual beauty, and she thought of her own health and strength, and all her unremembered blessings. The memory of the wrongs she had fancied and brooded over was faint and indistinct, and her heart well nigh swelled with gratitude to God as she thought of the trials of little Geoffrey, and contrasted them with her own.

The door opened, and Geoffrey's mother came in, laden with purchases, which she had made in the neighboring town. As she laid down the bread and bacon and sugar upon the table, she smiled and told Ellen that she was glad to see her with her cousin, that he had been often wishing to see her lately ; she did not tell her how disappointed the boy had been by her not coming more frequently to see him, but Ellen's heart smote her, and she determined inwardly that it should not be so again. The sun was setting, so Ellen rose and said she must go ; no one offered to detain her, and she set forth on her way homeward.

All the air was full of rich, deep, crimson light ; here and there, if you looked fixedly into the sky, you might detect a faint star or two ; the silence was intense. Ellen pursued her way, and the softening influences of the hour and of little Geoffrey's words fell soothingly on her heart. An inheritance bright, and glorious, and eternal, that should one day, perhaps soon, be hers,—the vision quite eclipsed her envious thoughts about Miss Fleming ; but would it be hers ? Such heritage was only for the good, and she, was she fit for it, who scarcely yet desired it ? The thought rather nerved her than saddened her ; she knew that she had sinned often, but she knew, too, that she might yet be pardoned, if she repented of her sin, and brought it to her Saviour's feet ; she knew, too, that through Him it was yet possible that this inheritance might be hers, and she paused a moment and prayed that it might be so, and that she might be pardoned for all her repining and discontent.

When she opened the cottage door, her grandmother spoke crossly to her, and rebuked her sharply for having wasted the evening with Sophy White and neglecting her lesson. Here was a trial at once ; but words of prayer were yet upon her lip, and she said gently and simply that she had spent the evening with little Geoffrey ; she then sat down, and set to work upon the lesson ; this was soon learnt, and then she had to read the Psalms and Lessons to her grandmother before she went to bed. This she had often thought irksome and unnecessary ; this evening it did not seem so at all. It was the fifth evening of July, and the second lesson was the first chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Colossians ; a good deal of it Ellen did not quite understand ; two verses, however, struck her from her recent conversation with her cousin ; they were the 11th and 12th, which run thus : " Strengthened with all might according to His glorious power, unto all patience and long-suffering, with joyfulness. Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." She looked at them again in her own Bible before she went to bed, and lay awake some little time thinking of them, " The inheritance of the saints in light." Had she then such an inheritance to look forward to ? How should she envy any ? But it seemed bound with terrible conditions, this " inheritance of the saints in light ;" " patience and long-suffering" stood very near it in the Bible, but yet " joyfulness" was near it too. How could this be so ; that thin, wasted frame of little Geoffrey, his face marked by continual suffering, and yet his clear, low voice saying in her ear, " Ellen, I am so happy ?" Did not these explain how real was the inheritance, the patience and long-suffering, and the joyfulness as well ?

The progress of amendment is but slow, but if we be sincere only, it is certain. Dark discontents would often return, and with them unrestrained desires ; but Ellen learned to know more of her sinfulness, from her intercourse with little Geoffrey ; she found, too, at his bedside another powerful help to her in the path which she was endeavoring to choose. Mr. Ward, the clergyman of the village, had long watched her with some pain ; her unsatisfied countenance at school, her cheerless separation from her school-fellows, and silent reserve towards himself, had made him fear much for her welfare in spiritual things ; from little Geoffrey partly, but mostly from herself, he learned now the secret of that spirit of discontented longing, which had hitherto made her both unamiable and wretched. It was a glad day when she was first led to speak of her difficulties to him ; it was an effort, indeed, to do so, though he was very gentle and kind, and led her almost insensibly to do it ; it was an effort notwithstanding all this, but well was she repaid for making it ; his words of coun-

sel, as well as some prayers which he wrote out for her, helped her very much; nor was she long in making some progress both in the good opinion of her schoolmistress, and the favor of her companions.

The summer passed away, and little Geoffrey still lingered; he saw the yellow leaves float past his window from the solitary elm that overshadowed his father's cottage, and the winter came and past, and he still lingered. It was sad to see him as the warm gushing life of spring was filling the wide earth, (sad for an eye which had not learned to look beyond this earth,) the young fresh flowers, the merry children that gathered them, the very joyous songs of the blithe birds, all seemed so strange a contrast to his thin, wan frame, his low voice and faded color; and yet, if the world had a wondrous beauty in it, there shone even upon this little sufferer a light very glorious to look upon; you could not see him, with his earnest eye full of calm but intense thought fastened on Mr. Ward as he listened to his teaching, or bending with reverent devotion, as he mingled his own with the prayers offered up in his behalf, without feeling that there shone about him something more lovely and more lasting than all the passing glory of the spring-tide.

The dew was on the grass, and Ellen made her way to pay her accustomed visit to little Geoffrey. "How is he to-day?" she asked softly of his mother, for the boy was asleep when she entered.

"He said that he felt better when he awoke just now," she answered; but the heavy tears followed each other down the mother's cheek as she spoke, and both stood silently gazing upon the sleeper.

His motionless features, without any trace of color, might have looked like death, but for a faint smile which hovered about the mouth.

"I should like to remain here all day with him," whispered Ellen; "it is a whole holiday, you know."

"That you must not do, child; your cheek grows almost as pale as his, and Heaven forbid that you should suffer for your kindness to him."

"But I do not like to go up to the great house, and see all the gay doings, and be feasting, and perhaps laughing, when he is so ill, and perhaps even—" (she checked herself instinctively, and the mother completed the sentence calmly.)

"Perhaps dying, you would say, Ellen, but I don't think that; he is better to-day, and has been this week. Look! now I could almost fancy even his old color coming back again."

Ellen still desired to stay, but little Geoffrey's mother would not hear of it, and she went with no very festive heart to prepare herself for a very festive scene.

It was the day on which Miss Fleming became of age, and Arlington was crowded with distinguished guests. There was to be a splendid entertainment in the evening, to which all the great families of the neighborhood were bidden; the school-children were to dine upon the lawn at mid-day, and for this Ellen Foster now prepared herself. A few months ago the new frock and bright ribbons might have moved her more; now her heart was full of her little cousin, and she scarcely noted them.

Before she dressed, she quietly and steadily set about making such arrangements as her grandmother might require during her absence, for which she was rewarded by a pleasant smile and a kind word from the old lady, such as in former days had seldom been accorded to her, but now were becoming more and more familiar:

Then she put on the new clothes which had been provided for her, as well as her companions, by Miss Fleming's liberality, and set forth for the school-room. There some of the scholars were already assembled; the rest soon arrived, and were arranged by Mrs. Brown, the mistress, into the order in which they were to proceed to the house.

They set forth carrying garlands of spring flowers, and banners that waved in the light breeze; scarcely a cloud was upon the bright sky over them, the sunlight sparkled upon the pale young beech leaves, beneath which they walked, and threw an ever-varying shadow upon their path; on all sides of her rose the ringing laugh of her companions, and their eager whispers of expectation about the coming pleasure that awaited them. But Ellen walked on alone; there was a burden upon her heart, which she strove in vain to be relieved from; there had come over her a sadder and more serious thought of life; it was not only the shadow of a trouble which could not be far distant in little Geoffrey's approaching death, but a general impression was gaining more and more upon her, that the course to which at her baptism she had been pledged, was not one in which she could look for all things to be bright and fair; she now knew that there had been chosen for her the path of the Crucified; "patience and long-suffering," "the inheritance of the saints in light," the text which had first presented itself to her when she began to think of these things, and which had often since recurred, came now to her again, and she could not join just now in the joy of her companions.

Her schoolmistress noticed this, and called Ellen to her side, so that she was able to walk on quietly and silently, without attracting observation.

Triumphal arches at the entrance to the grounds, long tables spread between the rows of stately limes that formed the far-famed avenue of Arlington, music playing, gentlemen and ladies

scattered about here and there, the board soon groaning with good cheer ;—what a day to be remembered in the annals of their school-life was this to those village children ! And then, when the feast was at its height, Miss Fleming came, surrounded by many noble friends, to look upon them ; she was very beautiful, and her beauty was set off to the utmost by the splendid dress she wore ; she leant upon her uncle's arm. The children suspended their operations, and looked upon the party with admiring awe, and Ellen looked upon the brilliant heiress and her friends, but with what different feelings from those which she had once entertained ! And yet now, if ever, was the time to envy the bright being who moved with haughty grace along the lines of frightened children, who had scarcely yet recovered their presence of mind sufficiently to commence again, upon the good things which a moment before they were so eagerly employed upon. What could earth give which she had not ? Wealth unbounded was hers, beauty too was hers, and health beamed upon her cheek and sparkled in her eye ; she was beloved, and courted, and caressed ; there might be some, unseen grief even in such a lot as hers, but if there were, the eye saw it not, as she moved so beautiful and apparently so blessed, the mistress of all the fair lands of Arlington that lay stretched beneath her feet. And yet Ellen did not envy her now ; it was a fair inheritance, but she had heard of a fairer ; she knew that it was possible for the great and rich to win this latter, but she knew, too, that One had said, " How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven ;" and she could now even bless God as she contrasted their two positions, bless Him that He had called her to serve Him in a path of perhaps less difficulty and danger, where perhaps it would be easier by His grace, to keep her eyes lifted up above this world and all its passing show, upon her " inheritance" with " the saints in light."

The school feast was over, and the children were suffered to play for some time in part of the grounds set apart for them ; at last all this day of pleasure, so long looked forward to, came to an end, and they all departed to their homes.

After looking in upon her grandmother and seeing that she did not require her assistance nor society, as an old neighbor had come in to tea with her, and was exploring with the old lady into the past and present history of the family of Arlington, Ellen went at once to see her little cousin. She had been haunted all day by a strange misgiving, and she scarcely dared to open the cottage door. When she stood before it, as she paused, she thought she heard a voice, the voice of the clergyman ; she opened the door at last very gently, and entered. In the inner room, upon his little bed,

Sicily.

her cousin lay ; there had passed a great change over him since the morning ; there was upon him now that unmistakable appearance of the immediate presence of death, which all who have watched the dying know. His father and his mother were kneeling by the bedside, while for the last time was being said over him a service, with which that little band had become of late familiar, "The Visitation of the Sick." The 71st Psalm had just been said, and they were giving glory to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, as Ellen entered.

The minister paused a moment till Ellen had softly found a place and sunk upon her knees, and then arose in the room that short but thrilling supplication, "O Saviour of the world, who by Thy Cross and precious Blood hast redeemed us, save us and help us, we humbly beseech thee, O Lord."

A few short moments and the commendatory prayer was over, and the last sign of life which little Geoffrey showed, was a faint movement of his head in adoration of the holy Name with which it concluded. The "patience and long-suffering" were past, he too had come to his inheritance, his inheritance with "the saints in light."

SICILY.

From "Idyls of the Isles"—an unpublished work.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM AUGUSTUS WHITE.

WHILE sailing in Messina's bay,
Beneath the sun's declining ray,
How sweet it is at vesper time,
To hear the minster's distant chim
And over the rippling wave to see
Castle and mansion, tower and quay.

Cathedral dome and palace bright,
With marble walls of rarest white,
Seem fairer mid the dark green shade,
Of forest hills behind them laid ;
While glowing on the cloudless sky,
The convent crosses shine on high.

Catassia on the Eastern shore,
Still sits, in all her pride of yore,
'Neath Etna's high and dreary cone,
Which far above her upper zone
Of never-failing ice and snow,
Contrasts with those rich hills below,
Where fairest fruits and groves are seen,
With smiling hamlets set between.

Proud mountain, from thy glorious height,
What varied scenes enchant the sight !

Across the straits we view afar,
Thy verdant hills Calabria ;
Lipari's isle, with lucid glare,
Gleams on the dashing billows there,
Whose flame upon the ocean vast,
Like some revolving light is cast ;
And 'neath our feet the plains below,
With countless silv'ry currents glow ;
Mid fertile fields and rosy bowers,
Smile the gay towns and sacred towers ;
While far beyond those forests green,
Is distant Malta dimly seen.

But hark ! the deep-toned midnight bell
Must be our signal of farewell ;—
Pray, ye that holy vigils keep,
Our barque be guided on the deep ;
We leave your happy shores at dawn,
When breezes freshen with the morn ;
Then gliding thro' the straits again,
We sail upon the azure main,
To hear when summer days are o'er,
Sicilian hymns and chimes no more.

SUMMER RAMBLES IN SCOTLAND.

BY REV. J. A. SPENCER, D. D.,
Author of "The East," &c.

A WORD OR TWO PRELIMINARY.

I do not think it necessary to offer any apology to the readers of the "CHURCHMAN'S MONTHLY," for venturing to present to them the following records of a most pleasant and delightful, and profitable jaunt, which it was my privilege to make in Scotland, not long ago, in company with a valued friend and countryman. I am not without hope that what I have to say will interest the reader; although it is but fair to apprise him, at the outset, that these pages are nothing more than a transcript of what was jotted down at the time, from day to day, and also that my present engagements do not admit of any attempt at elaboration of style, or entering into copious details and learned discussions. There are certainly in Scotland—a country so rich in historic and poetic associations—objects enough of interest to arrest the attention of every reader of discernment and cultivation. To me it was pure gratification to note these objects, and pilgrim-like to visit the shrines of greatness and goodness, and to offer my homage where so many of my countrymen have gone to do the same. If I have at all succeeded in conveying to the reader any of the pleasure which I myself enjoyed at the time, and which I now vividly recall in writing off these pages, I shall deem my pen not idly or vainly employed. Let the reader judge.

CHAPTER I.

*Edinburgh—Bishop Terrot—Dr. L. Schmitz—Environs of Edinburgh—
The Old Town—Unpleasant Experience.*

EDINBURGH was our first stopping-place of any moment, after our arrival in Scotland. It is a city which is most beautifully situate, and which, in many respects, is unequalled by any capital in Europe. "The noble estuary of the Forth, expanding from river into ocean; the solitary grandeur of Arthur's Seat; the varied park and woodland scenery which enrich the southward prospect; the pastoral acclivities of the neighboring Pentland Hills; and the more shadowy splendors of the Lammermoors, the Ochils, and the Grampians, form some of the features of a landscape, combining in one vast expanse, the richest elements of the beautiful and the sublime." Such is the language of an ardent admirer of his native town—language, however, which is

not less true than ardent. In like manner the poet expresses himself:

"Traced like a map the landscape lies
In cultured beauty stretching wide;
There Pentland's green acclivities;
There ocean with its azure tide;
There Arthur's Seat; and, gleaming through
Thy southern wing, Dunedin blue!
While in the Orient, Lammer's daughters,
A distant giant range are seen,
North Berwick-Law, with cone of green,
And bass amid the waters."

DELTA.

During our stay in Edinburgh, we were very busily occupied in going about hither and thither, endeavoring to acquaint ourselves with the many interesting localities in which the city abounds, and also looking up several persons whom I was specially desirous to see and know. My friend, Mr. P. and myself, went through Holyrood Palace very thoroughly, examining every thing, the bloody stairs, Queen Mary's bed-chamber, the door-knocker-nosed kings of Scotland, and all the rest. We visited the aristocratic Moray Place, and also Calton Hill; we went to the University; we looked with deep emotion upon the Scott monument; we explored St. Giles's Cathedral; we mused over the noble old castle; we even ventured to dive down into the *closes*; and altogether we did up a great deal of sight-seeing within as short a time as was practicable. Edinburgh, not being a very large city, our diligence was rewarded, and after a number of long walks, we obtained a pretty clear outline of what "the modern Athens" contains, and what pleasure it is able to afford the visitor from across the broad Atlantic.

As will at once be supposed by the reader, I was more than ordinarily interested in the country where the first Bishop of our Church obtained his consecration; and were this the fitting place and occasion, I might venture to say much of SEABURY, the noble prelate, and those godly Bishops who gave to him his Apostolic Commission. But I spare the reader my reflections and cogitations. He will believe me, however, that I felt it to be equally a gratification and a duty, at an early day, to pay my respects to the Bishop of Edinburgh. I found him to be sociable and communicative to a degree highly encouraging to a stranger; and I was privileged not only to learn many important and valuable facts in relation to the Scottish Episcopal Church, and to take part in public services, but also to answer the questions of the Right Rev. Father, and a number of the brethren, respecting our own branch of the one Catholic and Apostolic Church. I look back upon these interviews with great satisfaction, and I shall ever remember the paternal kindness of the Bishop, and the brotherly regard and attention of the clergy generally.

Being deeply interested in classical literature, I took the first leisure day to call upon my friend, Dr. Leonard Schmitz, a name well known among scholars for his very valuable labors, in connection with Zumph, Niebuhr, William Smith, and others of nearly equal eminence. The common ground of love for classical learning made us acquainted at once, and we soon got into an animated discussion on the state of education in Scotland and America. The doctor struck me as being comparatively quite a young man, for one so prominent as he is in the world of letters. His personal address was frank and cordial, and by his invitation, I was present some hours at examinations in the High School, of which he is Rector, and also visited him several times at his house, in Carlton Terrace. The boys in the High School did well, but nothing very surprising, in the classics; and I doubt if, on the whole, they are better drilled than in the higher class grammar schools in our country. Several interesting anecdotes and facts concerning the "Classical Museum," of which Dr. S. was the Editor, were capitally told; but as they might be considered rather *personal*, if I were to place them before the reader, I shall leave them unwritten.* It is not the least of my pleasure, resulting from the friendship then begun, that I have been privileged to correspond with Dr. Schmitz ever since, a circumstance which I should not mention, were it not characteristically illustrative of his genial spirit towards one—unknown to fame—and yet loving ardently the classic lore in which he is so well versed.

Edinburgh, from its picturesque position, abounds in interesting and pleasant walks. The happy intermixture of hill and vale, in close proximity, gives the pedestrian a fine opportunity to ramble about in almost any direction, with the certainty that he will be rewarded with some new and attractive views, and will spy out some new points of interest of which he had not previously thought.

To my mind, there are no spots more agreeable, on many accounts, than the favorite resort of the citizens of "Auld Reekie's" capital. I mean Arthur's Seat, and Salisbury Crags. As a matter of course, we did not wait long ere we left the smoke of the town for the purer and more bracing air of the hill-top. It was a lovely morning, the sun shining clear and bright, and the green fields and trees looking as lovely as was possible. Passing down the High Street, through the Canon-gate, and so on by Holyrood, we emerged upon the plain in the vicinity of the palace, and whence the hills begin to take their rise. The ascent is not steep, except in places, and in consequence of the interest thrown around the localities ren-

* The "Classical Museum," I am sorry to say, has been discontinued for want of sufficient support—a fact which does not speak very well for English scholarship.

dered immortal by the genius of Scott, in the life-like creation of Jeanie Deans, and her touching story, one's imagination is kept constantly on the alert. Nicol Muschat's Cairn, the ruins of St. Anthony the Eremite's Chapel, the gentle Reuben Butler's evening walk, douce Davie Dean's Cottage in the distance, and other objects so firmly rooted in the memory by the perusal of the "*Heart of Mid-Lothian*," become things of reality, in this their connection, and call up recollections of real events, by their close union with the fictions of the poet and novelist.

As we strolled along, gradually making our way upward, a bare-legged little fellow ran on before, and with cup in hand, stood ready to offer us a drink at the gurgling fountain of pure spring water, not far from the ruins of the chapel, and holding his cap for the halfpence which we had to bestow, he scampered off to lie in wait for the next party who might need his services. On the left were the ruins just spoken of, "situate among the rude and pathless cliffs, and being in a desert, even though in the immediate vicinity of a rich, populous, and tumultuous capital;" on the right was that belt of semi-circular rocks, known as "*Salisbury Crags*," between which and "*Arthur's Seat*" is a deep valley, where the ruffian Robertson is represented to have met Jeanie Deans by appointment. Ere long the conically-shaped hill or mount was right before us, and it was rather a toil to make one's way up the circuitous paths leading to the summit. But as all labor is sweet when its reward is attained, we felt a glow of pleasure, such as they only know who climb the mountain steep, and breathe there the purer air, when at last we stood on the topmost rock and gazed forth upon a scene of no ordinary beauty.

I should do but poor justice to the varied beauty of the prospect from "*Arthur's Seat*," were I to undertake to describe it as it ought to be done. Rarely does description, even in a master's hand, convey any very clear or distinct impression of mountain scenery; for in this, perhaps more than any other situation, so much depends upon the exuberance of spirit, the proud consciousness of having gained the top by hard exertion, the clearer atmosphere, the winds of heaven coursing on their way, and fanning the warm cheek with their refreshing coolness, that the quiet, unimaginative, or languid denizen within city walls cannot realize how much one's perceptions and enjoyment of natural scenery depend upon circumstances in which he has never been placed, and of which, consequently, he can have but a faint and vague idea. I dare not venture the attempt to picture forth in words the attractive scene which was spread out before our eyes from "*Arthur's Seat*," for that were a vain effort on my part, ardent though my feelings were, and

great as may be my desire to gratify the reader. I shall rather beg to be allowed the privilege of quoting a passage from Sir Walter Scott, in which, in his own felicitous manner, he speaks of a scene which he had often contemplated, and which none knew better how to describe than the author of "Waverley." In the introduction to the "Chronicles of the Canongate," he says:—

"A nobler contrast there can hardly exist than that of the huge city, dark with the smoke of ages, and groaning with the various sounds of active industry or idle revel, and the lofty and craggy hill, silent and solitary as the grave; one exhibiting the full tide of existence, pressing and precipitating itself forward with the force of an inundation; the other resembling some time-worn anchorite, whose life passes as silent and unobserved as the slender rill, which escapes unheard and scarce seen, from the fountain of his patron saint. The city resembles the busy temple where the modern *Comus* and *Mammon* hold their court, and thousands sacrifice ease, independence, and virtue itself, at their shrine. The misty and lovely mountain seems as a throne to the majestic but terrible genius of feudal times, where the same divinities dispensed coronets and domains to those who had heads to devise, and arms to execute, bold enterprises."

In descending, I made a long detour on the southern and western sides of "Arthur's Seat," and passing over the valley between it and "Salisbury Crag," I rambled along the heights, gazing at the varied prospects here afforded of the city and surrounding country, and then descending to the broad walk or pathway at the foot of the perpendicular rocks, I walked slowly from one end to the other, with interest unabated, and utterly forgetful of fatigue in the enticing occupation of studying so picturesque and beautiful a panorama. Nor could I forget what Mr. Black has very properly recorded in his "Guide Book," that it is owing to the glowing eulogy of Scott that this solid and commodious pathway has been made for public convenience. It was his eye that saw, with a poet's fondness, and his pen that recorded, with impressive truthfulness, that the vicinity of Edinburgh has attractions unsurpassed by any capital in Europe. The passage, I am sure the reader will agree with me, is well worth quoting:—

"If I were to choose a spot from which the rising or setting sun could be seen to the greatest possible advantage, it would be that wild path winding around the foot of the high belt of semi-circular rocks, called Salisbury Crag, and marking the verge of the steep descent which slopes down into the glen on the southeastern side of the city of Edinburgh. The prospect, in its general outline, commands a close-built, high-piled city, stretching itself out in a form which, to a romantic imagination, may be supposed to represent that of a dragon; now a noble arm of the sea, with its rocks, islet, distant shores, and boundary of mountains; and now a fair and fertile champaign country, varied with hill, dale, and rock, and skirted by the picturesque ridge of the Pentland Mountains. But as the path generally circles around the base of the cliff, the prospect, composed as it is of these enchanting and sublime objects, changes at every step, and pre-

sents them blended with or divided from each other, in every possible variety which can gratify the eye and the imagination. When a piece of scenery, so beautiful, yet so varied, so exciting by its intricacy, and yet so sublime, is lighted up by the tints of morning or of evening, and displays all that variety of shadowy depth, exchanged with partial brilliancy, which gives character even to the tamest of landscapes, the effect approaches near to enchantment. This path used to be my favorite evening and morning resort, when engaged with a favorite author or new subject of study."*

If I, a mere stranger, was filled with varied emotions amid these localities, it can readily be imagined how strongly and deeply the Scotchman's heart is bound up in the beauty, not less than the glory, of everything in his father-land. I will confess that I have not seen or felt aught which moved my spirit more, and aroused within me the glow of patriotic emotion, more warmly than here in the immediate neighborhood of this ancient city; and though I used to wonder at the native Scot for his unhesitating preference of a country which can never compare with beautiful England in fertility and attractiveness, I now wonder no longer; for I think I can now understand, in some degree at least, the deep feelings which stir within him, as he stands upon the rugged hill-sides or tops, or treads with free step the heathery plains of his native land. Long may he rejoice in that which is his birthright and his inestimable privilege!

In returning to the hotel, I passed through a considerable portion of the old town, and could not but be struck with the singular appearance of it, as contrasted with the portion of the city where we were sojourning. The High Street is one of the main avenues, and extends from the vicinity of Holyrood in a westerly direction nearly up to the Castle. It is a very busy street, a great thoroughfare, and at all times thronged with people and vehicles of various sorts. On either hand, you see numerous streets crossing it, usually narrow, dirty, and dark, and more particularly you are struck with the frequent recurrence of steep alleys, or very confined passages, termed here "closes." I had the courage to explore several of these, and I am compelled to say that I never saw more disgusting and offensive sights in any city that I have ever visited—not even in Italian towns, which are usually thought to bear away the palm from all others in this respect. Filth and nastiness, half-clad children wallowing in the dirt, squalid females, brutalized-looking men, and an utter want of all attention to the ordinary decencies and comforts of life, soon drove me out into the main street, with much less wonder than I before possessed at the almost national reputation of the lower orders of Scotch for untidiness and uncleanness.

In many respects, of course, Edinburgh does not differ from

* Heart of Mid-Lothian.

any other large city ; but there seemed to me to be peculiarities which made an impression upon my mind, not easily to be effaced, and which I wish I could convey clearly in words. Perhaps the most striking thing to an American's eye was the wretched and evidently degraded condition of the poorer class of women, I mean principally in respect to dress, personal habits, self-respect, &c. We, in America, are not accustomed to see most of the females in our streets in the squalid garb of poverty ; but here, in the Old Town, there would seem to be no other but such as these, and partly from ignorance, partly from culpable negligence, they would seem neither to know nor to care for anything better. It may be that I am too severe in my censures on this point, though such is the farthest possible from my intention. I would not willingly overstate the truth in the slightest degree ; and it is quite within the bounds of possibility that I was very unfortunate in my experience on the few occasions that I ventured to explore certain portions of the Old Town and its vicinity. I must beg it, however, to be believed that I have not said the half of what I might, and perhaps ought to say on this subject ; for, in truth, the High Street is unique in more respects than one. No stranger can visit it, or catch a prospect of its towering buildings from the newer part of the city, without profound astonishment. Eight, nine, and ten stories in height, and erected upon a steep and lofty ridge, with tributary lanes descending abruptly to the valley beneath, these edifices of the olden time have been not inaptly likened to the habitations of a race of Titans. The scene which the High Street and its adjoining "closes" present at various hours of the day is beyond my power to depict ; and as the whole subject, alluded to above, is far from agreeable, I shall not dwell upon it. With the reader's permission, we will take up other and pleasanter topics.

(To be continued.)

BE PROMPT.—"How do you accomplish so much in so short a time ?" said a friend to Sir Walter Raleigh. "When I have anything to do, I go and do it," was the reply.

If heaven be my home, and Christ my way, I will learn to know my way, ere I haste to travel to my home. He that runs hastily in a way he knows not, may come speedily to a home he loves not.

THOU ART WITH ME.

WHAT force of consolation in these words to the true Christian, however erring, for they convey an idea of the continual society and company of God. There is an instinctive repugnance in all men to be left alone. The child weeps in the dark when there are none near him. He cannot stay up his courage in the solitary chamber, whether his mind have been filled with tales adapted to children's ears, or whether he has been born with an inherent notion of evil principles around him. And men may well shudder in the absence of their great Parent, for how dreadful is that darkness where He maketh not his pavilion! No : it is a satisfaction in trial to be able to say even of an ordinary friend, *thou art with me*. We all fly to the society of those whom we love. We want their countenances to cheer us in melancholy, to charm us with novelty, and to sympathize with us in all our ways. If there be any condition truly horrible, it is that of the malefactor shut within the walls of a solitary cell, where the light of heaven steals through a small crevice, sometimes even blinded by the curious eye. There, crouched upon a pallet, and ghastly pale, writhing like a snake in a den of the earth, he feeds upon his own thoughts, or is stung by the fangs of his own remorse. Then, reason beginning to shine unsteady, he raves and revels in his small compass, until a clanking chain binds him like a wild beast to a staple in the solid stone. At last, disease of body keeps pace with disease of mind, and tubercled in heart and lungs, refusing to speak another word, the life of the criminal goes slowly out with many a heart-rending groan. This is to die an intellectual death, and this shows that it is indeed terrible to be left alone.

But the lot of most men in this world, however innocent, is to suffer ; and however fortunate, to experience at some time the coldness and bleakness of neglect. We must all know how dreadful it is to be deserted, even in one point or opinion which affects us very nearly, and this is often equivalent in our own minds to being forsaken in all. We feel more and more every day the necessity of being able to say of God—*Thou art with me*. For nothing which we have, is not liable to leave us, and the more we set our hearts on any thing, the more we are in danger of being left alone. Those are considered most strongly guarded who are triply blest with health, and wealth, and friends ; and it is thought that such, for the time being, will not be solitary even without God in the world. But these things proceed from Him, and separated from a recognition of Him, soon become stagnant and corrupt, like a stream cut from its life-giving fountain.

There is no ally more powerful than a rosy and hilarious health. Conscious of the vigor which resides in his stalwart right arm, the strong man may go forth in the morning to exhibit prowess, to stem the angry waves of trouble, laugh in the face of poverty, and fling his gauntlet to the world. His lips are dyed with a vermeil tinge, his eye flashes with the brightness of the eagle's, and his voice rings forth like a clarion blown among the hills. "To arms! to arms!" he is ready to exclaim whenever the foe advances, and he is prepared to compete as a swift runner, to swim away from shipwreck and disaster to the surf-beaten coast, to bare his heart to nipping colds and Arctic ices, or fixed in resolution, to stand like a statue which has a rock for its pedestal. Around him the strong gather to add to his strength, and the weak to sue for protection. In the gladness of his heart he feels no lack of company, and his spirits go with him wherever his steps are bent, and unconsciously he responds to them in the voice of a song, to which his heart beats time with a regularity of movement; and he is often abroad with the revellers and seeks no downy pillow, and at the break of day he is again ready to guide the plough, to wield the axe, and enter into the fields of labor. For though he knows it not, he is in possession of a boon without which all luxury is of no value, and the fine gold waxes dim. Health is the gayest, and most joyous attendant which a man can have, for its step is tripping, and conducts through amber airs and walks of flowers. But, alas! he little recks that the time creeps stealthily along, when shade by shade the color fadeth, and the plougher shall plough long furrows upon his brow. Or perhaps a fever may visit him, and suddenly take the place of his cheerful guest; for after all, is health an uncertain, fickle visitor, and must be wooed and courted, and caressed, and with the least neglect or tampering, withdraws, perhaps for ever. But in the hour of pain and sickness, when every ordinary resource has been removed, and all the Christian graces are concentrated in that one, to bear patiently, very pleasant is it to be able to say with the exulting Psalmist, "*THOU ART WITH ME.*"

Or, what if wealth be our companion! In the midst of much bereavement, and the withdrawing of other props, we might perhaps lie prostrate, were it not for the presence of this cordial friend. He who really loves his gold with all his heart, and with a sincere affection, who grasps it with a close hand, and will not permit it to be alienated, finds in it a source of exquisite delight. Such a one can scarce be lonely. Many and many a genial, happy time he has in its company, and conversing with it in a chirping tone, receives back consolation from its shining countenance. There is no more cozy salutation than that between a miser and his darling. Have they ever been parted

from each other's society? Do they not both stand together against the evil day? In life they are undivided, but when the death-bed parting comes, it is painful in the extreme. Alas! is there no gold in heaven, or do the dead hands lose the power of clutching, and can solitary pennies be alone bequeathed to the glazed eye? Money is indeed a god, but it is without the attribute of omnipresence, and its eagles have no wings to swoop down into a dead man's grave. He cannot say in that lone, cheerless residence, to his ancient comrade, *Thou art with me.*

But the man who has wealth to dispense liberally, in the strength of his position, feels that he cannot be forsaken.

His lands, his houses, his pleasure-grounds, are to him the sources of pleasure, and he can cast his eye over troops of those devoted to him; and he can say to this one, go, and he goeth; and to another, come, and he cometh; and if he be destitute of those disposed to love him, he can buy friends at the market valuation. At the least, his parasites may take on the semblance of friendship, and servility may look very much like actual respect, while from the lips which are never opened but to speak ill of him when absent, he sips the honey of adulation. But if his riches flap their fiery wings in flight, such a one is indeed desolate. Then, his troops of friends being disbanded, there are none to wish him a pleasant morning, and fulsome politeness becomes rude, and popularity veers suddenly like a March wind.

Now all of these desertions are very apt to happen to any of us on any day. If we have friends, we may find them forfeiting the name. A knowledge of the world will show that very few of those called friends are like gold tried seven times in the furnace. They are for the pleasant summer day. They follow in the wake of self-interest or pleasure. The warm grasp of the hand has no shock of the heart to correspond; but where there is a feast of pleasant things set forth, they are ever ready to partake. They are for Dives, not Lazarus; their affinity is for purple and fine linen, and not for rags. But if they prove to be as true as steel, a man may possibly outlive his friends, and one after another, as his head becomes hoary with age, he may see them dropping into the grave, until he remains the very last of a generation who care nothing for him. When the destroyer has been busy, and treachery has done its work, and ingratitude, "more strong than traitor's arms," and cold neglect, quite vanquish him, happy is that man, who, in the midst of his desolations, may exclaim, "*Thou art with me.*"

Moreover, one may be deserted by no blessing which he ever enjoyed, and he may have enjoyed all which falls to the lot of men, and health, and wealth, and friends, may be his own, yet, in his profound melancholy, he may fancy that he possesses nothing, and he shall be full of sickness, while indeed he is ro-

bust, and poor, though his coffers are securely locked, and he may read conspiracy in the faces of all men who are striving to do him good. But this is not so much a disease of body as a disease of mind; because he has hitherto relied on all things for succor, rather than on Him who can alone give help in every time of need. So true it is, that all of us without God in the world, are as truly solitary as that poor prisoner, who, shut up in his cell, drags after him a clanking chain.

One may walk even in the streets of a crowded city, and feel a deeper solitude than in the rock-ribbed glen, or in the primeval forest. There is no loneliness like that of crowds, because we find that all faces are averted from us, and they are sharpened after objects of which we know nothing, and their feet are swift in the pursuit of gain. Hence, we find in such places the necessity of having God for our friend, and of being able to say, in the midst of the indifference or neglect of all others, "Thou art with me."

"As for me," exclaimed the excellent Pascal, "I find I cannot attach myself, or repose in the society of persons like myself, miserable as I am. I see that they cannot aid me in dying. *I shall die alone.* I must then act as if I were. For if I were alone, I should not build houses; I should not embarrass myself in the tumultuous occupations of the world. I should not seek the applause of any, but should strive solely to comprehend the truth."

How significant is that saying, "*I shall die alone.*" Yes, no robber may have broken in upon our wealth, it cannot go with us to the silent tomb. Our friends may have stood by us in the post of danger, and may be even then present to smooth the pillow of our distress. The utmost that they can do is to breathe their fond wishes, and to wave their last adieu. They cannot hold us back. They cannot enter the boat and go with us over the dark ferry. Their powerful right arm which snatched us from the fire, or from the water, will hang down powerless by their sides. The tears of their regret will be only expressive of utter weakness. I must die alone. Looking with an uplifted eye above the dark waters, with the confidence of those who know in whom they have trusted and in whom they believe; then, oh! then, may we be able to exclaim with the Psalmist: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me."

F. W. S.

EXTENDED NATURAL RELIGION.*

IN a late number of this valuable periodical, a "few remarks" were promised on the topic concerning NATURAL RELIGION in the LARGER sense, that "everything is rational of which reason can discern the natural propriety, whether the thing be inductively discovered by it, or appropriated by it from any other source whatever."† This evident proposition, the reader will perceive, implies that the religion of nature, so called, may be viewed in a wider field than is commonly allowed it.

For the narrowest definition, that of Archbishop Tillotson may be quoted, (vol. ii., p. 307): "By natural religion, I mean obedience to the *natural law*, and the performance of such duties as *natural light*, without any express and supernatural revelation, doth dictate to men." In its broader scope, however, we include in natural religion all the belief and all the conduct *sanctioned* or *allowed* by reason, whether dictated by natural light and natural law, or enjoined by supernatural revelation. Dr. Paley well (but perhaps too unqualifiedly) remarks in his *Mor. Phil.*, ch. iv. : "And here we may observe the absurdity of separating natural and revealed religion from each other. The object of both is the same—to discover the will of God—and, provided we do but discover it, it matters nothing by what means." For the debate with infidelity, it is enough that both parties understand, that the greater the amount of truth garnered and guarded by reason, come it from where it may, the fewer will be the controvertible points that remain. And here we have defined the scope, and a highly important function, of EXTENDED NATURAL RELIGION.

It is clear that reason hath a right to all it can gather. I say, *gather*; for, of elemental truths, reason, the reasoning power and act, does not actually discover aught, but only collects from without itself materials for judgment,—from visible nature, from clear consciousness, from numbers, and space, and quantity, from revelation, whether direct, or as transmitted or distorted by writing or by oral teaching. Excogitation, without a known and firm basis, is but fancy. Reason employs excogitation, not in real or palpable detection, but in developing primary truths into their results, and in unfolding their relations to each other. From astronomical facts and laws, Messrs. Adams and Leverrier reasoned demonstratively that there must be another planet, Neptune; but the actual discovery was made, upon Leverrier's re-

* This article was written for the "Evergreen," but is transferred to the *Churchman's Monthly Magazine*.

† *Evergreen*, Nov., 1853, p. 372.

quest, by M. Galle. Arguing from natural facts and laws, Galileo proved the motion of the Earth; but the verifying ocular and actual discovery of the fact cannot be effected on this globe. Observation and experiment, not logic, but induction, opened to Harvey the circulation of the blood. And so throughout. Reason gathers and handles, wields or weaves, as it were, the various materials furnished from the respective sources, revelation included. The wide embrace of natural religion is therefore as legitimate as its narrower limit.

By extending natural religion over the broadest field of reason, the distinction between it and revelation proper is more accurately viewed and more practically comprehended. Take a few connected examples:

Revelation, unwritten at the first, propounds to reason and conscience the *idea* of a God, and then takes his *existence* for granted: reason is taught this divine idea, and, thus far indoctrinated, argues the divine existence, and bows to the all-perfect Father; yet fathoming neither the notion nor the fact. Reason can discern the antagonistic difference between good and evil, known to it by an implanted moral instinct, a ray of the light, from the Holy Spirit, "that lighteth every man that cometh into the world:" revelation clarifies, enlarges, confirms, the obligatory moral discrimination: and reason returns to its widened labor, exploring according to its ability elemental moral principles. Reason detects and allows human guilt, and that in even the best of men; and can perceive, in spite of smooth plausibilities and beguiling amenities, that God's refulgent holiness would be tarnished in forgiving crime or fault through any plea of (imperfect) repentance and amendment, or on any human or earthly consideration, or through mere, or merely emotional, pity, or through all these motives combined; pardon of unright towards God being thus unknown to pure, unbiassed, unaided reason: in this awful desperation of our moral accountability, the revealment from Heaven unveils, and offers to the sinner's unextinguished hope, the atoning sacrifice of the divine Victim of the cross; yet without imparting to reason a plummet that can sound the whole depth of that profound moral mystery: and reason, reoccupying in its enlarged function, not only cannot overturn the presumptions and arguments in its favor, but, in its bounded sphere, yields to that superadvenient doctrine, the propitiatory atonement of Christ, its calm and willing suffrage.* Reason allows, as did old sages, that man's corruption is too deep to be remedied without a special curative influence from the Deity Himself; no earthly motives, no earthly care, no counsel, no discipline, will be radically effectual, without the peculiar aid and might

* See my late article, "Manuduction for Unbelief," already quoted.

from above : revelation affirms that opinion, and further declares that influence to come from the Holy Ghost, and to be imparted to men, partitively and duly proportioned to each, according to His divine will, both merciful and wise : and reason, resuming its extended office, pronounces the varied celestial endowment of "talents" to be due and proper, fair and equitable. Yet reason then deliberates and interposes, "can there be *three* divine Doers, and not three Gods?" and revelation meets the earnest pondering and appeal with the crowning, though incomprehensible truth from on high, "there are three Doers or Persons, the Father, the atoning Mediator, the Purifier, in One only God : " while recuperative and reacting reason, again acknowledging that the Atoner, as well as the Father, must be truly divine, hesitates no longer ; for, avowing rationally the duality of the Godhead in the Father and the Son, the rationality is but amplified, not enormously or grossly, not cunningly or unfairly, which conjoins with them the Spirit, in the compact and complete doctrine of the Trinity, as unfolded in the sacred volume. All these grand and vital truths are naturally and firmly linked together. And we gather from them a view of the wholesome working of genuine natural religion in its liberal scope.

Pervading this whole series of godly tenets is that of a future state. Reason, pondering the gift of moral instinct, with the resulting duty and responsibility, and noting the utter and anomalous imperfection of the reward and punishment here of that responsibility, surmises an hereafter, in which all will be rectified : revelation confirms the twilight imagination, sheds on it a noonday clearness, and declares adequately not a few details of that fearful truth, even to the eternal duration of punitive suffering : reason, again judicative, ratifies the several equities, not excepting the continued woe ; for probation implies no coercion, and reformatory pain greater than earthly, would verily be constraint. Reason propounds the immortality of the soul as constituting the life to come : revelation adds the resurrection of the body for a coequal immortality : and reason, fulfilling its amplified arbitration, determines that, as body and soul make the entire man and the one responsibility, so the entire man, having the one responsibility, must, in his integral compound unity, have joy or sorrow in his future existence.

The theologian, or any well-informed Christian, can find other examples of the spread of natural religion over all the ground that reason can occupy. Of doctrine, therefore, we only add its verdict on polytheism and idolatry. Reason, accepting the *idea* of a God, imagines no more than the One ; but vitiated fancy, perverting probably the original penumbral disclosure of an incarnation, obtrudes others ; and thus it hath ever needed revelation to deny and expel the false divinities : and reason becomes

its prompt ally; for, two first causes are superfluous, and so are two all-perfects, and all-powerfuls, while two sovereign wills are both superfluous and incongruous, the latter from the very nature of independent volition; and subordinate and derivative deities are not true gods, but only a speculative and clumsy machinery for the affairs of the world, or of the worlds, which can all be readily ordered and controlled by one universally supreme Lord God Omnipotent. Idolatry is an adjunct of polytheism, unknown to primordial reason or religion, natural or revealed, but a forgery grafted upon them, one of Satan's grandest triumphs over intellect and truth: accordingly the Bible includes, among its perpetual interdicts of the blasphemous enormity, appeals to extended natural religion, to reason itself, urging on its besotted votaries the shock and the shame to common sense of worshipping as creator what their own hands have created; and other like arguments. And, as the practice is a deep and potent infatuation, a very "sorcery," reason cordially upholds revelation in the forbiddance, *ex abundante cautela*, not only of the "worship," but even of the "making" (and of course the profession,) of "images," when and where there is the remotest danger of their being adored or venerated, by the ignorant or by the learned, by the heathen or by Christians; the elementary feeling of idol homage, in the mind and heart, being awfully subtle and perilous. With so "exceeding broad" a commandment, in the Decalogue, and often and often reiterated, not to tempt or incite to any worship of "any likeness of any thing," the plea that images and pictures are a help to devotion is but puerile sophistry; nay, more truly, it is wicked and traitorous rebellion against Jehovah. Be the plausibility what it may, to worship or to venerate an idol, or "any likeness" or image, is to obey the malevolent power, the Serpent, rather than God. So declares Reason itself.

Of worship to the One Supreme, natural religion cordially approves, and much more, Extended Natural Religion, as the due outpouring from a right heart—of prayer and praise—of "thanksgiving and the voice of melody"—of united service, and embodiment in worshipping communities—of goodly temples—of solemn and sober rites and homage—of moral and holy instruction, and an orderly appointment and arrangement of the duly qualified instructors,—and of the gifts of the Creator, for maintaining all this worship, and for the aid of brethren, whose condition, whether it be ignorance or poverty, may require it. And here the Bible, except in the Levitical portions and allusions, rather leaves the broad and vital duty of adoration to the reverent reason, expanding over the whole ground, than inculcates it, strongly and minutely, on its own peculiar authority. Only the sacramental ordinances are superadded, in the Bible, to the devotions naturally (yet celestially) prompted,—these, and the Church proper, with its

eternal covenant, and its priestly ministry : and of these the ordinance of sacrifice is the one most prominently related to the matter before us. Reason untaught knows not any offering of the kind properly expiatory. But once endocrinated, it freely grants that it can learn no better and no other mode of pardon than the Atonement, prefigured and postfigured by that unique ordinance—no other mode that will bear frank and searching scrutiny : and it as clearly upholds the Gospel perpetuity of a Gospel rite which retains and protects in the world that unworldly doctrine, the Altar of Calvary.

Our argument is now prepared for an emphatic corollary. Reverent, and honest, and manly REASON being elevated to its rightful eminence—as the ratifier of revelation so far as it comprehends it, and the dutiful supporter of its every clear-toned utterance, though not comprehended—this lofty stand and charge of Reason being fully acknowledged and clearly defined, even Christianity intrusts her hallowed truths to its loyal guardianship. The tribunal of Reason, or Extended Natural Religion, governed by the Evidences of the Gospel, will protect all mysteries actually revealed ; but will as faithfully repel the illusive mysteries and *quasi*-mysteries imaginatively or deceptively introduced among them. Holy Reason, rationally and rightly interpreting Scripture, will rout all fancy theology, and fancy churchmanship. It will overturn infallibility, the real corporeal presence, inequitable Divine decrees, wire-drawn articles of belief, all doctrinal superlatives, all assumptive reliance on technical *authority*. It will equally subvert and scatter, under the majesty of the Bible, every aerial conception that would ally itself with the sacraments and ordinances, and with other worship. The alleged aids to a devout spirit, founded in association of thought and sensuous sympathy, whether with animal excitements, with ceremonies, or with architecture, all infer an appeal to natural laws, the laws of our emotional nature ; and of the employment of these, natural religious reason claims justly the entire regulation, repugning all excess, all misting, all mystifying, all fanciful inventions, all fanciful interpretations. Sanctified common sense is the heaven-born defender of a sound creed, and of sound devotion, from the enervating fondnesses of a weakly assiduous piety.

[The abrupt termination of this article, by our correspondent Philadelphia, is owing to the fact, that the remainder of the copy was destroyed by the fire, which, on the night of the 27th ult., burned the printing establishment of Messrs. Pudney & Russell, the printers of *The Churchman's Monthly Magazine*. This accident has caused some delay in the issue of our January number, and the confusion incident to such a catastrophe as the burning of an office, must furnish the apology for any

thing that may not be quite regular in our issue. Our Magazine, however, was in such a state of forwardness that we have not suffered much. Yet enough to lead us to ask our readers to receive our statement of the fire as a sufficient excuse and apology, for any defects that may appear.—
EDITOR.]

THE GRACE OF GOD ILLUSTRATED.

A CLERGYMAN once represented the conduct of awakened sinners, towards God's gratuitous salvation, thus: A benevolent rich man had a very poor neighbor, to whom he sent this message—"I wish to make you the gift of a farm." The poor man was pleased with the idea of having a farm, but was too proud to receive it as a gift. So he thought of the matter much, and anxiously. His desire to have a home of his own was daily growing stronger, but his pride was great. At length he determined to visit him who had made the offer. But a strange delusion about this time seized him, for he imagined that he had a bag of gold. So he came with his bag, and said to the rich man: "I have received your message, and have come to see you. I wish to own the farm, but I wish to pay for it. I will give you my bag of gold for it."

"Let us see your gold?" said the owner of the farm.

The poor man opened his bag, and looked, and his countenance was changed, and he said: "How I have been deceived. It is not silver, but only copper. Will you sell me your farm for my bag of copper? You may have it all."

"Look again," was the only reply.

The poor man looked, tears stood in his eyes—his delusion seemed to be gone; and he said: "Alas! I am undone. It is not even copper. It is but ashes. How poor I am! I wish to own that farm, but I have nothing to pay. Will you give me the farm?"

The rich man replied: "Yes, that was my first and only offer. Will you accept it on such terms?"

With humility, but with eagerness, the poor man said: "Yes, and a thousand blessings on you for your kindness."

The fable is easily applied. Mather has well expressed the difference between grace and merit, in a few words: "God was a God to Adam before he fell, but to be a God to sinners, this is Grace. He was a God to Adam in innocence by virtue of the covenant of works; but he is not a God to any sinner, but in the way of free grace."

Editor's Table.

In bringing forward our Magazine, and laying it before our readers, it becomes us to give it something of the form of an introduction. This we shall do very briefly, thinking it better for it to speak for itself, and to prove by its acts the claim which it may have upon the confidence and support of Churchmen. We merely observe, that it is intended as a companion for the FAMILY. That its wish is to be received there: to comfort the aged, to reason with the matured, to take the children by the hand, to converse with them in a familiar way, to drop into their hearts truths, which will expand and grow, and make them wiser and better. This, in a few words, is our contemplated mission.

In attempting this our aim will be, to combine instruction with entertainment; to devote our pages, to the wants, the tastes, the capacities, of the *Family*. Standing midway between the Weekly and the Quarterly, the "*Churchman's Monthly*" will occupy a position differing from both. It will be the link uniting the two. It will avoid, what is so essential in a weekly, the copious details of passing events; while, on the other hand, its columns will not labor under the stately tread of severe criticism, nor the solemn and inflexible gravity which marks the quarterly. The grave and the substantial will be garnished with sufficient spice, to give it a twang and flavor that will make it palatable.

As its name imports, it is intended for the CHURCHMAN's family; and its principal aim and its chief object will be, to set forth and illustrate the great truths of religion, and the doctrines of Christianity. In this respect it differs from the popular periodicals of the day. It comes not in contact with them. Its great object is not to amuse, but to teach; and to have, as the foundation of its teachings, not hay, straw, or stubble, but the Everlasting Truth.

We make no great promises, we desire not to excite any over-wrought expectations. By our fruits we shall be known. We believe that we have the talent enlisted in our undertaking, which will convince our patrons that we are in earnest, and will make our monthly a welcome visitor. Proof is better than assertion, and we will send forth our Magazine, to speak for itself, and to win its own way to favor. One suggestion, however, we would make, that as we address Episcopalians only, and look to them alone for support, they will extend it cheerfully, liberally, and generously, and will recommend our undertaking to their friends, provided always, that we have been, or shall be, so fortunate as to gain our way to their approval, and to be deemed worthy of support.

EDITOR'S TABLE.—In this department of the "*CHURCHMAN'S MONTHLY*"—having made our best bow to our readers—we purpose to have a place for free, and even familiar, consideration of any topic of interest which may

arise, whether it be ecclesiastical, social, political, or otherwise. We say, for *free*, and even *familiar*, consideration; because here we mean to have matters discussed much in the way that would be done by a party of Christian gentlemen and friends, drawn together around a common table, engaging in a frank and fraternal interchange of thought and wish, and alike full of interest in topics which touch their hearts, as churchmen, patriots, philanthropists, or members of the social body at large. Having, in our own person, a settled dislike of dogmatism, and *ex cathedra* intolerance, we shall most certainly endeavor to avoid even the appearance of being under any influence of the sort, while seeking to speak out plainly and candidly. We shall eschew all ultraism; we despise all clap-trap exhibitions; we take our stand against mere party shibboleths; and, while we shall not hesitate to speak our own mind, we shall ever pay due respect to the sentiments and feelings of those who may differ from us. There is room enough in the Church, very certainly, for us all; though we may not be able to see all things alike clearly or forcibly. There is genuine charity enough among us, we are sure, to admit of subjects of all sorts and descriptions being discussed, warmly and earnestly discussed, if you please, without ill-temper, ill-savored remarks, contemptuous allusions, or low, mean, imputations of motives, against those who do not accord with us.

Are we not right? and may we not, fearlessly and confidently, appeal to our readers, for support and encouragement in the course which we have marked out? We shall not doubt it, until they shall assure us otherwise.

There is no lack of subjects for reflection and serious consideration; nay, hundreds of questions arise at once, and struggle one with the other, which shall first receive attention. It is not possible for conscientious, Christian people to shut their eyes and their ears to *facts*, like those which force themselves upon them every day, and demand investigation, and consequent action.

Take, for instance, this *undoubted duty*, which no Christian man questions or denies for a moment, *the duty of PREACHING THE GOSPEL TO THE POOR*, and how wide a field does it open to our view! How deeply does it impress upon us the slothfulness, the indifference, the lukewarmness, the selfishness, the cowardice, of too many among us! How clearly does it disclose to us that Christian men and women can be recreant to their trust, and can be content to live on in indolent enjoyment of spiritual privileges for themselves, and worldly advantages, while hundreds and thousands are living and dying, in practical heathenism and atheism, within call of their very houses and churches.

Take any other topic you please, such as the unhappy dissensions and agitations in the Church; the manifold oppositions of heresy and schism; the controversy—for life or death, we believe—between the Church, and Rome and Infidelity combined; the fearful progress of unsanctified learning; the gigantic strides of science, not in harmony with, but without, and almost

in defiance of Religion; the disobedient, and rebellious spirit of the age, which rejects all authority, and spurns at all childlike, reverential reception of truth, from God's Word, and God's Church; the false and pernicious principles which prevail in modern society; the manifest tendency to increase of luxurious personal gratification and display, among those who have solemnly renounced the pomps and vanities of this wicked world;—take any one of these, or any other which may be named, and what abundant food for reflection, for self-examination, for prayer for guidance, does it afford! O we cannot shut our eyes and our ears, we cannot steel our hearts, to these things, if we do indeed believe what we profess to believe; nay, we *will* not, God being our helper.

But we shall not now press these topics; we throw them out rather as suggestive of matters, which may invite discussion on some future occasion, than as intending to express any very decided views at the present.

THE LATE PESTILENCE AT THE SOUTH.—A friend, residing at Milwaukee, has sent to us the following letter, containing extracts from one written by a clergyman, with whom many of our readers are already well acquainted, and with whom we trust all, who read our Magazine, soon will be—at least so far as mind can become acquainted with mind. We gladly give it a place, not only as evidence of the trials which some of our clergymen at the South have encountered, and the sufferings they have passed through, but also to point the attention of churchmen, and the Church, to the picture there presented.

We have heard of Howard Associations and Odd Fellow Associations contributing large sums of money, and sending out nurses, and their members themselves volunteering as nurses, to tend those who, smitten by the hand of the fell destroyer, were lying prostrate and helpless. Under Providence, much suffering was averted by these noble and generous efforts, and many valuable lives saved, which otherwise would have fallen a sacrifice. All praise to these devoted men, for their acts of mercy and love, in behalf of the common brotherhood!

Their devotion and operative benevolence affords an example, that the Church may contemplate. And she may not only contemplate it, but may strive to emulate it; lest while, with cold indifference, she passes by on the other side, the Good Samaritan may chance that way, and with the wine and oil come to the relief of the stricken wayfarer. To her belongs that office. Her Divine Master was ever engaged in acts of mercy, and in alleviating the physical sufferings of humanity. His example is her law, and it needs only the earnest and zealous efforts of those who are the stewards of His bounty, to bring her before the world as a ministering angel, clothed with mercy, and radiant with that heaven-born charity which, leaning over the couch of suffering, moistens the parched lips, and cools the aching brow, as well as binds up the bruised heart. That noble band of clergy, who, at the South, stood faithful at their posts, while the awful

scourge was sweeping over the land, hurrying its thousands, and tens of thousands, into their untimely graves; many of whom went from the bedsides of the dying with the fever, contracted there, raging in their own veins, claim our admiration, and will have their reward. But to the letter.

"You are well aware of the fearful ravages of the Yellow Fever in the South, and also of the faithfulness of our clergy, in standing to their posts, some of them until themselves were stricken down by the arrow of death. I have just received a letter from one,* who has just recovered from an attack of this fever; he was on a visit to the place from which he writes, and where, since the epidemic commenced, he labored unceasingly—among the sick and dying. His letter, though intended to be private, is so full of interest, and gives to those who have not passed through such scenes, such a vivid idea of their trials, that I take the liberty of making an extract for you. He says:

"You will be surprised to find me still here. But God, in His mysterious providence, has detained me a month after I was ready to leave, by laying His hand heavily upon me. On the night of the 14th of October, after unusual hard work, and dangerous contact with the sick and dead, of yellow fever, I was struck down almost as suddenly as if with a stroke of lightning. I was reading, and felt a slight chill, and in thirty minutes my pulse was at 124, and I was in a fierce fever. In another hour I was wild, with the most torturing, racking pains; before morning I was delirious. I had three physicians. And all that medical skill and constant nursing could do, I had. For four days and nights I was out of my head, and required watching every moment. On the fifth day I had the black vomit, and my physicians gave me up, limiting my life to twelve hours. But God, who holds the sources of life, was pleased to give a favorable turn to what are usually fatal symptoms, and at the crisis turned the scale of life in my favor. For fourteen days afterwards, I lay on the verge of both worlds, but gradually, grew better and better. It was not until the eighteenth day, I raised my head from my pillow. When I was convalescent, the kindness of the people knew no bounds. * * *

"But I have not told you all about our afflictions. I was taken down when the babe was eight days old. Of course M—— could not get up, and lay helpless, witnessing my sufferings, and expecting my dissolution, before her eyes. I was in the next room, and with the door open. She lay and watched me, and saw that the servants carried out all the directions of the physicians. On the fourth day, the servants who nursed me were broken down, and seized with the terrible fever, and removed. The next day my little Prentiss, who had been around me a good deal, helping all he could, was taken, and carried to his grandma's room, where, for fourteen days, he was suffering, with all the pangs of this fearful fever. On the tenth day after I was taken, M—— and the infant were both seized with it; but it lasted only four days with her, and was light, but the infant had it longer. The cook, in the kitchen, was taken at the same time, and then the last house servant; so that we had but two servants who could do anything. The next day one of these was taken, and carried to his bed. Thus, we had myself, M——, the babe, Prentiss, and three servants, all down with the fever. In all, seven cases of yellow fever at once. The weather was cold and rainy. Mrs. B—— was broken down by nursing, and took to her bed, and we had no one to wait on the sick, to build fires, to give medicines; and we should have perished together; for the same calamity was in almost every household in town; and each one had troubles too many to think of

* The Rev. J. H. Ingraham, of Aberdeen, Mississippi.

others. But help came from Natchez. Gentlemen and servants, sent by the Providence of God; and soon all began to get better. And by the time I had been sick two weeks, all were rapidly mending but myself. But God was pleased, also, to bid me live, and now I am able to ride out. The rest are all well. We are the only family that escaped without having one dead! And yet no family was so severely visited as ours. We are, therefore, filled with thankfulness and gratitude to God. We look back upon that *dreadful* week, when we were all down, as some unusual and appalling dream.' "

A NAVY OFFICER ON THE BIBLE.—We wish the readers of *The Churchman's Monthly Magazine* to share the pleasure we have derived from the perusal, kindly allowed us, of the following short extracts from letters by a deceased officer of our navy; remembered by a large circle of friends, not only for his professional merit, but as an intelligent and well-informed man, an accomplished gentleman, and an exemplary Christian. Testimony in favor of the Bible, from such a quarter, is certainly not without its peculiar interest and value. May the Divine blessing be upon it!

From a letter to a younger brother, on leaving home.—"Let me enjoin on you earnestly, to make the *Bible*, in preference to all other books, your diligent study. No one can be an accomplished scholar who is ignorant of its sublime code of morals, and its fervid precepts of a pure and spiritual religion. It is, moreover, indispensable, to render you a competent possessor of historical knowledge. Caviil not at its mysteries, because they transcend the limits of the human understanding; and receive, with *humility*, its truths. If you seek for elegance of diction, united with purity and elevation of sentiment, sustained by all the dignity of religious truth, they are nowhere combined as in the Bible; not even in the whole circle of literature. Regard it, then, as of cardinal importance, to become so well acquainted with it, that it shall not only conduce to your well-being here, but be of *greater* moment to you hereafter."

From a letter to another member of his family.—"I have often thought if I were reduced to the choice of but one book, that one would certainly be the Bible; which I would select for its Divine original, its elevated morality, its sublimity of imagery, splendid diction, and overpowering truth. I never have been otherwise than devout, although I often decry the abuses which have crept into the pure original system of Christianity."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A number of favors have been received, which we are unavoidably obliged to omit in this number. They will appear in our next.

Book Table.

A MEMOIR OF THE LATE REV. WILLIAM CROSWELL, D. D., Rector of the Church of the Advent, Boston, Massachusetts. By his Father. 8vo. pp. 528. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1854.

It would be difficult to give, by synopsis, anything like a fair view of this most interesting and beautifully executed volume. We commend it to the careful perusal of all who desire to see and know, exactly as he was, one of the best Christians, best clergymen, and best poets, of our day; in which they will be aided by the truthful and well-executed *head*, furnished by the painter and the engraver.

There is a matter, as painful as it is prominent, in the pastoral life of Dr. Croswell, long sorrowfully known to the friends of religion and the Church, which this volume—as it could not avoid doing, if it would be faithful in its work—incorporates into the permanent history of our time. It is referred to by the author, when, in pages 352, 353, he speaks of a certain interview between the Bishop of the Diocese and Dr. Croswell, as “indicative of the bitter and persecuting spirit manifested in the Bishop’s subsequent proceedings, and, indeed, the incipient step in a series of high-handed and oppressive measures, without a parallel in the annals of the Church in this country.” No little has, of late, been said about undue assumption of episcopal prerogative. The reader will find much in the portions of the Memoir, calling forth this strong language, to aid his reflections, and give him painful knowledge on this subject. The facts in the case illustrate a claim to the right of a Bishop to inflict discipline on any of his clergy, and parishes, for departing from *his views* as to the furnishing and arrangement of a Church, and the method of performing Divine service, even where no canon or rubric is violated. In the assumption of this claim, the Bishop of Massachusetts has, for years, refused to extend the pastoral care required by the solemn responsibilities of his office, and enforced by the canons, to the Church of the Advent; which his Diocese, and our Church at large, have, probably, none that exceed, and few that equal, in spiritual prosperity, and manifest tokens of Divine blessing. This reminds us of the decision, a few years ago, of the Bishop of Ohio, that he will not consecrate a Church, unless the communion-table is constructed in a manner *to suit him*. Such things, unlawful and presumptuous in themselves, cannot but injure the Church, and bring its episcopacy into disrepute.

We have thus particularly referred to this matter, because we consider it the *special feature* of the volume before us; presenting, as it has not heretofore been presented, to public notice, and placing, as it has not heretofore been placed, on full and permanent record, a subject, which the Church owes it to itself, to consider deeply and effectively.

THE CHRISTIAN WORLD UNMASKED. By John Beveridge, A. M., Vicar of Everton, Bedfordshire; Fellow of Clare Hall, Cambridge; and Chaplain to the Right Honorable the Earl of Buchan. With a Life of the Author. By the Rev. Thomas Guthrie, D. D., Minister of Free St. John’s, Edinburgh. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 59 Washington-street. 1854.

This republication of a work, already known to some readers, is none the less welcome, on account of its age and established reputation. It is truly

delightful reading, original in style, clear and forcible in reasoning, a little quaint and odd sometimes, but full of beauties, and what is better, full of truth. The author is said to have been a man of great eloquence, and to have possessed great power over the minds of the multitudes who flocked to hear his preaching. He was very earnest and devoted, and this work bears the impress of his character and talents.

THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD, IN THEIR RELATIONS TO CHRISTIANITY. By Frederick Denison Maurice, M. A., Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn, and Professor of Divinity in King's College, London. From the Third Revised London Edition. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1864.

These Lectures were delivered in accordance with the directions contained in the Will of Robert Boyle, who, in the year 1691, by Will, directed that "eight Sermons should be preached each year, in London, for proving the Christian Religion, against notorious infidels." The author examines Mahometanism, Brahmanism, Buddhism, and other heathen religions, to discover the essential truth which underlies them all, and then traces their relation to Christianity. The style is concise, clear, and simple, and the subject of the lectures exceedingly interesting.

THE FRONTIER MISSIONARY: A Memoir of the Life of the Rev. Jacob Bailey, A. M., Missionary at Pownelborough, Maine, Cornwallis and Annapolis, N. S.; with Illustrations, Notes, and an Appendix. By William S. Bartlett, A. M., Rector of St. Luke's Church, Chelsea, Mass., and a Corresponding Member of the Maine Historical Society. With a Preface by Rt. Rev. George Burgess, D. D., Bishop of the P. E. Church, in the Diocese of Maine. New-York: Stanford & Swords. 1853.

This is the second volume issued by the Protestant Episcopal Historical Society. It contains a very interesting biography of one of the early Frontier Missionaries. It is made up of extracts from journals, letters, &c., the narrative being connected and explained by the author. It gives a very vivid description of the toils and privations of the early Missionary life, and will prove a valuable acquisition to the historical literature of the Church. It is embellished with an engraving of the subject of the Memoir, another of Silvester Gardner, and a third of Bishop Bass.

A CHARGE, Delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of Toronto, at the Visitation, on Wednesday, October 12th, 1853. By John, Lord Bishop of Toronto. Toronto: Henry Rowsell. 1853.

We have received this admirable Charge, which treats, not only of matters of local interest, but also of those more general in their nature. It contains many excellent suggestions, and is fragrant with wise and judicious advice, conveyed in plain, simple, straightforward language.

THE IRON RULE; or, Tyranny in the Household. By T. S. Arthur. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

Mr. Arthur is a popular writer. His sketches of life are responded to by the hearts to which they address themselves. The present volume is intended to show the unfortunate influence, which undue harshness and severity on the part of the parent, are calculated to exert on the character and life of the child. The story *will* be read with interest, and *may* be with profit.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. The November number of Scott's reprint of this excellent monthly is before us. Its contents are—Haydon's Autobiography, Brute Life in the Alpine Regions, The Romans in Scotland, Athens in 1853, A Few more Words on University Reform, Our Commissioner in Paris, The Narcotics we indulge in, Part II.; Poems by H. G. K., A Few Facts concerning the Turkish Question.

BUSY MOMENTS OF AN IDLE WOMAN. Appletons. 1853.

A light, sketchy volume, of fashionable life; and its follies. To those who like to read about such things, it is as unobjectionable as any of its class; as far as much substance or value is concerned, it is hardly worth mention.

THE INVALID'S OWN BOOK. Appletons.

This is a neat little volume, containing a collection of recipes, from various books and various countries, arranged and vouched for from experience, by the "Honorable Lady Cust." We doubt not it will be found very useful in many cases.

WESTERN CHARACTERS, or Types of Border Life in the Western States. By J. L. McConnell, author of "Talbot and Vernon," &c. New-York: J. S. Redfield. 1853.

Another of the tastefully gotten up volumes issued by Mr. Redfield. It is illustrated by Darley, whose talent is well known to all admirers of Irving's beautiful sketches. The matter of the volume is rather local, but, nevertheless, interesting and instructive. Mr. McConnell is a lawyer of standing, and writes as well from personal examination as from records and traditions. While hardly prepared to acquiesce in his views, where religious truth is concerned, we are free to commend the general tone of his volume, and to wish it an extensive perusal.

ANECDOTES OF PAINTERS, ENGRAVERS, SCULPTORS, AND ARCHITECTS. Edited by S. Spooner, M. D. 3 vols., 12mo. Putnam & Co.

Mr. Spooner has our thanks for this excellent collection of anecdotes, and we hope that he will receive encouragement to go on in those pleasant pursuits which he has chosen. These volumes are an excellent addition to any library, and will, of course, find place among the books of those who love art, and love to know something genial and pleasant about its great masters.

A PEN AND INK PANORAMA OF NEW-YORK CITY. By Cornelius Mathews. New-York: J. S. Taylor. 1853. 18mo.

Mr. Mathews is one of the most successful writers upon purely New-York "matters and things," with whom we are acquainted. The present volume abounds in that quiet humor, keen insight, and admirable *bonhomie*, for which we know the author to be celebrated. We commend the great "Barnum" and "Broadway," not to speak of "Chatham-street" and the "Newsboys," to those who love to note the peculiar features of New-York, and New-York ways and customs.

GOLDEN DREAMS AND LEADEN REALITIES. By Ralph Raven. New-York: Putnam & Co.

A very free and easy sort of book, relating many humorous scenes and events in California experience and history. There is considerable point in various portions of the volume, which, to those who love this sort of reading, will be found decidedly attractive. Beyond this it is a book of little value or merit.

We also acknowledge the receipt of the Journal of the *Sixty-Fourth Convention of the Diocese of South Carolina*; and of the *Sixteenth Convention of the Diocese of Western New-York*.

HERBERT ATHERTON, or *Sowing beside all Waters*. By the author of "Wreaths and Branches for the Church," "Consecrated Talents," &c.

IN THE WORLD, BUT NOT OF THE WORLD. By Cousin Alice, author of "Helen Morton," "Watch and Pray," &c., &c. With Engravings by N. Orr, from Designs by McLenan.

THE BARON'S LITTLE DAUGHTER, and other Tales, in Prose and Verse. By the author of "Hymns for Little Children," &c. Edited by Rev. William Gresley, M. A.

LOVE'S LESSON. By the author of "Timid Lucy." With Engravings, executed by N. Orr, from Designs by McLenan.

The above books have been received by us from the General P. E. S. School Union and Church Book Society. They are exceedingly well adapted for young people, and while they furnish entertainment for a leisure hour, they also afford instruction in religious truth, and in the general doctrines and faith of the Church. No better gift for the holidays can be put into the hands of children.

A WEEK'S DELIGHT, or Games and Stories, for Parlor and Fireside. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

Just the book for the young folks; full of pleasant stories, that cannot fail to please, enliven, and entertain. Handsomely printed and illustrated. It will prove a rich treat to many expectant eyes on Christmas morning.

THE PRIEST AND THE HUGUENOT; or, Persecution in the Age of Louis XV. From the French of L. Bungener, author of the "Preacher and the King," &c. 2 volumes. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1853.

Those who have read the "Preacher and King," will want no further inducement to read this work than the fact, that it is from the pen of the same author. We hope to notice it more fully in our next.

We would call attention to the elegant and choice assortment of Prayer-Books and Bibles, offered by Stanford & Swords. They have every variety, from the cheapest to the most costly edition. No more suitable present, for Christmas time, can be made; and all who wish to buy, can find at Stanford & Swords just exactly the style that they desire, and at just the price that their pockets will afford. Those who have but a few shillings to invest, can be suited, and those who have the dollars, can find an assortment, that will carry them up to any height they will be likely to go. The Prayer-Book, with plain binding, but printed with clear type, and on good paper, can be had for 20 cents; and copies, elegantly bound in Turkey morocco, or velvet, at almost any imaginable price.

We would also call attention to their new edition of Bishop Brownell's Commentary on the Book of Common Prayer. This has become a standard Church work, and should be in every Churchman's library. The information it contains is invaluable, and it is a book of reference, for the family, the student, and the clergyman.

Ecclesiastical Intelligence.**ORDINATIONS.*****Deacons.***

Florida—November 4. Archibald Falconer Gould.

Ohio—November 13. Nicholas C. Pridham, William D. Rally.

INSTITUTION.

Western New-York—November 16. St. James's Church, Syracuse, Rev. Henry Gregory, D. D., Rector.

CONSECRATION OF CHURCHES.

Pennsylvania—November 13. St. Luke's Church, Scranton.

— 14. Zion Church, Sterling, Wayne County.

Western New-York—November 15. St. James's Church, Syracuse.

CONFIRMATIONS.

Connecticut—October 30. Trinity Church, Brooklyn, 2.

Christ Church, Pomfret, 1.

November 2. St. Paul's Church, Windham, 2.

— 3. St. Peter's Church, Hebron, 2.

— 6. St. James's Church, New-London, 7.—14.

Massachusetts—October 28. St. Mary's Church, Newton Falls, 10.

New-Jersey—November 27. Christ Church, Elizabethtown, 15.

House of Prayer, Newark, 18.

— 28. Grace Church, Elizabethport, 3.

— 29. St. Paul's Church, Paterson, 21.—57.

Ohio—November 13. St. Peter's Church, Delaware, 8.

Pennsylvania—November 6. Church of the Mediator, Philadelphia, 21.

— 13. St. Luke's Church, Scranton, 2.

Trinity Church, Carbondale, 2.]

— 14. St. John's, Salem, 3.

— 15. New Milford, 2.

— 16. St. Paul's, Montrose, 1.

— 17. St. Matthew's, Pike, 5.

— 18. Christ Church, Towanda, 4.

— 20. Athens, Bradford County, 1.—41.

Western New-York—November 16. St. James's Church, Syracuse, 8.—138.

CLERICAL CHANGES.

- Rev. Archibald Beaty, to the Rectorship of Trinity Church, Carbondale, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania.
Rev. William L. Bostwick, to Trinity Church, Newtown, Connecticut, as Assistant to the Rector.
Rev. John T. Brooke, D. D., to the Church of the Ascension, Baltimore.
Rev. Olcott Bulkley, to Cumberland Court-House, Virginia.
Rev. Norman W. Camp, D. D., to the Rectorship of Trinity Church, Hoboken, New-Jersey.
Rev. Anson Clark, to Emmanuel Church, Rockford, Illinois.
Rev. A. D. Corbyn, to the Charge of the College of St. Andrew's, Jackson, Mississippi.
Rev. T. Corlett, to the Rectorship of St. Luke's Church, Granville, Ohio.
Rev. Elijah W. Hager, to St. John's Church in the Wilderness, Copake, Columbia County, New-York.
Rev. Thomas W. Leavell, to Charlestown, Jefferson County, Virginia.
Rev. Henry T. Lee, to the Charge of St. Thomas's Parish, Abingdon, Virginia.
Rev. James Lee Maxwell, to the Rectorship of St. Paul's Church, Trenton, New-Jersey.
Rev. Robert N. Merritt, to the Rectorship of St. Peter's Church, Morristown, New-Jersey.
Rev. Daniel S. Miller, to Frankford, Pennsylvania.
Rev. Joseph W. Murphy, to the Charge of Pettigrew's Chapel, Scuppernong, Washington County, North Carolina.
Rev. R. D. Nevins, to St. David's Church, Liberty Hill, Dallas County, Alabama.
Rev. George W. Nichols, to New-York.
Rev. Moses T. Royce, to Greenville, East Tennessee.
Rev. Theodore S. Rumney, to the Charge of — Church, Uniontown, Pennsylvania.
Rev. David P. Sanford, to the Charge of the Church of the Redeemer, Brooklyn, New-York.
Rev. George Sayres, to a Professorship in Jubilee College, Robinsnest, Peoria County, Illinois.
Rev. Richard D. Shindler, to West Point, Kentucky.
Rev. Julius S. Townsend, to Trinity Church, Pawtucket, Massachusetts.
Rev. John Lee Watson, D. D., to the Rectorship of Burlington College, Burlington, New-Jersey.
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Died,

- October 28. Rev. Archibald H. Lamon, Rector of St. John's Church, West Baton Rouge, Louisiana.
— 29. Rev. Nathaniel Sprague, D. D., Rector of St. Peter's Church, Drewsville, New-Hampshire, aged 63.
November 15. Rev. William M. Weber, M. D., of Friendship, Alleghany County, Western New-York, aged 49.

Deposed,

- November 20. Rev. Thomas H. Quinan, and Rev. Francis A. Baker, Maryland.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO INSTITUTIONS OF THE CHURCH IN THE DIOCESE OF NEW-YORK.

Diocesan Missionary Committee.....	\$205 00
Diocesan Fund for the Relief of Aged and Infirm Clergymen.....	\$2,321 32
Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society for Seamen, in the City and Port of New-York.....	651 30
New-York Bible and Common Prayer-Book Society.....	94 37
Protestant Episcopal Tract Society.....	36 50

Calendar for January.

1. The Circumcision of our Lord JESUS CHRIST.
6. THE EPIPHANY, or the Manifestation of CHRIST to the Gentiles.
8. First Sunday after the Epiphany.
15. Second Sunday after the Epiphany.
22. Third Sunday after the Epiphany.
25. The Conversion of St. PAUL.
29. Fourth Sunday after the Epiphany.



The Acropolis of Pergamon

THE
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Vol. I.

FEBRUARY, 1832.

No. 2.

PERGAMUS.

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which contained, according to Plutarch, two hundred thousand volumes. It was here that the *membranæ Pergamenia*, Pergamian skins, were invented ; from which we derive our word *Parchment*. Pergamos was the birthplace of Galen ; and in it P. Scipio died."

Having been, for a while, blessed with a distinguished Church, it at length became reduced to the situation thus described by Bishop Newton, in his "Dissertations on the Prophecies :"—
 "Pergamus, formerly the metropolis of the Hellespontic Mysia, and the seat of the Attalic kings, is by the Turks, with some little variation, still called Bergamo, and hath its situation about sixty-four miles to the north of Smyrna. Here are some good buildings, but more ruins. All the city, almost, is occupied by the Turks, very few families of Christians being left ; whose state is very sad and deplorable. Here is only one Church remaining, dedicated to St. Theodorus ; and that the name of Christ is not wholly lost and forgotten in Pergamus, is owing to the care of the Metropolitan of Smyrna, who continually sendeth hither a priest, to perform the sacred offices. The Cathedral Church of St. John is buried in its own ruins ; their Angel or Bishop removed ; and its fair pillars adorn the graves and rotten carcasses of its destroyers, the Turks, who are esteemed about two or three thousand souls in number. Its other fine Church, called Santa Sophia, is turned into a mosque, and daily profaned with the blasphemies of the false prophet. There are not, in the whole town, above a dozen or fifteen families of miserable Christians, who till the ground to gain their bread, and live in the most abject and sordid servitude. There is the less reason to wonder at the wretched condition of this Church, when we consider that it was the very *throne of Satan* ; *that they ran greedily after the error of Balaam, to eat things sacrificed unto idols, and to commit fornication* ; and that *they held the impure doctrines of the Nicolaitans, which Christ detested*. It was denounced unto them to *repent, or else He would come unto them quickly, and fight against them* ; as the event evinces that He hath done."

A MAN'S wealth depends more on his wife than his income. Some women will cause their husbands to become rich on five hundred a year ; others can scarcely keep out of jail on five thousand. Saving has made more fortunes than getting one. If married men are poor, in nine cases out of ten it is their wives' fault.

DR. STERLING AND HIS CHOIR.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM STAUNTON.

"Bring here the lyre, to sing a solemn lay,
The tabret's sound,—the trumpet's startling tone,
Dulcimer and lute, and singing psaltery;
Lift up the voice, and let the sound arise,
Symphonious swelling to the solemn skies."

FRED. MULLER.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Larigot's Extraordinary Command over an Invisible Orchestra, and his Achievements in the Realm of Imagination—The Dr. Visits Jabez Warner's Cottage and hears of a Plot—Patent-Notes and Squalteras—Thoughts and Surmises.

WHEN Larigot was rounding off so finely that elaborate and ever-to-be-remembered Voluntary,—when his delicately tapered foot, silk-hosed and pump-shod, after ranging and skipping so marvellously over the pedal-keys, was now resting with all due grace on the last, low, long, thunder-note of the dying cadence,—it never occurred to the triumphant Improvisatore that there was yet to be appended to the effusion such a Coda as sprung to life in his belligerent epistle to Dr. Sterling. It was not customary with him, at such times, to think of consequences, nor to care for them, unless when his scientific reputation was likely to be affected by them. Far, very far, above the gross atmosphere in which common mortals dwell, were the head, ear, eye, and brain of our imaginative artist. He had within his capacious soul a glorious orchestra,—a spirit-world of vast amplitude, crowded with choirs, and players upon instruments, all perfect in tone, time, voice, temper, and skill,—a multitudinous band of aerial performers, always ready, never fatigued, with no limit to their powers,—a band, to which the choir of four thousand, in Solomon's temple, would be but as an echo in a corner. And all this mighty company of spiritual musicians Larigot had so fully at command, that, at any instant, he could rouse the whole body into action by a mere thought,—bring all their powers to bear on the great works of a Haydn or a Beethoven, and fill the whole breadth and height of the heavens with such a choral shout, as earth never heard since the day when "the morning stars sang together."

Now, if Larigot's fancy had life enough to make such a stir as this in the interior world of thought, the truth of what we just now

said regarding his carelessness of consequences in this low, dull, physical region of earth, will appear exceedingly probable, to say the least. But why, then, did he stoop to notice Dr. Sterling's expostulation at all? Why did he seem so nettled and hurt? Why so eager to resent a supposed affront? Doubtless, for the very reason that he *had* such powers of fancy. It is but a moment since, in speaking of his illimitable command of that invisible and magnificent orchestra, we assumed that his *rights* were there duly acknowledged and respected, no matter how boldly asserted, or how arbitrary and despotic. If, then, on *such* a scene, none dared to dispute his supremacy,—if, in this high realm, where absolute perfection flourished, he, by the waving of a finger, or, indeed, by a mere volition, could so sway and overawe the vast throng, that no rebel thought or movement ever sprung up to disturb the living and all-prevailing harmony, how could it be endured that in this debased, gross, and half-barbarous, world below, any of those petty dabblers in psalmody, who stood wondering by his elbow, should daringly presume to meddle with his imperial prerogatives? How could it be endured, that even a Dr. Sterling should, not deem himself honored by being brought into close juxtaposition with so illustrious a prince of harmony? And how could it be supposed that Larigot should be cool, silent, undisturbed, unshocked, and altogether emotionless, when, from that reverend gentleman's pen, there had fallen even one drop of corrosive reproof?

It will now begin to be apprehended that Mr. Larigot thought himself very seriously abused, in being taken to task for his Sunday morning's attempt to realize, in audible sounds, the ideal sweep of harmony which his prolific genius had conceived.

But how was it with the good-natured Rector?

There was a spot, half romantic, half otherwise, a little beyond the southern extremity of the village,—a spot, for which nature had done so much, that art had succeeded only in partly disfiguring it. A fine, little, brawling rivulet, which had found its way, by a deep and crooked ravine, from the higher grounds, where the native forests yet remained, was spanned by a coarsely-built bridge, where the main road touched the stream. From the bridge the view, on one side, was over a considerable breadth of rich meadow-land, diversified, here and there, with a field of maize, or an acre or two of orchard; on the other side was the entrance into the dark glen, its sides clothed with pines, hemlocks, and cedars, many of which stretched their low, gloomy arms over the brook, and leaned their rugged forms, as if to guard the leaping and dashing waters from the hot sunbeams, by mantling them in a thick and impervious shade. At a short distance from the rude bridge, near the first turn in the ravine, was one of those rustic, weather-beaten mills, which, perched

on a bed of rock, with moss-covered roof and dripping wheel, contribute rather to heighten, than to diminish, the sense of the picturesque, amid scenery of this broken and partly mountainous character. The same could hardly be said of a plain, box-like dwelling, painted Venetian red, and situated a few rods beyond the mill, just where a tongue of level land, barely extensive enough for a garden, jutted out from the base of the hill.

It was in this rather lonely place that Jabez Warner, the miller, one of the truest-hearted men in Dr. Sterling's flock, had long resided—long enough to rear up a family of four sons and one daughter. Of these, the younger son alone remained at home, an invalid, "dying daily," as it were, from injuries received by a severe fall on the ice, in the previous winter.

In the early part of the week on which the above correspondence took place between the Rector and the organist, Dr. Sterling had occasion to make one of his visits of consolation to the miller's son. In the chamber of affliction he found one fast ripening for a translation to that kingdom where grief and pain never come, and whose kindling eye told how joyfully he looked to the approaching hour when he should join with "the saints of all ages" in the blissful song of adoration to Him who died to redeem them by His blood. There is something intensely subduing in the presence of a dying penitent. True and heartfelt as may be our sympathy for the sufferer, yet there is forced upon us so near a view of eternity, with its substitution of blessedness for the sorrows of the present, that faith often dries up the tears of nature;—we feel a mingling of joy with our prospect of bereavement,—a secret wish, as if to congratulate already the departing spirit, for its deliverance from "the burden of the flesh." And when we go forth again to face the storms and dangers of this turbulent world, we almost envy the felicity of him whom we have seen waiting for the hour when he shall breathe out his soul into the hands of Him who gave it.

Clerical life is full of contrasts, often indeed violent and unpleasing. Dr. Sterling had a good example of this in an incident which occurred before his return to the parsonage. Young Warner, possessing an excellent tenor voice, had, for several years before his accident, filled a place in the choir of St. Michael's, with equal credit to himself, gratification to his parents, and usefulness to the Church. In consequence of this, the miller's cottage had often been a place of resort, to which small detachments of the choir would come on summer evenings, to enjoy the cool, invigorating air of the glen, and to spend an hour or more in making "the hills and woods resound" with their forcible vocalization of some rustic melody or time-worn chant. These pleasant meetings, as may be supposed, had come to an end, since sickness had invaded old Jabez's dwelling; but,

Dr. Sterling and his Choir.

aside from this, there was little done or said about the choral department of St. Michael's, which did not find its way, as if by long-established custom, to the red cottage and its worthy inmates.

Now it so happened that some hours before Dr. Sterling's visit, a whisper of this nature had been brought to the ear of the elder Warner by a colored boy living in the family, to the effect that measures of retaliation for the Rector's interference with the music were in contemplation by Larigot and his friends; and these whispers the old man very prudently communicated in words to his somewhat surprised pastor. The news, however,—important as it seemed to Jabez,—was not very alarming, and as such the Doctor was disposed to treat it. But he was more particularly struck with an observation or two which Warner made, as he accompanied the Rector to the garden gate, on his departure.

"It's my notion, sir," said the old man, "that you'll find some of the gallery-folks to be fitter for singers than for saints. They're not all cut out of the same block, and so it's hard to make 'em agree. It stands to reason, Doctor, that if they don't pull together, you might as well try to get harmony out of two hand-organs playing agin each other. You haint been long enough in Stafford, sir, to know all the rigs some on 'em take in their heads to play. When there's two or three parties, sir, some one must be uppermost; and as it costs a squabble to *get* the rule, so it always costs another to *keep* it. There's been considerable bother among the Patent-noters in the choir ever since Professor Larigot took hold of the organ. They don't like his ways, either as a man or a musicianer. I think they're a bad-tempered set, sir, at the best; and everybody knows what bungling work they make when they have anything new to learn. Among other things, they've got so envious at Mr. Larigot's friends, that they have not only nicknamed them the 'Squaltera party,' but take a kind of satisfaction in tormentin' on 'em, by singing sharps and flats where there aint none, and roarin' out loudest where the book says they ought to hold in.

"I don't know, sir, as you'd care for an old chap like me to advise you; but I'll take leave to say, that if I were a parson, I'd keep a tight-hand on the Patent-noters, and encourage Larigot's friends,—Squalteras or no Squalteras. There's music in the one lot, sir; but in 'tother, nothing but noise and fuss. I think, though, that Larigot did wrong last Sunday morning, in cutting up such a dido on the organ, just to plague the Patent-noters, and pay 'em off for their spite. It never does no good, sir; and I'm as glad to hear that you gave him a settler, as I am sorry that he should have got so rousing mad agen you, as to talk of resistin'. It won't last long, though; for Larigot's a

good fellow at bottom, and doesn't make enemies, except among them as sticks themselves up, and haint nothing to do it on."

"You are a wise man, Jabez," said the Doctor, smilingly, as he shook the old miller's hand.

"So I thought once," answered Jabez, "when I knew no better." And then the good man, after listening to a few words of sympathy from the Rector, on the far more affecting subject of his son's affliction, re-entered the cottage, almost doubting whether a more seasonable time might not have been found for unveiling to Dr. Sterling his straightforward opinions on the comparative merits of Larigot's friends and enemies.

The Doctor, though not extravagantly fond of gossip, was too acute not to see the value of some hints which Warner had thrown out; and as he threaded his way down the ravine, he amused himself by imagining what might be some of the possible ways by which either Patent-noters or Squalteras,—Larigots or anti-Larigots, might aim to revenge themselves on him, in the present—or in any supposable future—case of provocation. A weaker man might have taken the matter seriously, and set his heart on a flutter with direful thoughts of plots, conspiracies, daggers, slung-shots, repeaters, gun-cotton, and a thousand other things equally disagreeable, in their ordinary consequences. But our reverend friend, as he moved along homeward, permitted no such horrifying cogitations to disturb in the least his equanimity, much less to lash up his nerves and brain into a needless and uncomfortable state of perplexity. He trudged on, and on; and, by and bye, drew near to the Church; for we should have said that, before leaving home, he had concluded to visit the Church on his way home, and spend as much time as could be spared in arranging the interior of a somewhat disordered wardrobe and book-case in the vestry-room.

CHAPTER IV.

Larigot at the Organ—The Doctor drops into the Vestry-Room, and chances to hear a most Rebellious Conversation in the Gallery—Threats and Projects—Agreement for an Attack on the Rector.

As the Doctor mounted the steps at a little door in the rear, by which he was accustomed to enter the vestry-room without passing through the Church, the deep tones of the organ suddenly caught his ear. The Doctor quietly stepped into the room; and—the inner door leading to the chancel being partly open—his ear soon told him that Larigot was at the instrument, probably spending one of his leisure hours,—a thing of

no uncommon occurrence with organists. Dr. Sterling gave his ear to the music, and his hands to the wardrobe, and tried to divide his attention pretty equally between them; but, after a little while, he found himself insensibly attracted towards a snug little chair behind the aforesaid chancel-door, into which he slid most quietly, every probability being on the side of his remaining there as long as Larigot continued his extempore exercises at the organ.

It was evident, however, to the Doctor, that, for some reason, the organist was playing far below his ability. Larigot was not himself, clearly. Beautiful as his conceptions always were, yet there seemed to be, at intervals, a cloud over his fancy, and a dead weight on his finger. There was little of passion, scarcely one transient flash of enthusiasm. Nay, once or twice, it occurred to the listening Doctor that the organ had caught a little of its master's spirit. The open diapason was certainly hoarse and desponding; the trumpet had a touch of indubitable snarliness; while the amiable dulciano, and the pure, captivating, graceful, hautboy—sweetest of all the tribe—were absolutely sobbing out a broken tale of grief, in tones of plainiveness and melancholy. What could be the cause? What had brought about this partial eclipse of Larigot's brilliant invention? Could it be the consequence of the petty disagreement which had sprung up since the last Sunday? Could *this* really prey upon his spirits, and so effectually damp the wild ardor of his imagination?

As Dr. Sterling sat listening, unseen, in his snug corner, he allowed such thoughts to cross his mind, and began almost to blame himself for the prominent part he had taken in so painfully oppressing the feelings of one whose great fault seemed to be simply an exuberance of power in the line of inventive beauty and grandeur. However, these reflections soon came to a close; for the organ ceased, and before the Rector had risen, to recommence operations on the wardrobe, he heard Larigot in loud and unusually earnest conversation with some one in the gallery. It proved to be the voice of no less a personage than James Bullfinch, the leader of the choir. The parties were somewhat excited—a little out of humor with themselves, but very cordially agreed in their suspicions that the new Rector would prove a common enemy. All this forced itself on Dr. Sterling's consciousness in far less time than it has taken for us to write it. His position was such that he could not well avoid hearing; and we can afford to pardon some extra curiosity on the Doctor's part, in regard to the course which the conversation might take, when we consider who were the speakers, and what were the rumors already afloat in the village.

We cannot say whether Dr. Sterling closed the chancel-door,

or not ; and, consequently, we are unable to state how much of the ensuing conversation reached his ear. He was not given to eaves-dropping, nor to anything falling in the same category ; and so, rising, and going fairly to work on his robe-closet, the gentlemen in the gallery went on with their loud talk, never dreaming that their words might possibly fall on a third pair of ears, and those the most inconvenient ones that could be selected for the occasion.

"Bullfinch,—my old boy,—tell me, now," said Larigot, "if the parish should ask *my* advice in this miserable business, what do you think it would be ?"

The leader picked up a music-book listlessly,—turned over several leaves in silence,—then hummed a few notes,—then answered, carelessly : "How should *I* know what crazy measures you would propose ?"

"Guess."

"Not I ; it aint worth the shot."

"Try."

"Psha !"

"Capital ! Well said. Try again, Bullfinch."

"If ever the yellow moon lost a native, you, of all creatures, are most likely to be the stray—"

"Try again."

"You wouldn't want 'em to turn off the Doctor, I suppose,—would you ?"

"Ha, ha, hah ! Just like you, I confess. A very promising remedy for a threatening evil. But, my dear fellow, *that* would hardly go, I'm afraid."

"Try it, as you said to me just now."

"Well, well, the time may come ; but, Bullfinch, I've been thinking that,—considering the snappishness of the Rector,—the vestry had better resolve to have a crank and cylinder affixed to the organ, with all reasonable expedition ; and then, you and black Primus might grind away right handsomely, to his reverence's entire satisfaction, and, possibly, to your own also."

"Thank you for the hint, Larigot. I'd praise your wit, if it were not against my principles. It's very encouraging that fools sometimes turn out to be great inventors. I don't decide, however, whether you are one or the other, both or neither. But I think the vestry might save expense, and you might secure your salary, if you would only undertake to play in hand-organ style *yourself*,—a thing which you might do very decently, after a little practice."

"Ha, ha, hah ! Magnificent, magnificent ! Quite an idea ! But, seriously, and upon my word, Bullfinch, I should have no reasonable objection to the plan, if I were assured that nobody's

taste was to be consulted but that of the ghostly official who sent me a sort of reprimand the other day."

"A reprimand? What on earth was it for? I heard that you and the Doctor had got into a scrape; but I did not hear tell of this. What was the thing for?"

"Oh, nothing of any consequence. I was foolish enough to waste a rather stylish voluntary on the Doctor's tuneless ears, last Sunday morning, and so he took into his head to get waspish, and try to sting."

"Well, I can't, with a good conscience, blame him, if *that* was all."

"What! you! Bullfinch!"

"Yes, sir,—I, James Bullfinch, Esquire. Do you doubt it?"

"Bah! You stupid, wool-brained, leather-headed object; what have *you* to say?"

"Better keep cool, my Lord Snapdragon; better keep cool. If I must tell you the honest truth, sir, I—James Bullfinch—could not help thinking, when you were cutting such shines on the organ, that either Larigot or the whistles had got amazingly out of tune: for, there certainly *was* a confounded screeching and clattering of sounds, here and there, as you were dashing along—fingering and toeing the thing out."

"Gracious! am I alive or dead?" sighed the astounded man of Pedals.

"Wide awake, I guess," answered the leader.

"You contemptible, insufferable barbarian!"

"That's wonderfully explicit;—bet my hat if it aint."

"A man, sir," said Larigot, very proudly, "a man, sir, who knows no better than to describe in such terms *any* combinations of harmony, which *I* would employ, or ever have employed, ought to be doomed to sing solos, for a month, to a Chinese gong, or be sent to a Banjo-master, to get his sensibilities sharpened and his ear improved."

"That's your opinion, I don't doubt," said Bullfinch; "and I'll tell you what, Larigot, the thing wouldn't be so hard neither, after such a drilling as you have given our ears, by your capital mimicry of those delicate instruments, in your late voluntaries, and at other times."

Bullfinch was really a little too hard on Larigot, for whose abilities and friendship he had a sincere regard. The parties had often bantered each other pretty roundly, more for frolic than anything else. But the organist now seemed wounded and thoughtful,—sufficiently so, at least, to induce Bullfinch to give the diverging lines of the dialogue just such a timely check as would serve to throw them again into parallelism.

"By the bye," said the leader, "talking about gongs, puts me in mind of the City Hotel, where I dropped in this morning."

"What of that?" grumbled the organist.

"Oh, nothing at all; only, on picking up a New-York paper, I saw it stated that you had been made an honorary member of the—bless my soul, I had to write down the name on a slip of paper. Here it is, however;—honorary member of the United Societies of the BACHRINKALBRECHTSBERGERS, and the OCTAVE-DIAPENTE and PATENT-COMPLERITES."

"Are you in earnest, Bullfinch?"

"I mean to be, sir; and I would congratulate you for your good fortune, if I didn't think that all the gain would be on t'other side. But we must talk about this another time, for I must be moving. Tell me, however, Mr. Larigot, what do you really think of our parson's movements?"

"My idea is, sir," answered Larigot, "that we are all to bow to his solitary dictum; and if we don't have the old Puritanical twang reinstated in the choir before long, it will not be for want of the minister's efforts, sustained, perhaps, by your very enlightened co-operation."

"Not quite so fast, Mr. Larigot. There is, at least, a possibility that you have mistaken us both."

"I hope it may turn out so; though the affair seems too plain and direct to be resolved into a mere case of misapprehension. I have done my best, however, to vindicate *my* rights, by sending the affectionate gentleman who occupies the desk a pithy exhortation, in which I advise him to mind his own duties, and to trust that I shall take proper care of mine."

"Ah! did you really go *that* length?" inquired Bullfinch, eagerly.

"Yes; and pretty promptly, too," answered Larigot. "I know how far my own jurisdiction reaches; and to every grasping effort of the Doctor, for the extension of his territory, I shall offer the resistance which his ambition merits."

"In my judgment, Mr. Larigot, you are a trifle too fiery; and if you don't get us all into trouble, I shall be mistaken."

"Bullfinch, there's no need of words on the case. It is as clear as sunshine. We are *all* interested in it, more or less. An attempt on *your* rights will certainly follow a surrender of *mine*, and then the choir must yield, as a matter of course. I wish to keep what is now my own. Interference I cannot admit, however respectable the quarter from which it may come. *You* may do as you please; but if you have the feelings of a man, you'll put yourself on the defensive, and stand up for your rights."

"Well, there's something in that, to be sure," said Bullfinch.

"It may be as you say. But, after all, don't you think that the Rector of the parish has some right to a word about the music?"

"Not at all. His duties are clearly defined by the principles of the religion he preaches, and by the laws of the Church. While he confines himself to these, none will dispute his ground; but when he steps out of his own circle, bristling foes will soon spring up to force on him a retreat. Let the priest take care of his altar and pulpit, and leave the organ to those who are qualified for its management. That's the rule, sir; and I am not the man to yield it."

"But, Mr. Larigot, do you really think we had better take a stand, and try to help ourselves by raising an uproar on the matter?"

"Yes, sir,—raise the Church, the town, the State, the whole continent, if necessary; and if we cannot otherwise preserve the sacredness of our rights Why not?"

"I was just thinking," said the more prudent leader, "that it would be better to take a little more time before we come to a downright rupture with the parson. And besides, it is possible that he may not be quite so ignorant of music as you have all along taken for granted. I heard Warner say, not long since, that the Doctor had some reputation in that line."

"Faugh! Suppose he were equal to a Cherubini or a Mendelssohn;—do you think that would give him a commission to play the tyrant as a priest? Now hear me, Bullfinch, and I'll tell you a plain tale. It is a standing and notorious fact, that not one in twenty in the clergy have ever been at the trouble of learning a note of music, or have spent one copper to qualify themselves for the intermeddling of which some of them are so fond. In the Church where I played two years ago, the old minister (who had a voice like a bassoon that had got the asthma) used to annoy me by doling out the melody of the chants, an octave below pitch, like a double diapason. And I knew another who always made it convenient to cough very loud when he came to an accidental, or if he attempted to sing it, was sure to make the queerest noise imaginable. Dr. Northrop, you know, had a fashion of singing a bass of his own manufacture, by keeping along at the distance of an octave and fifth below the treble—singing the tune, in fact, in the scale of its Subdominant. When I recall these things, I feel little confidence in the musical taste, judgment, and acquirements of the clergy, and am very unwilling to be subject to their dictation."

"I'm beginning to be a good deal of your opinion, Larigot," said the leader, growing somewhat valiant; "and I am inclined to think that most part of the choir would defend themselves, if it were not for fear of getting into hot water before they're ready for it."

"Bravo ! Bullfinch. Let's go to the Parsonage one of these evenings, and feel the Rector's pulse."

"Agreed," said the leader ; "but don't be too rough, and kind o' stoccato with him !"

"Trust *me* to that," rejoined the organist ; "I know how to work him adroitly."

By the time they had reached this point the Doctor had disappeared from the vestry-room, and was very safely lodged in a cozy desk-chair, in his study. What were his ruminations in that quiet spot, his thoughts and doings, and what were his indoor and out-door duties, as several evenings and mornings passed away, we cannot undertake to relate. We pledge ourselves only to notice such things as fall directly in the line of our story, or on its immediate borders. We shall, therefore, leave the Doctor to go at large, till the time when Larigot and Bullfinch arrive at his door, with the purpose of making their projected visit.

OWE NO MAN ANYTHING.—Keep out of debt. Avoid it as you would war, pestilence, and famine. Hate it with a perfect hatred. Abhor it with an entire and absolute abhorrence. Dig potatoes, break stone, peddle in tin-ware, do anything that is honest and useful, rather than run in debt. As you value comfort, quiet, independence, keep out of debt. As you value good digestion, a healthy appetite, a placid temper, a smooth pillow, pleasant dreams, and happy wakings, keep out of debt. Debt is the hardest of all taskmasters, the most cruel of all oppressors. It is a millstone about the neck. It is an incubus on the heart. It spreads a cloud over the whole firmament of man's being. It eclipses the sun, blots out the stars, it dims and defaces the beautiful blue sky. It breaks up the harmony of nature, and turns to dissonance all the voices of its melody. It furrows the forehead with premature wrinkles ; it plucks the eye of its light ; it drags all nobleness and kindness out of the port and bearing of man. It takes the soul out of his laugh, and all stateliness and freedom from his walk. Come not under its accursed dominion.

It is not in this world that believers have their consolation. Here they are living stones, destined to build the heavenly Jerusalem ; the mallet of tribulation must form them on the model of the corner-stone, which is Jesus Christ.

SUMMER RAMBLES IN SCOTLAND.

BY REV. J. A. SPENCER, D. D.,

Author of 'The East,' &c.

CHAPTER II.

Melrose Abbey—Evening View—Abbotsford—Its Unique Character—Sad Musings.

I HAD purposed inflicting upon the reader an account of a delightful excursion which we made to the beautiful and sequestered vale of Roslin, and of the enjoyment which was ours on that occasion, in visiting Roslin Chapel and Roslin Castle. I had also intended to try my hand at giving some idea of the romantic and charming spot where dwelt the poet Drummond, the friend of Shakspeare and Jonson, I mean Hawthornden; and then, as they are in the vicinity, to say a word or two about Melville Castle and Dalkeith Palace. But, on reflection, I spare the reader, and simply ask, in the words of the poet :

"Who knows not Melville's beechy grove,
And Roslin's rocky glen,
Dalkeith, whom all the virtues love,
And classic Hawthornden?"

Having lingered as long as our time admitted in sight-seeing in and about the "modern Athens," we made arrangements for a jaunt to Melrose and Abbotsford, before our final departure from Edinburgh. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon, when we took our places on the outside of a three-horse coach, which carried ten outside, and about twice as many in the interior, to say nothing of the mountain of luggage piled on the top of the coach. We had a very diversified ride through a portion of country both interesting for historic and legendary lore, and attractive for the fine scenery in which it abounds. Our coachman was a curious specimen of a class now almost extinct; he was a good-natured, well-spoken, obliging fellow; but altogether too fond of stopping for a dram, and using the Scotch rappee. It was amusing to see how he eyed the railways askance, and how, bitterly grumbling at their spoiling his trade, he, on one occasion, undertook to run a race with a locomotive, stoutly de-

claring that he never would give way to anything of the sort, so long as he had a horse before him.

A ride of thirty-four miles, southeasterly from Edinburgh, brought us to Galashiels, a small manufacturing town, on a little stream called the Gala, and about as uninviting a place as I wish to see, in case I should be compelled to remain in it for any time. Soon after arriving, and shaking off the dust, and straightening out our limbs once more, we were on our way to Melrose, which, thanks to poetry and Sir Walter Scott, passes for a pretty town, and a quiet, nice place withal. Our inn was the "King's Arms," a very good one, by the bye, and kept by an excellent motherly old lady, who really studied to render everything pleasant and agreeable to her guests.

It was late on the eve of the Fourth—the "glorious Fourth"—of July, when we sallied out, intent to visit the far-famed Abbey, whose ruins are in such good preservation. The silvery moon was declining in the west, and mingling her rays with those of the departed sun, so that it seemed difficult to credit that the day was really ended, though the hour was past ten. The air was very clear, and rather cool, and as the first view of the ruins, as a whole, burst upon us at a sudden turn, I thought I had never seen anything more interesting and touching. The long and no doubt elegantly adorned nave, where sculpture had once exhibited its wondrous skill, was in a sadly dilapidated condition. Portions of arches and clustered columns; beautiful Gothic windows, with here and there the mullions remaining, but in many naught left behind; niches unfilled; defaced inscriptions; broken statues, and portions of capitals, tomb-stones, etc., scattered about, betokened the sure marks of all-destroying time, no less than the furious zeal of iconoclasts and popery-haters. A part of the central tower, at the junction of the nave and transept, still remains, and through the opening, (for all is open throughout,) where once the choir-screen stood, we could see the great east window, and catch glimpses of the various ruins on either hand.

In a little while we succeeded in calling to our aid a very decent, worthy old man, who had the keys of the gate at the west end, and who introduced us at once into the nave, or the space which once was appropriated to the nave.

"The darken'd roof rose high aloof,
On pillars lofty, and light, and small;
The key-stone, that lock'd each ribbed aisle,
Was a fleur-de-lys, or a quatre-feuille;
The corbells were carved grotesque and grim;
And the pillars, with clustered shafts so trim,
With base and with capital flourish'd around,
Seem'd bundles of lances which garlands had bound."

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL, Canto II, 9.

We found the grass growing here, and throughout the interior of the ruined Abbey, and saw the swallows and jackdaws flying about, twittering and making a noise; not pleasant to hear at any time, and peculiarly annoying amid such scenes as this, where stillness, meet companion for the hour and the place, is so much in unison with the contemplations which cannot fail to find place in every heart. We walked through the interior in sombre mood, and being so fortunate as to have a cicerone who understood that it might be more agreeable to the visitor to be suffered to look and think in quiet, we were permitted to take our fill of those thoughts and reflections which we should have been stony-hearted indeed not to have felt crowding upon us at every step.

It is a place and a scene so full of interest in many ways, that I feel my utter incompetency to do justice to my feelings. I speak not of the attractions to an architect, who would discover very many beauties in the rich ornaments and the graceful proportions of the Abbey, as a whole, which I can but slightly appreciate; neither will I pretend to speak of how many pleasant prospects a man of refined taste and habits would here find to gratify him ever afterwards; it is enough for me to say simply that, as on other occasions, so now, my thoughts were, almost involuntarily, of the emptiness and nothingness of all things human. Vain indeed were the labors of art and genius; vain indeed were the great man's renown, the poet's fame, the warrior's distinction, the royal monarch's power—ah, where are they now? Death has levelled all alike, and all alike have turned to dust and ashes; the destroying hand of time, which, sooner or later, brings man's works to inevitable destruction, has left all around but too evident marks of its touch. Where are the great ones of the earth? Where are the inhabitants of this once gorgeous pile? Where are its glory and beauty gone?

“O fading honors of the dead!
O high ambition, lowly laid!”

I looked at the tomb-stones and monuments in and about the Abbey; I gazed at the roofless edifice, the broken windows, the disfigured columns, the grass growing under my feet, the light of day, and the softer light of evening, streaming through windows once all-glorious with painted glass, but now without a solitary pane left; I saw on every side naught but ruin and desolation; all was silent as the grave, all was full of lessons to those who would build on the foundation of worldly renown, or honor, or glory. Death was before me, distinctly before me, more vividly present, as it seemed, than when, as has been my lot often and often, I have stood at the bedside of the dying, at

the moment when the spirit winged its everlasting flight. I seemed to be in the very audience-chamber of the king of terrors, and I trust that though not sweet, yet wholesome, were the thoughts of the hours spent in Melrose Abbey.

Our worthy guide begged us to look at the exterior of the Abbey, since there were one or two points whence the view was very fine. And so we found it. The southeast point is, on the whole, the best; though the view from the east, through the great window, and down through the space into the nave, is also, and justly, much admired. No one can look at the building without being struck with its appearance, even in ruins; what must it have been in those days when men deemed no wealth too great, no labor too arduous, no sacrifice too costly, for such an object as this? Perhaps the most brilliant imagination can hardly picture it forth as it really was, with the multiplicity of riches and honors which it enjoyed in its palmy days.

The reader will easily guess how much the poet had to do with this evening visit. I must quote the lines, well known as they are, but not more beautiful than true:—

"If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seemed framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When the distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the howlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave;
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruined pile;
And home returning, soothly swear
Was never scene so sad and fair."

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL, Canto II., 1.

Ours was an evening visit; but the moonlight was faint, compared with the clear and almost brilliant atmosphere, with the starry heavens above, and the glow in the western sky, fading gradually away into the duskiness of night. Perhaps even "by the pale moonlight" we should not have been favored with a better view, or one which would more indelibly impress upon our memories the ruined pile of St. David. Certainly, as we beheld it in the clear sunlight the next morning, we had no doubt about the superior attractiveness of the hour and the season so eloquently plead for by the poet. The reader will credit me that, though we were patriotic Americans, and entertained due respect for the *Fourth of July*, and all its fire-cracker, spruce-beer, and pyrotechnic enjoyments, we were still filled

with profound emotions by our visit to Melrose Abbey, and we took our leave of these scenes with no ordinary regret.

It was a meet and fitting thing to go from one of the scenes immortalized by the poet to the house of the poet himself. Melrose and Abbotsford! near in respect to vicinity, but still nearer and more closely united in the heart of the pilgrim-admirer of the mighty minstrel of the north. How fitting was it, with minds full of the lays of the poet, to go and gaze upon the house which was once his home, and note the haunts which he used to love to frequent, and the places which were dear to him in the days gone by! Most lovely was the day on which we set out from our inn, for the purpose of visiting Abbotsford. The sky was as clear as crystal; not a cloud obscured the heavens; the sun shone brightly; the trees and green fields were in their beauty; the feathered songsters were rejoicing on every side; the quiet farm-house near the road-side; the mountain rivulet, dashing down the hill-side; the Tweed, gliding swiftly by in the distance; the ranges of hills in the dim outline, and the Eildon Hills on the left, and the Lammers and Cheviots, stretching away on the right towards the east, presented a landscape of much beauty and sweetness. A ride of two miles along the edge of the hills, which appear to shelve, as it were, down to the Tweed, running close by, brought us to a point where, turning suddenly, we rode down a broad avenue, amid the trees, for some distance, when, all at once, the mansion burst upon us,—or, as some one has said, in the French phrase, "*vous tombez sur le chateau*,"—so suddenly and unexpectedly does Abbotsford appear right before you, ere you are at all aware of its vicinity. Generally, the approach is but little liked, and it has been termed mean and unworthy, but there was no help for it; and, in truth, it is not out of keeping with the rather extraordinary character and style of the mansion and grounds, which grew up, in their present beauty and neatness, entirely under the poet's eye and direction. Few men of his day excelled him in zeal for agricultural and arboricultural pursuits; and to his well-directed efforts we owe it, that a spot, once as unlovely and wild as can well be imagined, is now one of the most tasteful and attractive to be found anywhere in this part of Scotland, abounding, as it does, in graceful ranges of woodland, delightful walks, charming waterfalls in the ravines, with benches or bowers at the most picturesque points of view, &c. It was amid these woods that the poet spent hours and hours, sometimes on foot with his inseparable walking-stick, at others on his pony with his axe and pruning-knife at hand; and it was by his constant study of nature in every garb, that his writings show such intimate acquaintance with those delicate

and apparently trifling minutæ which usually escape most observers.

We drew up in front of the great gate, with its arch of stone, borrowed, it is stated, from Linlithgow, and very imposing in appearance. On either side are those ancient feudal emblems entitled *jougs*, relics, we were told, from that great citadel of the Douglasses, Thieve Castle, in Galloway. A high embattled wall extends for some distance on each side, and incloses a space of about half an acre directly in front of the house; this is laid out in walks, broad, cool, and dark overhead next the wall, with roses and honeysuckles. The view of the mansion from this point is a good one, and notwithstanding the rather odd and uncertain style of architecture to which the building may be thought to belong, one cannot but acknowledge that it is striking, *sui generis* indeed, but far from being wanting in beauty. You see before you a house not less than a hundred and fifty feet in front; it has "a tall tower at either end, the one not the least like the other; it presents sundry *crow-footed*, *alias* zig-zagged, gables to the eye; a myriad of indentations, and parapets, and machicolated eaves; most fantastic water-spouts; labelled windows, not a few of them of painted glass; groups of right Elizabethan chimneys; balconies of divers fashions, greater and lesser; stones carved with heraldries innumerable, let in here and there in the wall; and a porchway, spacious and airy, quite open to the elements in front, and adorned with enormous petrified stag-horns."*

Thus does Abbotsford appear externally—curious enough, and very fanciful and poetic, the reader will say, no doubt. Everything one sees betokens the *eclectic* character of Scott's mind: if he found a beautiful thing anywhere, he laid hold upon it at once, no matter whether it agreed in style with what he had already or not; if he saw a pillar, or gateway, or canopy, or chimney-piece, or anything else he fancied in Linlithgow, in Roslin, in Melrose, or anywhere else, that took his fancy, he immediately had a model of it, and soon after it appeared in one part or another of Abbotsford; if he discovered any odd matter, any out-of-the-way strange relic, any queer specimen of the olden time, he seized upon it, and gave it place among his treasures: and, in good sooth, it may well astonish the visitor, as it always does, that out of this vast variety of materials, the poet was able to combine and form a whole, which is so impressive, and, in some respects, so beautiful.

But it is not an outside view of this far-famed mansion which gives one the best insight into Sir Walter's Scott's actual life and thoughts, so far as they can be divined from his actions and

* "Melrose and its Vicinity," p. 158.

the records of his mind and will on surrounding objects. We must go into the interior, if we would understand, to the full, the poet's active spirit of eclecticism, and how here, as well as elsewhere, his strong native good sense restrained and tempered a disposition which, without check, would have run into ridiculous extravagances, and made Abbotsford more of a bauble or plaything, than a sober, elegant mansion.

We were admitted through the main entrance by a very intelligent-looking person, who, we soon understood, was the house-keeper, and what is of more consequence, was just the kind of person to show Abbotsford; for her admiration of Sir Walter was unbounded, and unsurpassed by even the most enthusiastic pilgrim to the poet's shrine. Not to enter into minute particulars, there was one characteristic of the interior, as a whole, which struck our minds very forcibly, and that is, the air of comfort in the arrangement and furniture of the rooms, which are neither large nor small, neither very pretending nor devoid of show and grace; which are, in short, exactly what and as they ought to be. The hall, into which we entered first, is rather a large room, with walls of carved oak, very dark in color, and roof with pointed arches of the same material, each beam presenting in the centre a shield of arms richly blazoned, and pointing out the pedigree of the poet. Around the cornice there is a continued series of blazoned shields of another sort, some thirty or forty in number, among which figure the Douglas, Buccleuch, Kerr, Maxwell, Rutherford, and various other chiefs and nobles who kept the marches in early days;* and over the eastern doorway stand out the escutcheons of the noble poet's friends and companions during a life of fame and honor. I dare not pretend to tell of all that this interesting hall contains: of its suits of steel armor, its cuirasses from Waterloo—its Swiss, Polish, and French weapons, its stirrups and spurs of all sorts and sizes, its chain mail, its lances and swords, and war-horn, &c.; the attempt were useless on my part, ignorant as I am of most of the articles here collected, and not very deeply interested, I will frankly confess, in the implements of warfare and bloodshed. I should, however, I suspect, be called to account if I did not mention that, in what is termed at Abbotsford "The Armory," a narrow, low, arched room, running quite across the house, there are some rare and curious relics indeed. Rob Roy's gun and Hofer's blunderbuss, Graham of Claverhouse's pistols, and the same weapons of Bonaparte, found in his carriage at Waterloo, Montrose's splendid sword, the gift of Charles I., and the work-box of Mary, Queen of Scots, may serve as a

* Between the ribs there is an inscription, in black letter, and running round the room, just under the blazoned shields; it is worth quoting:—"These be the coat armories of the clannys and chief men of name, wha keepit the marchys of Scotlande in the auld tyme for eKings. Trewe were they in their tyme, and in their defense God them defendyt."

sample of what the antiquary has collected together from various quarters.

I shall not detain the reader to speak of the dining-room, breakfast-parlor, or drawing-room, which are all attractive and pleasant rooms, adorned with paintings, and furnished, too, in the most agreeable and comfortable style. Much as I should like it, I shall not venture to dwell upon the library, a most noble room, though there, if anywhere, I should feel at home, and really revel in the midst of the fine collection of rare, quaint, and standard authors, arranged on the shelves, to the number, it is said, of about 20,000. I may not stop here, but must beg the reader to go with us into the room of rooms, "the study," adjoining the library, where the great poet and novelist wrote those works which will hand down his name to the latest generations. It is an attractive spot, not large, but compact, and looks in all respects as though the mighty minstrel had but a moment ago left it. There stands his arm-chair and his small writing-table; there are his books lying carelessly on the few shelves around, and there are the mementoes and curiosities which, even here, he gathered about him; there is the light gallery which runs around three sides of the room, and connects with the poet's bedroom, it being his custom, be it remembered, if any bright thought struck him, to rise at once to put it down before it escaped him. So retired is the study, that he disturbed no one, and spent many hours in composition when others were, and thought that he was, in bed and asleep. A small door opens into a closet which adjoins one corner of the room, and admits of passing out into the gardens. Here, in a glass case, are the clothes which Sir Walter wore the last time before he lay down on the bed from which he never rose. His walking-stick, his small axe, and his other implements of woodcraft, his sword and his dress, as one of the Celtic Society, are suspended from the wall; and the visitor can here stand for a few moments, and look upon all that is left of the relics actually belonging to the person of the great poet.

This is all that is shown, and it is well to pause at this point: for no one, methinks, can go away without sober and fitting thoughts; no one can well look at these things last and forget how soon he, too, must pass away to his final account. Yes, death and decay await all things; and as I stood subsequently, on the same day, gazing at the poet's burial-place, amid the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, I could not but think upon the ancient inscription which he learned at Melrose, and used often to quote, with a sense of its truthfulness:—

"The earth goes on the earth, glistening in gold;
The earth goes to the earth sooner than its wold;
The earth builds on the earth castles and towers;
The earth says to the earth,—'All shall be ours!'"

How true is it, and how much more directly applicable is it to the poet's own family and prospects, than he probably had any idea of! It was his ambition to build up a name and family, and to hand down to posterity, through a long line of descendants, the baronetcy which he had so deservedly attained; but, alas for man's plans and purposes, not one of his sons, not one of his children, now lives! His favorite daughter, Anne, died very soon after him; Mrs. Lockhart is deceased; his eldest and his youngest son both are dead; and the estate of Abbotsford has gone to the son of his eldest daughter, Walter Scott Lockhart, a young gentleman now about twenty-six years of age:—so uncertain are all things human!

THE BENCH BESIDE THE HEARTH.

As through the parted mist-robe that clothes the mountain's side Sweet glimpses of its beauty are here and there espied, So in the veil obscuring that overshades the past Doth Mem'ry open gleamings of days that might not last.	Again our father's accents I seem to hear in prayer, As when, in hush'd attention, we knelt to- gether there, And that unwelcome summons which bade us then retire, When wakefully we watched or nodded by the fire.
Lov'd scenes of early childhood! ye gather near me now, When round my home I wander'd with lightsome step and bow; And bright with recollections of mingled grief and mirth, Conspicuous stands among them <i>the bench beside the hearth.</i>	Within our spacious corner—a shelter safe and warm— We heeded not the howling of winter's raging storm, But with an equal gladness the kitten's pranks we saw, Or smooth'd with childish wonder her strangely fashion'd paw.
A hard divan and lowly it was that held us three In close array,—dear Benny, and Maggie fair, and me,— Yet o'er luxurious cushions, or lofty chair of state, Have seldom beat hearts gayer than ours with joy elate.	And well do I remember how we our glee represt When at the portal enter'd some stately stranger guest; How eagerly we listen'd to words of social cheer, Or tales of grave recital we marvell'd so to hear.
Ah! days of simple pleasures, how vividly ye rise, With all your priz'd mementoes, before my mental eyes! Ah! friends of truthful kindness, I knew not then your worth, When carelessly reclin'd on <i>the bench beside the hearth.</i>	Ah! since those happy moments long years have o'er me flown, And deeper love I've tasted and keener griefs have known; And they who sat beside me, in childhood's budding bloom, For long have slumber'd hidden within the silent tomb.
Again I seem beholding our father's smile benign, Our mother's placid features with loving kindness shine; I see my elder sisters their various tasks pursue, And with unsteady fingers I ply my needles too.	Yet mingled with my sorrows prosperity has been, And luxuries are round me that ne'er I thought of then; But dear among the treasure'd remembrances of earth, I often see before me <i>the bench beside the hearth.</i>

November, 1853.

IIA.

EXTENDED NATURAL RELIGION.

[The portions of this article destroyed by a fire in the printing office (see January number, page 51) were, as far as can be gleaned from brief and crude memoranda, the following paragraphs, probably in a more expanded form.—O.]

REASON, also, thus legitimately dignified, frowns on the *passion* for mystery,—rebuking it as a mental weakness, rooted commonly in psychological erratism or perversity, and often, like other obliquities or shallownesses of intellect, ready to play the tyrant, both within the mind affected, and over mind in general. God hath measured out to us the quantity of mystery we are to believe ; and the appetite for more is but carking credulity. All real mysteries are from God ; and whatever abstrusity, not scientific, cannot be clearly traced to Him, but is perpetually entangled with intellectual craving, or tremor, or imaginative wilfulness, can only rank as human mystification or obnubilation. No countenance can be detected for such cloud-lights in Extended Natural Religion,—none whatever in the Bible. No room, indeed, can there be for gratuitous mystery in a code of truth revealed, as one grand object, to enlighten our spiritual understanding and augment our spiritual knowledge.

Our theme involves these further topics, for the article has been one rather of topics than of disquisition : 1. In Extended Natural Religion will be found, as already intimated, the con-natural remedy for Unitarianism. When deeply and earnestly pondered, it will be discovered that Orthodoxy is more *reasonable*, in connection with human guilt and the indispensable atonement for it, than the Arian and Humanitarian models of opinion. 2. Rationalism, likewise, cast into the crucible of enlarged, pure, and reverent Reason, which ratifies the veritable abstract Religion, whether for pure beings or for guilty man, will, I apprehend, be thoroughly fused, and may, most naturally and con-naturally, be recast in the mould of the “ faith once delivered to the saints.” 3. And very prominently, and to crown the eulogy of Extended Natural Religion. It affords the vital defence of PROTESTANTISM, not of the particular theological redaction of this or that Protestant reformer, but of the broad and perpetual *right* of hallowed Reason to compare Christianity, as at any time or anywhere professed, with the inspired oracles, the certified record of the divine revealments on which only our true knowledge of it is founded. That right is Protestantism in the abstract. It is as old as the Bible, or any of its books, though it acquired not its *unabstract* and arbitrary name, or its due note,

till the sixteenth century. Protestantism is no rebel or revolutionary upstart, but the primal "Lord's freeman;" and it holds in perpetual trust the proclamation of the wholesome liberty wherewith Christ himself hath made sanctified intellect free. The actual rebellion and revolution against the immaculate and unsubservient Gospel lies in the other direction; and it began early, and proceeded gradually and stealthily, ever constricting, to theological vanity and intolerance, and to priestly and pontifical arrogance, all magnified into a quasi-divine authority, the "simplicity and godly sincerity" [soundness] of the Redeemer's primordial message of life. The tyranny of arbitrary authority was unrelenting, and during the tardy lapse of centuries, allowed not the right of protest even "a name that it lived." But live it did, under whatever pressure, unextinguishable vitality being given it by the Lord of truth. And the Protestantism of the sixteenth century, compelling "authority" to learn its due sphere and limit, was the happy bursting of the chain. And Extended Natural Religion, sounding unimpeded the depth of Scripture, is its impenetrable helmet and breastplate. May both be divinely protected from enemies and from friends!

O.

NOTE.—It is only Natural Religion, in the contracted sense, that will readily be misconstrued into arrogating to itself sufficiency for man's pardon and eternal welfare. Most happily, Extended Natural Religion covers vastly more ground, so that it never can forget that it owes the deepest and best part of its creed to written revelation, and, with that, to celestial planting and celestial culture. No doubt it may be violently perverted to misbelief, as may the Gospel itself to immorality; but it is not chargeable with open and facile liability to that or any other lethal indiscrimination.

PHILADELPHIA, January, 1854.

O.

ERRATA IN JANUARY NUMBER.

Page 50, line 19—*for* profession, *read* possession.
 " " 20—*delete* the, *before* heathen.
 " " 9 from bottom—*for* the gifts of the Creator, *read* gifts to the Creator.
 " " 5 " —*delete* the, *before* reverent.

THE "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" IN CHINESE.—The first part of the far-famed work of Bunyan, translated into Chinese by the Scottish missionary, the Rev. W. S. Burns, has just passed through the press. The cost is fivepence per copy. The Chinese are remarkably fond of works of fancy and imagination. How little did the Bedford prisoner "dream" of his Christian and Hopeful finding their way into the land of Sinim!

EXPERIENCES OF LIFE.

BY REV. JOSEPH J. NICHOLSON.

III.

KIND reader, did you ever enter the abode of wretchedness, of heart-rending poverty, and its attendant sufferings and afflictions? If not, you have yet much to learn; your heart is not yet schooled for a world-wide sphere of charity. Perhaps such a scene would not be congenial to your taste, and yet I opine that it will be a blessing to you. Life is but half realized while we see only its bright side. The picture must be shaded properly to give it due effect. Every well-trained artist is aware of this, and in its due appreciation and management adds the finishing touch to his painting, and acquires the title of *master*. It is ever so with our life-experience. There must be the *shading* to give us a full impression. We need the dark side to enable us to see the bright to advantage. And these are the *contrasts* of which we spoke in a former chapter. We need to see, yea, and to *feel*, when our FATHER sees it good for us, some of the blightings and sorrows of life, to enable us to appreciate its "pleasant lines," and gain some glimpses of the debt which we owe our Father for His mercies.

Go with me, then. That little girl whom I met, and whom we saw by the lamp-light, shall conduct us. We pass on, street by street, up this lone, filthy alley, and down that, passing the dim-burning lamps, threading our way we know not whither. But we may follow our guide. Her weary feet have trudged over the same desolate way, carrying her aching heart and throbbing temples—ah, how many times!—to the same home of wretchedness, with the sad reproach 'on a heartless world of the neglect of the claims of charity. . . . And at last we are at our destination. This is the house. We pause and look upon it. "It is a wretched abode," you say. It is November; the night is chill; the hoar-frost is gathering thick on the remnant of living vegetation; the stream in the gutter is icing over; the hoarse winds sigh through the broken panes. We ascend a rickety stairway, which runs up outside, at the gable, and we enter. There is no light except from a few coals on the hearth. But we hear deep, heavy breathings—the moanings of death! There alone, on a miserable pallet of straw, scantily covered with a few tattered fragments of clothing, lies a wreck of disease and suffering, breathing out his life. Soon must the soul wing its way to its God! There is no loving life-partner to bathe those aching temples, or wipe off the death-damps; for

disease, too, has now laid its hand on her who would gladly have performed the last sad offices of affection. Long and anxious watchings, and the deeper trials of extreme poverty, have done their work. But the deep-drawn sigh which falls upon the ear from the adjoining room tells that there is more than disease crushing that heart, or preying upon those vitals! There is a blight there deeper far than that made by the icy hand of death—that sigh tells of the sorrows of a broken heart!

These three—husband, wife, and daughter—were the sole tenants of that upper story. And their story is soon told—alas! it is but too common. Five years ago they were a contented, happy, and prosperous family. William Wallace (as I had the story from his dying lips) was a respectable mechanic, in the employment of Mr. Blemmerton, a wealthy manufacturer. On a cold night in December, five years before, a fire had broken out in Mr. Blemmerton's premises, and Wallace, hearing the alarm, at the dead hour of the night, rushed to the scene of the conflagration, and exerted every nerve to save the property. Through fire and smoke he toiled, now rushing into the very flames, until the fire was subdued. But little comparative damage ensued—the mass of the property was saved. But Wallace never recovered from his almost superhuman exertions. He became a prey to consumption, and for five years had his life dwindled away, until now his hour had come! And oh! what an hour, under the most favorable circumstances!—but how peculiarly awful to him, reduced as he was to extreme poverty, his heart twining about his widowed wife and his orphan daughter in their pitiable condition! Ah, could some of the more favored of earth have heard that history, gazed upon that picture, would they not have been moved to pity, and relieve? It is a picture around them every day in the crowded cities, but, alas! they will not see it! It meets them at almost every step, but they shun it, pass by on the other side, or if perchance they approach and look upon it, they lock their hearts against it! “Just and true art Thou in all Thy ways, Thou King of Saints.” The poor, the afflicted, shall not always be forgotten! Would it not be a blessed thing if the “Uncle Tom Cabinites” would turn their attention more to cases of this kind at *their very doors*?

Want of proper food and nourishment had evidently shortened Wallace's days, and his wife, worn out with hunger and wretchedness, must soon follow him, unless timely relief be extended.

“And this poor child,” said the dying father, “my beloved Agnes, my only child, she has been all my support; she has worked, toiled through the day, and begged a pittance at night from the shopkeepers with whom we used to deal when our circumstances were better, and so has kept us alive. But ah me,

they are growing weary of her applications for charity, and the poor child knows not how to beg of strangers. Ah, sir, though in humble life, as long as we could, we guarded our darling child from the rough contact of the world. She is a simple-minded, guileless thing, too sensitive to go out on a mission that oftener meets the cold frown of the world than the cheering smile of loving sympathy. And now, poor child, she is to be alone—alone in the world. Ah me! ah me! My heart—my poor breaking heart! But she will be better off; she will have *one less* to care and provide for—*one less* to watch, *one less* to beg for!

“Come near me, my child, my only child! O sweet title of the parental relationship!—come near me, my child. Your father is going at last! Let me look upon you once more. God Almighty bless you, my dear, dutiful daughter! The God of the FATHERLESS raise you up friends, and protect you in a cold and heartless world! It is all your dying father can give you—his blessing! Even now the scanty furniture, the remnant of what we once had, even the pallet on which my dying body lies, in four days will be taken from you, and sold to pay my debt! Ah! my heart, my heart! Lay your head upon my heart, my daughter. There—so!”—and he pressed her to his bosom.

“There, sir,” said he, “read that,” holding out a paper—a written notice to quit the premises by a certain day. Hurriedly moving my eye over the lines, what was my consternation when I found that it bore the signature of John Blommerton!—Blommerton, in whose service that dying man had spent his best days!—Blommerton, whose property had been saved at the sacrifice of that dying man’s life!—Blommerton, whose halls the next evening were to ring with the merry laugh, while the widow and the fatherless, whom he should have succored and protected, should be crushed and blighted in the heart by his cruel inhumanity and injustice!

But even the worst is not yet told, for there was an execution, in the hands of an officer, on every article of furniture or property of any kind in that house, all of which was to be taken, and in four days sold for rent! The debt was about thirty dollars, and this all the worldly goods in the dying man’s possession would not liquidate. This troubled him. He named not the injustice, the cruelty of his old employer and landlord—I know not that such a thought crossed his mind;—but he was evidently pained that he should not leave behind him enough even to pay that debt. He had, however, one consolation: “My sweet Agnes,” said he, “has promised, if ever she is able, to pay the last penny.”

“God only is great.” You rise up and exclaim, Peace, peace, troubled man; thy last moments shall be lighted up with

joy. Pass on into "the valley of the shadow of death," leaning on the "staff" and protected by the "rod," of Immanuel. The widow and thy fatherless shall be cared for. This hour dates a new era in their chequered life. God hath raised up the Good Samaritan. "The Lord defendeth the fatherless and widow : as for the way of the ungodly, He turneth it upside down"—(Ps. 146 : 9.) "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in Me"—(Jer. 49 : 11.) "Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets," (Ecc. 12 : 5;) but that trembling spirit departs in peace. Long has been the struggle, dark has been the way, but there is light at the last.

"Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward"—(Job, 5 : 7.) Without intending to write a line on the question of slavery, *pro or con*, we feel at liberty to say, that we have little faith in that noisy philanthropy, which is ever busy in making "red flannel shirts for the little negroes in Africa," while it gives the "cold shoulder," as they say in Yankeedom, to the cries of poverty and distress around it. Place a Southern colored man in one of your pent-up factories, or scorch him over your hot, smoking furnaces, in the dank, dark room, from seven in the morning to six o'clock in the evening, and he would soon die, or sing, "Carry me back to old Virginny." Ah! talk as you please about these questions, from the fall of man you may trace onward the stream of time, and everywhere you will behold that sentence written—"Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward." We find no fault with those who are striving, in the spirit of the true self-denial of the Gospel, to ameliorate his condition, under whatever circumstances. Let *self* be cast into the shade, and to all efforts for man's good, in whatever condition, that *will bear the tests of true charity—the tests of her true weights when placed in her scale*—(for charity measures all questions, in all their bearings, proximate or remote, and is not *content* with less than a *perfect equilibrium*)—we are willing to give God speed. But man is a one-sided creature the world over. He has but one pair of spectacles, and they rarely enable him to see in more directions than *one*. It would be a blessed thing if some of the *one-sighted* philanthropists of this philanthropic age would have their spectacles fitted with glasses looking in different directions—one glass to see that picture, the other to look upon this. We opine that they would have a more extended vision, and would bless us for the suggestion. We have ourselves seen some sights, and taken some notes, through a pair of these *double-glassed* spectacles. For instance, we have seen white men, by scores and hundreds, when the thermometer, in the shade, stood at 98° Fahrenheit, toiling before the melting furnace, the great sweat-drops rolling down their begrimed faces—yea, by scores

dropping dead at their posts, from the heat, and this from seven in the morning to six in the evening—no pure air—the hot breath of the molten iron—the red glare of the furnace—no intermission but for dinner, a brief hour—smut and smoke, and toil and sweat—no recreation from day to day—no Saturday's holiday—no one to provide a physician, or for the helpless family, when sickness comes—no wages accruing while disease preys upon the vitals ; and if poverty or death ensue, there is no friendly hand to provide for the widow and the fatherless. *No work, no pay.* Go out, ye helpless ones, to beg and be scoffed at, or go to the Alms-house to conceal your poverty from the public eye. It will not answer for you to appear on the streets among the living mass of useful men. There is no pity for you. The world is run mad with philanthropy. Its words are large and swelling ; but, alas ! you will find that it requires more than *words* to clothe the body and feed the stomach ! And those frail young girls in the factory, pent up amidst the everlasting ding-dong of the machinery ;—no merry laugh or gleeful song, but work, work—haste, haste—shuttle, scuttle, helter, skelter, ding, dell, hurry, scurry, heat and dust, tainted air and tainted breath—so they go from morn till night—never stopping, always pressing—limbs quivering, hearts bleeding :—or others, in the garret, bending over the needle, before the dim-burning lamp, at the hour of midnight—gaunt bodies—slender fingers—aching temples—poor pay—scanty subsistence—slender pittance—work, work, work— toil on, sweat on—breathe on, ye toiling ones ! God sees and marks. There is a brighter world, a fairer clime. Trust in Him—He counts the throbbings of your hearts. May He touch the hearts of wealthy *philanthropists*—give them bowels of compassion—to spend less on their pampered lusts in fine furniture, extravagant living, *talk* less, and *do* more—to afford you greater independence, and lift you from your slavery—the slavery of injustice, the slavery of the lowest pittance, the grinding poverty of meagre wages !

Ah ! we have seen sights, even in this great metropolis of this happy land. Looking from our room window in our hotel, which opened on bricks on all sides, during the extreme heat of the past summer, (which was so intense, that during a walk of two squares on Broadway, we saw as many as four horses drop on the streets, panting for life,) at the early dawn, ere yet the full glare of day had broken upon this mass of bricks and living creatures, we witnessed a scene never to be effaced from our memory. My window opened on a vacant space, a court about ten feet square ; on either side rose the brick walls, full four stories high ; at the bottom were scattered, here and there, fragments of broken bottles, and old lumber and rags, among which a lone rat, at that early hour, rummaged for his scant supply of

food. We pitied the poor rat when we beheld his slim prospect for his morning's meal. Musing on him and his fate, we had lost sight of a frail tenement which occupied the centre of the court. The rat, suddenly pricking up his ears, and running for his hole, called our attention to other objects. In the centre of the court there was a sort of cabin or glass-house, a mere framework, somewhat after the plan of the frame-work of a hot-bed, filled with glass on the sides and glass over head, to admit freely the rays of light, and constructed with doors on either side to admit the air which should steal over the towering roof, and find its way down to that dark, pent-up place. As the rat fled, a door opened, and two human beings took their seats in their glass-house, far down below me, and commenced plying their needles with marked industry. "They that live in glass-houses should not throw stones," especially they who *work* in them should not, for should they break a pane, it would cost more than a day's work, and give them many *pains* in return. But we can throw a stone for them, which, we trust, will be as true as was David's from his sling at the champion Goliath, of Gath—not, indeed, to *kill men*, but to kill their *selfishness*, their *pretensions*—kill *canting*, *hypocritical philanthropy*—demolish these glass-houses, open the eyes of the blind (who yet say they see) to the wants of man as they really are, and the great bleeding heart of humanity.

Now, follow out these two beings from their glass-house—take that living mass from the factory and the blazing furnace, and view their condition in the religious aspect. Where do you find them on the Lord's day? Do you behold them in groups and crowds, hurrying to the sanctuary to offer up the earliest and latest prayer to Him from whom all good things do come? Nay; scarcely a moiety of that vast number are striving for a better world—scarcely a moiety of them have any sense of religion. The church-bell has no music for the ears of the majority; indeed, over them it is to be feared that infidelity rules and reigns. And the reason is, they are not cared for! We are reciting facts—facts of which we are cognizant. Infidelity, Deism, prevails fearfully among this class of the citizens of this great Republic. We have met with men who were frank to tell us, that from long confinement to their peculiar employments, neglect of the sanctuary, and want of intercourse with their fellow-men, and the sympathies springing out of it, they had not only grown misanthropic, but had actually learned to *hate* the sound of the church-bell—to *hate* the very word Religion! And they have accounted to me for it in this way: Their employment is monotonous; they have nothing to exercise the mind, to keep it active in things good and elevating. And yet the mind *will* be employed. They grow meditative, are wrapped up in their own thoughts—the everlasting whirl and racket of the machinery

drive them, as it were, into themselves—they see that they are little cared for; they grow melancholy, nurse their morbid feelings, until finally they yield themselves up to the temptations of the evil one, and become hardened in open, avowed infidelity! And especially is this apt to be the case with foreigners. We have frequently met with individuals from *England*, who had been reared up, we may say, at the altars of her noble and glorious Church—but who, on removing to this country, soon fell into the meshes of infidelity, or some of the ruinous vagaries or heresies for which this country is so famous. And the reason is this: They miss the care and the sympathy here to which they have been accustomed. The Church of England provides for and cares for all classes of her children, on a much more extensive and systematic scale than we, as we are ashamed to confess, do. And it is a great reproach on the Church, that in all our cities there are not more churches, free for the use of all such, whether foreign or native, and more pastors to look after them, search them out, give them the right hand of sympathy and brotherly love, throw around them the pastoral arm and office, to make them feel happy and at home! The PASTORS will not be wanting; the CHURCH's heart is big enough and full enough of yearning—but, alas! her yearnings are stifled, her heart is crushed, because her CHILDREN withhold from the Lord more than is convenient; devote their means to all the vanities of life, and so “rob God,” while His children cry unto Him and them for the bread of life and the waters of salvation!

And we all know, who take any interest in the race of Adam, that when men, in whatever class, lose a sense of religion, with it they lose all reverence for sacred things. Hence, if you would find that mass of men to whom we have pointed, on the Lord's day, you will not seek them at God's sanctuary. But turn to the tavern, or tippling-shop, the steamboat or railroad excursion, the woods, or water, and you will see how that holy day is spent. No sound of praise or prayer, from them, makes glad the Courts of Heaven; but more likely, blasphemy, drunkenness, revellings, fights, brawls—the open gateway to eternal ruin, the dram-shop, dealing out its deadly poison—these are the sights which make the angels veil their faces, and these the sounds that pierce the blue vaults of heaven, and carry their tale of woe up to the throne of God!

Now we insist upon it that these things are so in a great measure, because, with all the boasted philanthropy of this age, *true charity* does not walk visibly before us, *enough!* High-sounding words, pleasant-reading books, answer very well in their place; but we want a little more of the spirit thrown in, in the right way, like that which once in one crashing voice rang out on the still air, “Let us fight Philip!” We must go to *work*, and do. You

are ready, you say, for your part. Well, we want to build a free church in — street, to seat six hundred persons—it will cost ten thousand dollars—and then we want twelve hundred dollars per annum, to feed and clothe a pastor to look after the flock. It is a glorious enterprise. The angels look out from heaven and smile upon it—Christ from His throne holds out immortal crowns for every head who shall honor Him in this, or any other work! “Oh, how glad I shall be to have a share in that work! It is a glorious work! And heaven-born Charity, unveiled, walks in our midst, *seeking* where she may bestow her favors! Oh, do let me take a part with you! It will be so pleasant—so delightful! We shall only have to make known our wants, and the means will be instantly supplied!”

Go on, enthusiastic youth! May be when your beard has grown you will have learned wisdom.

Now watch him! “Let’s see,” says he, “on whom shall I call first?” Ah, lucky thought! There is Mr. A., an enthusiastic admirer of “Uncle Tom’s Cabin,”—a great friend of humanity—a great philanthropist! “Well, I’ll put him down five hundred dollars.”

“Young man, you had better be certain first!”

Well, he calls at Mr. A.’s counting-room. “Is Mr. A. in?” “Yes.” And turning your eyes up, you see him at his desk, casting up accounts, or counting his money, or reading the money article in the morning’s paper. He hands him his subscription-book! Mr. A. opens it, gives it one eye, while he gives the other to his occupation! “Free church, sir!—free church! The thing is impracticable! It won’t pay; can’t be sustained! If you build it, a Pastor. can’t be sustained! There are more churches here now than can be supported!”

“But, Mr. A., the poor must be cared for!”

“Yes, sir, it is true; but I have given every dollar I can afford! It is my duty first to sustain the churches already in existence. There are St. J.’s, and St. P.’s, and St. A.’s—these congregations are all poor, and I *do maintain* that we should strengthen them before we engage in anything new! Besides, there is the great Kossuth fund—I have just given that one thousand dollars, and then I have subscribed fifty dollars to Mr. Thundergust’s Temperance Lectures; and did you not see that I am a large contributor to the ‘Uncle Tom Cabin’ fund—all, sir, for the cause of humanity!”

“But, Mr. A., all this does not build the house of the Lord.”

“I know that, sir; but, sir, humanity—humanity, I say—is a *great cause*!”

Now, my young friend, you may give the case up there! Go, visit Mrs. A. And she will have nothing to give, either. Mr. A. holds the purse-strings. All that she can do is to get money

enough to buy new furniture—"why, just think, sir, that mirror which shows your person to such an advantage only cost two thousand dollars! Was it not cheap?" And then it will take at least two hundred dollars to buy the Misses A. tickets to the celebrated Messrs. Humbug, Moneycatchem & Co.'s Lectures on—NOTHING! And then there are the grand concerts—it is *unfashionable* not to patronize them. That involves five hundred more! And then come the balls, the cotillons, and parties; Mrs. A. must give at least two parties this winter. All these items will involve at least two or three thousand more! Build a free church, eh? No, sir; there is not money enough. The people are too poor. There is money enough for everything else but to support and sustain the Gospel! And there is enough for *that*, if only men had *heart enough* to see that God will bring them into judgment for the misuse of their talents!

There was the great Mission at the Five Points—what became of it? Echo answers, what? There was not money enough. "The silver and the gold" are the Lord's; man is the steward, and *withholds from the Lord's treasury*! But in doing so—oh, if he could only see it!—*he is starving his own soul*! But notwithstanding the big heart of the Church was crushed in that work, we yet rejoice that something is going on there! It is a rebuke on the Church's children! But we say, God-speed to it, if it must be so. That man, we care not what he may be called, is worthy of our commendation—he is doing a great work; we almost envy him. But if it shall teach the children of the Church a lesson, good will have been accomplished in that way. And we are bound to give God the praise!

(To be continued.)

CHINESE LADIES.—Dr. Bowring said, at Liverpool, the other day, that there is no lady in China who aspires to a high position, who does not look upon it as a great accomplishment not to be able to walk. "I have seen beautiful women carried to their marriage ceremonies on the backs of their slaves, wholly unable to walk from one end of the room to the other. Not long ago an English lady, a friend of mine, was introduced into high society in Canton, and the Chinese ladies, not having seen an Englishwoman before, were very curious to look at her feet. They said, 'It is very strange: she has very good manners; what a wonder it is that such a savage as that should be able to behave herself in good society; look at her great feet—what could her father and mother be thinking of to let her grow to this size, and to let her feet grow with her person?' One of the Chinese ladies observed, 'To be sure she knows how to behave herself; but you know she has been in our company some time.'"

CHRISTMAS IN NEW-ENGLAND.

CHRISTMAS is a charming season among the Episcopalians of New-England. Would you like to hear about it? One very pleasant feature is the "dressing the Church." Two or three weeks beforehand, the young men go out in the woods, sometimes miles away, and often through snow and cold, (though they usually endeavor to secure their treasures before the snow comes,) and they return loaded with the glory of the forest, immense trees which did not fall with the first or second stroke of the axe.

The whole week before Christmas is spent in dressing the Church. The young people, and the older ones who are not otherwise engaged, and who love the work, meet together at the Church, and first, in solemn council, decide upon the general plan of decoration. The pulpit is the principal object, and the charge of that is committed to some few of acknowledged taste in the matter. The others then agree upon the arrangement of trimming for the whole building. Sometimes festoons of rich wreaths interlace above the galleries, and wind around the pillars—sometimes the Church is transformed into a mimic forest, by the numbers of trees placed everywhere they can be made to stand. Rich, waving hemlock—the feathery prince's pine—the polished laurel, and other beautiful evergreens, combine their luxuriance of growth—"the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box-tree together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary, and I will make the place of my feet glorious." If those holy words do not refer to this beautiful, this world-wide custom, to what do they refer?

The "young men and maidens" busy themselves in winding wreaths, for they are not bought ready made in the markets, and hung up by the sexton. The work is all done by loving hearts and hands—love for the holy cause prompts it, and love for one another oft winds itself with the winding of the wreath. For it is not an opportunity to be missed by the little god, when for a week, day after day, and evening after evening, his victims must work in company. And it is a pleasant work. The sweet poet, Crosswell, says,

"The thickly woven boughs they wreath
Through every hallowed fane,
A soft, reviving odor breathe
Of summer's gentle reign."

That fragrance of the pines is so refreshing—whenever I perceive it, all the associations of Christmas time come with its odor.

Every nook that will accommodate a branch of pine—every little post that can support a wreath, is decorated—the Church seems suddenly aged and moss-grown, with its edges of bright green creeping everywhere. There is usually a star, made of laurels, and placed somewhere conspicuously, in memory of the meteor which guided the wise men to the Infant Saviour—but they usually place it in the *east*, not considering that the *wise men* only *were* in the east, but the star *west* of them, of course.

The simple country Churches, plainly built of wood, can be profusely ornamented without fear of injury, for there will be no outcry if a few great nails are driven in the pillars, which is a decided advantage over the city temples, which, built of costly material, are thought too good to allow anything more than the hanging a few garlands, and disposing here and there a few branches of hemlock.

I can recall few pleasanter passages in my life than this same week before Christmas thus occupied. What cared we for dull, leaden skies, threatening every moment with the coming snow-storm? Within those walls all was cheerful and summer-like. And how well rewarded for our pleasant labor did we feel, as on the day before Christmas our work was finished, and all was beautiful! And though very weary, we returned home to prepare for the evening service, with hearts of delight.

Christmas Eve is always observed in New-England by service in the Churches—a custom I am surprised has not obtained more extensively elsewhere. There, the Churches are thronged—people of all denominations attend; many, from a real desire to honor the time, and some from curiosity, for they seem to expect some strange ceremonies to take place. I hardly know what.

I remember, now, how like a beautiful vision was the first glimpse of the Church, as it rose on our sight, brilliantly lighted, and the shadows of the evergreens, pictured on the windows from within. The music is always, of course, particularly good on such an occasion—the house is crowded—the aisles impassable—the children sit on the pulpit stairs—(those same little individuals being particularly happy in the present, and in the prospect of the morning.) It is sometimes difficult to preserve perfect decorum in a crowd numbering persons so various. How thrilling are the glorious words of Isaiah, which are wafted over the throng of listeners from the distant minister: “Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee!” And happy voices join in the hymn: “While shepherds watched their flocks by night.” It is a delightful service—none are absent, but from necessity, on that “night when a holy solemnity is kept.” And they return, rejoicing, home, full of the spirit of Christmas time, and almost expecting a light to

shine from heaven, as of old, and to hear the angels sing again, "Glory to God in the highest; on earth, peace, good-will to men."

Those whose dwellings are not already decorated with the green tokens of joy, busy themselves in hanging garlands round old family pictures, and fastening boughs against the wall. The little ones, before they retire, have arranged in a long row their stockings—from the tiny thing, too small to hold the gifts with which love heaps it up—and the gradually larger coverings of older feet—up to the big, blue, yarn stocking of the boy who hopes to find a new pair of skates in the morning. The little ones believe firmly that Santa Claus comes to bring their gifts, and they hang their stockings close to the chimney, that he may be sure to see them. And when they grow older and wiser children, and know he is "*only* father and mother," (!) they yet love the custom; the romance is charming, and the presents would lose some of their value when only given by loving hands. Well do I remember that coming down on Christmas morning! It seems, now, as if there had always been a fresh snow-fall in the night, for the windows were darkened by it, or perhaps that was caused by the little sprigs of hemlock in each little old-fashioned pane. The old clock, as its staid face looked out from the heavy wreath of hemlock and laurel, like an old lady dressed up with extra cap borders for an afternoon visit, seemed almost to smile (it certainly was *tickled*, excuse me,) at our delight, as half-dressed we rushed to our stockings to see "what Santa Claus had brought," almost as eager to know as ever Presidential candidate the result of an election. It seems a trite subject, a child's joy over its Christmas gifts—but childhood knows few occasions of more overflowing delight. The hour has been anticipated for months, and for the few days past, the excitement has been intense. They will never receive in after life any gift whose reception will cause so much happiness as the treasures of Santa Claus. "Strange! indeed," they say, "that he knew just what they had been longing for! They told mother, indeed, but how could Santa Claus know? And see! how full the stockings are! and the chimney-piece is covered too!—oh! good Santa Claus!" There are candies in profusion—his candies are always best—sugar toys, dolls, books, squeaking dogs and cats, Noah's ark, full of animals, ("of every sort," indeed; but Noah himself, if he could see them, would never know what they were meant to resemble.) And there are useful gifts, too. Santa Claus remembers it is winter, and he has brought one a nice set of furs; there is a pretty bag for another—but there's no telling half. The big boy has his skates, and he don't at all despise the sugar-plums that came with them; one sister has a beautiful Bible; another a Prayer-book—they just

hoped they might find these very gifts, but knowing more than the little ones about Santa Claus, they hung up their stockings with some diffidence—it seemed too much like *asking* for a present. But all are happy; all are satisfied; the gifts are exultingly exhibited to each other; every one must see; servants and all must participate in their joy.

The Germans have their Christmas tree, and their custom is perhaps more attractive, and among us, many are introducing their brilliant ceremonies; but to me, our old fashion of “hanging up stockings” will ever be dear, associated as it is with life’s gay morning—with the light of beloved faces, and the music of home voices—light that is darkened now, and tones that I have listened for in vain, through all the varied sounds that meet my ear, as I take the long walk of life.

The Christmas day passes on, midst blessings from the old, and merry greetings from the young; all gather again within the sacred walls, to “offer thanks and praise” for the Christmas gift of a Saviour: “God manifest in the flesh.” They rejoice together in their homes—each hour finds and leaves happiness; but to the children, there is nothing more joyful than that first discovery of their gifts on Christmas morn. FANNY.

SHARK-CHARMERS.—No sum of money, however large, no temptation held out, however strong, would induce the divers of the pearl fishery off Ceylon to descend into the ocean, unless two shark-charmers were present, who, as they believe, by means of their charms and potent spells, can prevent the finny monsters of the deep from injuring the pearl seekers. One of these impostors goes out in the pilot’s boat, and remains at the head of it, muttering a prescribed form of incantation as each man descends to brave the perils of the vasty deep. The other shark-charmer remains on shore, where he is shut up in a state of nudity till the boats return with their divers. A large brazen bowl is left with him, filled with water, in which are placed two silver fishes, and it is affirmed that the moment a shark appears in the vicinity of the divers, these fishes agitate the water, and if an accident is about to happen, one fish will bite the other. When he perceives such indications, the charmer immediately “binds the shark” with a potent spell, and thus compels the creature to abstain from injuring the divers. These shark-charmers reap an abundant harvest during the fishery, as the natives believe that unless they are liberally remunerated, they will exert their powerful spells to make the sharks injure them, instead of compelling the monsters to remain quiet until the pearl fishery is over. It is rather singular that, although sharks are frequently seen by the divers, an accident seldom happens.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF BISHOP SEABURY.

(Continued from page 7.)

THE circumstances connected with the consecration of the first American Bishop are worthy of consideration as special indications of the character of the man, and of those who chose and sent him, and of the principles by which they were governed. They believed, with the Prayer-Book, that Almighty God established the ministry of the Christian Church in *divers* orders; that therefore there have been, from the Apostles' time, these orders of ministers in that Church—Bishops, Priests, and Deacons; that it is not lawful for any man to preach or minister the sacraments, unless called to this work by men who have authority to call and send ministers into the Lord's vineyard; and that none are to be received as ministers of the Church of God, unless made such by Episcopal ordination. Whatever may have been the continued responsibility of individual American clergy to the Bishop of London, by whom, or under whose authority, they had been ordained, when Connecticut and the other American States attained to national independence and sovereignty, neither he nor any other Bishop could, consistently with Catholic canonical order, ordain clergy for the Churches therein, or exercise any official authority in their concerns. What there was of the Church of God in Connecticut felt that they were herein under a privation that ought to be remedied without delay; the more so as the strange, uncatholic, unscriptural alternative had been proposed in another State, of organizing a Church without the Episcopacy. This thought could not be tolerated by the brethren in Connecticut. They felt that no time was to be lost; they felt that, connection with the *established* Church of England being severed, their Church was thrown upon its purely spiritual character. In their civil capacity, Dr. Seabury, and the clergy generally with and for whom he acted, and a respectable portion of the laity connected with them, had, during the whole Revolutionary struggle, preserved unabated their attachment to the British Crown and nation. But when these States had effectually severed themselves from that Crown and nation, and the question was, how that portion of the Church of Christ which had been the Church of England in America should become the American Church, they fell back upon the first principles of the Gospel touching the Catholic Church, and knew their mother Church of England mainly in her *spiritual* character; wishing to have her kind offices extended to them, with whatever secular co-operation she might find it necessary to enlist, but with views

not limited by this worldly bound. The possibility that the Church of England could not help them in their extremity, because of worldly hindrances, weakened not their faith that Christ would yet provide means for their relief, through some less hampered portion of His mystical body. They felt that they were right, were conscientiously convinced that no time was to be lost, and went forward. Had they deemed it proper, in a cause so holy and so pressing, to take counsel of worldly fears, expediences, and policies, there would have been much to deter them, until there was time for conciliatory appliances, in the idea of seeking the boon they craved from a nation which had hardly ceased to regard their own as rebels, and whose armies, though actual warfare was discontinued, had not yet left the soil which had been for seven years their battle-field. This, however, was a cause which had nothing to do with the policies or strifes of nations. It was the cause of the Prince of Peace and King of kings. Piety kept the object fully in view; an honest Christian conscience declared it right; faith gave nerve for its prosecution; and prayer was the appliance from which ability and success were surely hoped for. This gives a view of the religious and moral character of the undertaking, which cannot but fill good men with reverence and love for the agents. To the praise of God's glory be it said that they were successful. How often does the careful observer of the course of Divine Providence see the reward of strong Christian faith in favorable issues, where a weak faith or imperfect judgment quails under unfavorable appearances and imagined difficulties! In proportion to the strength of true Christian principle, will ever be the determination to keep the cause of truth and righteousness in view, as what is by no means to be abandoned, or hesitatingly or haltingly prosecuted.

In justice, however, to the Church of England, it should be said that her *spiritual* rulers seem to have been well affected towards the object of Dr. Seabury's visit; but her *secular* rulers stood in the way. A full year did that good man wait and labor patiently for the removal of the obstacle. Seeing then, however, little hope of success, he turned to the branch of the Catholic Church which God's arm had preserved and protected in Scotland, without any union with the State. There the love of Christ and his Church was left free to act; and thence the Apostolic succession was brought to this country. It cannot be reasonably doubted that this success of the Connecticut Church, with reference also, it may be, to the idea of two other Bishops being consecrated in the same quarter, so as to furnish the means of supplying a succession of American Bishops, independently of England, had no small effect in securing the consecrations

which afterwards took place in that country, of Bishops for Pennsylvania, New-York, and Virginia.

About two months after Bishop Seabury's return to his Diocese, that is, August 3, 1785, a special Convention of the Clergy of Connecticut was held at Middletown, when a formal reception and recognition of him as Diocesan took place, and engagements were entered into to render him the respect, duty, and submission due to his office. At the same time, he held his first ordination, when Collin Ferguson, M. A., Henry Van Dyke, M. A., Ashbel Baldwin, M. A., and Philo Shelton, M. A., were ordained Deacons.

During his Episcopate, Bishop Seabury ordained forty-eight Deacons and forty-three Priests. The last survivor of those ordained by him, it is supposed, was the Rev. Daniel Burhans, D.D., recently deceased, in the ninety-first year of his age. He was also probably the oldest clergyman of the American Church.

Soon after his return to this country, the Bishop was elected to the Rectorship of St. James's Church, New-London, which office he held until his death. In 1790, he added to his other official duties, the Diocesan charge of the neighboring Church of Rhode Island.

The organization of the Church in Connecticut, during the first years of Bishop Seabury's administration, was modelled after the plan proposed for an American Episcopate before the Revolution, the laity having no voice in the election of a Bishop, nor in the enactment of ecclesiastical canons, and the Bishop having no authority over the laity. Nor does it appear that any Constitution was adopted until 1790, when one was recommended by the Convocation to the several parishes, and adopted by them—the first Convention under it being held June 6th, 1792. This was the first appearance of the laity in any Convention in Connecticut, as members of that body.

Previous to that time the ecclesiastical affairs of the Diocese had been regulated by the Bishop and Clergy, who met in Convocation, as frequently as any business required, but always once a year. Similar meetings of the Clergy, for similar purposes, had been common in the Northern States for many years before the Revolution, and Bishop Seabury did not see fit to change the mode of transacting the ecclesiastical affairs of the Diocese. At these *Convocations*, candidates for orders were examined, recommended, and approved; and ordinations were usually held at, or immediately after, a Convocation. All difficulties between clergymen, or in parishes, were also considered, and, if possible, adjusted, at these meetings. They were, indeed, in place of all Constitutions and Canons.

More than two years after the Church in Connecticut was fully organized, and before any plan of confederation of the

Churches of the different States had been definitively arranged—viz., Feb. 4, 1787—the Churches of Pennsylvania and New-York were fully organized by the consecration in England of Dr. Wm. White for the former, and Dr. Samuel Provoost for the latter.

Nothing further was done towards the said confederation until 1789. On the second day of October in that year, “The Constitution of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America” was finally adopted and ratified; Bishop Seabury, and the Churches in Connecticut, Massachusetts, and New-Hampshire, uniting in the ratification. Thus, difficulties, misunderstandings, and variant judgments, having been directed by Divine grace towards a centre of good, and the hindrances created by them removed, our National Church was fully organized and put into operation. Its first Convention was forthwith held. Bishop Provoost being absent, the House of Bishops consisted only of Bishops Seabury and White. The latter, always the good Christian, the just man, and the Conservative Churchman, recognized fully and at once the seniority of Bishop Seabury; and himself drew up the rules, three in number, “for the government of this House.” The first is, “The senior Bishop present shall be the President; seniority to be reckoned from the dates of the letters of consecration.” This made Bishop Seabury the first Presiding Bishop. The good Christian and Catholic Churchman has a rich and holy theme of meditation in the circumstance of *two such men*, in their position of high influence and grave responsibility, taking counsel together in things pertaining to the Church of God, than which few, probably, have ever been of greater moment.

It has suited partisan views to endeavor to make it appear that there could hardly have been brought together more antagonistic elements, than in the respective characters and principles of Bishop Seabury and Bishop White. But this is all wrong. With the exception of two or three points, by no means necessarily involving serious opposition in the great work before them, they were *like-minded*; having, too, the further great advantage, in the prosecution of that work, of being both justly distinguished for sound learning, and for the principles and feelings of intelligent men, good divines, honest Churchmen, true Christians, and courteous gentlemen.

Bishop White, it is true, did not believe in the exclusive validity of Episcopal ordination. With the Church of Rome, and contrary, it is believed, to the principles of most Protestant communions, he *did* believe in the validity of lay-baptism. On many points, however, he was more sensitive than Bishop Seabury, in matters of assimilation to the Roman Church. But he was too sensible a man, and too well versed in evangelical and Catholic theology, not to know that many things may honestly be

opposed on the ground of expediency, which it would be wrong to oppose on the ground of principle. He was also too good a Christian not to know and feel that expediency is a point on which—touching as well the propriety of admitting its consideration at all, as the extent to which, and the particulars in which, it may be admitted—good men may differ, and may concede to each other. On the leading points above mentioned, respecting baptism and valid orders, each, of course, had long had his opinion as to the bearing thereon of the Prayer-Book. They doubtless differed herein from each other; but neither desired to alter the Liturgy so as to make it more express than it had been. As to Romanizing; the only subject on which, as far as is here known, there could be supposed to be a tendency this way, has peculiarities attached to it worthy of consideration. That subject is the Consecration Prayer in the Communion Office. This, as set forth by the early English Reformers, in the first Prayer-Book of King Edward VI., was altered under ultra-Protestant influences, by the omission of material passages, in the Second Book; and it remains, as thus altered, in the English Prayer-Book to this day. The Scotch Liturgy, on the other hand, restored it to its original form, and so it still continues in that book. This prayer furnishes a main argument to certain ill-informed men, in England, for bringing the charge of Romanizing against the Scotch Church. Sympathizers with these men, in this country, join in the charge, and talk about the Scotch Communion Office being of Papistical tendency; “understanding neither what they say, nor whereof they affirm.” For it so happens that the Prayer in our Communion Office, in which many of these objectors are constantly joining, differs from the English in that it is substantially the same as the Scotch. This truly evangelical and Catholic change from the English Liturgy was greatly desired by Bishop Seabury; Bishop White *had no objection to it*; and by God’s blessing it was ratified by the Convention.

As our “Office of Institution of Ministers,” although set forth after Bishop Seabury’s death, is well known to have originated in Connecticut, and been composed in accordance with his principles, it is not out of place to speak of it here. It expressly applies the term altar to the holy table, and recognizes the Christian Priesthood as not merely such as is indicated by the Latin word *Presbyter*, but such as in that language is denominated *Sacerdos*, and in Greek *ιερευς*. This Office would, of course, have been thoroughly approved and desired by Bishop Seabury. It had the willing sanction and approval of Bishop White. Indeed, it may be said to have had the *very peculiar* sanction and approbation of our Church. It is not in the English Prayer-Book. It cannot, therefore, be said to have been brought into ours as a matter of course. It was of our own originating. Having been

adopted as an Office of Induction, in General Convention, 1804, and been used in various parts of the country, it was again considered in the Convention, 1808, and again approved, with a change of title, and one or two other changes, not affecting any doctrinal principle. They betray great ignorance of the Church, or disaffection towards it, who object to the term altar as proper for the Lord's Table, or insist upon it that Priests are mere Presbyters.

Bishops Seabury and White were as one man in the utter repudiation of Calvinism; in maintaining the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration; in conscientious opposition to the intrusion of animal excitement, and enthusiastic measures and operations, into religious concerns; in maintaining the binding obligation, on moral principle, of canonical and rubrical requirements; in opposing amalgamation of ministerial services with other denominations; and in general ecclesiastical conservatism. It is sheer injustice to the memory of Bishop White, to represent him as having any sympathy with what are generally understood as the characteristic feelings, views, and policies of Low Churchmen. The Low-Church papers of former days are full of proof of this. Worse things have not been said by them of Bishop Seabury's than of Bishop White's principles. It would be painful to be obliged to substantiate this proposition. But *it can be done*, in a way which would present some who were busy in Church affairs twenty or thirty years ago, in a light not to be envied by Christians.

There was between Bishop Seabury and Bishop White the substantial agreement always existing between good men who have one great object in view, whose heads and hearts are intelligently and honestly enlisted in favor of the same fundamental principles, and whose habits of intercourse are governed by that combined influence of humility and charity, which in all social relations secures the fulfilment of the Apostle's injunction, "Be courteous." They were marked instances of the effect of circumstances in drawing in somewhat different directions the tendencies of minds that seem to have been cast originally in the same mould. It is well known to the readers of history, that a great revolution took place in England, towards the close of the seventeenth century, deeply affecting the condition of both Church and State. The abdication, perhaps it may as properly be said expulsion, of James II., and the accession of William and Mary, being viewed by many conscientious and good men as involving unchristian principles, they could not accede to it. Among these were several Bishops and Clergy. The expulsion of these, because of their conscientious objections to the oath of allegiance to the new Crown, from their Church preferments, naturally gave the subject an ecclesiastical bearing. This again became

more or less mingled with theological questions, from the circumstance of the new king having been brought up in the non-Episcopal Protestant principles of the Continent of Europe. Ecclesiastical and theological became thus intimately blended with political principles and views. The state of things thus introduced continued to exert a greater or less influence up to the time when these two eminent Bishops received their theological training, and were called to adopt their political principles and views. Bishop Seabury sided with those who were opposed to the modification of civil and religious principles; consequent on the English revolution of 1688; and Bishop White favored that modification. Time, however, and circumstances, and especially the influence of the Gospel on their hearts, reduced this to little else than a difference of points of observation, from which the same principles were viewed. This difference, however, hindered not their taking sweet counsel together, and walking in the house of God as friends, to the great and lasting benefit of our American Church.

[The writer on whom it has devolved to prepare this article supposed, at first, that it would amount to but a brief "sketch." It has expanded beyond his expectation; and having yet more to say than can properly be brought into one number of the Magazine, he craves the reader's indulgence for another hearing.]

A HUSBAND'S WISH.—Poor Dryden! what with his wife—consort one cannot call her, and help-meet she was not—and with a tribe of tobacconist brothers on one hand, and proud Howards on the other, and a host of titled associates, and his bread to dig with his pen, one pities him from one's heart. Well might he—when his wife once said it would be much better for her to be a book than a woman, for then she would have more of his company—reply, "I wish you were, my dear, an almanac, and then I could change you once a year."—*Home and Haunts of British Poets.*

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.—"We were once listening to an eloquent preacher," says an *Edinburgh* reviewer, "who enforced this doctrine, that it is the highest attainment of Christian grace to delight in contemplating the execution of Divine vengeance on the wicked, and quoted the standard illustration of Agag, viz.: 'We must attain, my brethren, to the same grace with Samuel, who hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord;' when a friend at our side whispered, with great energy, 'I have attained it; I could chop the preacher into mince-meat, with pleasure.'"

THE CHURCH AND THE POOR.

"The poor ye have always with you."

"DEPEND upon it, sir, your Church will never work here—your book and bands are much too fine for such people as these. I tell you, Mr. Layton, they must be *scared* into religion. You must preach the good old-fashioned doctrine of Hell-fire, because they know what fire is; but when you talk to them about general councils, Apostolic succession, rubrics, and canons, they don't know what you mean. Then, Episcopalians are so proud, (without meaning any offence to you, sir,) they lock themselves in their well-cushioned pews, and if a host of poor wretches are standing in the aisle, beside them, do you think many pew doors would be opened? No! sir! The Episcopal religion is too grand for poor folks, and well they know it."

A deep blush mantled the cheek and brow of Mr. Layton, and it was difficult not to recriminate. To be sure, the speaker was the Methodist preacher of Stockton, and bound to maintain the superiority of his own opinions and form of worship, and therefore the indignation that filled the heart of the young man was allowed to subside, and only replying, "I am sorry that you think so—I hope you may yet see the Church doing a good work here," he bade "Brother Allen" good day, and turned his steps towards the residence of Mr. Weaver, his senior warden, a rich and influential man of the place, and also the proprietor of the factory, whose operatives had been the occasion of the remarks of the Methodist declaimer.

Mr. Layton had been settled about two years in Stockton, a large manufacturing town. He accepted this call, and entered upon his work with all the hope and enthusiasm of a young and buoyant spirit that had never known real sorrow or braved disappointments. He had visions of reclaiming the erring, educating the ignorant, warming the cold, and encouraging the feeble, in short, making the Church all in all to every one—he would show to the world one instance, at least, of the blessed workings of sound Churchmanship. With no knowledge of men, no experience of the world, with nothing but theological lore and a pious, devoted heart, he emerged from the shady retreats of a seminary to the responsibilities of a most arduous and difficult post.

He labored on, unweariedly, for months. He saw some fruit of his toil and prayers, but he said to himself, he should *expect* but little while he was only in deacon's orders. He became a

priest, and months rolled on, still the sheep would stray, and the children did not come in such numbers to the excellent schools he had established, as they gathered to desecrate the Lord's Day, or molest quiet citizens. The meeting-houses and the little chapel of the Romanists were overflowing with humble attendants. The church, too, was well filled, but not with those to whom the pastor's heart was yearning. He called, they answered not; he offered the bread of life, but perishing souls refused to eat and live forever.

With all this, his heart sickened not, his prayers grew more fervent and frequent, and his spirit more indefatigable. He might have fainted at his post, but for the strong faith that upheld him. "If disappointment in finding the bread I have cast upon the waters be the cross I have to bear, it is less heavy than that my Saviour carried," he would often say to the young wife, who, as full of hope and love as he, had devoted her life with his to do their Master's work.

But we must digress no longer. We left Mr. Layton as he parted from this pious "brother;" and a few moments after that event found him in the sumptuous drawing-room of the warden. After waiting long enough for the lady to perform a most elaborate toilet, Mrs. Weaver appeared. She was full of regrets for her husband's absence. The illness of his partner detained him longer than usual in the counting-room—she hoped so sweetly that dear Mrs. Layton and her sweet babe were well; she was so disappointed that Mrs. Layton had not accompanied her husband, to spend an afternoon sociably. The Rector thanked the lady, and suggested the possibility of an early call from his wife, as she was anxious to interest Mrs. Weaver in some work of mercy. "La! Mr. Layton! your wife don't know my nerves," interrupted Mrs. W. "I never *could* go round as she does—indeed, she mistakes my character!"

"I do not think you comprehend the nature of her appeal," replied the Rector, and again the blush deepened on his cheek, and he thought of the fair and delicate being who wandered among his people—ay! the *Weaver's* people—an angel of mercy, in contrast with the model of fashion and elegance reclining before him, in the midst of the luxury the hands of those had wrought, whose souls he and his were seeking to save. He made a few common-place remarks, and soon withdrew. A few rods from the dwelling he met its owner, who greeted him kindly, and expressed disappointment in not having been at home to receive his minister. Layton repeated to him the remarks that the Methodist had made, adding, "I have some plans for the improvement of the operatives during the coming winter, which, if I am enabled to carry them out, will prove to Mr. Allen, I

trust, that he is not altogether right—I must ask your aid and co-operation, Mr. Weaver.” It was wonderful how this good Churchman’s countenance could change when *aid* was asked, and there was a deal of intended dignity in the reply. “Pray, Mr. Layton, don’t ask me to help you chase a phantom. I don’t believe in these new-fangled theories for raising the working classes—I, for one, would rather do something to teach them their proper sphere. *My* work-people, at least, are doing very well—Brother Allen and Father Tiernay are the men for them—the Methodist was right—they can neither understand nor appreciate *our* services—give yourself no trouble about them—Advent is at hand, and you know we must have extra services; to prepare for them will take your leisure time.” Again Layton’s forbearance was tasked, and he quickly replied, “I beg your pardon, sir, but I cannot indorse such sentiments, for they are inconsistent with the teachings of our creed. Think you, our blessed Church is for the rich and influential only—hath she forgotten the glorious promise made to the poor, that the Gospel should be *preached to them*? Nay, sir! not one hour would I minister at her altar if I could think you right. Why will we give to those who love us not, the opportunity to glory over us, and while we slumber, human beings—yes! Mr. Weaver, *human souls* are perishing around us?” “Oh! well, sir,” interrupted Mr. W., “since *you* are responsible, not *I*, do as you please, and to any thing reasonable, I will give my countenance.”

“*I responsible!*” murmured the young pastor, as he turned sadly away. “May Heaven strengthen these weak hands!”

One more call must be made; and we will accompany him through the long, narrow lane, built up closely on either side with dingy-looking dwellings, well filled with the families of those who worked in Weaver’s mills. Exchanging nods and smiles with all he meets, he enters at last a dilapidated hovel. We will follow. All seems clean, and even pleasant, though poverty cannot be disguised. Upon a low cot a man is stretched, whose emaciated limbs are scarcely covered by the scanty blanket, still scrupulously clean. His thin fingers hold a small book, and his lips seem numbering the sands that remain in the glass. The floor is bare, and the deal table uncovered; but both are white as hands can make them.

Upon a stool close by the grate, where anthracite stones are trying to mimic the glowing coal, a haggard woman sits, with a babe upon her knee, whose tender life is told in days.

We enter. The minister’s presence calls a smile to the grim face of the dying man. The pale mother’s countenance is radiant with joy. “How are you to-day, James?” “No better, sir, in body; but ’tis all peace here”—laying his hand on his heart. “And you, Mrs. Baker, and the little one?” “Doing right well,

thank the Lord !” “Why are not James and Maggie at school ?” “Ah, sir !”—the poor woman burst into tears—“indeed, sir, we were driven to it ; but we cannot starve ; and the poor children have had to go back to the factory. It is but little they earn ; but that little is precious.” A sad change steals over Layton’s face, and he turns to the sick man and takes his wasted hand. “Is there anything you want to say to me, James, before I go ?” “My poor wife !” is all he can utter. “Trust her and the little ones to Him ‘who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.’ And now a few words of prayer.” He says the Commendatory Prayer. The dread truth is realized by the stricken wife. Her agonizing sobs blend with the plaintive eloquence of the prayer. He prays for the chastened hearts. The sobs die away, and again he prays, “Our Father.” She kneels beside him, and prays, in broken voice, “forever and ever.” He closes his petition. “Forever and ever” is faintly echoed from the bed ; and the long-fettered spirit is forever free !

No sobs—no cries ; a low and earnest “Amen !” from the pastor ; a sigh from the stricken one, as she presses the babe closer to her heart. She is a mother still—though a wife’s name is no longer hers.

J. W. L.

Advent, 1853.

(To be continued.)

AN ENGLISH WORTHY.—Mr. William Gardiner, the venerable author of the “*Music of Nature*,” and other works, died in Leicester, at the advanced age of eighty-three. The *Gateshead Observer* thus notes some of the extraordinary incidents of his life :—Often in his youth he carried his playfellow, Daniel Lambert, on his back. He showed the lions of Leicester to John Howard. When singing at a local glee-club, Equality, father of Louis Philippe, dropped in to listen. He heard Warren Hastings begin his defence, in Westminster Hall. Of a vivacious temperament, he cried, “Bravo !” to Fox, from the gallery of the Commons ; and only escaped Newgate or the Tower by the intercession of the Prince of Wales. He was in Paris during the peace of Amiens ; saw the guillotine ; was introduced by Marshal Mortier to Soult and Menou ; saw Bonaparte surrounded by his Mamelukes ; received civilities from Fouche ; and was hurried out of France for too freely hinting that Napoleon would aim at a throne. He was intimate with Moore ; received distinguished honors at the inauguration of Beethoven’s statue ; was reviewed by Kit North in *Blackwood* ; slept in his boyhood with a distinguished authoress ; and now sleeps with his father, whose musical genius he inherited, and who died in green youth at ninety.

THE CHRISTIAN AND SKEPTIC AMID THE ALPS.*

WE could now look down into the valley of the Grimsel, a little valley, but like an immense cauldron, the sides of which are sterile, naked rocks, 800 feet high! On the west they stand, like the walls and towers of a fortified city, and in the bottom of the vale is a single house and a small lake; but a flock of one hundred goats and a score of cows, with their tinkling bells, are picking a scanty sustenance among the stones. The scene was wild, savage, grand indeed; and had there been no sun to light it up with the lustre of heaven, it would have been dreary and dismal. Heinrich had been very thoughtful for an hour. He had discovered that my thoughts turned constantly to the God who made all these mountains, while he was ever studying the mountains themselves. He sat down on a rock, and said,—

“Here I will commune with nature.”

I replied, “And I will go on a little further and commune with God!”

“Stay,” he cried, “I would go with you.”

“But you cannot see him,” I said. “I see him in the mountain, and the glacier, and the flower. I hear him in the torrent and the still small voice of the rills and little waterfalls that are warbling over in our ears. I feel his presence and something of his power. I beg you to stay and commune with nature, while I go and commune with God.”

I left him and wandered off alone, and in an hour went down the mountain, and to my chamber in the hospice. I was sitting on the bedside, arranging the flowers I had gathered during the day, when Heinrich entered, and giving me his hand, said to me, “I wish you would speak more to me of God!”

“He sat down by my side, and I asked him if he believed the Bible to be the word of God.”

He said he did, but would examine it by the light of history and reason, and reject what he did not find to be true.

“And do you believe that the soul of man will live hereafter, in happiness or woe?”

“I doubt,” was his desponding answer.

I then addressed him tenderly. “My dear young friend, I have loved you since the hour I met you at Altrof. And now tell me, with all your studies, have you yet learned how to die? You *doubt*, but are you so well satisfied with your philosophy that you are able to look on death among the mountains, or by lightning, with-

* From the *New-York Observer*.

out fear? My faith tells me that when I die my life and joy will just begin, and go on in glory forever. This is the source of all my hopes, and it gives me comfort now when I think that I may never see my native land and those I love on earth again. I *know* that in another land we shall meet!"

"How do you know that you shall meet?"

"My faith, my heart, my Bible tells me so. I shall meet all the *good* in Heaven. I am sure of one child an angel now."

"And where are your children?"

"Four in America, and one in Heaven. I had a boy four years ago; earth never had a fairer. His locks were of gold, and hung in rich curls on a neck and shoulders whiter than snow; his brow was high and broad like an infant cherub's, and his eye was blue as the evening sky; and he was lovelier than he was fair. But in the budding of his beauty, he fell sick and died."

"O no, not died!"

"Yes, he died here by my heart. And that child is the only one of mine that I am sure of ever seeing again."

"I do not understand you."

"If my other children grow up to *doubt* as *you* doubt, they may wander away on the mountains of error or the glaciers of vice, and fall into some awful gulf and be lost forever. And if I do not live to see my living children, I am sure of meeting that one now in Heaven, as if I saw him here in the light of the setting sun. Heinrich, have you a mother, my dear friend?"

"Yes, yes," he cried, "and her faith is the same as yours."

I had seen his eyes filling, and had felt my own lips quivering as I spoke, but now he burst into tears and fell on my breast. He kissed my lips, and my cheeks, and my forehead, and the hot tears rained on my face, and mingled with my own. "O teach me the way to feel and believe," he said at last, as he clung to me like a frightened child, and clasped me convulsively to his heart. I held him long and tenderly, and felt for him somewhat, I hope, as Jesus did for the young man who came to him with a similar inquiry. *I loved him*, and longed to lead him to the light of day.

He has left the company with which he was travelling, has joined himself to me with a fondness of affection strange as it is delightful, and has written home for leave to go with me to the Holy Land.

GOOD ACTIONS.—When we have practised good actions a while, they become easy; and when they are easy, we begin to take pleasure in them; and when they please us, we do them frequently; and by frequency of acts they grow into a habit.

A TRIBUTE TO THE DEPARTED.

"From the stars of Heaven, and the flowers of earth,
From the pageant of power and the voice of mirth,
From the mists of morn on the mountain's brow,
From all, save that o'er which the soul bears away,
Breathes but one record—passing away."

[Died, in Philadelphia, Oct. 25th, on her journey homeward, after a residence of many years at the South, Miss MARTHA TUDOR, eldest daughter of Dr. Edward Tudor, of Middlebury, Vermont.]

Miss TUDOR left her paternal home, and all the cherished associations of early days, in search of health. Consumption, the hereditary disease of her family, soon manifested itself in her, and by the urgent advice of physicians and friends, she was induced to embrace a very favorable opportunity of seeking, in a more congenial climate, the desired relief. More than one situation proved adverse to her wishes. At last, she was led by a path she knew not of, far from kindred and friends, into the very situation where she was not only to receive the greatest degree of physical comfort her disease admitted of, but also to be, in an unforeseen manner, exceedingly useful to others. After a brief sojourn in the vicinity of one of our large Southern cities, long enough, however, to create for her many friends, she was unexpectedly summoned to the bed-side of a dying mother, to receive from her the most sacred of all deposits, the little ones she was about to leave, to be trained up for God in His Church. Mrs. A. was eminently distinguished, by the gifts of nature and of fortune—rank, wealth, accomplishments, the admired and cherished idol of a large circle of relatives and friends. But all these outward advantages she counted as less than nothing, in comparison with the love of Christ. It had been her great privilege, when quite young, to be removed from the midst of very gay and worldly society, to be educated in the family of a Rt. Rev. Father in God, Bishop H——. Here she imbibed principles and affections which were afterwards the guide and solace of her life. She learnt to love Christ and His Church, casting away all those proud distinctions which had heretofore seemed to her of so much value; she was contented to sit humbly at the feet of Jesus, and learn of Him who was "meek and lowly in heart." Under the daily teachings of her Rev. instructor, and the holy influences of a Christian home and of the services and sacraments of the Church, which she learned

deeply to love, she grew daily in grace, and in the knowledge and obedience of Jesus, her Saviour.

Through the regenerating influence of Holy Baptism, and the sacred rite of Confirmation, she received grace, which, as was observed, seemed to go with her through her life. When the time of her absence from her early home had expired, she returned to it, prepared in the highest sense to discharge those duties of wife and mother, to which she was soon after called. But not long was she permitted to shed around her the light of her pure and holy example. She was seized with sudden, and to all appearance, fatal illness, and with all the solicitude of a devoted Christian mother, it became an object of her chief concern, how most effectually to provide for the future spiritual welfare of her children. This was not easy, in a region remote from Church influences, and in the midst of a society singularly gay and fashionable. But the Saviour, in whom she had trusted in her days of health, did not forsake her in her greatest need. An opportunity unexpectedly presented of committing her children to the charge of the very person she would have desired to educate them. Her short acquaintance with Miss Tudor had yet been sufficient to give her the most favorable impressions, which were abundantly confirmed by the testimony of more intimate friends. With devout gratitude to her Heavenly Father, who had thus opened a way for the gratification of her most earnest desire, almost in her last hours, she committed the precious trust into hands not unworthy to receive it, with many prayers, and the most earnest exhortations that those children of her love might be trained up in the knowledge and love of Jesus, their Saviour. The trust was received, under these remarkable circumstances, as directly from God Himself. And most faithfully was it fulfilled. The children of her adoption became almost as her own in love. She devoted herself, with the most untiring zeal and watchfulness, to their comfort and improvement, especially their spiritual improvement. The first impressions made upon their young minds, were their obligations of love and obedience to their Heavenly Father, and their little hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer, and their infant lips breathed its accents, almost before they could comprehend its meaning. They were taught, as soon as they could understand it, what a "solemn vow, promise and profession" had been made in their behalf, in Holy Baptism, and their consequent obligations to live the rest of their life according to this beginning, and these obligations were made the basis of the daily, hourly instruction they received. Warmly attached to the distinctive principles of the Church in which she had been educated, and deeply imbued herself with its holy and elevating spirit, Miss Tudor sought, day by day, so to form the minds and

hearts of her pupils that they should, indeed, become in all things the children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of Heaven. Their remoteness from their Parish Church, and the delicacy of her own health, prevented a very constant attendance upon its services, but whenever providentially detained at home, the appointed prayers and lessons were read to her pupils, in the absence of their father, by their faithful teacher, nor were the daily prayers of the Church ever omitted in this family circle—and even when confined by illness to her bed, the feeble voice of their adopted mother was heard offering, in their behalf, the sacrifices of prayer and praise, while kneeling around her, their young voices mingled with hers, as their offering of a true faith passed on to Heaven. Nor was it only within the narrow limits of home that this devoted Christian woman sought to do good. In the society around her were many generous hearts, persons possessed of wealth and influence, who had never been taught to devote these precious gifts of God to His service, and the extension of His Church. Over such persons she was enabled to exert a most beneficial influence. They were easily induced to unite with her in those works of charity and love, by which most important results are often accomplished. Nashotah, with its blessed influences, will bear witness to the essential aid imparted to them through this instrumentality; while the infant Church institutions of the Diocese in which she resided were all remembered for good by the same kind hand. Nor must it be forgotten that these labors and sacrifices for others were often made in the midst of *severe* bodily suffering, and always in a state of languor and debility, consequent on long-protracted disease. Nor was any ordinary degree of illness ever suffered to interfere with her plans for the improvement of her pupils. They had constant access to her sick-room for instruction, direction, or sympathy. *Inheriting ample means, it was her earnest desire to lead them to a right use of the wealth they had received from God, and to feel themselves accountable to Him for its disposal. Nor were her lessons in this respect in vain. The orphans' hearts were often cheered by their bounty, and one of the last acts of this devoted teacher, before she left her Southern home, was to unite with her young charge in sending appropriate furniture and books to one of the newly erected Churches, under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Breck, in Minnesota.

But her earthly labors were drawing to a close. Her rapidly declining health warned her that death, which for years she had been accustomed to contemplate as never very distant, was *now* advancing with close and steady steps. Compelled to resign the care of her beloved pupils, she was made happy by the thought that they would be placed with one whom she highly revered, who has done and suffered so much in the cause of Christian

education, the noble-hearted Bishop of New-Jersey. About to commence their journey northward, and the last strong tie to her adopted home thus broken, her own heart yearned to go with them and look for the last time on the faces of those she best loved, in the home of her youth, and above all, to enjoy, as she herself expressed it, the ministrations of the Church, and the privileges of Christian society, which, in the isolated situation in which she was then placed, it was impossible for her to do. Summoning all her remaining strength, and relying on the support and blessing of Almighty God, she determined to make the effort. The fears of the affectionate friends who watched over her during this wearisome journey, were too surely fulfilled. She lived only to reach Philadelphia. Exhausted by fatigue, worn out by suffering, there the spirit was freed from its prison-house, and the weary body left to its rest, and that, too, so calmly, so quietly, that the precise moment was unknown even to the most watchful affection.

It was a cold and cheerless autumn morning, when those who best loved her laid that "spent frame" to rest, in the midst of those dear ones who had preceded her to the world of spirits. In *death*, they were not divided. All nature around spoke of desolation and decay. With the immortal spirit, all was light and joy. The beautiful service of the Church, which was always to *her* so full of consolation and hope, consecrated her rest, and those who loved her then turned away, "feeling that another tie to earth was broken, and another voice was heard calling them to Heaven." E.

VERMONT—*Advent.*

A HINDOO REFORMER.—It is not a little remarkable, that contemporaneously with the extraordinary movement now going on in China, a similar one should have commenced in India. A native reformer has appeared, preaching up a crusade against idol worship, and professing to have had a vision, in which God appeared to him, and informed him that all India would become Christian. He is in caste a Bhuihar, (considered tantamount to a Brahmin;) his preaching is exciting a great sensation among the people; and he is said to be a man who possesses influence and power to do much in refuting and destroying Hindooism.—*Banner of the Cross.*

A MAGNIFICENT RIVER.—The Murray River, in Australia, is navigable for vessels 1,200 miles from sea. Vessels have ascended that distance; the navigation was perfectly safe, the depth of water varying from 18 to 36 feet.

Editor's Table.

PRO AND CON.—The two documents which follow were clipped from two different newspapers, about a year ago, and we have carefully preserved them, waiting for some suitable opportunity to place them in juxtaposition, which occurs now. The first has circulated very widely, the latter to a limited extent. This is by no means surprising, when we consider the prolific nature of rank weeds beyond that of good plants. The seeds of calumny and ill-will, enveloped, as they sometimes are, in a downy hypocrisy, are wafted far and wide, and mount above the thorns and nettles of the nasty bushes on which they grew. The germs of kindness are propagated slowly, and with care. Here is the first, with all its figures and statistics. It is like a weapon held in the hand of the basest matricide.

"BAPTIST NOEL'S CHARACTER OF THE BRITISH CHURCH.—Of its 16,000 ministers, about 1,568 do nothing; about 6,681 limit their thoughts and labors to small parishes, which contain from 150 to 300 souls; while others, in cities and towns, profess to take charge of 8 or 9,000 souls; and of the 12,953 working pastors of Churches, I fear, from various concurrent symptoms, that about 10,000 are unconverted men, who neither preach nor know the Gospel."

Let us take up these statements separately. Allowing the first to be correct, (although we do not see how the writer could find time for much work himself, if he has become so intimately acquainted with the affairs of 1,568 people, as to be able to assert, roundly, that they do nothing,) it still leaves 14,432, who, for aught that we are told, may be very zealous and industrious in their Master's service, and outnumber the drones in the proportion of 10 to 1. If this proposition were precisely reversed, there would still be some hope for the Church in the judgment of charity, while there was any salt still left. God would have spared Sodom if only ten righteous men had been found in it; but Baptist Noel, who takes upon him the prerogative of God in judging, sweeping his eye over a great multitude, condemns the whole Church, and like an indignant angel turns his back. But to proceed:—

"About 6,681," says this self-constituted censor, completing his figures to a unit, "*limit their thoughts and labors to small parishes, which contain from 150 to 300 souls.*"

A great disgrace this, to be sure, to be the shepherd of a little flock. What, then, is to become of these humble parishes, if their incumbents can only be contented by riding in their elegant equipages, like the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel himself, to fashionable St. John's, in London, as in days gone by, or, as at present, to the doors of a Baptist Meeting-house? A pretty reproach this to come from one who is so evangelical, that he thinks

that nobody is a saint but himself. Oh! ye wicked 6,681 men, who aspire only to *small parishes*, how little chance would ye stand in the day of judgment, if God should put this Baptist Noel on his throne! But, perhaps, there may be some hope for those who are installed over large parishes. Not a bit of it. The ingenious recreant has yet another horn of the dilemma. "Others," he proceeds, "*profess* to take charge of 8 or 9,000 souls!" And this, too, is brought against them in condemnation. We are not told whether they break the bread of life, in the best manner that they can, to this multitude, but merely that they are so lost to a sense of duty as to be found working in a field where the harvest is plenty, and the laborers are not sufficient to gather in the grain. On this principle the twelve Apostles, from whom we believe the Rev. author claims no lineal descent, would be as obnoxious to reproof as the traitor Iscariot himself. But, concludes he, in his remarks, "Of the 12,953 working pastors of Churches, I fear, from various concurrent symptoms, that about 10,000 are *unconverted men*, who neither know nor preach the Gospel."

This is about the slickest, sleekest piece of canting arrogance, ever encountered since the days of Barebones himself. It betrays an enormous impudence and self-esteem, which might be almost deemed fictitious, if imputed to any man without the proof. With what omniscience must not he be gifted, who can see to the bottom of the hearts of 10,000 of his fellow-men? It stands to reason and common sense, that he assumes it as a fact, that he is converted himself, or he never would have presumed to make the above statement. But with what sort of change can that man's heart become affected, when he violates so grossly one of the plainest evangelical precepts—JUDGE NOT, THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED. May he not have made a mistake in the diagnosis of other men's character, and depicted the very traits and features of an unconverted heart in himself? Would not the caption of his article read correctly, by placing the latter words of it in a parenthesis thus:—BAPTIST NOEL'S CHARACTER (OF THE BRITISH CHURCH?)

But by a law of nature, wherever the bane is, God provides the antidote, which is sometimes effectual to heal; and by a singular coincidence, the two paragraphs, without any concert of the writers, began to run their course at the same time. What follows does not proceed from one nourished in the bosom of our mother Church, nor from one who has left her communion, and then turns upon her with an ingratitude more strong than even traitor's arms. It is the candid and unsought verdict, not of an enemy, indeed, but of a noble-hearted and generous Christian man, a Dissenter, whose prejudices do not render him stone-blind, and whose self-righteousness has not gnawed the heart of charity to its core. We give it exactly as we find it:

"A CREDIBLE WITNESS.—The Rev. Dr. Dixon, a distinguished Minister in the English Wesleyan body, and son-in-law of the late Rev. Richard Watson, gives the following testimony to the prosperity of the Church of England, in a letter to an American Methodist paper, *Zion's Herald*, published in Boston:—"Do not be startled; but there is more *true religion* in the Church of England, than anywhere else in the country. This Church

is the only Protestant body which is making progress in evangelical labors and prosperous advances.

"The Church of England is, as we think, the most prosperous body in the country. . . . In the lower grades of the Church, there is a very large and constantly increasing body of faithful, laborious, and excellent men, who are the ornament of their profession, and a blessing to their country. The large towns are full of these men, who are exercising a most powerful and beneficial influence.'"

OUR TROUBLES, AND THEIR RECOMPENSE.—The first number of *THE CHURCHMAN'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE* was delayed some days in its issue, by the fire which occurred on the premises of the printers, Messrs. PUNNEY & RUSSELL. The disorder and confusion necessarily attendant upon the operations of carpenters, masons, and builders, in repairing the premises, and putting them again in habitable condition, have also caused some delay in the issue of the present number. Matters are, however, now in such a state of forwardness that we have their assurance that there will be no delay in the future, but that the Magazine will be issued with punctuality.

We regret to say, that we lost by the fire some manuscript articles, which were at the time in the printers' hands. Fortunately, the longer pieces were all saved. Among the missing manuscripts was one signed, we believe, *AQUINAS*, and written by a clergyman of Connecticut. We do not remember the title of the article, but we hope the author may have it in his power to re-write and forward it.

Our readers will perceive that difficulties and drawbacks have thrown their shadow across our path at the very start. They are now, however, surmounted; and if we have been able to recommend ourselves to the favorable notice of our subscribers, and to give promise of usefulness in the sphere in which we move, we shall deem our labors not to have been in vain.

To those friends who have taken an interest in our present undertaking; who think that the Church needs a monthly visitor, of the character of our periodical, in the families of its members; who have encouraged and aided us in our work; in particular to those clergymen who have forwarded us the names of parishioners, and have expressed a desire to have the work widely circulated in their parishes, we take this opportunity to express our acknowledgments. We think they will not be disappointed in their anticipations, for we believe the talent enlisted in the editorial and other departments is such as will meet the expectations and wants of the Church. And yet we would urge upon those who approve of our undertaking, and of the tone of our journal, so far as they can judge from the two numbers already published—and it is only to these that our remarks are addressed—that the publisher's expenses are heavy, and that the only way in which he can be enabled to do justice to himself, to the work, and to the subscribers, is *first* by prompt payments, and *second* by a large subscription list.

Our old subscribers, who were with us when our Magazine was published under the name of the EVERGREEN, are, so far as we have heard, greatly pleased with the change. We address them as old friends and old acquaintances, whom we particularly desire to please and satisfy, in all arrangements and improvements that we make; and *their* approval is a source of especial encouragement to us.

And in this connection we must not forget the favorable notices which have been given us by the press. They have extended to us a warm and cordial greeting—and it will be our desire, as it will be our pride, to merit a continuance of their good wishes.

CARDINAL BEDINI.—It is reported that this functionary has returned to Europe. We do not think that he will convey to his Holiness, the Pope of Rome, any very glowing account of the people of this country. The fact is, the Cardinal has been rather inhospitably entertained. He has not been received with open arms and warm hearts. He was not greeted as Kossuth, Meagher, and John Mitchel were, when they reached our shores. Nor is this at all to be wondered at. Their antecedents were by no means similar. Kossuth was regarded as an Apostle of Liberty, Meagher and Mitchel came from a land of exile, whither they had been banished for inciting the people of Ireland to rise against their rulers. Whatever were their respective merits, or the merits of the work in which they had been engaged, they came as men who were suffering in the cause of Freedom, and this gave to them a *prestige*, which touched the great national heart, and caused it to beat and throb with a wild enthusiasm in their behalf. But with Bedini the case was different. It is said that it was through his instrumentality that *Ugo Bassi* was sentenced to death for his political opinions and acts, and that before the sentence was executed his forehead and the palms of his hands were flayed. Whether true or false it was believed, and it did not serve as a good recommendation. It did not render him by any means popular.

There is something in oppression and cruelty which shocks the moral sense, and rouses a spirit of resentment. Bedini, believed to be a persecutor, became at once an object of hatred and disgust. He was hooted, derided, burned in effigy. No *personal* violence was offered him. That would not have been endured for a moment. His person, no matter what may have been his career, was under the protection of our laws, and any attempt to inflict injury upon him would have deserved, and received, the sternest condemnation. It was said that at Cincinnati violence was intended; and, as a consequence, the Police of that city recklessly, and without warning, fired into a procession of men, women, and children, wounding and killing. The evidence taken in the matter, however, shows that no such violence was intended, and that the Police were highly censurable for their precipitate and unnecessary action.

On the whole, we cannot say that we condemn a peaceable expression of popular opinion. When Haynau, the Austrian butcher, was in England, he was set upon by a parcel of men in a brewery, and his beard plucked from his chin, and he obliged to flee in disgrace. The brewers, perhaps, went too far, but we could not condemn the feeling which prompted them thus to show the estimation in which they held the man who had ordered *women* to be flogged.

Book Table.

JANUARY AND JUNE: Being Out-door Thinkings and Fireside Musings. By Benj. F. Taylor. Illustrated. New-York: Samuel Hueston, 139 Nassau-street.

The author aptly remarks in his preface, "Somebody has declared that water runneth by the mill the miller never wots of, and for proof thereof, lo! here a little, caught in the hollow of one's hand. Not enough, indeed, to turn a wheel, but to quench, may be, a rose's or a robin's thirst;—to baptize an infant love of nature; to sparkle in dews on opening leaves of thought. Hark! says the mother, as she soothes the restless child. Now nature is the mother, and I—the child."

Beautifully said. And from this so short preface the reader may anticipate something of the quality of this production, which on every page exhibits a teeming fancy, whose suggestions and illustrations crowd only too fast about the mind of the author, and embarrass each idea with riches, as the thigh of a honey-bee is clogged with an ingot of gold. If there be any fault in the book, it is that which embodies within it a distinguishing merit: an excess and exuberance, rather than a want. A rich fancy or imagination is a quality which those who have may curb or retrench, if they so please, but which those not naturally endowed with the same can by no means acquire. *Poeta nascitur non fit*. Mr. Dry-as-Dust, who looks only at matters of fact, and cares for nothing which cannot be mathematically proved, will probably take up this volume of Mr. Taylor's, and lay it down. It will not be according to his taste. Others, of warmer and more genial temperament, will find it interspersed with many gems, whose lustre they will admire. Although fragmentary, there is a vein of poetry, whose ramifications extend to every nook and corner, and now and then, like the fortunate seeker in Australia or California, you come upon a lump of pure and undulterated ore. There is occasionally a mannerism not quite agreeable, and certain familiar contractions and omission of vowels, which are better suited to conversation than writing, and which we feel bound to mention, together with our praise. The merits, however, far overbalance the faults, as the following exquisite allusion to the modest vine will testify. Read it, for it is a very fair specimen of the style of the author.

"Like some low-born maiden in the 'Morning Land,' where dwell the worshippers of the Sun, this Vine has crept, night after night, without a day between, to the place it had heard of afar off, where the Shah for awhile held audience. Arrived, it unfolds its gift, though 'tis of the humblest, and lying upon the earth, timidly lifts the border of his gorgeous robe, and covers its bended head, as if it had faltered, 'I, too, am thy subject. Be thou my protector, as thou art my king.' So said the Vine to the great Prince of Morning. But he withdrew his robe, and went on in his chariot. He flushed the red Missouri with a deeper glow; and gilded again the sands of the Sacramento; and he drove on, like Neptune, over the calm Pacific; and the porcelain towers of China were a-blaze at his coming. He tarried among the palms, and he pressed the lips of the daughters of Circassia, and he kindled the cold bosoms of the beauties of the North, and he lingered in dalliance with the ivory-fingered women of Europe; and he *did not forget* the Vine, that waited for him the while in the cellar of the old homestead. But this morning, the chariot and horses of Phcebus waited without, while

he descended the damp and slippery steps, and left a smile for the Vine, that will last it all day and all night, and until he comes again in his glory."

There are several poems in the volume, which alone, by their intrinsic beauty, reflect the highest credit on the author, and stamp him as no mean poet.

THE PRIEST AND THE HUGUENOT; or, Persecution in the Age of Louis XV. From the French of L. Bungener, author of the "Preacher and the King," &c. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 59 Washington-street. 1853.

The author of these remarkable volumes is certainly laying for himself the foundation of a sure celebrity. The "Preacher and the King" contains much that is interesting and curious, and displays great knowledge of the necessary elements of pulpit eloquence. But the "Priest and the Huguenot" is a book full of that invaluable historical information, which is written upon the page of history with the blood of a thousand martyrs. The scene is laid in the age of Louis XV., and we are introduced to most of the celebrated courtiers who surrounded him. Richelieu is presented in scenes characteristic of his prominent traits of character; and much pains is taken to give us correct views of the court intrigues of the day; of the power of the Order of the Jesuits, and of their exact position at that most interesting epoch.

In the various conversations between the Priest, Father Bridaine, (a most admirable and lovable character,) and the hero of the book, Rabaut, one of the celebrated Huguenot ministers and preachers of the day, there is contained fair argument upon both sides, and much information with regard to truth; the conversations are animated, and conducted in the most excellent spirit. Both of these gifted men were Christians, and filled with a catholic spirit towards each other. Both abhorred persecution, in every form, and sorrowed over the atrocious cruelties practised upon earnest Christians and good subjects, in the name of a king famous for his irregularities and weaknesses. In fine, it is a book to be studied thoughtfully, as well as read with the deepest interest.

THE LADY AT HOME; or, Happiness in the Household. By T. S. Arthur, author of "The Iron Rule," "The Two Merchants," &c., &c., &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, No. 102 Chestnut-street.

This is the best of Mr. Arthur's productions that we have ever seen. The motive and spirit that animate him, from the commencement, throughout, is the very principle most needed to render subordinates grateful, affectionate, and contented. The ladies, particularly, will do well to take to heart seriously many of the admirable suggestions and sober lessons, brought home under the guise of frank confessions, from one of their own sex. All that can be done by fiction to make us interested in the real and actual sufferings of the poor is done here, and the incidents are related so naturally, and with so much power, that they are probably drawn from life. Of the duties of servants towards ourselves we all have clear ideas, and are sufficiently exacting in regard to them. But on the other hand, of our own serious duties towards them, as fellow-creatures, and *possible* heirs of the same future inheritance, have we any clear and certain views? Have we, or have we not? "The Lady at Home" is an admirable aid to more conscientious care in the matter.

GLAD TIDINGS OF THE GOSPEL OF PEACE. A Series of Daily Meditations for Christian Disciples. By the Rev. W. L. Tweedie, D. D., Free Tolbooth Church, Edinburgh. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 59 Washington-street. 1854.

This excellent little volume is truly welcome for its intrinsic merit. It is eminently practical and Christian in its spirit—and pervaded with earnestness and fervor, yet with humility and love. It is also ingenious in its arrangement, and embraces, in articles of very suitable length, a great variety of subjects. It came in upon us about Christmas time, with its cheerful title of "Glad Tidings," like a seasonable visitor.

CLINTON, or a Book for Boys. By Wm. Simonds, author of "Boys' Own Guide," "Friendly Words," &c., &c. With Illustrations. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 59 Washington-street. 1854.

Without any qualifications, a truly admirable volume for boys, as the title states. The value of truthfulness; the danger of bad company and bad examples; the propriety of frank confessions of guilt to parents and teachers, as the only proper groundwork for future amendment, and as the only true germ of peace of mind and of self-respect. These truths are made clear as the noon-day, by a real friend of the young. We cheerfully recommend the little volume to families.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, for January. Contents—A Painter in Persia; The Quiet Heart, Part 2; Dives; The English at Home, by a Frenchman Abroad; The Past and Future of China; The Last Fruit off an Old Tree; The Beverages we Infuse; The Aberdeen Cabinet.

YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS, 8vo.; **THOMSON'S POETICAL WORKS**, 8vo.; **MILTON'S POETICAL WORKS**, 8vo. Edited, with Critical Introductions, Notes, &c., by George Gilfillan. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1854.

We beg leave to call the attention of our readers to the admirable getting up of these volumes. The paper is of the first quality, the type large and clear, and the whole appearance very attractive. The Appletons are doing the very best service to the community in issuing a complete and well-edited collection of the English poets, of whom the names above will give a good idea. Mr. Gilfillan is a careful and judicious editor, not a Churchman, it is true, but, with rare exceptions, candid and liberal in his criticisms where points of difference are involved. The style of getting up, and the very moderate price (only \$1 per vol.,) must give this series of the poets a decided preference among all readers of taste and discernment, who, with due regard to their eyes, are careful to eschew the fine print, double-columned, cheap issues of the day.

MR. RUTHERFORD'S CHILDREN, 18mo.; **CARL KRINKEN**, 18mo. New-York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1854.

The Misses Warner (*nomme de plume*, Wetherell) are quite extensively known by their *quasi* religious novels, "The Wide, Wide World," "Dollars and Cents," &c. They are now trying their hands at juvenile productions, and have sent forth the two volumes named above. They are in some respects admirable books for children, but, in our judgment, are far from being perfect, either in conception or execution. These ladies hold facile pens, and they are moved by undoubted aspirations after pure and true things; the tone of these volumes is decidedly religious, and we doubt not that, wherever read, they will produce good effect; but yet for all this, we ven-

ture to predict that the series will not be a permanently successful one, unless the volumes yet to follow are very much superior to those now published.

THE HEARTH-STONE; Thoughts upon Home Life in our Cities. By Samuel Osgood. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1854.

Mr. Osgood is a highly respectable man, and a very fair scholar: he is a minister to a Unitarian congregation in New-York; and has already been before the public as an author. The present volume speaks well for his kindly and genial spirit, and, apart from the question of the expediency of using books which are written by Unitarians, is well calculated to promote the best ends and objects of home life. The publishers have brought it out in superior style.

From the same publishers we have

ALCOHOL AND THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN. By E. L. Youmans. 12mo.

This volume is a popular scientific account of the chemical history and properties of Alcohol, and its leading effects upon the healthy human constitution. It is also illustrated by a colored chemical chart,—and, altogether, is worthy of very careful perusal.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PHYSICS, OR PROCESS OF CREATIVE DEVELOPMENTS, &c. By Andrew Brown. 8vo. 1854. Redfield.

A *very profound* book, we doubt not, for it is entirely beyond our depth. The author is very certain that the whole world heretofore has been wrong and that he at last has arisen to set it right. He upsets all other systems of natural philosophy, and scouts the wisdom of everybody except himself, who rejoices in the cognomen, "Member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science." For aught we know, Mr. Brown may be wiser than Solomon, and deeper than a ship-load of savans in these latter days. We made a brave attempt to catch an idea of his philosophy, but the tremendous nomenclature of his book completely broke us down: *e. g.*, "Unitality," "Dynamicalities of Nature," "Self-effectivity," "Radicals," "Phenomenal Severality," &c., &c. The very pronouncing of such manufactured words as these, is like a *douche*, bath in winter, and put a stop to our researches; and we shall never know what Mr. A. Brown, Member, &c., really does teach, until some one translates his substantial octavo into the vernacular usually understood in these United States. If the reader likes to try his hand at the book, we wish him all success.

A MONTH IN ENGLAND. By Henry T. Tuckerman. New-York: Redfield.

In this very pleasant volume Mr. Tuckerman maintains the high reputation which he enjoys, of being one of our most accomplished and correct writers. It is a volume of that character which both pleases and profits the reader; it shows what an intelligent man can do in the short space of a month, if he only knows how; and it may well be taken as a companion on the voyage, by any one proposing to visit the mother country. We are confident that it will well repay perusal, by both those who stay at home and those who go abroad.

THE POTIPHAR PAPERS. Reprinted from Putnam's Monthly. New-York: Putnam & Co. 1854.

These broad and unbecoming satires and sneerings were bad enough when they appeared in "Putnam's Monthly;" but to have collected them

into a volume, and sent them forth to excite laughter at things sacred, and bring odium upon religion, because some silly people show their silliness in regard to religion as well as other things, is little short of disgusting. The inanities of fashionable life may be fair game, for such writers as the one who dilated upon the degraded prostitutes of Egypt a few years ago; but we must protest against his making a clergyman, and sacred books and things, subjects for his mirth or sarcasm. We speak very plainly and straightforwardly, because we mean that the "CHURCHMAN'S MONTHLY," at least, shall not countenance any work of this description.

ADVENTURES IN FAIRY LAND. By Richard Henry Stoddard. With Engravings, from Designs by Oertel. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields.

This will be a welcome addition to the library of the little people, and may be read with profit and pleasure by their sires. Some of the most distinguished writers of the day have turned their talents to good account in this direction; nor is it a mark of any mean ability to be capable of writing a "Wonder-Book," which is level to the understanding of the child. Those who feel themselves above such things very probably over-estimate their powers, and those whose fame is already established will lose nothing by such humble endeavors. There is a subtle genius, a varied and matchless melody, in the well-known "Nursery Rhymes." The allegory is a difficult department of literature, and very few, comparatively, have attempted to follow in the footsteps of the great Bunyan. The embodiment of virtues and vices, and abstract truths, so that the tale may interest us, independently, by the movement of its living personages, and the meaning be not too palpable to afford no exercise for the ingenuity, nor yet so closely veiled, or inadequately developed, that it cannot be detected by one of ordinary understanding, is an end gained by fewer still. The style of Mr. Stoddard's little book is very pure and simple, and well suited to his design. This is a great merit to begin with, and indispensable in allegorical writing. The stories are six in number; and something of the treat afforded may be anticipated from their titles. They are the "White Lamb," "The Light Boy of Shadowland," "The False Fawn," "Patience and Angela," "The Light in the Attic," "Helpless and Helpful." They embody, one and all, a sweet, wholesome morality; and the first, we think, something more distinctive, on which account we prefer it to all the rest, although every one in the book exemplifies some Christian principle. Did space allow we might adduce many exquisite passages, for the author, though young, has exhibited in his former works a consummate mastery of the subtle and suggestive vocabulary, from whose treasury are derived the *ipsissima verba* which are essential to the witchcraft and enchantment of the poet. We heartily wish, and invoke, a favorable reception for these "Adventures in Fairy Land."

GUSTAVUS LINDORM. By Emily Carlen. Translated from the original Swedish, by Elbert Perce. Charles Scribner.

The author of this work, we believe, stands only second in her own country to Fredrika Bremer. Her stories, like those of the last-named lady, are so wholesome in their tendency, so original in their style and structure, so *naïve* and attractive in their pictures of domestic life and home-bred affections, that their perusal will be most refreshing to those who are satiated with the batch of novels lately written. The translator is a very young man, who has made no small progress in the languages and literature of Northern Europe, and who is the first one to open to the American public a new and rich source of instruction and entertainment in these writings.

The works already translated by the same hand have met with signal favor, having passed through many editions, and an arrangement has been entered into, by which they are received direct from the author, who will participate in the benefits of their sale.

CIRCUMSTANCES beyond control have prevented the preparation of the ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE for this number. It will be combined with that for March.

Obituary.

WITH deep sympathy for the respected parent, we copy the following from a Church paper:—DIED, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on the Fourth Sunday after Epiphany, January 29th, HORATIO, eldest child of the Right Rev. Horatio Southgate, D. D., aged 13 years.

Calendar for February.

2. The Presentation of CHRIST in the Temple, commonly called the Purification of St. MARY the Virgin.
5. Fifth Sunday after the Epiphany.
12. Septuagesima Sunday: Third Sunday before Lent.
19. Sexagesima Sunday: Second Sunday before Lent.
24. St. MATTHIAS the Apostle.
26. Quinquagesima Sunday: Next Sunday before Lent.

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No. 3.

NEW APOSTLES—A FOURFOLD MINISTRY.

A DISTANT friend informs me that there is a sect, denominated "Irvingites," who, besides affecting very lofty "Catholic" ground, claim to be "under the government of Apostles specially deputed by the Divine Head of the Church." These "Apostles" they rank above Bishops, making a *fourfold* ministry,—Apostles, Bishops, Presbyters, Deacons,—instead of a threefold : how did they miss the name of "Fourfolders?" To me this information is entirely new. But the thing, the hypothesis, may be comprehended at a glance; and accordingly my friend desires me to throw together, in print, a few remarks on this very anomalous theme. Eccentricity too readily mantles itself in Catholicism.

The points understood to be urged by the "Fourfolders,"—that is the better name,—are thus given by my informant : they are few, but ecclesiastically fundamental:—

"1. The Apostles were *officially* superior to Bishops,—being the highest of the orders in the 'fourfold ministry.'

"2. By the ordinance of Christ, there were to be twelve Apostles, and only twelve—St. Paul being specially sent—to govern the Church in all time." "There were to be 'twelve thrones' only, no matter how many subordinate *cathedræ*,—twelve Apostles, besides Bishops, designed to be ever over the Church." And here the words, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," though pronounced to the *eleven* only, are appealed to as a proof-text : but, according to another feature of the erratic system, this appeal, concerning the perpetuity of the office and rank, is no better than suicidal to the scheme—inasmuch as—

"3. For the sins of the Church, God withdrew from it the gift of an Apostolic Order, about the beginning of the second century ; but has *now* graciously restored that Order, and called the whole Catholic Church to rally in unity under it."

Here, we "outside barbarians" may well demand, who and
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where are these twelve new "fishermen?" and, if it were not ungracious in print, we might further ask, in what sense, or in how many senses, do they and their clergy propose to be "fishers of men?"* Perhaps their lofty supereminence puts them above responding to questions so impertinent. Come we then to argument, where all men are on a level. Well, they maintain that the definite number "twelve" excludes all others, at any given time, from the Apostolate. They maintain, that the Apostles ruled "officially" over Diocesan Bishops; "St. Paul writing *authoritatively* to Timothy and Titus." They maintain, that the real Apostleship was withdrawn about the year 100, because the Church was growing unruly and disunited: i. e. "the centre of unity," appointed by the Lord, failed, and was removed by Him just when it began to be most wanted! They maintain,—with all becoming modesty, it is to be hoped,—that the veritable primary Apostolate, in the persons of exactly twelve "thronal" incumbents, has reappeared now, in the middle of the nineteenth century!! A few words may be ventured, I hope, by my audacity, on these several topics.

1. Besides the "Apostles" of the first college, the twelve, several others (after Matthias) have that very title in the New Testament, and in our translation,—Paul and Barnabas, Timothy and Sylvanus (1 Thess., i. 1–ii. 6), Andronicus and Junia. (Rom. xvi.) Consider also those called *αποστολοι* in Greek, but in our English, "messengers," in 2 Cor. viii., 23, and Phil. ii., 25. Also, the "false Apostles," in 2 Cor., xi., 13, and Rev., ii., 2. Also, James, brother of our Lord. (Gal., i., 19.) And consult, on most of these cases, gentle reader, the volume, "Episcopacy Examined and Re-examined," where their actual Apostleship is fairly proved. With all this recorded evidence, that concerning St. Paul especially, whom the Holy Spirit, in Christ's own volume, hath endowed with more eminence than any or all of the rest, that intellect must be morbidly or morally oblique which limits to the twelve the proper Apostleship, whatever speciality may be alleged for the thirteenth, or holds that it cannot go beyond twelve persons at any one time. On that assumption, particularly when but one of the twelve remained alive, St. John, A. D. 96, the "false Apostles" were too great fools to be knaves! And how could they be amenable to the "angel" or Bishop at Ephesus, unless he himself claimed to be a veritable "Apostle?"

2. Inspiration exalted lay prophets over priests, yet *absque sacerdotio*; much more, and in *sacerdotalibus* likewise, did it elevate Paul, the Apostle, above Timothy, the Apostle, in even

* Sectarian sagacity is ingenious in discovering new baits; and by this time there may be fevered *catholicarians*, in many "churches," who are weary of applauding and magnifying dreamy superstitions to unwilling ears, and who may even venture to follow and to swallow a lure in some more *catholicizing* direction.

dictating to him his many and important duties : there needs no "official" superiority of Apostles over Bishops to explain this ; it is merely inspiration commanding *uninspiration* : and besides, Timothy was an "Apostle." Inspiration plenary in any one of our Bishops, would make him, in counsel, superior to the whole House. If Bishop Kip were thus inspired, his monition ought to be obeyed above that of Bishops Brownell and Williams, even in Connecticut ; above that of Bishop Doane, in New-Jersey. Yea, if our excellent Gurney Smith, or Floyd Smith, were so inspired, they could declare God's imperative will to Bishop Potter and Bishop Wainwright. Moreover : Inspiration, (full and fully authenticated,) with also the Episcopal or Apostolic office, would give jurisdiction, *de jure*, throughout the Church. It would confer on our Bishop Davis, or the English Bishop Jackson, the right to enjoin authoritatively every one, and all collectively, of the English, Irish, Scottish, and American Archbishops and Bishops, with all the Convocations and Conventions, and the whole of the several Churches,—besides the Swedish, Moravian, Roman, Armenian, Syrian, Coptic, and Greek Churches, and all their dignitaries, not exempting the Pope himself. All this is palpably obvious.

With self-evidence so clear, wherefore doth argument "start aside like a bow that is broken," when the inspired Apostle Paul writes orders to the uninspired Apostle Timothy ?

Yet, after all, *do* the epistles to Timothy breathe jurisdiction, official mandate, official dictation ? Is their tone magisterial, or only monitory ? Clearly, they amount to no more than that higher form of advice which is called a Charge,—the written and probably expanded charge which had already been declared to Timothy, when consecrated, by oral communication, and perhaps in more general terms. It is an inspired charge, recorded for him and every Apostle-Bishop to the end of the world. And, being inspired, its ecclesiastical precepts are perpetual canons. So with the epistle to Titus. It is mere illusion, then, to maintain that St. Paul regards Timothy and Titus as inferiors in grade, just as he does the Presbyter-Bishops as officially inferior to both himself and them.

3. That the supreme official rank of the twelve ceased about the beginning of the second century, is a mere assumption, worth nothing in argument, contrary to both Scripture and the annals of the Church. Our Saviour promised to be with the twelve, more accurately the eleven, "always, all days, *πας τας ημερας*, even to the end of the world,"—i. e. "every day, and the whole of every day, without intermission, until the very consummation, *του αιωνος*, of the Gospel world or period : " if the Apostleship expired or failed, it was a token that the "Gospel-age" was either closed or suspended, leaving no Christ for guilty men ! Proof

imperative, on our heart-faith, that the Apostolate of the twelve never was, and never could be eclipsed. We learn, also, from Gal. i. 1, that there were "Apostles by man," i. e., commissioned by Christ through human ordainers, for the indefectible succession.

And so agree the patristic annals, the historical record of the Church, and of our holy religion; as two or three quotations from Archbishop Potter, and from Eusebius, will evince. Irænaeus, A.D. 150, writes concerning the order of Bishops, "Whom they [the Apostles] left to be their successors, and to whom they committed *their own* Apostolic authority," or, "*their own* place [*locum*, stead, premises, tenement,] of government." No failure here of the true Apostolic office. Clement of Alexandria, A.D. 191, after naming the promotion of Matthias, declares, "*even now*, they who live up to the perfect rules of the Gospel may be taken into the *number* [*εκλογην*] of the Apostles," into the "elect list, elect class, elect catalogue" of the Apostles. In like manner, Saul (Acts ix., 15) is termed a "chosen vessel," *σκευος εκλογης*, "an instrument of the elect apostolic enrolment, or elect apostolic register;" and godly persons might be inscribed in that very roll in the days of Clement. Cyprian, A.D. 250, affirms, "our Lord chose *Apostles*, that is, *Bishops* and presidents." Eusebius, A.D. 325, records, four times, (Crusé, pp. 45-47,) that the Thaddeus, one of the Seventy, who, after the ascension, was sent by St. Thomas to King Agbarus, was an "Apostle." He says likewise of James, the Lord's brother—the authority being Hegesippus, of the second century—that he "received the government of the Church [participantly, in colleagueship,] with the Apostles;" adding, "This *Apostle* was consecrated from his mother's womb," (76.) Eusebius further calls Mark "the *Apostle* and evangelist," though not one of the twelve, (79.) Theodoret, A.D. 430, is explicit: "they, *τους*, whom we now call, *καλουμενους*, Bishops, were then [first century] called Apostles; but in process of time the *name, ονομα*, of Apostles was appropriated to them who were Apostles in the strict sense; [*αληθως*, substantively, not through a dependent agency, i. e. 'not by man, but by Jesus Christ;']* and the rest, who formerly *had* the name of, *καλουμενους*, Apostles, were styled Bishops." The "name" yielded; the *office* was perpetual.

With the evidence of Scripture, and with recorded historical proof all the way down to the middle of the fifth century, that the actual "Apostleship" was transmitted, and ever to be transmitted, he must be bold who affirms that that office expired with the first century.

* To render *αληθως*, "truly," is to put the letter of the word above the clear scope and meaning of the passage.

4. And far worse than bold must he be, who maintains that an office alleged to be so pre-eminently high, absolutely super-episcopal, a sovereign oligarchy of twelve men over the Universal Church, an office not vicariously transmitted, is revived in the nineteenth century, without a new revelation, without a solitary miracle, reputedly authenticated, to seal and ratify the enormously arrogant claim. Far worse than bold! Is there no terror in the scriptural denunciation of "false Apostles?" None, in the very name? Let them show, I repeat, a heavenly commission; let them—after so long a break in the *literal* Apostolic succession—let them show the heavenly seal, supernatural works, plain, palpable, seen by hundreds and thousands, performed in the midst of enemies. Thus did the twelve; thus did Paul; thus did Barnabas, (Acts xiv. 3.) The revival of such alleged "thronal" power, extinct, and without succession, for seventeen hundred years, demands authentication as cogent and as vivid as it bore on its first creation and promulgation. Neither learning nor amenity, neither Catholic affectation nor Catholic affection, can extenuate the monstrous arrogance and crime. Whether a shred of "piety" may be entangled in the profane congeries, is not worth an inquiry or a conjecture.

December, 1853.

Thus far I had written—and I offer the argument as a kind of abstract view of the matter before the reader—when a pamphlet reached me on the subject of the new *ism*. Had I received it earlier, I should probably have left the whole theme untouched, as one beneath intellectual debate. I know not the author. He may, or may not, be an able man. I take for granted, of course, that he is a right-meaning Christian. But his pamphlet is shallow—betraying the illusive halo of a visionary mind, of a crank and unballasted judgment—as a few references to its hardly plausible contents will evince.

a. From the fact that the Church is divided and unworthy, the writer argues that a new college of "twelve" Apostles was required in this nineteenth century, to reunite and reclaim it. But the remedy was as much wanted in the seventeenth, or the second confessedly, or almost any other past century or age. And if the twelve-system did not prevent discord and defection, how can that system remedy them? Obviously there must be *another* alternative; and that other will bear the remedial honor. Or, why is a new Apostleship more demanded than a new Sacrament, or a new Church, or a new Revelation, some *new* New Testament or Bible, proclaiming the ministerial innovation, and able to compete with the Mormon aureat plates?

b. It is palpably odd, that the new "twelve" have all been found in the British Islands—none in the rest of Europe, or in America; particularly as Britons bear no such secernal relation to the world as formerly did the Jews. Much odder is it, that the names of the new "twelve" are not published in the pamphlet. It offers, to us Mount-Gerizim-ites, anonymous Apostles, of unknown character, in unnamed towns or districts! And, moreover, they are discovered in presbytery and dissent, as well as in the Church! a fact rather damping the suavity so perseveringly and over-blandly professed for it and for Episcopacy.

c. Or, how agree with reiterated disclaimers of schism, the imputations—that "the Church in her present state is away from her Lord,"—that she is "apostate Christendom,"—that "the cry is made even now, Come out of her, my people,"—yea, while "the sealing of the elect . . . is now being done by the [new] apostles?" If any are puerile enough to imagine that such language comes not from the quintessential spirit of schism, let them ask the "rappers" to evoke the shade of Wesley—and then counsel with him whose every inculcation was against severance from the Church, while his whole practical energy favored and furthered it.

d. Miracles, not a few, are, I find, alleged by the pamphlet; only three specific ones, however, being quoted from an English publication. Not one seems to be recorded by an eye-witness, but only from report of some kind; nor is it even reported that they were performed before enemies, or before multitudes, or large companies of neighbors. And the maladies and the cures were very open to imposture, though "doctors" vouched the former to be veritable and hopeless, and the latter real; for we all know that doctors may differ. An "infant's" friends may deceive, though the "infant" cannot: neither can it expose a trick. The pretence of "Satanic possession," and "answers to unrevealed thoughts of men's hearts," cast a double cloud over the whole thaumaturgic arrogation. Nor do we find the names published of either the cured or the spectators. Neither is aught acknowledged of failures, which we may presume to be not uncommon, leaving the lucky cases, if any, only lucky. Very natural is it, therefore, *not* "to proclaim these wonderful works, and draw attention to them!" though miracles were once the very "signs of an Apostle," and though most of Christ's and the primal Apostles' miracles were uncontrollably and vehemently noised abroad,—neither "profaneness" nor "blasphemy" being feared, though the gainsayers were Pharisees and Beelzebub himself. The humility of the Fourfolders is painfully equivocal.

e. Speaking with tongues is fully claimed; yet is resolved into unintelligible mutter, which the gifted interpret into saintly talk! That imbecile hypothesis may do for currency among those who

can believe (pp. 53, 57,) that St. Paul had *not* the gift of tongues, and also that he *had* that gift! Not even the buoyant name of Neander can float such millstones.

f. To perfect the shoalness of the pamphlet, and of the entire speculation, a speedy second Advent (when "144,000" Fourfold-ers shall have been "sealed") is made the hinge and ulterior motive of this new Apostolic investiture; the latter being the preparation for the former. In other words, the scheme propounded is consciously too feeble to stand upon fair argument, or even on middle-rate enthusiasm, and therefore props itself with that most pungent sapling of notionalism which hath ever been superlatively redundant in growth and in regrowth, and as superlatively efficient, for a while, with pepper-hot brains.—The awful second Advent; how frequently and how impiously has the doctrine been perverted!

The neat blending of Catholicism with this confident *isma hodiernum*, is far from wonderful: Catholic flavors and qualities may now-a-days be readily extracted from a variety of mediæval drugs, whether good, bad, or ambiguous. O.

PHILADELPHIA, *January, 1854.*

A TOUCHING INSTANCE OF MOTHERLY AFFECTION.—Mary, Countess of Orkney, was deaf and dumb, and married in 1753, by signs. She lived with her husband, Murrough, first Marquis of Thomond, who was also her first cousin, at his seat, Rostellon, on the harbor of Cork. Shortly after the birth of her first child, the nurse, with considerable astonishment, saw the mother cautiously approach the cradle, in which the infant was sleeping, evidently full of some deep design. She having perfectly assured herself that the child really slept, took out a large stone, which she had concealed under her shawl; and to the horror of the nurse—who, like all persons of the lowest order in her country, indeed in most countries, was fully impressed with the idea of the peculiar cunning and malignity of the "dumbies"—seized it with an intent to fling it down vehemently. Before the nurse could interpose, the Countess had flung the stone—not, however, as the servant had apprehended, at the child, but on the floor; of course it made a great noise. The child immediately awoke, and cried. The Countess, who had looked with maternal eagerness to the result of her experiment, fell on her knees in a transport of joy. She had discovered that her child possessed a sense that was wanting in herself.

EXPERIENCES OF LIFE.

BY REV. JOSEPH J. NICHOLSON.

(Continued.)

IV.

WE think it best, at this stage of our sketch, to introduce our Pastor to the reader. "Your Pastor? what has he to do with your sketch?" "We shall see," we answer. We are writing life experiences, and life runs in crooked streams very often. He who writes from the lines of life must often diverge from the straight line of the ordinary story-teller. If there appear no connection here, it will be seen hereafter. Let that suffice to quiet all murmurings.

Our Pastor was a very practical man—a man of large learning and experience—one of your close-thinking men, who, in his public ministrations and private intercourse with his flock, made every event in life, and every phenomenon in nature, in some way subservient to his work. No man that ever I saw was so complete a master of the hearts of the youthful—no man understood so well how to interest them, or to gain their affections! And this because he had such a happy facility in conversing with them on those commonplace topics which they best understood. He had evidently been a boy himself, for he understood all about the making and flying of a kite, a game of ball or marbles, as well as any boy in Christendom. And it was really a treat to get him interested in conversation on any of the pastimes of his younger days; for, apart from the pleasure he afforded, he always instructed—always pointed out some new beauty, some new lesson of wisdom, even in those things which we thought we were thorough masters of. Well do I remember a visit he paid to the village school, and the interesting sketch that he gave us, at the request of the tutor, on the *Philosophy of Birds*. "When I was a boy," said Mr. Lovegood, "I spent many days rambling over the fields and nursing the little ducks and chickens, employments which delighted me when a youth. Many, many hours did I spend in the pleasant task of watching and noting the developments of the wonderful instincts of the poultry-yard. It is not strange then, boys, that this pleasant spring day should bring to light some lines long obscured on the table of my memory, of the peculiar traits of that wise little folk, the birds and domestic fowls, which I treasured up when a boy. For this bright, sunny day, and the sparkling eyes and smiling faces around me, carry me back to the days of my youth! Man is a strange compound, and a wonderful! And it may seem strange to you, a waste of time, if not absolutely nonsensical, to talk about the *Philosophy of Birds!*"

"Philosophy of Birds!" we all exclaimed. "Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"That, boys, is precisely what I wish to do—talk about something of which you have never heard—something of which you know, perhaps, nothing."

"But, Mr. Lovegood, you say *Philosophy* of Birds."

"Just so—*Philosophy*! What's in a word? I care not a fig about it in the present instance. Words are mighty things, indeed! But in the present case I care not for the word; call it *instinct*, if you prefer it. I prefer the word I use—*Philosophy*. And I maintain against you and the rest of the world that birds are philosophers. They have a *language*, too!"

"What—*birds* have a language?"

"Yes! birds. It is true we do not understand it. Perhaps that is a boon yet in store for us, in this progressive age! You smile at this, as well you may—but there are men silly enough to undertake anything! The barbarians of our own race have a language which we do not understand; but *our* not understanding does not prove that they have no language—neither does our ignorance of ornithological dialect prove that birds have not a language. They have not *our* language, but they have one of their own. If we do not understand it, it is our infelicity. And it should humble us when we reflect that there is something under the sun which we do not understand! Stranger ideas than this, that I have started, have passed current in the world. In the olden time there was a system in ornithomancy—divination by the flight and other acts of birds. Some remarkable stories of such things are told in the old classic authors, which some of these days you may read. Great events have turned upon the flight of a flock of ravens, or vultures! And even at this day, you know, some of the simple-minded country people tremble, if an unlucky crow wings his flight across their pathway! *Two* crows make a better omen, but *three* a very bad one. The shrill cry, *nocturnus alulatus*, of the Night-raven (*Nycticorux*) is heard with dread, as foreboding some dire calamity! And so the wakeful notes of the Whip-poor-will, at nightfall, especially if he take his position in the yard or near the house, bring to the inmates of that house the omen of death! But I assure you that I have often heard the shrill cry of the night-raven, and the melancholy note of the Whip-poor-will, without terror, or ensuing death, or calamity! And yet I believe that birds are philosophers, and very wise ones in their way; that they have a language, and understand each other, at least of the same genus. When a boy, I was not unobservant of such small matters, and now that I am a man, and the frosts of age are settling on my brow, I look upon them with a greater reverence, if not awe! Then they afforded me pleasure; they *now* afford me food for reflection; teach me deep

lessons of love and humility ; lift my thoughts and my heart up to that Great Being 'who feedeth the young ravens that cry unto Him,' and who, through the instincts of brutes, and beasts, and fowls of the air, teacheth man wisdom !

"When young, I had a peculiar *penchant* for *crows*, i. e., longing after them. It was a strange fancy. But boys will be boys, and every boy will have his own idiosyncrasy. I had mine. It was a hankering after *crows* ! But, if the truth must be told, there was a twofold reason for this singular fancy of mine. In the first place, crows are very troublesome little fellows, you know, boys. They will steal eggs and young chickens, and pluck the shoots of corn, for the parent grain, as they spring out of the earth. So that my father proclaimed a war of extermination against the crow tribe. Consequently, in the second place, every dead crow was a sixpence in my pocket ! Marvellous thing ! 'Money is the root of all evil !' It certainly was the root of my fondness for crows ! And, notwithstanding the orinthomancy of the ancients, and the superstition of the ignorant, it certainly was a *lucky* thing to me, and a very *unlucky* one to any crow whose flight lay across my pathway, within gun-shot (I was a remarkable shot 'on the wing')—for to *him* it was certain death, to *me* it was as good as a sixpence !"

"But you tell me, crows are not philosophers."

"Then, boys, answer me this : How is it that I could approach one of these sable, glossy little fellows almost as near as I pleased, if *only I had no gun* in my hand ; but when I had that deadly weapon, I could rarely get within gun-shot of one ?"

"True ! true !" we all exclaimed. "True to life !"

"They cared not for *me*, but they did for the *gun*."

"They *smelt powder*," exclaimed the boys. "That is it—they don't like powder !"

"I could walk through the fields with a tobacco-stick, or any other bludgeon, unnoticed. But let me have a gun, and I might creep behind bushes, copy all the arts of war in ambush, but as a general thing it would all be useless. His crowship, a sentinel, sitting on some high tree looking out, would spy me, and in a jiffy you would hear him sing out, 'Caw, caw, caw !' and away they would all go, making the air ring again with the same cry, and laughing in their sleeve at me, if they happened to have one. I have witnessed this a thousand times."

"So have we," said the boys.

"And a thousand times felt my heart palpitate, when, at the moment I expected to win the prize, they have been warned by the sentinel, whose sharp eye detected me in my hiding-place, and they have all flown off, making merry at my expense !"

"Crows are not philosophers, eh, boys ? Then I should like you to account for this. You see an old setting crow, perched

on the top of a tree, or on a fence-stake, near the poultry-yard. There she sits, the very picture of 'patience sitting on a monument.' What does it mean? Watch yonder hen, and you shall see. She softly threads her way through the briars or leaves, or she is scratching in the straw behind the barn. Her crowship looks on, well content to bide her time! The hen, too, has her philosophy, but perhaps in the present instance it is a very foolish one. Like some people we wot of, the less they know the wiser they think they are! For she has no sooner accomplished the great work of laying an egg, than she must tell all the world the wonder; and away she goes cackling, and fuming, and fussing, at the top of her voice! Now watch her crowship! You hear not a word from her! But she softly lifts her wing, and adown she sails to the nest! She pauses a moment, to see that all is right. The crow is wonderfully circumspect, and teaches man a beautiful lesson! She *looks all around her*, before she acts in such an enterprise! Perhaps she feels guilty, and therefore she thinks that some wily boy may have placed a trap there for her destruction—as I have known boys to do. Therefore, she draws herself stealthily up to the nest—stands, as it were, on tiptoe, stretches out her neck, peeps well in—and then—the track being clear—I would not give much for that egg!"

"Good, good, good!" said the boys, clapping their hands—"just like them!"

"I add one other instance of the philosophy of crows. When they grew uncommonly wily, and yet uncommonly destructive in the corn-field, at my father's suggestion, I resolved on another plan for their destruction. I took a large quantity of corn, and with a needle inserted a horse-hair through the centre of each grain, and tied it fast. This corn, so arranged, I scattered broadcast over the field. 'Now,' says I, 'I guess I shall be too smart for you.' Well, one or two would pick up a grain, examine it—it was no go! He would set one foot on the grain, take the hair in his beak, and tug away until in some way he would get it free; if not, he would give it up. One fellow, less discreet, or more hungry than the rest, swallowed a grain. Presently I saw he was in misery. 'Now,' says I, 'old fellow, you are a goner.' He flew up, made a call, and three or four flocked about him, and the last I saw of them, one was tugging at the hair to pull it out of his throat! I gave up, in despair of catching or killing crows in that way! Crows are philosophers, boys, it is useless to deny it! The only way I could ever save the corn from them, was by rolling the grains well in tar before planting. They are not fond of tar."

"No," says Tom Jenkins—"it smells and tastes something like gunpowder, and they are afraid of it!"

"Well, boys, I suppose a turkey-hen is not a philosopher either—a feminine philosopher?"

"Did you ever have your *own* hen and chickens, or turkey and her young, to care for and nurse, as a man would nurse his own child? If not, you are no judge. It is only the real country boy who understands these things. Your city nursling, what knows he of the philosophy of fowls? Perhaps he understands them *on the table*, if he has money enough to buy them. Otherwise, I trow, in these hard times—which have been since the days of Adam—he does not *understand* them even then (*stand over* them he never does). Understand the philosophy of fowls! Why, one half of the city dandies, swaggering under whiskers and cigars, have not philosophy enough to *carve* one when it is served on the table cooked, and ready for the knife!

"If you had been a boy when I was, and with me watched my turkey-hen, to find her nest, you would not have said that she lacked philosophy! She never intended that I or any one else should know where it was. Nay, if she could hinder it, even his honor, her liege-lord, was not let into the secret. But I generally acquired it by dint of effort—by sly, stealthy movements and watchings. She would be with the flock, carelessly picking about the poultry-yard. Presently she would shear off—seem to lose all taste for society; in fact, to become too fastidious or aristocratic to associate with others. So she would gradually work her way off from them; and then you would see her glide along stealthily, now this way, then that, but never in the direction of her nest. My position would be taken behind an old house, or a bunch of briars, or a tree—as she moved along, I altered my position, taking pains to keep out of sight, and at a respectful distance. If ever she saw me, it was enough! 'She was only idling her time then!' 'She was not going to her nest.' 'Indeed, I was mistaken in suspecting such a thing.' 'Dear me,' she seemed to say, 'how is it that I have wandered so far from my companions!' And she would turn about and commence retracing her steps with all the *naïveté* of the most consummate coquette! For a whole day has she coquetted me in this way, without going to her nest. My only plan was, when I was detected, to make tracks boldly for the house. She would be watching me—no, not she! Nevertheless, I would have to make a final clearance, and fall upon another plan to accomplish my object, which was simply to return home, and take my position at a garret window, and look after her until she ceased to fear my intrusion, and then to steal out again and follow her up in the same sly way, or else, for that day, give over the task!

"A turkey-hen is not a philosopher, eh?

"Then go with me into the fields and watch her movements with her young. Mark her care and watchfulness. How stately is her walk; how soft her tread, as the little ones run about her feet! Hear her call them when she finds food; see the little ones obey that call. But above all, mark that eye of hers; see

it turned up to the heavens, in the full glare of the broiling noon-day sun, which you dare not face! But she has a thin film which she draws over her eye, which protects it from the sun's rays, yet enables her to see. And ever and anon, first one eye and then the other is turned up to scan the high arch of the heavens; and if, perchance, kite or eagle hover near, her keen eye searches him out, even though he flaps his wing under the full blaze of the sun! The young are warned, and immediately they seek a hiding-place! See her again, passing, with her stately tread, through the fields. A snake is descried in the grass! O, then, such a sputtering you never heard—"Put!—put!—put!—put!—put!"—and all the young ones hurry up and gather around, and stretch out their little necks, and gaze at the snake, answering in the same language—put—put—put. If any one acquainted at all with turkey language is near at hand, he knows the meaning of all this, prepares a stick, draws up and kills the snake, and the fuss is ended; otherwise, having wearied themselves with the alarm, one by one they turn away, quit their grumbling and 'putting,' and go on their way as quietly as ever."

"That's all true," said the boys: "we know it is."

"O! Mr. Lovegood," said little Ben Jones, "let me tell you what I saw last summer."

"Tell on, Ben," said Mr. Lovegood.

"I was walking through the orchard, and I heard the turkeys quarrelling and 'putting,' as you say, over something; and when I went up, sure enough they had found a viper! And what do you think, Mr. Lovegood? The viper had a toad in his mouth, whose head just projected out of his mouth. In a minute more he would have swallowed him. I took a stick, struck the viper a blow, the toad sprang out of his mouth, and away he went as fast as he could hop, his little eyes almost popping out of his head, right through the flock of young turkeys, to their great dismay! I watched the toad as far as I could see him; he was hopping away, for his life."

"Good for you, Ben! I am glad to see you observant of such things. I have seen the same thing, when a boy, several times.

"Now, boys, you all know how old chanticleer, and the mother hen, of all tribes, turkey, chicken, duck, know the birds of prey from those that are not. A Buzzard, (Butes, or Triorches,) which preys only on *dead* animals, may sail about all day unnoticed. But as soon as a bird of the *accipitris* genus, which is a bird of prey, the kite or eagle, for instance, makes his appearance, what a scream, and rush, and flutter, is immediately raised, and how all the little ones scamper off to a hiding-place!

"I have not told you the half yet, boys; but I fear to tire your patience."

"O do go on, Mr. Lovegood—it is so pleasant!"

"Well, did you ever come suddenly on a covey of young partridges in a thicket? I have, very often. It is a beautiful sight! I have seen the little fellows run with the shell yet on the back. Walking through the sedge or leaves, your ears are suddenly stunned by a flutter, and the scream of the parent birds, and all around you are twenty or more of these little fellows, hustling and scampering about hither and thither! In a moment, ere your astonishment has subsided, there is profound silence! You see not so much as the rustling of a leaf! The old birds are near at hand, running around with drooping wings, presenting the truest picture of woe, and touching your heart by their piteous cries!

"Now, what has become of those little fellows? You mean to catch one of them! Well, catch it if you can! I defy you! I have tried it a hundred times! They may be within two rods of you, or they may be twenty rods off—so it is for the life of you, you can't find one of them! Those little fellows have more philosophy than you! They are masters of their profession, which, in the present instance, is simply to hide from you, and defy your search! You withdraw a space, out of sight, but not out of hearing. Now listen! What do you hear? The low, mournful voice of the parents, assuring the little ones that danger is over, and calling them together—'Whe-ew—whe-ew—whe-ew,' their little throats warble in an undertone! If the parent birds have separated, you hear ringing out on the air, in a soft, clear voice—'Bob-white—Bob-white—Bob-white!' And presently you hear the answer, 'Bob-white—Bob-white—Bob-white'—and Bobby comes up, and then, O, such a prattling and jollifying you never heard—they are all so happy!

"And now, boys, I have done," said Mr. Lovegood.

"I speak as a simple-minded boy. In fact, this scene and these thoughts make a boy of me again! They are but a feeble picture of my boyish enthusiasm, over such common-places of my younger life, which have left deep marks and lines on my memory! Nor have I told you of these things simply to make up a story. They are facts—facts just as they occurred, true to life, true to nature, without one line of embellishment! God bless you, boys! Keep your young hearts pure and innocent, as the day you came from the holy font. When you grow to man's estate, still be boys, little weaned children, in heart, and life, and conversation! Still meditate on these simple, but beautiful, memories of your younger days! And then, with me, you will see in them something to admire, something to adore! You will see the handiwork of Jehovah, written, not alone on the seas and floods, and the great worlds above us; but also in the instincts of the fowls of the air and the fishes of the sea; and

with the sweet Psalmist of Israel, your heart will break out in the jubilant song: "O praise the Lord of heaven: praise him in the height. Praise Him, all ye angels of His; praise Him, all His hosts; praise Him, sun and moon; praise Him, all ye stars and light—mountains and all hills; fruitful trees and all cedars; beasts and all cattle; worms and FEATHERED FOWLS; kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the world; young men and maidens; old men and children; praise the NAME of the Lord; for His NAME only is excellent, and His praise above heaven and earth!"

Now, where is the boy that would not love Mr. Lovegood?

THE PRINTER.—The night grows late, the streets are hushed—the moonbeams fleck the deserted pavement—and sleep strews its slumbering poppies over the inhabitants of the city. All are at rest save the printer, who is busy at his case.

Dreams, lovely as winged cherubs, hover about the repose of man and maiden: visions as pure as first lilies, and beautiful as the matron and the child—but to the printer all is reality, toil, and weariness.

How nimbly and cheerfully does he adjust the faithful types, as if he took "no note of time"—as if the duties that are wearing out his life were more a diversion than a laborious avocation! But amid their monotonous discharge, believe us, the printer thinks of home and sweet rest, and sighs within himself for the better lot of which others are possessed. And yet there is no repose for him, though the night tramps on, and the jocund dawn will soon appear.

Why do his motions grow less rapid? Why move his fingers in so deliberate and mechanical a way? Whence is the smile that lingers at his lip, like the first sunbeam at the gates of morning? There is a gentle presence at his side—an eye, blue as violets, glancing into his own—an accent, sweet as music, entrancing his ear, and reaching his very heart.

It is but a moment—it is only a reverie—it did not even win him from his occupation—it only caused his hand to falter, not to cease—the printer awakens to toil again.

Ye who receive your sunrise favorite, and wander, perhaps listlessly, over its pages, remember that it is the fruit of toil, which was active and untiring while you were quietly sleeping—that your convenience and comfort are bought with the price of weariness.

There is an "electric chord," which, being charged with sympathy, will carry the gentle burden even to the most distant hearts. We bespeak its agency in behalf of the printer.—*Buffalo Exp.*

THE OFFERTORY; OR, THE TWO FIFTY DOLLAR BILLS.

BY A CLERGYMAN.

It was Sunday morning—a sunny December morning—with fringes of glittering ice, like stalactites of silver, pendant from eaves, branches, and every salient point; the whole world looking as if in the night it had been plated, chased, and burnished.

Mr. Solomon Goldsborough sat in his study window (for, though not a literary man, Mr. Goldsborough had a “study”), admiring, with the air of a connoisseur in nature’s works, the temporary splendor which the earth had borrowed from frost and ice. Mr. “Solomon G.,” as his good lady abbreviated his somewhat lengthy patronymic, was a man of money—a dollars man—a rich merchant, who wished every Christmas to find him richer. His thoughts naturally ran upon silver. The frost-work irresistibly reminded him of this metal; and the thought of his heart, as he stood by his richly-draped Venetian window, was,

“If it were only the real silver!”

And Mr. Solomon G. sighed down to the lowest button of his capacious vest that it was not, and could not be.

“What a world this *would* be, though, for a man to live in, if it only *were* silver!” talked Mr. Solomon G. with Mr. Solomon G. in an undertone.

“What is that you said, dear?” inquired a feminine and somewhat deferential voice, as if the speaker stood in healthy awe of the gentleman in the blue coat with gilt buttons at the window.

“Me, wife? Oh! yes; I believe I was talking aloud. I was saying if these icicles were *only* silver, what a world we should have!” and Mr. Solomon G. rubbed gently his half-whiskers, with his fore-finger.

“My dear, are you going to the new church to-day? You say you like Mr. F—— so much.”

“Yes, I like the man, but I don’t like the manners, eh?” and the merchant laughed pleasantly at his pun, for Mr. Solomon G. was not only a rich man, but a poor punster, and prided himself vastly upon this latter accomplishment; and sometimes his propensity this way got him into trouble; as, for instance, making a mortal foe of Major Brick, by saying to him that he had “a brick in his hat;” a pun, the force of which not being apprehended by the victim, lost him a valuable purchaser. But Mr. Solomon G. would never, as Mrs. Solomon G. said, “take warning: she believed he would pun till he died.” At which Mr. Solomon would answer:

"I shall die, then, with *compunction*. What, wife, hey?" and the merchant roared again.

"What do you mean by not liking Mr. ——'s manners?" asked Mrs. G. with a puzzled look. "I heard you say he was a perfect gentleman."

"So he is. I mean the manners in the Church; the way of doing things. I mean that confounded plate! I detest having a plate poked under my beard every Sunday. It looks like—'There, you have had your sermon—now pay for it!' It is picking a man's pocket, whether he will or no!"

"But you need not give unless you please."

"Yes, I need! I *must* give! I am compelled to give. All eyes are upon a man, and if he let the confounded plate go by him, then he is called a miser, a niggard, uncharitable and avaricious, and all that. I tell you, Mrs. G., it is just like saying, 'Stand and deliver!' to a man. Out must come the purse, whether or no."

"But the parish must be supported, husband," said Mrs. G., who, though a gentle and retiring person, was a good, pious, bold-hearted Churchwoman. "This is the only way Rev. Mr. F—— is paid his salary!"

"A poor way—a very wrong way, wife. It makes men who give, do their alms before men. I hate to give with all looking on to see what I give. I am for going according to Scripture, giving my alms in secret. If Mr. F—— will come to me, I will give him twenty-five dollars in a lump for the whole year, and so will others, if he will put a stop to that weekly offertory—and weakly it is, and a poor offer that to a man—that wretched tinsplate with black cotton velvet pasted on the top. I won't cotton to it, Mrs. G." Here Mr. Solomon looked side-wise at his wife to discover if she took the pun, but perceiving that she did not betray apprehension of it, he shook his head: "A very dull woman is Mrs. G.!—a *very* dull woman!"

"But, husband, it is the only way laid down in the Bible for paying a minister, and for the Gospel. St. Paul says that we must *lay by in store* every week, as God has prospered us, and give it to the support of the Church; and how can we give it unless we take it to Church and hand it to those who are appointed to collect these weekly offerings? It is not begging charity, as you seem to view it. It is God's appointed way, and no one ought to think evil of it. It is quite another thing this, to giving charity on the street, or at our own door, to applicants; this last is *charity*; and if we do it without ostentation and in secret, so much the better. But the alms-offering in Church is *not* charity. It is, if you please to accept this mercantile illustration, a fair business transaction. If you employ men, you pay them in the usual way. If you buy cotton, you give, if customary, drafts for it on a distant city. You find no fault with

the several modes which commerce provides for paying moneys out for value received or services rendered. Why, then, are you so inconsistent, Mr. Goldsborough, as to find fault with the mode the Church provides for supplying the Gospel? You ought, it seems to me, to honor the Sunday black velvet plate, when presented to you by the warden, as promptly and cheerfully as you would honor the order for money presented to you on Saturday night for the payment of work done."

The merchant looked at his wife with a surprised stare. He had never seen her quite so warmed up before on the subject of the Church. After a moment's reflection, he said—

"Upon my word, Mrs. G., I believe you are half right. I will try and look upon the matter in a business light hereafter. I never thought before of what the Bible says about Christians laying by in store every week a part of their profits. I think I will go to the new parish Church with you, and hear Mr. F——, for he preaches in a way that I like. He tells men just what sinners they are; and men like, odd enough, to be told they are sinners. The worse people are, the better they like strong Gospel preaching. Mr. F—— seems to have found this out. He preaches strait *at* a man."

"The sermon he preached on the first Sunday in Advent caused three notes to be written to him, and brought two calls from persons, accusing him of writing and preaching that sermon especially for each one of them."

"Don't you think, wife, I have half suspected that sermon was written *at* me? The coat fit me so cleverly, that I could not but think it was cut to measure; but it cut without *measure*, it seems."

Mrs. G. did not appreciate the pun.

As Mr. and Mrs. G. were going to Church, they were joined by a young merchant, Charles Freeland, who had once been a clerk for Mr. G., but had recently set up for himself; a young man of probity, of business habits, of strict morals—nay, more, a pious Churchman. He had a mother and two younger brothers depending upon him; and his threadbare (but neat) coat, that cold day, showed that he deprived himself of personal comforts for their comfort. Mr. G. respected the young man; and the only fault he had ever found with him was for giving two hundred dollars out of his limited means for the building of the new Church, which was mainly erected by the efforts of a few zealous Churchmen, chiefly young men, in a populous part of the city hitherto destitute of the Church.

"I am glad to see you going to our little Chapel," said Charles, addressing them both.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Goldsborough. "We think that a few families from the old parish should go over to yours, to strengthen

it in the outset ; while their withdrawal from the old will not weaken that, as so many remain. I love that Church, I have been so many years to it. But I think all true Church people, Charles, ought to make personal sacrifices to extend the lines of the Church. Yours is no separate enterprise. Both parishes and both congregations are all one, worshipping only underneath different roofs."

"I am glad you Paul's Church people view our new Church in this light. It is true, we all came out of St. Paul's, to build up this ; and good Dr. — was very reluctant to part with us, for we had sat beneath his preaching for years, and three of our vestry were members of his. But he said, 'It is for the good of the Church and the welfare of God's people ; and I bid you go in God's name, and build up another bulwark of Zion against the foes of the Church.' So we left with his blessing."

"I was surprised to find no rivalry or unkind feeling about this movement, on the part of old Paul's Church people," said Mr. Goldsborough ; "but as you say, wife, they showed their love for the Church by giving it their hearty consent." Thus talking, they arrived at the door of the beautiful Gothic Church.

At length the black cotton, velvet-covered, tin-plate was handed to the wardens, and began to make its circuit ; and coats were unbuttoned, wallets, purses, even pocket-books began to peep out, and the gold and silver which God had loaned men, men began to return to Him the interest of. It was paid back in three-cent pieces, half-dimes, dimes, quarter-of-dollar pieces, the coin decreasing in number as they increased in value. When the plate came to Mr. Solomon Goldsborough, he was still searching in his pockets for a gold dollar, which he had especially placed in his pocket, (which he could not recollect when they began the offertory,) and so the warden found him eagerly searching and slightly perspiring between the exertion and trepidation. But the little gold dollar, like a good many of its slippery fraternity, had got into some undiscoverable crevice, or so low in his pocket that his stout thumb and finger could not grasp and apprehend it : at all events, he could not find his eleemosynary gold dollar.

The cotton velvet-covered black plate paused "under his beard," and Mr. Solomon G., whose pride and self-love would not suffer him to give nothing, desperately opened his pocket-book, and running flutteringly over half a dozen bills, nervously seized a fifty dollar note, and placed it (all of a sudden assuming with the act a cool and patronizing air, which he did not feel) in the nearly withdrawn plate. It was the smallest bill his pocket-book contained ! Mr. G. felt, as he saw the black plate disappear, as if he should never make another pun, while mentally he murmured, "This punishment is greater than I can bear."

Who ever," mused he in his vexation, "heard a sermon worth fifty dollars! I have to-day paid dear for my whistle, and I may whistle for my money!"

At this moment he saw the plate cottoning, as he expressed it, to his young friend, Charles Freeland, who sat in the pew at his right. He watched to see what the young merchant would give; and to his amazement, he saw the young man put in a fifty dollar note!

At the counting of the offerings in the vestry after service, to find two fifty dollar bills in the plate, not a little surprised the young clergyman and his wardens.

"One of them was put in by Mr. Goldsborough," said one of the wardens. "He is very liberal for a man known to love his money as he does."

"The other was put in by Charles Freeland," said the other warden.

"Then it must be a mistake on his part," said the Rector, "for I know that Mr. Freeland is not able to give so largely. Doubtless he intended to put in a five dollar note; and in his haste not to detain the plate, saw only the '5' upon it. He should be informed of it, and have permission to rectify the error."

"Then Mr. Goldsborough ought to have the same privilege shown to him; for he was looking for silver or gold in his vest pockets to put in, but failing to find any, searched his pocket-book and put in this fifty: but I could see it was done 'grudgingly, and not like the cheerful giver,' with whom God is pleased."

"In this case there is but one course to pursue," said the youthful minister. "The Church must not compel men to support her. It must be done with a willing mind. I will write a note with inclosures of the bills to each of these gentlemen, and beg you to deliver them in the morning. Their reply will decide the matter, and we shall have acquitted ourselves of our duty."

The ensuing morning, as Mr. G. was in his counting-room, the following note was placed in his hand. It came while the "loss of his fifty dollar bill" was upon his mind, and as he was about, with a secret anathema upon all weekly offertories and Sunday plates, to make an entry of a forty-nine dollars deficit in his profit and loss book.

As he opened the note, the bill he had put into the plate was visible, and recognized:

St. —'s Vestry-room.

DEAR SIR:—I fear that circumstances compelled you to offer a heavier alms to the Church than otherwise you would have done. I beg you will correct any error that has occurred, for

which purpose I inclose you the bill for fifty dollars, which you were so liberal as to put into the offertory, perhaps in the absence of a lesser donation.

Yours, very sincerely,

I. X. F——

S. GOLDSBOROUGH, Esq., &c., &c., &c.

"Upon my word ! well, this young Rector is a gentleman," exclaimed the gratified merchant. "I will sustain him ! I like to give when I am not compelled ! I dislike to do anything on compulsion. I wouldn't eat my dinner, Mr. Corning, (this was addressed to the warden,) on compulsion, sir. I like your new minister ! I will sustain him—not on compulsion—I would not let a doctor, if I were dying, feel my pulse on *compulsion* !" Here Mr. G. looked at Warden C., to see if he appreciated the pun ; but Mr. C. betrayed no appreciation. Nevertheless, Mr. G. went on and said, "Here, sir, is not only the fifty, but another added to it. If your Church does business in this upright sort of way, you will prosper. There, sir, is one hundred dollars, which please give Rev. Mr. F——, with my compliments."

Mr. Solomon G. felt at this moment more magnanimous, and better pleased with himself and all the world, than he recollected ever being in his life before. Suddenly there was a frown upon his brow, as his eyes watched Charles Freeland coming along through the store into the counting-room.

"Well, sir, so you think because I put in a fifty yesterday you must do the like ! Recollect, Master Freeland, that there is a wide difference between your income and mine. You will soon come to the hammer if you fling money about this fashion. You learned no such habits with me ! You were crazy to give such an exorbitant sum, poor as you are ! It was your pride to ape a rich man ! This course will soon break you !"

Charles stood composedly listening to all his late employer had to say. Then the warden placed in his hand the Rector's note for him. Upon opening it, and reading it, and seeing what it contained, he blushed, and at first looked hurt, but soon said, with a smile, as he placed the fifty dollars in the warden's hand again, "I committed no mistake, tell Mr. F——."

"What ? you do not mean to say you were able to give that, Charles ?" demanded the merchant.

"Yes, Mr. Goldsborough, I have made a rule since I have commenced business for myself, to set apart every Saturday night one-tenth part of my profits of the week. Week before last they were one hundred dollars, and I gave ten dollars of it to the offertory. Last week they were five hundred dollars, for I made a very successful trade in buying and selling hay, and I gave a tenth, that fifty dollars, to God. Thus you perceive, sir,

that I give from principle, and upon a system ; for anciently, at God's command, his people devoted a tenth of their gains to the Temple. Sir, I shall never miss it ! God has already increased my business tenfold !”

“If I were to do the same,” mused the merchant, after Charles had paid a note due that morning, and left ; “if I were to do like this conscientious young man—let me see ! my income last week was four thousand dollars, gained on that sale of molasses. If I did as this Charles does, I ought to have given our hundred dollars to the offertory, instead of fifty.”

Mr. Solomon G. shook his head. We leave him shaking his head.

A PSALM.

“Is any merry ? let him sing psalms.”—*St. James*, v. 13.

Joy within my heart
Merrily is growing,
Like the streams that start
From a fount o'erflowing.
As the sparkling jet its powers
Towards heaven beuding,
Yieldeth soft, refreshing showers
To the earth, descending,
So would I attune my lays,
Man to cheer and God to praise.

For look the green earth o'er,
On hill and plain surrounding,
On wave and fertile shore,
What beauty is abounding !
Whispering forests, soaring mountains,
Flowers with smiles appearing,
Singing rills, and dancing fountains,
Sunlit valleys cheering,
Seem to say with happy voice,
“Good is God—O man, rejoice !”

Or turn thy glance within
Thy home—that favor'd dwelling,—
What gladness there shall win
Emotions softly swelling ! [sings,
There free converse, heartfelt greet-
Art and nature's treasures,
Letter'd lore, and social meetings,
Yield their varied pleasures :—
Health invigorates thy frame,
Friendship warms with kindly flame.

Or rove along in thought
Among paths where Science goeth,
Where, by her guidance wrought,
Such wondrous works she showeth :
Sun-rays and the lightning's motion
Are as handmaids given,
And she tracks the depths of ocean,
And the starry heaven,
And abodes of buried days
Opes to the astonish'd gaze.

Or higher lift thy mind
With thoughts of brighter glory,
Unerringly defin'd
In revelation's story :—
Thoughts surpassing comprehension
Of His love supernal
Whose amazing condescension
Gained us bliss eternal.
Oh ! for this our whole life long
Should be one thanksgiving song.

O, mortal, in whose cot
These many mercies mingle,
Or who,—more common lot,—
One, here and there, may single ;
To thy blessings add a duty,
One that all can brighten,
As the sunbeam doth the beauty
Of the landscape heighten :—
Cheer thy heart with gratitude
To the Giver of all good.

ILL.

October, 1853.

THE CHURCH AND THE POOR.

"Thy silver and thy gold are mine."

(Continued.)

WITH a slow step and a heavy heart did the young pastor tread his homeward way. He looked up and down the length of a city which its denizens are proud to call their own. He saw before him the abodes of grandeur, rising story above story—peopled with elegance and refinement—the luxurious equipage rolled by him, fair forms reclined within, who, well-wrapt and veiled, knew nothing of the cold north wind, that was whistling through the crevices of the wretched room, where the dead man lay, where the widow tried in vain to warm her new-born babe by the dying embers.

"Is there none in all this beautiful place," he said, aloud, "who will bid me God-speed in this work of salvation?" Alas! none answered. Not even an echo gave back the semblance of human sympathy. A "still, small voice" within, was all to bid him onward in its whisper—"Faint not, neither be weak-hearted, for I, the Lord, will sustain thee!" and "inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Layton sat alone in his study that evening. It was growing late, when a stranger was announced. Why—he could probably not explain, but as Layton fixed his eye upon his guest, an indescribable feeling of comfort stole over his heart—he felt the friendship of a Christian would be proffered.

"I have called, sir," he said, "to respond to the appeal you made last Sunday. Perhaps you do not know me. I am Mr. Hallet—lately come to your city—a proprietor of the cotton factory in Art-street. I have the least responsible position among the proprietors, but I would do something effective for the spiritual good of those who labor for our worldly good. May I ask in what manner I can best aid you?"

"Be not startled, sir," replied Layton, "if I confess my convictions, that the spiritual good of your operatives will be best promoted by increasing their *physical* comforts."

"I do not understand you, sir."

"I mean, Mr. Hallet, that there would be but little use in *preaching* to them of spiritual purity and moral obligations, or forcing them to attend Divine Service, while their bodies are uncared for—their houses filthy dwellings, where it is impossible to maintain the ordinary decencies of life, to say nothing of any-

thing proximating to self-elevation and refinement, and other virtues, born of the *closet-prayer*."

"Excuse me, sir; but I must think if their perceptions were elevated, their homes would be less demoralizing. Do you not think, Mr. Layton, if those very people were to be moved into large and commodious dwellings, in a very short time they would be in the same plight that we find them now in their humble tenements?"

"Perhaps we should, sir, if we give them no object for which to live differently—no ambition to gratify—no praiseworthy example to emulate. If, as now, men must rush from their daily toil, with wearied bodies and sullen hearts, to cheerless homes—where there is no rest for the body, no joy for the heart—they will continue to turn from those homes to the corner grocery, for whose warmth and genial cheer they must give at least half of the hardly-earned pittance of the day—and what is worst of all, give it really for the vile drink, which they take in order to make their conscience easy, for using the grocer's shop as their hailing-place."

"Indeed, Mr. Layton, you discourage me. How can we reach these evils? What are *your* plans—for I am come to aid you?"

"My *plans*, sir, are ill-defined, for they depend upon other persons; but my ideas on the subject are the result of much thought—much research and experience, and many prayers. I have spent all my responsible years in efforts to acquaint myself with the poor, and their daily wants. Of course I speak not now of abject paupers, but of those who labor, whether in factories or otherwise; and I am convinced that their spiritual good must be wrought through temporal means, until their dulness of spiritual vision is brightened."

"How would you commence, sir?"

"You will understand, Mr. Hallet, that I am relying solely on my own judgment, and I may be mistaken in my conclusions—but judge for yourself; if your faith is as great as mine, perhaps you will be willing to risk the experiment. In the first place—presuming they were already receiving a sufficient, if not a satisfactory, remuneration for their labor, I would that some capitalist should erect a building, or buildings, in which pure air and light could find an easy access—and arranged altogether for the comfort and convenience of the inmates—withal, rented at a low rate. Let there be some motive for cleanliness, such as awarding a premium to the neatest housekeeper. Then let there be some object in sending the children to school—some society or social gathering of the people, in which something is done for the Church—and to do which is esteemed a privilege. But *who*, do you think, Mr. Hallet, will do all this? Who

cares for these lowly ones of Christ, so long as rents are not in arrear, or their places filled in the factory? Just walk down that lane behind Weaver's Mills, where hundreds of human beings are huddled in some twenty tumble-down hovels, and you will wonder what has stayed the Destroying Angel there—why pestilence and famine do not sweep away every record of human life! Crime and moral death are there, and who wonders? Ay! sir—I marvel at something else. This very day, in the most ruinous of those huts, I have watched *expiring faith*; and from that den of infamy and woe a Christian soul ascended to its God! Except that God's ways are not as ours, I should marvel as at a miracle. For five years have I walked that dark street, almost daily. I have preached to its dwellers. I have prayed for them, and though many eyes have closed in death, this man is the first to whom the sacraments of the Church have been fully administered. But I thank God *so much* for His mercy there! I ask, Mr. Hallet, who will aid me?—who will refute the base libel I have this day heard, that the Church can do nothing here?"

"I WILL! so help me Heaven!"

Hallet's hand was raised, and his vow registered on the Eternal Record.

Earth was wrapped in the white mantle of winter—keen and cold was the wind that whistled through the leafless trees, on Christmas morning. True, the Church of God was blooming as a garden, in the midst of desolation. Tall trees, from the neighboring country, were transplanted to the corners of the temple,—nodding branches, that had waved to the summer breeze, now kept time to holy song—we might say, angelic strains, as from pious hearts and lips, sprung the sound of "glad tidings of peace on earth, good-will to man." Young Layton's heart beat tumultuously as he ascended the pulpit, and the Searcher of Hearts looked down that morn upon a soul sworn to serve its Master at any cost. The Church was filled to its utmost capacity. All hearts seemed to hail the advent of the long-promised Child. Rich and poor were there—the wise men came from afar to kneel before the humble Babe—the simple shepherd asked whence came that holy strain of "Glory to God in the highest."

The pastor arose to tell them *why* Christ was born—why angels sang the mission of "peace and good-will"—why the Church, for eighteen centuries, had daily repeated that heaven-taught strain. The high in this world's ranks, the proud in this world's pride—the scholar and the student, were all before the preacher. He who had come to while away the morning of a holiday—he who hastened to the courts of the Most High—he

who came for intellectual treat and criticism, and he who came to hail the Incarnate, were all startled at the energy with which their pastor uttered, as his text: "*Thy gold and thy silver are mine,*" saith the Lord. And they asked, "What hath this to do with Christmas cheer?" But as he proceeded—as he told the mission of the Church—the growth of the kingdom of Grace—the family, in which all were children, and none servants—as he pictured the Heaven of which this Church was but a faint type—the hearts of his hearers warmed; and when his words were applied to their own case, and he pleaded for the poor and benighted, there were few who did not vow their allegiance to the cause their pastor held before them, and upon the altar that day was an "offering and oblation" made, that sent the light of that glad Christmas morn through many a darkened way, and brightened many a cheerless hearth, upon which no "day-spring from on high" had ever rested.

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Winter had passed away, and summer was nigh at hand. Improvements of a novel character were in progress at Stockton, and we find two gentlemen regarding the work with evident interest.

"Why! Hallet!" exclaimed the elder, "that project won't pay. I thought you were too shrewd to make such an investment. Why, sir, I built a house for my workies that cost me less than five thousand dollars, and it yields a rent of a thousand dollars and upwards. Don't you call that good interest?"

"That depends upon circumstances, Mr. Weaver. If it is a model-house, and its inmates comfortable, and in cheerful rooms, I think it is most excellent interest for you and them."

"I don't know as there is anything model about it—except *model cheapness*. Ha! ha!* It is six stories in height, with four tenements in each story, which average five dollars a month. I am going to build more of the same sort. I like such speculations,—*they tell*."

"Where is this vast receptacle of humanity?"

"In the lane behind our mills."

"How much garden room do you allow each tenant?"

"Garden room! Have you ever walked through Weaver's Lane?"

"No! I do not know of any such street."

"I should think so, sir—or you would know there would be but little use in giving people a garden-plot, where the sun never shone; and if I had given them gardens, what would they do with them? They are only too glad to get such comfortable rooms for such low rent. *Gardens!* I guess they will do without them!"

* A fact.

"Mr. Weaver, you call yourself a Christian—a sound Churchman—month after month you kneel at God's altar—professing love for God and man, and yet you will treat those who labor for you—ay! your brethren—worse than you would suffer dumb brutes to be treated! Pardon me, Mr. Weaver, if I speak too strongly; but I am sure, if you were alive to the necessities of the poor, you would recognize the duty of giving them cheerful and comfortable homes—indeed, increase all their physical enjoyments. Let us apply the golden rule, my dear friend—how would we enjoy life, if neither the light of day nor the rays of the blessed sun could enter our houses?"

"Oh! Hallet, you are too fine! These creatures are very different from us. They are satisfied if they have plenty to eat and drink, and a shelter. Now don't let our minister's whimsicalities affect you, at all events; nobody can blame *you*, except for giving the poor very inordinate ideas of their claims upon our purses."

"Thy silver and thy gold are mine!" was Hallet's reply, as he turned away, grieved and disgusted.

In beautiful contrast to the six-story pile of Weaver's building stood "Hallet's folly," as his wiser neighbor chose to designate the "poor investment." A uniform row of neat two-story cottages, with their cheerful garden-plots, was reared on either side of a wide and airy street. Comfortable arrangements were made for two families in each house—plenty of doors, windows, cupboards, &c., with a good supply of water, made the conveniences quite complete, and labor easy. Shade-trees, of rapid growth, had been transplanted to the road-side, and shrubbery to the gardens. Upon this work of philanthropy fifty thousand dollars had been expended, and at least one hundred families were to rejoice in the fruits of the expenditure.

At the head of the street stood the mansion of the noble proprietor—as unpretending as his virtue—built in the style of his cottage rows, although necessarily on a larger scale. Perhaps his thus dwelling in the midst of his people was the most beautiful feature of his plan—certainly it made him dearer to those he had served;* while to him and his, the view from the street windows was one unending tribute of gratitude. The pleasant, shaded street, with its perfumed breezes, and the voice of little birds, and the hum of busy bees—that even in a city can trace the flower-freighted zephyr to its source—were all tributes to the heart, that answered the Divine command, in prophetic faith—"My silver and gold are Thine. I am Thine, and all that I have!"

J. W. L.

* This work of philanthropy is not imaginative, but one whose generosity and nobleness are but faintly described. Mr. Hallet is now devoting a large fortune to this object.

THE PROMISED ESTATE.*

CIRCUMSTANCES having obliged me to undertake a long, (and, as my boding fears suggested,) wearisome journey on foot, I set off one November morning full of sad thoughts, which the sombre hue of decaying nature around me tended to deepen; and the country through which I had to pass being flat and uninteresting, my mind was not diverted by surrounding objects from dwelling on its own gloomy meditations. Condemn me, wise reader, if you will; for indeed I was much to blame. I might have looked upwards, and amused myself with watching the moving clouds, heavy though they were; I might have observed a gleam now and then, which would have assured me that there was a sun behind them; I might have noticed the sociable little robin, which ever and anon accompanied me in my path, and listened to its cheerful note, uttered, as it were, to give me encouragement on my journey. But no; I was wrapped up in my own sad musings; and towards the evening of that dark day, I hailed with greater delight than I can describe, the form of a fellow-traveller, whom I overtook pursuing the same path, and who I found, upon inquiry, was journeying for some distance in the same direction as myself.

My newly-found companion was an old man, who had apparently reached the decreed boundary of human years, and in consideration of his age, I accosted him with the sympathizing remark: "Good father! you must be weary and foot-sore, from the length of the road you have travelled to-day: for I know from sad experience, that there is no halting-place or house of refreshment between the town from which this road leads and the spot we have both reached."

Judge of my surprise when, upon gaining a full view of his face, which I expected would betray the effects of extreme fatigue, weariness, and exhaustion, upon an almost worn-out frame, I encountered a glance so full of brightness and joyousness, that, had it not been for the gray hairs, deep wrinkles, and stooping gate of the possessor, I should have fancied as belonging to one who had numbered far fewer years; one whose life had been continued sunshine, who had known naught but the happiest, the most unclouded lot.

After eyeing me inquiringly, but kindly, for some moments: "My son," he replied, "what you say is true concerning the house of refreshment, but I have found many halting-places by the way, pleasant spots, where I could rest and enjoy the re-

* From "Parochial Tracts."

freshments which the contents of my wallet afforded me. Many a stile and prostrate tree have served me as a comfortable resting-place ; in truth, to judge from your countenance, I should suppose you to be the more weary of the two."

I acknowledged that I should not be sorry to reach the small inn, which I imagined could not be far off, and in which I intended to seek shelter for the night. I then proceeded to utter many complaints of the dulness of the road, the gloominess of the weather, and the absence of everything that could reconcile me to so fatiguing a journey.

The old man gazed at me in silence, and I fancied an expression of pain shaded his countenance for a moment. "Murmur not, young man," he said ; "if the object of your journey is a virtuous one, disquiet not yourself with the dreariness of the road ; remember 'there's a silver lining to every cloud,' and if but the region of your own heart is warm and bright, you need not be so entirely cast down by the desolate appearance of outward things."

He then pursued the conversation in so cheerful a strain, and withal, with the admixture of so much wisdom in his discourse, that I became quite interested, I may say fascinated ; and I felt assured that, in spite of his homely garb, my venerable companion was one of no ordinary stamp, and I longed to ask him some question which might lead him to impart to me a portion of his history. Our short acquaintance hardly warranted my doing so, and we soon reached the little inn, where we both took up our abode for the night, agreeing to pursue our journey together the following morning.

As soon as it was sufficiently light the next day we were astir, and upon issuing forth into the chill mist of that early November morning, how did my saddened heart again sink within me, and how did I, heedless of everything that might have afforded me consolation, again thanklessly, but secretly, (for the old man's cheerfulness shamed me into silence,) bemoan my unhappy lot ! Forth he came with the same bright glance in his eye, the same calm, kind smile on his face, freshened by the repose of the past night, and grateful for it, too ; for grasping his oaken staff, and suspending his replenished wallet from a button of his coat, (though, by the way, its contents consisted of no more luxurious fare than bread and cheese,) he began to sing Ken's morning hymn, in a voice tremulous, indeed, but full of grateful feeling ; and when he had concluded, he drew from his pocket a small Bible and Prayer-book, in which he read for some time, and then replacing them, he turned to me, and said : "You must not think me unsociable to-day, or that I am going to be a silent and studious companion ; the practice which I have pursued for many years of beginning the occupations of the day by reading

the Psalms and Lessons appointed by the Church, and thus, as it were, joining the Christian brotherhood in spirit, when circumstances debar me from the privilege of bodily presence among them, I find so beneficial, so conducive to peace and edification, that it is grief to me when compelled to neglect it. Now I hope I shall be better company for you, and I should be indeed glad if I could dispel from your countenance the sadness which, notwithstanding your night's rest, appears to remain there."

I answered by a deep sigh, and my venerable companion looking at me, for a few moments, with an expression in which lively sympathy was mingled with its calm brightness, began to converse in such a manner as to divert my attention to outward things, and to interest me in observing many objects, which, but for his happy manner of drawing my attention to them, would have been passed unheeded.

The fast-falling and variously-tinted leaves, with the gray mossy trunks, and branches of the trees, lighted by an occasional gleam of sunshine, possessed great beauty in his sight; and he made me admire them too. He seemed well acquainted with the history and habits of the birds which we saw, and discoursed upon the goodness and wisdom of Providence, in providing food for them in every season, and giving them instinct to seek it. He displayed so extensive a knowledge of natural history, that I was induced to ask him by what means he had been enabled to collect so interesting a store of information. He seemed quite willing to answer my question, and replied, that for many years he had gained a livelihood by conveying from place to place, where the ordinary means of transmission were uncertain, letters and small parcels, the contents of which were of value. Many cross country roads had he traversed, and he had acquired the habit of observing everything that crossed his path; and in his intervals of leisure he had obtained from books, which were readily lent him, (for he was well known,) information respecting those objects which had excited his curiosity. Every subject he touched upon was imbued with a healthy religious tone, which made his slightest remark appear of importance.

My desire to know something of his history increased every moment, and at length I ventured to say to him: "The enjoyment which you seem to derive from objects around you, induces me to hope that you have, in a great degree, been exempted from the too frequent lot of humanity, sorrow and suffering."

He did not seem able to reply to my remark for some time, and I felt sorry that I had given utterance to it; for a struggle appeared to be going on in the old man's mind, as if he was try-

ing to repress some powerful feeling : however, he gained the mastery over it at last, and said, in a voice in which a slight tremulousness only was perceptible : " You judge hastily, young man ; I fear my present happiness would not have been so graciously conferred upon me, if sorrow and suffering had not taught me the folly and sin of resting my best affections on earthly objects." Then piously uncovering his head, and raising his eyes to heaven, he reverently exclaimed : " O, what great troubles and adversities hast Thou showed me ! And yet didst Thou turn and refresh me ; yea, and broughtest me from the depth of the earth again !"

I walked on in silence ; I repented having so deeply probed the old man's feelings ; but he did not allow my self-reproach to continue long, and soon afterwards said : " If the knowledge of a part of the discipline which has been inflicted upon me will enable you to submit with more resignation to the sorrows and disappointments of life, I will relate to you one event in my history, which, awful as it was, yet proved the sanctified means of leading me to raise my hopes and affections upwards to that world where all grief and sighing will cease, and where alone we can fix our hearts and fear no disappointment.

" I grieve to say that the years of my youth and early manhood were passed in careless forgetfulness of God and heavenly things ; yet my worldly concerns prospered. I married, and in course of time became the happy father of two sweet boys. I doted on my wife and children, made idols of them and of my home, and ascribed all my success in life to my own perseverance and exertion. Alas ! I forgot Him who giveth to His creatures all things, richly to enjoy ; and He made me feel His hand and acknowledge His power.

" I had been absent from home for a few days, and was returning late at night, picturing to myself, as I drew near the little town where I lived, the smiles with which my beloved wife would greet my return, and the sweet faces of my sleeping children ; when I saw a very unusual light, and heard unwonted sounds proceeding from the generally quiet town ; and quickening my footsteps, I perceived that the light and noise increased, until I felt too terribly assured that a part of the town was on fire. An undefined dread took possession of me ; nevertheless I hurried on, and reaching the fatal scene, what was my horror upon discovering that my own dwelling and three others were completely enveloped in flames ! Words cannot describe the feelings of that awful night. I believe I was like one mad. I called on my wife, my children ; the crowd assembled around, but none could save them. I seized a ladder, and attempted to enter one of the windows ; but ere I could accomplish my purpose the floor fell with a crashing noise, and the smoke and

flames poured out in volumes in my face ; I fell backwards, stunned and wounded in my fall, and knew nothing more until days afterwards, when I awoke to a full sense of my wretched condition, and found myself in the house of the good and benevolent clergyman of the place. With his own lips he gradually imparted to me the full extent of my bereavement. All in which I had placed my trust had perished. Wife, children, property, nothing was saved ! Then ensued a long and wasting fever, and sorely must I have tried the Christian patience of that good man, and all who tended me, by my utter want of submission.

" But I was permitted to recover, and during the long interval of weakness, how would he sit by my side, pouring into my ear sweet words of admonition and comfort ! Many were the holy prayers he uttered ; and at length Heaven was graciously pleased to send an answer to them. I joined with him in prayer, I poured out a contrite confession, and from that time I had strength and calmness imparted, which before I knew not. Think not, however, that my reformation was speedily accomplished. It took years to root out the love of this world, and to implant earnest desires for the happiness of another life. Many a cross have I since had to bear, but I trust now all is well. The good clergyman remained my firm friend, teaching me how to derive spiritual advantage from every circumstance that befell me ; exciting in me a love for the Holy Scriptures, and daily ordinances of the Church, and lending me many good books. During the early days of my recovery he used to read to me, and one book in particular interested me so much, that if you have no objection, I will impart the contents of it to you."

I feared he would be exhausted by the effort of talking so much, but he assured me that it would not fatigue him, and he proceeded to relate the following legend :

" Many, many years ago, there lived a powerful Chief. His possessions were unlimited, and extended over the most rich and beautiful country in the known world. His goodness equalled his wealth and power, and happy indeed ought those vassals to have been over whom he ruled. The most fruitful estates were allotted to them to dwell upon ; everything that could charm the eye and gratify the taste was there in abundance ; and their good master constantly endeavored to promote their enjoyment and welfare.

" Incredible as it may appear, and no less sad than incredible, these vassals grew discontented, and rebelled. They plotted with an enemy of their Chief to rob him ; and upon their ingratitude and treachery being discovered, they were cast forth as wanderers, and condemned to pay a heavy fine, the just punishment of their wickedness and folly. Wretched indeed was

their lot ! Far, far they wandered from their happy home : the wilderness and forest were their resting-place. The enemy who had stirred them up to rebellion, forced them to work for him, and a hard bondage they were compelled to serve. Stripes and ill-usage were the reward of their ceaseless toil ; famine and disease tortured them, wild beasts terrified them ; and they were without hope, for their punishment was to continue until the heavy fine was paid, and they had no means of raising the slightest portion of it.

"Years rolled by, and the same gloomy state of things continued, until the unhappy tribe were well-nigh ready to perish. They looked upon their children and groaned. There was no hope, no help. But for their sin, their offspring might have been free and joyous, living on the bounty of their kind Chief, without a care, without a sorrow ; and now, they were slaves ! Did I say there was no help ? Oh ! how undeserved was that which was preparing for them ! The Heir of their injured Lord heard their mournful history ; his sympathizing heart was touched with grief and pity. He pleaded for them ; oh, could they but be delivered from thralldom, and restored to favor, gladly would he bear their punishment, gladly would he pay the fine ! He would leave his fair estates to visit them, teach them their duty, and bring them back to their allegiance.

"The terms are accepted. The self-devoted Son quitted his Father's glorious domains, sought the poor outcasts, and took up his abode amongst them. He toiled with and for them ; solaced their griefs, provided for their wants, healed their sicknesses, and the great enemy quailed before him, and durst not so mightily oppress them. Deeply they deplored their past ingratitude to their bountiful Chief, and yearned for forgiveness ; but the mercy that was in store for them had never entered into their hearts to conceive. At length the fine, the heavy penalty is paid, and their Deliverer leaves them, and sends to them messengers to prepare them for their departure from the enemy's land, and to teach them what course to pursue in order to reach once more the promised estate.

"They were informed that the land they would inhabit was far more beautiful than any they had yet seen ; it had been purchased for them at a great price by their Deliverer ; but before they could be admitted to it, they must acquire some needful knowledge, and undergo a trial ; and for this purpose they were to be conveyed by the messengers to an island, where everything necessary would be prepared for them. With what eagerness did they listen to the words of the messengers ! With what joyful hope did they hurry to the coast, and embark in the ships which their kind friend had provided for them ! After a few days' sailing, the shores of the island appeared in view, and,

upon approaching it, they were informed that immediately upon landing, they were to enter some pools of water, which were by the shore; they must not proceed one step upon the island but through these pools; such was their master's command.

"The whole tribe were now clothed with new apparel, which their Deliverer had provided, and their own worn and soiled garments were utterly cast away. They all took a solemn vow to be faithful to their Chief, and to oppose and fight against his enemy, whenever he should again tempt them from their allegiance. They were afterwards conducted into a spacious and goodly edifice, built of fair and costly stones. Sumptuous were its decorations, rich its furniture and adornments, and an indescribable air of solemnity reigned throughout it. They were informed that this was especially their master's house, where he would be present to listen to all their petitions, as he permitted them to make known all their wants to him. They would not see him, but he should always be within hearing, and keep them in his sight; and great need would they have of his help, for the enemy would follow them, (already was his ship seen approaching,) and would use every subtle and powerful art to deprive them of their promised possession, but his strength was greater than that of this wicked one; and he would impart that strength to them if only they would strive valiantly, and depend upon him.

"The messengers next described to them the work they would have to perform; and this was the cultivation of certain flowers, the seeds of which had been sown in gardens allotted to them in another part of the island. These flowers were afterwards to be transplanted in their beautiful land, and there they would attain to a far greater state of perfection, than they could ever reach in the island, as the climate would be more congenial to them; but much might be done by careful culture here, and every pains was to be bestowed upon these plants. He who was the most assiduous in the work, and whose garden was in the most flourishing state, would receive the largest share of his master's commendation. But woe to the idlers, for the enemy would come and pluck up their plants, and sow the seeds of noxious weeds in their place; and if, when they were summoned from the island, all their beautiful flowers should have perished, and they had nothing to show but bad and poisonous plants; alas! then they could not be conveyed to the happy estate, but to a region whose soil would suit the productions of their gardens, and where the enemy would torment them more than ever. They were all presented with books, containing full directions as to the culture and management of their flowers, and rules, plain, simple rules for their conduct, under whatever circumstances might befall them. These books contained also sweet,

touching relations of their master's love and goodness towards them, of the pains and trials he underwent when he dwelt in the enemy's land for their sakes; and oh! the bright, glowing pictures which were therein given of their glorious promised land, were, one would think, enough to make them forget all else, and strive and long, constantly and earnestly, for the attainment of it. They were directed to read these books whenever they could find leisure; to listen attentively to the reading of them when they attended their master's house; and to seek an explanation from the messengers, of any part which appeared obscure or difficult to understand. They were told that their kind master himself had written them for their guidance, and the more they loved him, and sought his help, the more easy and delightful would the study be to them.

"And now these favored ones were conducted to their different homes; and in these habitations a great diversity was perceptible. Some were placed in roomy and well-furnished dwellings, others in small cottages, supplied with but few comforts. Some were also presented with purses full of money, while others had but the smallest supply granted them. But they could not complain; all alike was the free gift of their kind Chief, and they had no right to expect anything. Besides, they had but a short time to remain here, and so that they did but cultivate their flowers and resist the enemy, it signified little whether they were rich or poor; they knew they should all be alike prosperous and happy, when they were removed to their estate. Also when they began to study their master's books, they found that the rich were only stewards, who had money given them for the benefit of the rest; and if they did not so use it, the possession of it would do them more harm than good. So from this the poor took courage, and some were even thankful that they had not this responsibility laid upon them.

"We will now suppose many years to have elapsed, and the inhabitants of the island to have become quite accustomed to their employments, and to all the circumstances attending their sojourn in their present place of abode. You will no doubt picture them to yourself as making the prospect of their future inheritance the one great thought of their lives, the one subject of conversation, the bright goal to which all their endeavors tend; you will doubtless fancy them devoting all their time to the cultivation of their flowers, watching with eager anxiety for the opening of fresh blossoms, and studying with patient attention the books containing the instructions and advice so precious to them. You will think that the subject of the greatest interest to them, is the arrival of the boats sent to convey them and their flowery treasures to the ships of their Chief; and which had already conveyed away some of their companions. Alas!

that the reality should fall so far short of these expectations! I will select a few examples amongst them, and these will serve as specimens of the rest.

"But first, I must tell you the mournful truth, that the enemy had established a firm footing in the island, in spite of all the means, which, had they but been faithfully used, might have driven him back. Strange shops and warehouses had been established, containing articles for sale, which were utterly worthless to the expectants of the promised land; gorgeous and cumbersome garments, strange books, and useless furniture.

"Now what may appear incredible is, that some of the infatuated people spent their time and money in collecting stores of these things, and bestowed so much thought upon them that they forgot to attend to their gardens, which presented an unsightly and tangled mass of weeds. A hateful plant, called 'covetousness,' overran the beds; another, called 'pride,' reared its head, and bore some ugly red blossoms. 'Display,' too, a flaunting yellow flower, scattered its ill-favored petals around; and amongst all these there was no room for the plants which had originally been put there to flourish; indeed, as there was no appearance of them, it is most likely that they had either been plucked up, or were choked under so much rubbish. What rendered it so particularly vain and foolish, to cumber themselves with many suits of apparel, and to pride themselves upon the gorgeousness of their dress, was, that they were not to take one of these fine things to their promised estate; one garment would be provided for them by their Deliverer, and in that alone would they be clothed when they arrived there. Their books told them that it would be of dazzling brightness and purity, and that they would need no other clothing.

"Another folly of these poor deluded ones was the manner in which they educated their children. Their master had commissioned his messengers to establish schools in the island, and those who were wise sent their children to them, and rejoiced to think that they were taught how to read and understand the precious books, and cultivate the flowers for their beautiful land; but other schools had sprung up, not bearing the mark of their Chief's son, and where they were only taught many vain things.

"The garden of one of the youths who had attended these latter schools presented a sad mixture. There were the earlier flowers, which had been planted in it, struggling for existence amongst foreign, poisonous, and ill-scented weeds. A sweet little plant, called 'diffidence,' was well-nigh hidden by the spreading leaves of a creeping plant called 'flattery;' and in this garden not a vestige of 'humility' could be discovered. Near this garden was one belonging to a poor man, with a large family, who had neglected the advice of the messengers, slighted the

books, and seldom or never went to his master's house. Here the enemy had planted many prickly 'worldly cares,' whose leaves made such a rustling in the night he could not sleep; a frightful black flower called 'envy,' and the very poisonous one of 'discontent.' This man had a sister, a poor woman, whose flower-bed presented a striking contrast to his own, and whose history was very touching. While single, no one was more assiduous in performing all that the messengers taught her. Every morning and evening, and at many other times, did she seek the help and direction she had been taught. Daily, when a bell sounded, and summoned all his faithful ones, did she hasten, with willing feet, to her master's house, and whenever he provided a feast for them, which he often did, she was one of the most glad and grateful partakers of it, and greatly did she benefit thereby; for at this feast, very peculiar, and in their effects wonderful, viands were presented to the guests; for by them their wasted strength was recruited, their knowledge increased, and all their flowers renewed. In her garden the most beautiful flowers blossomed in perfection. 'Faith,' 'hope' and 'charity' mingled their lovely odors; 'modesty,' with its blushing tints, and the drooping, graceful buds of 'humility,' blended their hues, and the sweet scent of a bright little flower, called 'good temper,' rendered her garden one of the most pleasing to contemplate. In course of time she married, and after that, sad to relate, she began to bestow less time and thought upon her plants. She became the mother of two pretty children, and began to take more pleasure in watching their winning ways, than in thinking of the promised estate, and in preparing for it; and the enemy took advantage of this, and during her prolonged absence he stole into her garden, and deposited there a noxious weed, peculiarly hateful to the good master, and which bears the name of 'idolatry.' One of the messengers, passing by her garden, observed this, and his grief was unspeakable; he determined to seek her, and inform her of the treachery that had been exercised, and the next day called at her cottage. He found her plunged in the deepest sorrow, for that very morning her beloved husband had been summoned to the promised land; and a boat had conveyed him away from her. She wept, and wrung her hands in despair at the separation, and the messenger found it vain to attempt to mention the subject with which his mind was filled, neither would she listen to comfort; but in a few days he called again, and then she was more tranquil, but very complaining. He read to her from the master's books, entreated her to reflect upon the happiness that doubtless was now the lot of her beloved husband in the fair land, and gently hinted that perhaps it was for her good that he had been taken from her.

"This she could not at first understand; but when she learnt

the whole truth, and how the enemy had taken advantage of her want of watchfulness, she then recollected how negligent she had lately been, and bitterly reproached herself. She hurried to her garden, and there, in all its hideousness, the baneful plant was flourishing, and imbibing all the richness and moisture of the soil ; and the poor flowers already began to droop their heads. She now plainly saw and acknowledged her error, and how to exterminate the detested thing was her most anxious thought. The task was no easy one ; for the roots had struck deep, but the kind master, who heard of her distress, himself helped her. He sent her some especial tools for the work, and some of the bitter water of 'repentance,' which loosened the soil.

"But before her efforts were crowned with success, her youngest child, a tender infant, who but very recently had been plunged in the pools of water, (for all the new-born children were required to undergo this washing,) was summoned from her, and with tearful eyes, but a less murmuring heart, she saw her darling's little boat dancing over the waves, and his hand clasping tight the sweet white flower, called 'innocence,' the only one which had had time to blossom in his garden ; then once more did she nerve herself for a vigorous effort, and plucking up the hateful intruder, she flung it far from her, and shortly afterwards she had the comfort of finding the beauteous, lowly flower of 'submission' blooming in its place. This flower usually drooped its fair head, but when the sun shone upon it, it raised its pure petals, and turned them towards his warm rays. And now her other sweet flowers having been watered by the kind messenger from the fountain of 'consolation,' again lifted their heads, and flourished anew ; and never more did she cease her vigilant care of them. She took great pains in teaching and encouraging her remaining child in the same happy work ; and in his garden 'obedience,' 'diligence,' and 'filial love,' gladdened the eye of the beholder.

"Varied and beautiful was the appearance of many other gardens in which the lovely flowers had been carefully tended. But I have said enough to give you an idea of how the work was progressing, and it is now only necessary to describe the scenes presented by the sea-shore, and the departure of the different boats.

"The summons which each received was in many cases quite unexpected ; sometimes a previous warning was given, and it occasionally happened that those who appeared the most prepared to depart, were left the longest on the island. The sea was covered with boats, laden with their different freights, and many a sad parting took place on the shore ; for those who had been suddenly called away, with no precious flowers to accompany

them, could have no bright prospect to look forward to, and too late did many mourn over their past neglect and folly, and sad indeed was it for those who remained, to part with them without any hope of a reunion.

"But how calm, nay, how joyful were the other voyagers! Their boats lightly passed over the billows, and in the distance were seen the bright blue sails of their master's ships, waiting to receive them, and convey them to that blissful country, whose happiness they were wholly unable to imagine, even in their dreams. Far, far away in the distance was a streak of azure sky, and that, they were informed, marked the situation of their happy land, where no more trial, no more sorrow or travail would dim their enjoyment, but all would be peace, abundant peace, forever!"

Upon the conclusion of the tale I thanked my kind companion most warmly, for beguiling the tediousness of the road. It was with great regret that shortly afterwards I was compelled to bid him adieu, our roads leading in opposite directions; and his parting words to me were: "Remember, we are strangers and pilgrims: we seek a country. Be strong and of good courage."

But this was not the last time we met. I afterwards sought him out, and derived from his conversation lasting benefit. Many, many years have passed away since he "went down to his grave in peace." During that time discipline has been doing its wholesome work upon me, and my early sorrow, which at the time pressed with so heavy a weight, seems but as a passing cloud. Praise to the supporting Hand which has upheld and led me; I, too, can rejoice in the thought that "we are strangers and pilgrims," that "we seek a country;" and in the midst of worldly disappointment can take courage from the reflection, that "the sufferings of this present life are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us."

A SEA MOUSE.—A beautiful living specimen of the aphrodite is exhibiting in England. The fish is six inches long, and presents the general appearance of a sole. It is furnished with twenty-six feet, on either edge of the under part of the body, the extremity of each leg or foot possessing four or five tautaculæ. The great remarkable feature, however, is the fine glossy filament of hair, which fringes the side of the animal all round, every hair reflecting the colors of the rainbow.

DR. STERLING AND HIS CHOIR.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM STAUNTON.

"Bring here the lyre, to sing a solemn lay,
The tabret's sound,—the trumpet's startling tone,
Dulcimer and lute, and singing psaltery;
Lift up the voice, and let the sound arise,
Symphonious swelling to the solemn skies."

FRED. MULLER.

CHAPTER V.

Early Life of James Bullfinch, the Chorister—Genius in the Cradle—Developments and Progress—Predictions—James's early Efforts at Composition—His matchless Independence and Contempt of Grammar—A big Fiddle—James and the Fiddle compose—The Process—Improvement—Ambition to overtake the great Masters—An original Method of Composing—James grows Older and Wiser.

A WORD or two about our friend Bullfinch. Considering the informal and rather oblique manner in which we have allowed this gentleman to glide into our narrative, without one gracious word in the form of laudation, testimonial, or credential, we have some reason to fear that the weight of his virtues and accomplishments will not be quite as obvious to the reader as if we had given him the advantage of a fair and straightforward tablet of introductory eulogy. Indeed, it is only through the medium of the foregoing dialogue that our most respectable chorister has, as yet, put in any claims for existence, figure, character, idiosyncrasies, or melodious instincts. Nay, even for all these, we have been obliged to take him at his own word; and, bating a stroke or two of Larigot's pencil, we have sketched, outlined, or painted, Bullfinch's portrait from his own voice; thus making, in truth, a daguerreotype by the ear.

But we must do him better justice; so far, at least, as this can be done by the consecration of a page or two in memory of his remarkable merits as a youngster, and his inimitable achievements as a student of harmony.

Of James Bullfinch's parentage we know so little, that we think it best to conceal our ignorance by saying nothing. Nor have we time, just now, to mount a Cunarder, and steam away, through nobody knows what tossings and tumblings, to the foggy borders of Britain; and then, either by wit, or sorcery, or somnambulism, magic, vision, dream, witchery, or inspiration, single out that very church—all rural and mediæval—within whose crumbling walls are to be found the particular parish-registers

which have chronicled at least *one* early event of our friend's most valuable life.

However, we are proud to say that, so far as concerns the *boyhood* of Bullfinch, we are not quite so much in the dark; and we can tell our story, without first enduring the perils of salt-water. Indeed, we have learned much, more than it is at all necessary to repeat, and shall be as economical and prudent as possible in the disposal of our information.

James—commonly called Jemmy—had a decided leaning to music from the cradle downwards; for it was frequently observed that his infantile efforts in the way of vocalization were considerably after the fashion of the Chromatic Scale, or rather, the Enharmonic; and a well-executed lullaby in the minor mode was sure to have all the effect of a soothing elixir, and this too at a considerable saving of expense. When hardly six years old, his voice had acquired such power and flexibility, that his imitations of that glorious instrument, the steam whistle, as the locomotive swept by his father's front garden, were surprisingly clear, and perfectly thrilling. His love of instrumental music was unbounded, manifesting itself in the interest he took in the performances of the village band, and in reproducing its martial notes, with cheeks and lips most artistically arranged, so as to give forth, now a trumpet blast, now a bugle strain, now a hoarse growl as from some brazen giant, and then a gentle streaming note or two from the smaller instruments, while, with clenched fist and bony knuckle, he beat the heavy drum on the kitchen door, and converted its crazy latch, by the same operation, into an extemporaneous triangle. Jemmy was evidently a boy of genius, and was gradually working his way upward to great things. Very sage and flattering words fell, at times, from the ever-sanguine parent who had nursed, in all manner of ways, the first young tokens of the boy's inventive powers. Oh! what a fund of latent music must there have been in the brain of that dear youth, who could crow by nature, to the utter astonishment of all the neighboring "roosters;" whose serenades were unapproachable even by the night-hawk or the melodious owl; and whose skill in growling and mewling, purring and barking, had so often deceived the respectable animals whose vocal prerogatives young Bullfinch thought it no crime to invade!

No wonder that Jemmy became the subject of many grave predictions; for the risk was little, inasmuch as it is commonly accounted quite safe to fore-announce the rising of the sun, as soon as we can see the soft twilight advancing. It was said, for instance, that such talents were not given for nothing; that mighty things *must* come of such marvellous beginnings; that many a hero in siege and battle has grown out of a stripling with wooden sword and paper helmet; that the thoughtful boy

who plays at preaching is in a fair way to carry a crozier ; and that, as nature does nothing in vain, these foreshadowings of genius would be out of all order and reason, should they not issue in a dazzling future. Nor must we omit to append to these vigorous efforts in the line of prophecy the very energetic and profound saying of Peter Prosody, the schoolmaster ; for that far-seeing and gifted individual had once astonished the affectionate Mrs. Bullfinch with the declaration that he, Peter Prosody, hoped to see the day when her son Jemmy would not only "sit before a horgan, but would get his name up to a pretty high pitch as a *Composer* ; and," added he, in an impressive whisper, "who knows but as how he may come to write a *Horytory*, some day, that'll make as great a noise at Brummagem, or in the Habbey at Westminster, as any that were ever writ by an An del or an Aydn !"

And sure enough, in due time, Master James *did* attempt to express his mind in scraps of original melody, to which he would afterwards link a bass, if linking it might be called, where there was no dependence, and where each note stood proudly on its own individual rights. James—no longer Jemmy, for he had now grown to five feet in Alt—James did actually dare to command, locate, and adjust, whole rows of obedient semi-breves and minims, with here and there a crotchet, for variety sake, and on special occasions, even a quaver or two ; and all this with the freedom of one who feels his authority, and his capability of great doings. It is true, he had many mishaps, and played some very unhandsome pranks with the tailed and untailed inheritors of the lines and spaces. But who can reach perfection at a leap, or know the value of his recuperative powers, till occasions have arisen to test them ? Besides, it is common to genius, in the first wild frolic of effort, to fall into some very unaccountable errors, making high sport with rules and laws ; just as certain young quadrupeds of the equine race are in the habit of using their native agility and free sinew in executing all manner of angular, retrograde, direct, involuted, rotatory, diagonal, and side-long feats, in the riotous outbursting and merriment of their gymnastic propensities. Glad should we be to know (what, unfortunately, we never shall) how many quires of empty staves young Mozart disfigured and ruined before he produced, at thirteen years of age, his first Opera. Glad should we be to regale our eyes with the scribblings of youthful Haydn, in the years before the first Quartette came from his hand, and when—poor genius !—he sat, "shivering with cold, in his garret, without money or fire, oppressed with sleep, and by the side of a harpsichord out of repair and falling to pieces." O ! ye faithless biographers—ye miserable reporters of but one side of life—how have ye cheated us of the very treasures which the

unfledged harmonist would gaze upon with flashing eye, and gaze again and again, and fairly gloat over, till he had grown buoyant and mighty with encouragement, as he witnessed those early struggles and failures—the dashing erasures—the correction of first thoughts—the interlinings, the gaps, the pauses, the palpable bewilderments, the running out of ideas—the flash, the glow, the flicker, and the dying out of invention—the abortive Fugue—the rejected Canon—the fragment of a Symphony—the framework of a projected Concerto—the sketch of an Allegro without fire, and of a Doloroso that could not be made to weep—the remains of a gay Vivace that died of consumption, and of a glorious rush of sublimity that burnt out quickly, like a sky-rocket! O! ye un pitying and knavish biographers, had ye told us *this*, ye had done the world of aspirants a service indeed, and taught them how to scout despair, and keep up a strong heart, seeing that it could be no disgrace to stumble where even the illustrious, whom all the world worships, had tripped and halted before them.

But James—the more's the pity—had no *such* consolations; and so, in his toughest conflicts with the metaphysics of harmony, he was compelled to seek hope in other quarters; and we know not how soon his studies would have reached their final cadence, had there not been for him a triple source of comfort always at hand—his courage, his philosophy, and his mother.

It is generally understood that, for the successful pursuit of any art or mystery, some definite acquaintance with elements, forms, and principles, is imperatively demanded. Thus, it is assumed that a polished writer has been at the pains of dipping into his grammar sufficiently deep to distinguish a verb from a noun, to pitch upon a nominative case with some tolerable certainty, and even to grasp such very abstruse matters as number, person, mood and tense. An aspiring chemist will, ordinarily, make sure of the Table of Elementary Substances, before he ventures his first public lecture; and even a militia captain will con the Platoon Exercises, as a timely prerequisite to the approaching drill of his men. Something of this kind, we say, *seems* to be necessary; that is, to those who wish to cultivate their faculties, and are satisfied that they have faculties to cultivate. But it so happened that young Bullfinch thought otherwise, and had conceived a very early abhorrence of those dry scholastic rules, which even the mighty men of harmony have not only respected, but slavishly followed. His freedom was not to be bounded by some artificial curb, raised up by men to whom he owed no responsibility; nor was he at all disposed to surrender his title to the broad field of originality, simply because some Marpurg, or Porpora, or Pepusch, or Kornberger, or Rameau, or Crotch, or Corfe, or Albrechtsberger, might start

up, and dispute the legality of his movements. Genius is a gift from Heaven; and what right have mortals to put disgraceful trammels on the free spirit? So James was determined both to work his way alone, and to nerve himself with a conscious contempt of all musical theory and scientific jargon; not forgetting, even at this early stage of his career, to lay up a stock of belligerent material for future use, on the contingency of some dire attack by reviewers, professional men, or royal academicians.

But we are really growing too prolix and particular in this matter of Bullfinch. And yet, if we should at this point go back to our story, some over-inquisitive reader might blame us for concealing, in so provoking a manner, the most interesting thing in all James's history, viz.: his actual habits and method of composition. It seems best, therefore, all things considered, that we should go a little further into details, before we resume our inquiries about Larigot and Dr. Sterling.

Among many things which, in the hurry of writing, we forgot to state, it will be proper now to say, that there had been in the Bullfinch family, for a long term of years, a notable black box, some four feet in length, and about half as much in breadth, ornamented with brass nails, handles, catches, and name-plate; with an irregular hunch on one of its broad-sides;—a long tail-like process at the end; and, in its general shape and aspect, not very unlike the sarcophagus of an immense tadpole. Within this box, which usually stood on its broad end, in a corner diagonally opposite to a tall antique clock, there reposed, in a shroud of green baize, not some ghastly system of joints and bones, strung together for the refreshment of osteological tastes; but a far more desirable piece of domestic property,—nothing less, in short, than a harmless violoncello, or “big fiddle,” which, after surviving the muscular exercises of three generations of Bullfinches, had now come into James's possession by lawful inheritance. It is obvious to say, that, as James's vocal powers became more and more developed, and a natural desire arose for something in the way of harmonious accompaniment, the occupant of the black box was often appealed to, and became so essential a companion of its proprietor's leisure hours, that Peter Prosody's prediction of our young friend's preference for the organ seemed very unlikely to be fulfilled. The violoncello soon found itself installed in James's snug apartment up stairs, where books of Psalmody, sheets of ruled paper, and lumps of rosin, formed no unimportant items among the articles of furniture.

Now if James had been but an ordinary youth, he would have applied this venerable instrument only to ordinary uses. But it happened otherwise: for the “big fiddle” was destined to act such a part in the formation of counterpoint, as was never be-

fore heard of in all the annals of musical composition. We ourselves obtained possession of the secret, through the special kindness of one who promised never to divulge it, except to those who would pay honorable tribute to the inventive faculties of the original discoverer. We were fortunately of the number ; but nothing would tempt us, even now, to make public what we know, were we not moved by an enthusiastic devotion to the interests of science, and an undissembled confidence in the good faith of the reader.

When James, in an hour of inspiration, had fairly jotted down on paper a series of notes, which he had previously well considered, and even hummed, whistled, sung, and played, he would first proceed to inscribe over the tip end of the upper stave the important words : "JAMES BULLFINCH,"—to signify to all into whose hands the document might hereafter fall, that *he*, and no other, was indubitably the distinguished composer. This done, the melody must now receive a *bass*,—for which the stave below is prepared, by the insertion of a conspicuous F Clef. Now it was an axiom with James, that not only the last, but also the first bass note, must be "on the key ;" and that the final note must invariably be preceded by one a fifth above, or a fourth below. Happily, therefore, for him, some portion of the work is already accomplished by standing rule ; and those three bass notes were accordingly marked down with an air of triumphant certainty.

The manuscript that is to be filled up and completed now lies on the table, with pen and ink close at hand. A chair, without elbows, is drawn to its place in front ;—the violoncello is carefully tuned, and the bow soundly rosined. All is ready, and the composer adjusts himself in such posture as to command, with the greatest facility, the alternate stroke of the quill and the bow.

Taking in a very long breath, James now sings out clearly the first note of the melody, to the open vowel "Ah ;" and at the same time gives a courageous pull at the bow, on the corresponding note already inserted in the bass. It may be an octave, a fifth, or a third ; this is as it may happen, but at any rate it sounds well, and it passes satisfactorily. The attack is next on the second note of the melody, which is to be provided with a supporter somewhere down below ; but, as yet, no one knows where. A fuller inspiration than before is taken in ; for, this time, there is more work to be done. The long "Ah" is heard again, and patiently sustained, while the bow makes careful experiment on G, A, B, C, D, E, and F, successively ; the composer, meanwhile, judging of their comparative merits, and finally selecting one of them, as the most fitting mate for No. 2, in the line of melody. Another step is now taken, and the same

ingenious process repeated ; and so, according to the true saying, *omnia vincit labor*, the progress is onward, and onward, till, after much stumbling and doubting, the final cadence is safely reached.

It must be acknowledged that this was a highly ingenious and creditable way of proceeding, and it possessed these remarkable advantages : 1st. It totally excluded discords, for a 2d, or 7th, or any other such barbarous interval, was sure to be rejected. 2d. It insured originality ; and, of course, rendered every charge of plagiarism absurd and wicked. 3d. It was truly republican, —every note in the scale having an equal chance with the rest. But James's ambition was not always content with the meagre thinness of a composition which could boast of two parts only. He looked higher than this, and felt a spirit within which assured him that he was born for loftier achievements. He was a child of impulse ; and impulse is next to inspiration, as inspiration is next to preternatural energy. With this, what might he not accomplish ? What had not others accomplished ? Surely, if the great masters were ever to be overtaken, a large stride on the way would infallibly be gained, by advancing at once from Duo to Trio, or from such firstling efforts as we have just now seen, to a style embracing more of complexity and richness of combination.

It was on a day when thoughts like these were crowding into James's mind, as he stood bending rather moodily over his table, on which lay full twenty bars of new composition, that he resolved on the grand experiment of inserting a middle voice or part ; and, the resolution once made, a most admirable plan was formed for giving it instant effect. 'The good old lady down stairs had the happiness of possessing a voice which, if not sweet, was decidedly strong—a quality which her promising son had not commonly regarded with any enthusiastic admiration in years past, though he *now* seemed to have suddenly discovered in it a fund of hitherto latent merit.

Summoning the fond dame into his presence with a startling *feu de joie* of vocatives and imperatives, she sprang from her knitting-stool, and hastened up the steep stairway with an alacrity which sent every thought of rheumatism into oblivion, under the terrible impression that her son had either set the cottage on fire, or been overtaken by Cholera Asiatica ; or—worse than all—had somehow endamaged the old violoncello. But finding, to her great joy, that no such uncomfortable calamity had intruded within her walls, or could reasonably be apprehended, she next demanded, in a rather peremptory style, the cause and motive of the vigorous subpoena which James had presumed to serve upon her, to the immeasurable disturbance of her equanimity, and the great peril of limb and apparel. We cannot pretend, however,

to set down all that was said by way of explanation of the past, and promise for the future; but it is certain that enough was done to restore the equilibrium of the elder personage, and so to reduce the extravagant hilarity of the younger, as to bring about in a few minutes an "amicable adjustment" of the whole affair—a restoration of the *status quo ante bellum*—followed by a request that the forgiving lady would condescend to become a third party in forwarding the arrangement of the aforesaid unfinished composition.

Things now assumed altogether a new phase; for, her surprise at this odd request was equalled only by the fit of genuine laughter into which she broke; and, but for the air of solemn reality which clouded up the brow of James—a sure sign that he was in earnest—it is very probable that the lady would have retreated, and thus deprived us of the opportunity of recording the nature and successful issue of James's extraordinary method of producing musical compositions for three voices.

But Mrs. Bullfinch did *not* retreat. Why should she? It is not consistent with true affection to quit the ground which destiny has chosen for the rise or fall of a young hero's glory. It is neither right, nor politic, nor womanlike, to chill and nip the bud, in which may be wrapped the very life-germ of a world of fame. Thus she reasoned, and reasoned well; for she was quick-witted, sanguine, and withal ambitious, notwithstanding her fine velvety disposition. And so, after due preliminary instruction, she stood prepared to do her part in the novel enterprise which her scientific son had excogitated. "Now then, mother," said James, in a most commendable *ex cathedra* tone, "you are to sing the treble or soprano: that is, the *top part*, a note at a time. I shall play each corresponding bass-note on the fiddle; and while this is going on, *I'll stick in a middle part with my voice, by trying what note will best chime in.*" "But, Jemmy," said the thoughtful lady, "how long am I to hold on to each note?" "Till I tell you to stop, of course," answered her dutiful son. This understood, the work proceeded in good earnest. The exercise, it must be here remarked, was in C major. Mrs. Bullfinch's first note was G, (clef line,) on which she dwelt with astonishing fortitude, while James made five or six deliberate sweeps of the bow on C in the bass, and ran through the intermediate intervals with his voice, in pursuit of a third element in the harmony. The choice seemed to be between G, C, and E. But, as G would be too like the treble, and C too like the bass, a most judicious decision was made in favor of E, which James inscribed in due form on his manuscript, while the good lady was preparing her respiratory organs for another onset.

The composition thus proceeded bravely for a time; but, as success is proverbially liable to reverses, or, at least, to transient

checks, so it happened when James had reached his tenth minim. The treble had D, (4th line,) and the bass had been located on D also. But as, on the Bullfinch system, no note was to be at all influenced by its neighbors, James was soon brought to a stand in selecting a middle term, and found himself thoroughly puzzled in comparing the claims of F, the 3d, G, the 4th, A, the 5th, and B, the 6th of the bass; all of which seemed, to his ear, to accord more or less smoothly with the utterances of his mother and the fiddle. In things of less moment it has been held sufficient to say, *stat pro ratione voluntas*; but here was, as yet, no *sic volo, sic jubeo*; and truly it was a sore trial to be thus balked and confused, amid—and by reason of—the overabundance of resources. Still—

“Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings,”

and there is a way out of every difficulty, if we have but the skill to find it. An army in ancient times clambered over the Alps; and we must not imagine that our Bullfinch is to be arrested and overcome by this petty accident. Let the reader mark our words, and then see the issue. “Ma!” said James, very gravely and philosophically, “hand me my hat, if you please, and lend me four coppers.” The emergency was exceedingly pressing, and not a moment was to be lost. With the point of a scissor-blade each copper was speedily marked with a letter, making them the representatives of the above-mentioned tones, viz., F, G, A, and B. Then the coppers were silently deposited within the crown of the hat; the next moment there was a shake, a toss, and a clatter. Then James’s hand was inserted, and the first drawn letter settled at once the fuliginous question of counterpoint, which had caused so much vexation and embarrassment.

With such aids, and with so convenient a mode of resolving every difficulty, another hour was abundantly sufficient for the completion of the task on which James had entered. And to his honor we must confess, that the production in question was as perfect as anything of its class could be: for, whether performed *recte* or *retro*, its effect was equally good, and its whole structure was such as to defy the power of criticism.

On one point, however, we have some doubts, viz., whether our friend Bullfinch was really and indisputably the originator of this mode of composition. For, on examining certain books of New-England Psalmody, published half a century ago, and lately revived under high auspices, we were induced to suspect that Billings, Read, Holden, and several other remarkable harmonists, had actually written on the same or a similar system. Indeed, on subjecting their compositions to a scientific analysis, it seems impossible to account for the very peculiar traits of their

harmonious progressions, by a resort to any other hypothesis. We throw out this opinion, however, solely for the consideration of the learned; and would further suggest that, for the honor of the nation, this admirable invention should, if possible, be traced to the above-mentioned native writers.

Of James Bullfinch's late career, up to the time of our story, we have little to state, except that as he grew older he grew wiser, and the cares of life gradually tempered and overcame his youthful ambition to shine as a composer; for surely,

"Labor dire it was, and weary woe."

He crossed the Atlantic in the summer of 18—; applied himself industriously to the mechanical profession for which he had been trained; acquired a neat little property in the village of Stafford; and devoted himself with such assiduity and faithfulness to the duties of parish chorister, as to secure not only the good-will of most of those with whom he was associated, but also more than one very acceptable token of their gratitude for his services. Still, Bullfinch was not in all respects perfect, though many a man with fewer virtues has won greater distinction, and been made the subject of higher eulogies. He was honest, truthful, warm-hearted, and, in the main, disposed to "live peaceably with all men." And had it not been for a slight degree of irritability of temper, not amounting by any means to petulance, but somewhat annoying, nevertheless, to those who stood in the way of its outbreaks, he might have been a far more valuable auxiliary than he was, to a man, for instance, of Larigot's high-spirited temperament. As it was, the chorister was too easily influenced by the deeper suspiciousness of the organist, and could be so aroused by artful insinuations and one-sided appeals, as to be brought, in spite of his better judgment, to the very borders of vindictiveness. And yet, he seldom went so far without making speedy amends—*nihil violentum perpetuum*—as soon as the excitement of temptation was over. On the whole, the love of right always predominated; and if he sometimes rallied his strength in the support of false conclusions, the fault was to be ascribed more to the infirmity of his logic, than to the obstinacy of prevaricating wilfulness.

With this admonition, we may safely leave Bullfinch's character in the reader's hands, while we prepare for another event in the curious history of choral disturbances.

WHAT IS VIRTUE?—A student put this question to the late Dr. Archibald Alexander. His simple and admirable reply was, "Virtue consists in doing our duty, in the several relations that we sustain, in respect to ourselves, to our fellow-men, and to God, as known from reason, conscience, and revelation."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF BISHOP SEABURY.

(Continued from page 108.)

THE first General Convention had before it a book usually known as the "Proposed Book." It was a volume set forth by a partial Convention, that is, a Convention of delegates from but a portion of the States, in 1785, as *proposed* for adoption, and seems to have been prepared on the principle of as great departure from the English Liturgy as could comport with anything like the identity of the English and American Churches. That a *very different* principle prevailed in the setting forth of our Prayer Book in 1789, must be obvious to all who will compare it with the English Book ; and must be, to the truly evangelical and Catholic Christian, matter of devout gratitude. In the Proposed Book, the article of the Descent into Hell had been omitted in the Creed. Bishop Seabury seems to have been principally instrumental in securing its retention. He desired also the retaining of the Athanasian Creed ; but yielded to the decided opposition to it on the part of the House of Deputies. Bishop White was favorable to retaining it, with a rubric making its use discretionary ; and not, as he frankly declared, intending to use it himself.

There can be little doubt that, by the overruling of the good providence and grace of God, both the agreement and the differences between Bishops Seabury and White were instrumental in bringing about the results of the first Council of the American Church ; so fraught with combined wisdom and prudence, and so illustrative of the joint influence of evangelical and of Catholic principles and feelings.

The second General Convention was held in New-York, September 11-19, 1792. Bishop Provoost, of New-York, who had been absent from the last Convention on account of indisposition, was present ; also Bishop Madison, of Virginia, who had been consecrated in England since the Convention of 1789. Bishops Seabury and White, who were also present, retained those views of the propriety of the case which had led them, at the last Convention, to adopt the rule of seniority according to date of letters of consecration, in filling the presidential chair of the House. Bishops Provoost and Madison were favorable to a repeal of the rule, and the substitution of one by which the presidency should devolve on the Bishops "in rotation, beginning from the North." Of course Bishops Seabury and White, being one-half of the House, could have prevented this change. They were unwilling, however, thus to take advantage of the accidental absence of Bishop Provoost from the last Convention, and of

Bishop Madison's not having then had a right to vote. But as neither of them could, consistently with his ideas of propriety, vote for the change, they agreed that one of them should absent himself long enough to have the vote taken in his absence. Bishop Seabury did so, and Bishop White's vote was overbalanced by the votes of Bishops Provost and Madison. This change made the former of these two the Presiding Bishop—the second Presiding Bishop in our Church: Bishop Seabury, as has appeared, having been the first.

During this Convention, September 17, 1792, the interesting event occurred of the first American consecration of a Bishop, in the person of the Rev. Thomas John Claggett, D. D., of Maryland. Bishop Provost, of course, presided at the consecration; Bishops Seabury, White, and Madison, uniting with him in the laying on of hands. Bishop Claggett, who admired Bishop Seabury's character and principles, used to speak with much satisfaction of the union, in his consecration, of the direct ancient English line of the Apostolic succession, with that which, more than a century before, had been derived from that line for Scotland, and thence descended in the Scotch line. Through that only consecration in which Bishop Seabury ever participated, this Scotch succession has descended to every Bishop since consecrated. Bishop Claggett having assisted at the consecrations of Bishops Robert Smith, Bass, Benjamin Moore, and Parker; Bishop Bass at that of Bishop Jarvis; and Bishop Jarvis at that of Bishops Hobart and Griswold, through whom the succession has descended to every subsequent Bishop.

A most unprincipled effort was made a few years ago—sad to say, in a Church paper—to produce the impression that Bishop Seabury was looked upon as a sort of interloper at this Convention and consecration; not desired, but tolerated, because it could not be helped. A more wicked misrepresentation could hardly be perpetrated. Bishop White was anxious that Bishop Seabury should preside in the House of Bishops, and at the consecration.

There seems to have been, about this time, an effort on the part of ill-informed and ill-tempered people to get up a prejudice against Bishop Seabury's consecration, as not valid. This came to his knowledge in a way that induced him to fear that a plan was in contemplation to exclude him from participating in the consecration of Dr. Claggett. He communicated this to Bishop White, who, every way qualified as an intelligent man, a divine, and a Christian, to think aright and feel aright on so unprincipled a project, expressed his doubt of its being any way respectably entertained, and particularly avowed his opinion that neither of the other two Bishops had anything to do with it; and further declared, that he himself would have no hand in the consecration, if Bishop Seabury should be excluded. At the consecration—the

President of the House of course presiding—Bishop Seabury took precedence, as their senior, of Bishops White and Madison ; as appears by the letter of consecration printed with the Journal of the General Convention of 1792.

Many years ago, two lay gentlemen, one of them a son-in-law of Bishop Provoost, prepared a memoir of his life, in which there is a doubtless accidental inaccuracy, that might seem to justify the impression of Bishop Seabury not having had his proper station at the consecration of Bishop Claggett. Referring to that event, the memoir says, "Bishop Provoost was the consecrator ;* Bishop White, of Pennsylvania, Bishop Madison, of Virginia, and Bishop Seabury, of Connecticut, joined in the imposition of hands." To correspond exactly with the fact, and with an important principle connected with the fact, Bishop Seabury's name should have been given before the names of Bishops White and Madison. Unfortunately, this inaccuracy, on the authority of the aforesaid memoir, was transferred to the first volume of *The Evergreen*, and to Dr. Berrian's *Historical Sketch of Trinity Church, New-York*.

The Bishop's *personal appearance* is said to have been remarkably good. He was rather above the middling height, well proportioned, and portly. His eye was dark and brilliant, especially when animated. His gait moderate, but easy and courtly, indicating the dignified gentleman. His voice was rather harsh, but deep-toned, heavy, and effective. He was a man of ready wit, and many anecdotes are told of him, showing that he knew how to enjoy and enliven the social circle. His manner of expressing himself was firm and decided, but never dogmatical or overbearing. He was a careful observer of men and things, a scholar of general information in most departments of literature. His strong good sense made him an interesting companion for the learned and the unlearned. Indeed, few men possessed conversational powers of a higher order than Bishop Seabury. The impression made by the Bishop on all who saw him was well expressed by a Congregational minister who knew him, who said, that "Bishop Seabury looked as he always thought a Bishop ought to look."

In his intercourse with his clergy, the Bishop's manners were easy and affable, kind and courteous, but always dignified; sustaining, at the same time, the character of father and brother, of companion and friend. In his consultations with his brethren, he had a happy faculty of so drawing out their opinions upon points of difference, as to reconcile them with each other, and accommodate them to his own, until he impressed his own mind upon that of all his clergy. To the laity, also, he was equally courteous

* All the Bishops who lay on hands are consecrators.

and easy of access, for which he was rewarded by a correspondent affection. It may indeed be truly said that they revered and admired him, and he was always sure of a warm reception and a hearty welcome, wherever he went.

As a *writer*, he had no superiors, and few equals. His style was simple and unadorned, concise and comprehensive, and at the same time perspicuous and easy of comprehension. His language was always chaste and pertinent; his ideas, following in the most natural and obvious method, were easily understood and retained. Theological niceties, metaphysical subtleties, and conjectural divinity, found no favor with him, though his writings evince the scholar thoroughly armed, and his language was always well weighed. His one great object, as a sermonizer, seems to have been, so to explain the important doctrines of the Gospel,—the great articles of faith,—and the practical duties of life,—so to show what we must *believe* and *do*, as to persuade men to embrace and follow those things which are necessary to salvation. His own sense of the importance of vital religion was deep and fervent, and breathes through all his discourses, animating them with the same holy fervor that burned in his own bosom.

As a *preacher*, he was deservedly popular, and was always sure of a full audience, wherever he went. Plain and simple in his language, fervent and engaging in his manner, even those who differed from him in opinion could listen to him with pleasure, and all went away benefited and instructed. He foresaw the lamentable defection which has since taken place among the orthodox of Massachusetts, and warned them of their approaching danger. The two volumes of sermons which he published were designed to guard his own people against those errors, and may be read with great profit at the present time, for the same purpose.

Towards those *who differed from him* he was courteous and charitable; never yielding any truth, but defending it in those terms which would give the least offence. Confident of the solid grounds on which his own religion was based, he was not disturbed by the assaults that were made upon it, and believing that they generally originated in ignorance or prejudice, he sought to overcome and root them out by kind words and solid arguments. In all his discussions, the fair-minded man is clearly seen. Too honest to misrepresent, too honorable to urge a weak point, or to attempt to mislead by sophistry—always calm, considerate, and courteous, he triumphed over the most determined opponents.

Of Bishop Seabury as a *theologian*, it is hardly necessary to speak, nor could justice be done him in the space that could be allotted to the subject. It is no small praise that he was

looked upon by Bishop Hobart as one of the soundest divines, and that an eminent British periodical has pronounced him worthy of the best days of English theology. His were the principles of Johnson, and Beach, and Leaming, and Chandler—principles which have been well sustained, since his day, by Hobart, and Ravenscroft, and Bowden.

The publications of Bishop Seabury, so far as known, are as follows :—

1785. His First Charge to the Clergy of his Diocese,—on recommending Candidates for Orders, and on Confirmation, delivered Aug. 4, 1785, together with a list of the succession of Scotch Bishops, from the Revolution, in 1688, to that time. Reprinted Conn. Jour. 147–152.

1786. His Second Charge to the Clergy of his Diocese on the proper deportment of the clergy, the religious errors of the times, and on the Holy Eucharist, delivered Sept. 22, 1786.

The Communion Office, or Order for the Administration of the Holy Eucharist, or Supper of our Lord, with Private Devotions, recommended to the Episcopal Congregations in Connecticut.

1789. The Duty of Considering our Ways: a Discourse preached at New-London, Dec. 13, 1789, at the ordination of R. Fowle to the holy order of Deacons.

1790. Anonymously. An Address to the Ministers and Congregations of the Presbyterian and Independent Persuasions in the United States of America. By a member of the Episcopal Church,—reprinted in the *Churchman* of New-York, during the months of April and May, 1841.

1791. Discourses on several subjects, dedicated to the Episcopal Clergy of Connecticut and Rhode-Island, in two volumes.—These have been reprinted two or three times.

A Discourse delivered in St. John's Church, N. H., June 29, 1791, at the ordination of Rev. Robert Fowle, A.M., to the Priesthood. Published in consequence of the misrepresentations to which it had given rise.

About the same time, an earnest persuasive to the frequent receiving of the Holy Communion; republished in 1816, by Rev. B. G. Noble, Rector of Christ Church, Middletown, and subsequently by Rev. H. Croswell, D. D., Rector of Trinity Church, New-Haven.

1798. Subsequently to the Bishop's death, a supplementary volume of Sermons of his was published.

Bishop Seabury's sermons will probably be—certainly ought to be—a part of the permanent literature of our Church. They furnish wholesome and edifying reading to the theological student, the divine, the private Christian, and the Christian family.

It will be seen by the date, that "The Communion Office," above mentioned, was set forth some three years before the

Church in the different States had formed our National Church, and the year before there was another Bishop in the country. The Connecticut Church was then an independent body. It is well known to have been an ancient principle of the Catholic Church, that Bishops could provide liturgical forms for their respective dioceses.

The following notice of this Communion Office is taken from the *Practical Christian and Church Chronicle*, a weekly paper published in New-Haven, Connecticut, March 19, 1841:—"The order of the Liturgy is precisely that of St. James, and the substance that of Edward IV., though differing in much of its phraseology, and being in many parts of it shorter. In one important point, however, Bishop Seabury's Liturgy differs from both the others mentioned: it has no commemoration of the faithful departed, in the same sense as used in those Liturgies."

The Bishop's death occurred February 26, 1796. More than half a century afterwards, his remains were removed from their original resting-place for re-interment within the new church then just erected in the parish of which he was Rector. This was done with great solemnity, and suitable religious observances. The writer desires to make an authentic record of all matters connected with this event a part of this sketch. He has not at hand, however, at this present writing, the means of doing so; but hopes to have them in time for the next number of the *MAGAZINE*.

It is by no means an uninteresting fact, that Bishop Seabury was of a family which has been represented in the priesthood of the Church for four successive direct generations. His father, as has been seen, was the Rev. Samuel Seabury, who, from being a Congregational minister, became a minister of the Catholic Church. His son was the late Rev. Charles Seabury, justly honored and beloved in the memories of many now living. And his son is the Rev. Samuel Seabury, D.D., Rector of the Church of the Annunciation in this city—worthy of his name.

In preparing this sketch, the writer has been aided by an article with the same title in the first number of *The Evergreen*, January, 1844.

A GOOD TOAST.—The pursuit in which we cannot ask God's protection must be criminal; the pleasure for which we dare not thank him cannot be innocent.

THOUGH reading and conversation may furnish us with many ideas of men and things, yet it is our own meditations that must form our judgment.

Editor's Table.

ON THE STARVING OUT OF CHRIST'S MINISTRY.—An article of great pith and importance lately appeared under this head, in the "*Register*." Never was anything more opportunely or more admirably said, and it cannot fail to produce its effect on all thinking minds which it may reach. The complaint, which is beginning to be so general, of the decreasing numbers of applicants for the Holy Ministry, in proportion to the spiritual wants of the country, was urged again, and the reason of the fact stated, and the whole matter, as we believe, traced up to its philosophical source. While all other incomes were nearly doubled, according to the scale of necessary expenses, those of the poorer clergy remained as in times gone by. It was, in fact, an almost impossibility for them to keep up a decent appearance, to maintain their families, or even to live in celibacy. Young men of self-respect, who could get their livelihood in an honest way, were loth to have their souls subdued by the heart-breaking tyranny of such penurious exaction. Hence many, who would have gladly set their faces towards the ministry, now turn away; nor can it show a lack of faith, when those who have the means, still hold a body of refined and educated men upon the very brink of starving. Furthermore, the above paper traces the lack of requisite support to the demoralization of a general and growing luxury. On this subject we propose to add a few words, in order to keep it before the public; for it is one which concerns the vital interests of the Church of God, and the solemn obligations of every Christian man. An unrestrained luxury, whether in nations or individuals, is the sure precursor of corruption and decay. No one, who is familiar with social affairs in this great city, can shut his eyes to the fact of an increasing taste for the splendid paraphernalia of living. It infects all classes, and the rivalry, the emulation, the envy and selfish feelings engendered, form the essential spirit, the very quintessence of downright worldliness. True worldliness consists *least of all* in amusements and recreations, on which some religionists pounce with the *greatest fury*, straining, as they are apt to do, at a gnat and swallowing a camel; but rather in the mighty passions of vanity, and pride, and arrogance, cultivated among many who religiously abstain from being amused, and arrogate to themselves great merit for so doing. Luxury is a great sin, which is passed over. What is worse, it is a contagion, carried from the Metropolis to every quarter of the land. It breaks out among the rival potentates in little villages, and contaminates all the petty leaders of society. To gratify the love of empty show, many will go so far as to retrench even necessary and substantial comforts. What a folly is this! How much greater, however, when, to satisfy both, they retrench from the very alms which they were disposed to lay upon the altar! It is natural to

satisfy one's greater obligations first, and the lesser next, and the least, last; or else to get rid of the least first, by doling out a small sum, which we consider to be all which is due. God help those who place the Church last, and to get rid of responsibility place only a small alms in the treasury, lest it should prevent them from having a big looking-glass on the wall.

There is no *intrinsic* sin in living sumptuously according to station. Kings must not dim the necessary splendor of the throne. The rich may be clothed in purple and fine linen every day. The workers in silver and gold, the artificers, the jewellers, and the skilled in all precious and beautiful arts, must be sustained and cherished in the cultivation of those faculties which God has given them. But let no man live above his means. God demands the one-tenth, *and not more*, unless, like the poor woman, you choose to yield up all the living which you have. Those who live too closely up to their incomes, and cannot afford to pay this, are actually defrauding the Church. Will a man rob God?

ABBOT'S EGYPTIAN MUSEUM.—It is a mortifying fact, and one which implies the severest censure on the taste and intelligence of this great city, that while so many places of amusement are crowded, the rooms which contain this costly and interesting collection of antiquities are left comparatively vacant. There is no doubt that if it were in the hands of those who knew how to excite the curiosity of the public, and to make it ravenous, by descriptive advertisements of the marvellous things which are contained in this Museum, as many would flock to visit them, as now go to listen to Ethiopian Minstrels, to see the bearded lady, or the man in miniature;—objects, indeed, which may be well enough in their way, for those who approve of making a show of unfortunate humanity. Many exhibitions, which appeal to the eye and ear, do not want their crowds of liberal patrons, but who goes to visit Abbot's Egyptian Museum? We had much rather that those concerned would make some noise about it, in the *ad captandum* style, than that it should be taken forever from our midst. Some time ago several highly respectable gentlemen issued an appeal to the public, on the prospect of its removal, and obtained a further delay of it in this city. But we have not heard the effect of it on the dull, dead ear. We hope for the best, although we fear lest it prove in vain. Many of those who, in the spirit of roving, will cross oceans and deserts, and at some future day ascend the Nilus, will neglect the opportunity of getting a glimpse of Egypt, in their midst. They will not take the trouble to walk a few steps, nor to turn the corner. Yet there are many things in this collection more rare and precious than they might possibly have access to, were they to visit the land of the Pharaohs. Rest assured that it is no heap of rubbish, nor is the like of it to be found elsewhere; it is the result of researches, prosecuted for many years, in the spirit of antiquarianism, which is so rare; and for the credit of the country, whose fostering care has been thus far so vainly relied upon, it ought to be placed where the flames can-

not reach it, and where it shall be the nucleus of some noble and useful institution forever. We trust that those who have so opportunely come forward in its behalf, will not cease from their efforts until they have roused the community to an appreciation of the invaluable treasure which they are about to lose. What a tide of thoughts, what solemn and unspeakable ideas do these not suggest! It is worth while, surely, to walk in these lonely and deserted halls, amid the monuments of departed glory, if only to experience the new sensations, and to be touched with the grand morality which they inspire. Here you stand face to the embalmed faces of the kings who reigned in Egypt three thousand years ago:—you see the necklaces which they wore upon their bosoms, and the signet-rings which graced their fingers; and while they stand upright in the magnificent coffins, upon whose pictured lids the colors are as bright as yesterday, in the shrivelled lips and brows, from which the flesh has not wasted, you can almost certainly define the expression of their countenances; the very spirit of the Despotism which made millions quail before them living, and the mighty Pyramids to be built for them when dead. Oh! what a theme for musing and for moralizing, when, as you gaze, you hearken to the tramp of footmen, and to the rolling carriages of a vast city, which only yesterday did not exist! The Past and Present, by a strange coincidence, are cheek by jowl. Sesostria, in his ceremonies of death;—the bursting, budding youth of a new civilization!

THERE are some things, we confess, which have long weighed upon our spirit, and respecting which we *must* give utterance to our thoughts. And we bring them into this part of the "Monthly" because we do not purpose writing a formal essay, but simply wish to speak plainly, unreservedly, and with all frankness, to friends and brethren among our readers, alike interested with us in the spread of truth and purity throughout the world.

We have been a long time resident in the city of New-York, and have been also not unobservant of what, from year to year, has taken place in this populous metropolis. We have noted, from time to time, what the Romanists are doing, not only in this city of New-York, but also all over the country, with their schools, their seminaries, their colleges, their asylums, their houses for women, their brotherhood associations, &c. We have watched the course of the State, with its free schools, its ward schools, its Free Academy, its endowed institutions for public reformation, its multifarious ways of endeavoring to educate the young without religion of any sort, and striving to sharpen the intellect, while the heart and moral nature are totally uncared for. We have noted the career of the popular press, especially the newspapers daily published in the city, and we have seen, with deep emotion, that those of the largest circulation, especially among that vast collection of our citizens who rarely read anything else, are almost entirely without principle,—and filled with abominable and perniciously false views of life, and its duties and privileges. We have also noted how

extensively fanaticism, superstition, folly, and ignorance find place among many of the community; and how much crime, of every shade and hue, has seemed to be on the increase. These, and kindred matters, of which there are countless examples every day forcing themselves upon the attention of Christian people, have for years been to us a source of the deepest sadness, not unmingled with alarm.

But there is something more to be said—this is only a part of the story. We have seen also—and this is the most sorrowful of all—what the Church is *not* doing in and for the city of New-York. Churchmen are *not* planting schools in every ward and district of this vastly-increasing metropolis. Churchmen are *not* building Mission Churches; *not* founding colleges and academies; *not* evangelizing every region in the city, where the Gospel has never been heard; *not* supporting the cause of Missions, diocesan or general; *not* helping feeble parishes; *not* giving liberally of their substance to Church institutions.

Is it not so? we ask you, readers of these pages, whoever you may be. Is it not sadly, even shamefully, true, that Churchmen do *not* do what they ought to do in the city of New-York? Let any one go out into the streets, and let him look for himself; let him examine the census, let him search the records of what the city is, and what it contains; let him try to find out, if he can, the thousands of poor outcasts, especially children, living in degradation and vice, and every day sinking deeper and deeper into sin and crime; let him note the vast influx of ignorant, half-civilized foreigners, for whose souls or bodies no man seems to care; let him try to find the school-houses, the Missionaries, the asylums, the houses of reformation, and the like, which Churchmen have supplied for the good of this city; and then let him extend his walk into another part of the town. Let him look well at the palaces and noble mansions which Churchmen build for themselves and their families; let him enter one of them, and see the magnificence of decoration, the profusion of expense, the luxuriousness of all the arrangements; let him estimate at what cost all this must be maintained; and let him satisfy himself that many Churchmen expend five, ten, fifteen, twenty, even fifty thousand dollars per year, in supporting such an establishment as he has just examined. Let him lay the contrast well to heart, and he need not wonder that there is one universal cry and wailing for churches, and schools, and Missionaries to preach the Gospel to the heathen in our very midst, in this great city of New-York.

But we forbear for the present. The subject may well come up again. Now we leave it with our readers for their study, and their earnest endeavors to see and know what *they* ought to do in such a case as this.

Book Table.

HISTORY OF NEW-AMSTERDAM; or, New-York as it was in the Days of the Dutch Governors. Together with Papers on Events connected with the American Revolution; and on Philadelphia in the Times of William Penn. By Professor A. Davis. R. T. Young, Publisher, 140 Fulton-street. 1854.

- This is quite an interesting little volume, containing some pleasing information with regard to the first settlement of New-York. The author does ample justice to the Dutch character, and feels that the possessions of Holland were wrested from it with great injustice. He mentions, amongst other things, that the Island of Manhattan was purchased for about \$24. His style is animated, very flowery, and his sentences numerous, and short. To the descendants of the original settlers of New-York the book will be curious and valuable.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE for January has been received, and contains a number of excellent articles, amongst which we would recommend particularly, "The Past and Future of China," "The Beverages we Infuse," and "The Aberdeen Cabinet." The article on "The Past and Future of China" is lucid and instructive, written with a masterly hand, and is calculated to give an appetite for still more knowledge of this wonderful and ancient country, where, if historians are to be believed, the fundamental principles of American life and prosperity have been understood, and practised in some degree for ages. "The Aberdeen Cabinet," too, is full of interest, and probably an honest exponent of British feeling upon the Turkey and Russia question.

ANNIE VINCENT. A Domestic Story. By the author of "The Twin Sisters." New-York: Bunce & Brother, Publishers, 134 Nassau-street.

This is the title of a story full of incident and excitement, yet free from any affectation or extravagance of plot and style. It contains an excellent moral—and exemplifies this truth, well-known, yet often forgotten, that selfishness leads to covetousness, and "covetousness, which is idolatry," to the most terrible crimes. It also conveys healthy and excellent sentiments upon love and marriage; subjects with which it deals freely. The perusal of the book can do no harm.

HENRIETTA TEMPLE. A Love Story. By B. D'Israeli, M. P., P. C. Three English volumes, complete in one. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, No. 102 Chestnut-street.

TENETIA, or Lord Byron and his Daughter. By B. D'Israeli, M. P., P. C. Three English volumes, complete in one. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, No. 102 Chestnut-street.

The great reputation of the author of these well-known romances, and their already attained character for interest and talent, will insure them a welcome in their present saleable form. Price of each, only fifty cents.

[A number of Book Notices have been unavoidably postponed until next month.]

Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

CONSECRATION OF A BISHOP.

January 8. In Christ Church, Savannah, Georgia, by Bishops Elliott of Georgia, Cobbs of Alabama, and Davis of South Carolina: the Rev. THOMAS FIELDING SCOTT, D. D., for the Missionary Episcopate of Oregon and Washington.

ORDINATIONS.

Priests.

Kentucky—January 15. Rev. John Wesley Venable.
Michigan—December 13. Rev. Daniel B. Lyon, Rev. Caleb A. Bruce.
Mississippi—December 14. Rev. John Philson.
New-York—December 18. Rev. Henry Norman Hudson, Rev. William A. McVickar, Rev. William A. W. Maybin.
Ohio—November 27. Rev. Mark Richard Jukes, Rev. Columbus S. Doolittle, Rev. D. C. Maybin, Rev. Daniel Risser.
Pennsylvania—January 6. Rev. David J. Henderson.
South Carolina—November 14. Rev. Edmund E. Bellingier.
Western New-York—December 18. Rev. John Leech.

Deacons.

Connecticut—December 18. John Brainard, B. A.
Indiana—December 11. John Bell Wakefield.
Michigan—December 13. Charles E. Beardsley.
Mississippi—December 14. James Philson, F. W. Damon.
New-Hampshire—January 27. Andrew Oliver.
New-Jersey—December 18. William Tilghman Johnston, A. B., Joseph Shepherd Mayers, A. B.
New-York—December 18. J. W. Capen, Erastus Webster.
Pennsylvania—January 6. John Kepple Helmuth, A. B.
Western New-York—December 18. William T. Gibson, John G. Webster, William W. Bours.

INSTITUTION.

New-Jersey—January 29. Grace Church, Newark, Rev. William Henry Nassau Stewart, Rector.

CONSECRATION OF CHURCHES.

Connecticut—January 6. Christ Church, New-Haven.
Illinois—December 6. St. John's Church, Quincy.
Mississippi—December 8. Grace Church, Canton.
North Carolina—December 6. St. Paul's Church, Louisburg.
Wisconsin—December 11. Church of the Intercession, Stevens' Point, Portage County.

CONFIRMATIONS.

- Connecticut*—November 8. St. James's Church, Poquetanoc, 4.
 — 13. Christ Church, West-Haven, 4.
 St. James's Church, Westville, 13.
 — 14. Christ Church, Guilford, 3.
 — 15. Zion Church, North Branford, 1.
 — 16. St. John's Church, North Guilford, 6.
 — 17. Union Church, North Killingworth, 3.
 — 18. St. Peter's Church, Cheshire, 12.
 — 20. St. Peter's Church, Plymouth, 5.
 — 27. Trinity Church, Wolcottville, 6.—57.
- Illinois*—December 6. St. John's Church, Quincy, 10.
- Indiana*—December 4. Trinity Church, Lawrenceburgh, 1.
 — 11. St. Paul's Church, Richmond, 8.—9.
- Kentucky*—January 15. Ascension Church, Frankfort, 19.
- Maine*—November 7. Grace Church, Bath, 2.
 — 10. St. Stephen's Church, Portland, 2.
 January 16. Do. do 9.—13.
- Massachusetts*—January 22. Church of the Messiah, Boston, 9.
- Michigan*—December 12. St. Thomas's Church, Battle Creek, 5.
- Mississippi*—December 11. Grace Church, Canton, 9.
 — 31. St. Paul's Church, Woodville, 6.
 January 5. Parish at Washington, 2.
 — 8. Christ Church, Jefferson, 2.—19.
- New-Hampshire*—January 27. St. John's Church, Portsmouth, 20.
- New-Jersey*—December 21. St. Paul's Church, Rahway, 17.
 — 22. Christ Church, Newark, 19.—36.
- New-York*—December 2. Church of the Holy Innocents, West Point, 3.
 — 11. St. John's Church, Brooklyn, 23.
 January 23. Chapel of St. Timothy's Parish, N. York, 17.—43.
- North Carolina*—November 27. St. John's Church, Fayetteville, 11.
 — 30. Warrentown, 4.
 Church of the Holy Innocents, Henderson, 2.
 December 4. Oxford, 5.
 — 5. St. John's Church, Williamsburgh, 4.
 — 6. St. Paul's Church, Louisburg, 1.—27.
- South Carolina*—November 13. Trinity Church, Edgefield, 3.
 — 20. St. Philip's Church, Charleston, 22.
 St. John's Chapel, do. 22.
 St. Stephen's, do. 7.
 — 26. St. John's Island, 135.
 January 1. St. Matthew's Church, St. Matthew's Parish, 4.
 Hampden Chapel, 92.—285.
- Western New-York*—January 8. State Prison Chapel, Auburn, 11.
 St. Peter's Church, do. 15.—26.
- Wisconsin*—January 15. Trinity Church, Mineral Point, 8.

CLERICAL CHANGES.

- Rt. Rev. William Ingraham Kip, D. D., Missionary Bishop for California, to San Francisco, California.
- Rev. Richard S. Adams, to the Rectorship of Grace Church, Waterford, Saratoga County, New-York.

- Rev. E. C. Benton, to St. John's Church, West Baton Rouge, Louisiana.
Rev. John J. Brandigee, to the charge of Grace Church, Utica, Western New-York.
Rev. R. T. Brown: Post Office, Theological Seminary, Fairfax County, Virginia.
Rev. John W. Chevers: Post Office, Petersville, Amelia County, Virginia.
Rev. John B. Clemson, to Naaman's Creek, Delaware.
Rev. William K. Douglas, to St. John's Parish, Warehouse Point, Connecticut.
Rev. William Allen Fiske, to the Rectorship of Grace Church, Lyons, Wayne County, Western New-York.
Rev. Thomas L. Franklin, to St. John's Church, Mount Morris, Livingston County, Western New-York.
Rev. Francis Granger, to St. Andrew's Church, Elyria, Ohio.
Rev. Henry F. Greene, to Christ Church, Newbern, North Carolina.
Rev. Benjamin Halsted, to Calvary Church, (Post Office, Lexington,) Holmes County, Mississippi.
Rev. Joseph H. Ingraham, to St. John's Church, Mobile, Alabama.
Rev. Thomas W. Leavell, to Bloomfield Parish, Madison County, and the Church at Woodville, Rappahannock County, (Post Office, State Mills, Rappahannock County,) Virginia.
Rev. William M'Guire, to Wickeliffe Parish, (Post Office, Berryville, Clarke County,) Virginia.
Rev. Charles Minnegerode, to Christ Church, Norfolk, Virginia.
Rev. William M. Nelson, to Scottsville, Albemarle County, Virginia.
Rev. Robert N. Parke, to the Missionary Station, Addison, Steuben County, Western New-York.
Rev. Edmund T. Perkins, to the Associate Rectorship of St. Matthew's Church, Wheeling, Virginia.
Rev. John Philson, to the Rectorship of St. John's Church, Aberdeen, Mississippi.
Rev. Charles S. Putnam, to the Rectorship of St. Paul's Church, Wallingford, Connecticut.
Rev. William B. Rally, to Trinity Church, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Rev. A. F. N. Rolf, to St. Stephen's, Goldsborough, Wayne County, North Carolina.
Rev. Noah Hunt Schenck, to the Mission at Troy and Hillsborough, (Post Office, Cincinnati,) Ohio.
Rev. J. Jackson Scott: Post Office, Warrington, Tuscumbia County, Florida.
Rev. Charles Seymour, to the Rectorship of All Saints' Church, Frederick City, Maryland.
Rev. J. Avery Shepherd, to the Church at Lake Washington, (Post Office, Vicksburgh,) Mississippi.
Rev. George N. Sleight, to New-York.
Rev. William Henry Nassau Stewart, to the Rectorship of Grace Church, Newark, New-Jersey.
Rev. Benjamin W. Whitchoer: Post Office, Whitestown, Oneida County, Western New-York.
Rev. Hanson T. Wilcoxson, to Trinity and St. Paul's Parishes, Connellsville, Fayette County, Pennsylvania.
Rev. Henry W. Woods: Post Office, Columbia, Pennsylvania.

Died,

December 19. Rev. Erastus Spalding, Missionary at Phelps and Vienna, Western New-York.

— 30. At Poughkeepsie, Dutchess County, New-York, Rev. Daniel Burhans, D. D., of Connecticut, aged 90. Probably the oldest Presbyter of our Church.

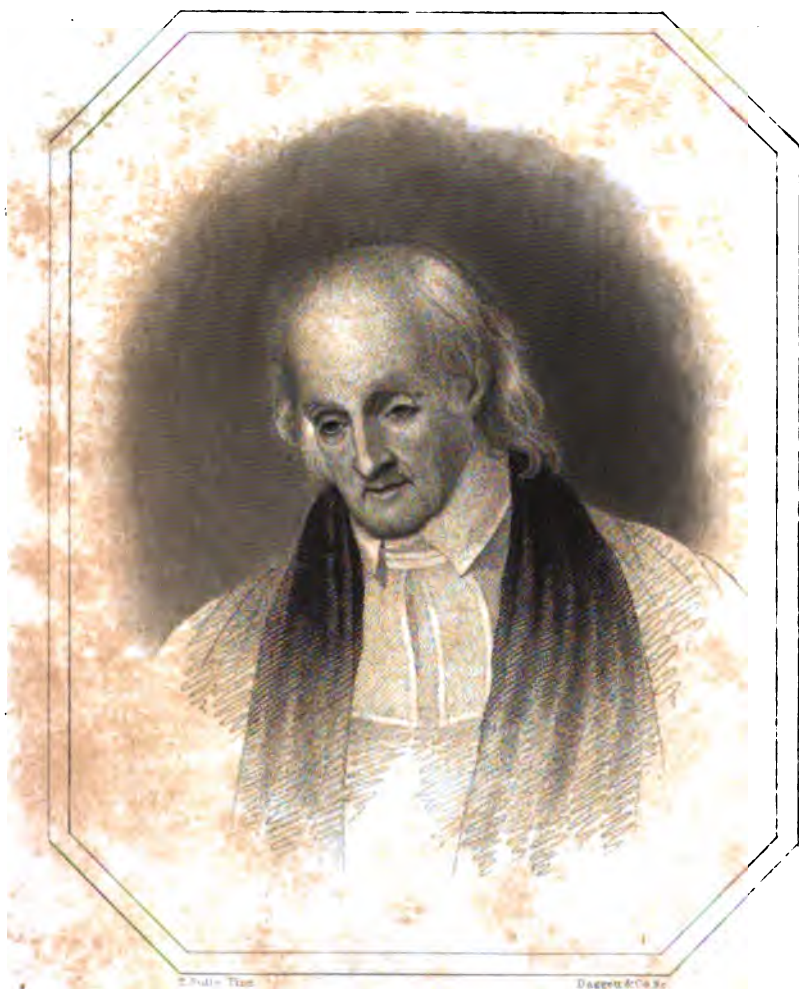
CONTRIBUTIONS TO INSTITUTIONS OF THE CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES,
AND IN THE DIOCESE OF NEW-YORK.

Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the
United States:

Domestic Committee.....	\$15,837 74	
Foreign Committee.....	16,938 26	
		<hr/> \$32,776 00
General Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union and Church Book Society	166 81	
Diocesan Missionary Committee.....	\$2,187 91	
Diocesan Fund for the Relief of Aged and Infirm Clergy- men	\$1,476 35	
Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society for Seamen, in the City and Port of New-York	677 65	
New-York Bible and Common Prayer-Book Society.....	186 05	
Protestant Episcopal Tract Society	116 65	

Calendar for March.

1. The first day of LENT, commonly called ASH-WEDNESDAY.
[Proper Psalms instead of the Psalms for the Day.
Proper Prayers immediately before the General Thanks-
giving at Morning Prayer—printed immediately after the
Collect.]
5. First Sunday in Lent.
8.)
10. { Ember Days.
11. }
12. Second Sunday in Lent.
19. Third Sunday in Lent.
25. THE ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.
26. Fourth Sunday in Lent.



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1881

Churchman's Monthly Magazine.

VOL. I.

APRIL 1848.

No. 4.

ESCALATED RATES BY MISS WORTH

The second Sunday of last week the Society of the Christian Church, for the purpose of raising money for the purchase of the new building, to which I have the honor to allude, was held in its sanctuary. The opportunity was taken to read many words for Church purposes, of which the most interesting was the close of the Revolutionary War. The writer will endeavor to make an attempt to do so, in a dramatic and picturesque of his own, in the next number of the next life.

His father, Captain Thomas Wilson, was a member of the Maryland House of Representatives, and was one of the early settlers of Washington, D. C. His mother, Mrs. Fisher, was the daughter of John Newton, originally of the State of Maryland, and was one of the early settlers of Washington, D. C. His father was the oldest of two children, and his mother was the wife of Robert Wilson, a public life, and especially for his valuable services in the financial concerns of the United States during the Revolution.

who lived to see him in the Episcopate, he thus expressed himself—
VOL. I.—NO. IV.

who lived to see him in the Episcopate, he thus expressed him-
VOL. I.—NO. IV.

self :—" I ought not to introduce the mention of her in this note, without the acknowledgment of the early impressions on my young mind from her religious instructions ; for which I owe gratitude to her memory, and to the grace of God for the benefit received from them."

At the age of seven he was transferred from the school of a mistress, to the English school of the newly-erected College of Philadelphia. . At about ten, he entered the Latin school, and at fourteen, the college proper ; and graduated at seventeen. It may be said of him that, boy and man, he was always religious. An eminent pattern of Christian piety and virtue, this was not, in him, the result of any *great change*. He says of himself :—" It may be recorded with truth, but let it be with humility, and with sorrow for innumerable failures, and for the having fallen far short of what was due to the advantages of early years, that there is not recollected any portion of my life during which I was altogether regardless of the obligations of religion, or neglectful of the duty of prayer." When about sixteen, the death of a young friend led his mind to special " religious exercises and inquiries ;" an effect which was increased soon after by the interest he took in the preaching of the Rev. George Whitefield. He says expressly, however, in reference to this fact :—" I found myself in no danger of being one of his converts." Even at that early period his religion seems to have been of a stamp entirely different from that most in favor with the partisans of Mr. Whitefield ; as it was well known to have been throughout his long course of faithful devotion to his Saviour. Those who were best acquainted with him, best knew the strength of his disinclination, increased with increasing years of reflection and observation, to what he termed " the animal feelings excited by the preaching of Mr. Whitefield, and of other preachers of the same stamp." On another important point, too, namely, Mr. Whitefield's neglect and violation of his ordination vows, the Bishop thus expressed himself :—" The first consideration which weakened his authority with me, was a comparison of his obligations assumed at ordination, with his utter disregard of them." It was, however, by no means inconsistent with such views existing in early life, and strengthened with years, that he should have been seriously affected by the wonderful eloquence of that remarkable man. From the Bishop's own view of the case, however, given in after life, it would appear that the encouragement of the serious impressions produced on his mind by the death of his young friend, was quite as much the effect of Mr. Whitefield's coming having " caused religion to be more than commonly a subject of conversation," as of his preaching.

Having faithfully improved the slender advantages at that time afforded for prosecuting the study of theology, Mr. White

went to England for Holy Orders, in 1770; and was ordained Deacon on the twenty-third of December, the Ember-season, by Dr. Philip Young, Bishop of Norwich, in the Royal Chapel, London; and Priest in June, 1772, by Dr. Richard Terrick, Bishop of London; he having spent the intermediate time in England.

He embarked for Philadelphia in the same month, and, after a tedious voyage, arrived on the 13th of September. In the following month he was chosen by the Vestry of Christ Church and St Peter's, Philadelphia—those churches forming then one parish—Assistant Minister; the Rev. Richard Peters, D. D., being the Rector, and the Rev. Jacob Duché, Senior Assistant; and the Rev. Thomas Coombe being chosen an Assistant at the same time.

In February, 1773, Mr. White married Miss Mary Harrison, "an amiable lady of much merit, to whom he had been tenderly attached for two or three years before his voyage to England." "With this lady Mr. White lived in uninterrupted harmony until her death on the 13th of December, 1797. He was not again married. He never ceased to deplore her loss, with the tenderest recollection of her merits." These extracts are from Dr. Wilson's "*Memoir of the Life of Bishop White*," a volume to which, and to Dr. Dorr's "*Historical Account of Christ Church, Philadelphia*," the present writer is indebted for many of his facts.

Dr. Peters resigned his Rectorship September 23, 1775, when Mr. Duché was chosen. In consequence of the Revolutionary War the latter removed to England, as did also Mr. Coombe, leaving Mr. White in sole charge of the two churches, there being no other Episcopal clergyman in the city. April 15, 1779, the Vestry declared the Rectorship vacant, and unanimously elected Mr. White to the office, which he filled until his death in 1836. He accepted it, however, with the following proviso, truly honorable to his principles and feelings: "If ever, at the desire of the Vestry and members in general of these churches, and with the permission of the civil authority,* the former Rector should return to this country, I shall esteem it my duty, and it will be my pleasure, to resign." He did return in 1792, but having embraced Swedenborgian notions, he never resumed ministerial duty, and died in 1797.

Mr. White was a firm and conscientious adherent to the American cause in all the difficulties and contests connected with the Revolution. Soon after the ever-memorable July 4, 1776, he took the oath of allegiance to the United States, and remained faithful to it; and although never an active politician, his views

* This refers to Mr. Duché's having become politically obnoxious from want of confidence in his attachment to the American cause.

of duty induced the constant habit of voting at civil elections. On occasion of his taking the oath of allegiance, it is said that a gentleman of his acquaintance intimated to him by a gesture (raising his hand to his neck) the danger he was incurring; and that, the oath being taken, he said to this gentleman, "I perceived by your gesture that you thought I was exposing my neck to great danger by the step which I have taken. But I have not taken it without full deliberation. I know my danger, and that it is the greater on account of my being a clergyman of the Church of England. But I trust in Providence. The cause is a just one, and, I am persuaded, will be protected."

In 1782, the University of Pennsylvania conferred on him the degree of D. D., it being the first occasion of its conferring that degree.

During the Revolutionary War, Dr. White had to contend with great difficulties, and assume peculiar responsibilities, in the discharge of his ecclesiastical functions. He was eminently, however, the man for the occasion; intellectually and morally prepared to judge rightly and act rightly, whatever contingency might arise; and then, as during the whole of his long ministry, winning affection and confidence, and doing good to men of every grade and character, by his pastoral fidelity. His office as Chaplain to Congress, to which he was elected as early as 1777, and which he held for many years, gave him opportunities, which he did not neglect, of enlarging the sphere of his usefulness as a Christian and a Christian minister.

As was, of course, to have been expected, the multiplied troubles necessarily connected with the long war of the Revolution were the cause of serious injury to the Church, heightened by the relation in which it had stood to the British government. This deeply affected Dr. White, who was much moved by "perceiving our ministry gradually approaching to annihilation." It is said that he was, at one time, the only Episcopal clergyman in Pennsylvania.

In 1782, there appeared ground to hope for a cessation of hostilities between this and the mother country, although not at first connected with any certain prospect of our independence being recognized. In this state of things, Dr. White, rejoicing in the prospect of the opportunity thus hoped for, of turning public attention to the peaceful concerns of religion, threw out, for the consideration of what had been the Church of England in America, in a small pamphlet, a plan of organization, the publishing of which has ever since been matter of much regret to many of the best friends of himself and his memory. The plan was—besides sundry principles of practical detail, many of which were subsequently incorporated into the organization of the Church—to dispense with Bishops, and have in their stead cer-

tain Presbyters, chosen by clergy and laity, to act instead of Bishops in ordination and in government. The plan, however, was to include a declaration in favor of Episcopacy, and that the plan itself was only intended to be temporary, and to be superseded, when Bishops could be had, by a regular Episcopal organization. The supposed impossibility of procuring Bishops was argued from the fact, that though hostilities should cease, there was yet no ground for depending upon a recognition of our independence by Great Britain, and that she would, therefore, still regard us but as rebel provinces, and consequently could not be expected to allow her Church to aid us in this or any other difficulty. It was supposed, also, that, for fear of offending the British government, the free Episcopacy of Scotland would hesitate about serving us; as would also the Church in any other nation, that might be ecclesiastically qualified for so doing. A very short time proved that the supposition of the necessity of such a plan had but slender foundation. The pamphlet was published August 6, 1782, some copies having been distributed a few days before. On the 8th of the same month the public were made acquainted with the happy change of circumstances which opened the prospect of peace, *with* the recognition of our national independence. The author of the pamphlet, true to his original purpose of proposing a merely temporary plan to meet a present emergency, now that there was a prospect of the speedy removal of the main difficulty supposed to require the plan, immediately abandoned it; and the pamphlet, after a few days' existence, was withdrawn from circulation. A little longer continuance of the patient waiting of true faith would have prevented its appearance.

Although, however, there now appeared such an opening as justified a hope that a true scriptural and catholic organization of the American Church would supersede the necessity of the plan proposed by the pamphlet; yet all difficulties, and serious ones, were far from being removed, as is evident from the fact, that some four or five years elapsed before the Episcopacy was obtained from England.

A comparison of the measures pursued by States south of Connecticut, for the accomplishment of this object, with those adopted by the latter, is certainly, in every Christian view of it, far from being unfavorable to the brethren in Connecticut. They had all the same difficulties to contend with. They were disposed, however, to view them more in connection with the Power on Which they trusted for their removal, than with their appalling magnitude. Regarding the Church as God's own establishment, in the care, defence, and guidance of which, under circumstances of great trial and danger, He had often, from generation to generation, vouchsafed signal manifestations of

His power and goodness, they seem to have acted in the spirit of the devout plea and supplication so often brought by them to the throne of the heavenly grace:—"O God, we have heard with our ears, and our fathers have declared unto us, the noble works that Thou didst in their days, and in the old time before them. O Lord, arise, help us, and deliver us, for Thine honor."* They seem to have adopted, as the motto of their faith, what the venerable patriarch did, as the memorial of overflowing gratitude for one of the most gracious of the many interpositions of Divine Providence which marked his eventful life. "Jehovah-jireh—the Lord will see, or provide."† He did see and provide. On the 21st of April, 1783, a godly and well-learned man, Dr. Samuel Seabury, was chosen Bishop of Connecticut. He sailed immediately for England in quest of consecration from the mother Church. The alliance of that Church with the world, which created the difficulties that caused so much delay to the Churches out of New-England, threw troubles and anxieties in Dr. Seabury's path, which would have discouraged and appalled an ordinary man. They at length induced him to apply to a section of the Catholic Church which God had kept alive, amidst great difficulties and much persecution, in Scotland. There, there was exemption from all interference of the powers of this world; and there consecration was given to him in the regular line of Apostolic succession, November 14, 1784; and thus Connecticut contained the first fully organized Church in America, which was identified with the primitive Church of Christ as established in Britain in Apostolic times. There can be little doubt that this event facilitated the procuring in England of the consecration of Bishops White, Provoost, and Madison.

From the time that altered circumstances led to the abandonment of Dr. White's project for the temporary establishment of a pseudo-Episcopacy, he became an earnest and faithful thinker, projector, and worker, in measures for procuring Episcopal consecration from England. Such, however, were the difficulties in the way of this object, that it was not till more than eleven months after Bishop Seabury's election, that the first step was taken towards organizing the Church south of Connecticut with a view to its being supplied with Bishops through English consecration. In this, and every other step, Dr. White was, much to his credit, and the benefit of the Church, the master-spirit.

* There had then been no authority for the omission from the Litany of the peculiarly devout portion of it to which this passage belongs—a portion of perpetual fitness for the Church and its members, in the struggles which they have constantly to maintain with "the craft and subtily of the devil" and "men."

† Genesis, xxii., 14, and marginal reading.

‡ In the *MAGAZINE* for January, page 6, line 24, this is erroneously stated to be "nearly seven months." The reader who has that number is requested to make the alteration.

The meetings held, preparatory to a full organization of the Church in the several States, were as follows :—

March 29, 1784, at Dr. White's house, himself as Rector of Christ Church, and St. Peter's, Philadelphia, with the Rector of St. Paul's, and lay-delegates from the three Churches.

March 31, 1784, at Christ Church, Philadelphia, the same, with one other layman. Dr. White in the Chair.

May 24, 1784, at the same place, a fuller meeting of clergy and laity of Pennsylvania. Dr. White, Chairman. A Standing Committee was appointed, Dr. White, Chairman, to correspond and confer with members of the Church in other States on the subject of an ecclesiastical union : the committee being bound by certain "instructions, or fundamental principles."

May, 1784, at New-Brunswick, New-Jersey, a meeting of several clergymen and laymen of New-York, New-Jersey, and Pennsylvania. Dr. White, President. Nothing very special was done.

October, 1784, at New-York, a meeting of clergymen and laymen from Massachusetts, Connecticut, New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia. Dr. White was a delegate from Pennsylvania. The Rev. Dr. Smith, of Maryland, presided. The delegate from Connecticut, the Rev. Mr. Marshall, "read to the assembly a paper which expressed his being only empowered to announce that the clergy of Connecticut had taken measures for the obtaining of an Episcopate ; that until their design in that particular should be accomplished, they could do nothing ; but that as soon as they should have succeeded, they would come forward, with their Bishop, for the doing of what the general interests of the Church might require."* Connecticut, therefore, was not known in the issue of the meeting, which was the adoption, in substance, of the "fundamental principles" determined on at the Philadelphia meeting of May 24th.

A Convention at Philadelphia, September 27—October 7, 1785, composed of clerical and lay deputies from New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and South Carolina. Dr. White, President. "A General Ecclesiastical Constitution" was adopted, subject to being "ratified by the Church in the different States;" an address to the English Archbishops and Bishops, asking Episcopal consecration, was agreed to ; and what is called the Proposed Book—a Prayer-Book proposed for adoption, but never adopted—was determined on. Bishop Seabury had then been consecrated nearly a year, and had been about four months in the administration of his Diocese ; which, of course, was a duly organized Christian Church—the first in America.

* White's Memoirs of the Church, 1820, page 67.

A Convention of deputies from the same States, in Philadelphia, June 20-26, 1786. Dr. White was a deputy from Pennsylvania. The Rev. David Griffith, of Virginia, President. An answer to the address to the English Archbishops and Bishops was received, and a reply to it adopted. Alterations were also made in the proposed Constitution.

A Convention of deputies from New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and South Carolina, at Wilmington, Delaware, October 10, 11, 1786. Dr. White was a delegate from Pennsylvania. The Rev. Samuel Provoost, D. D., of New-York, President. Important letters were received from the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, containing, among other matters, testimonials proper to be sent out with Bishops elect, applying for consecration, and a copy of an act of Parliament authorizing the consecration of Bishops for this country. An answer to the same was adopted.

On a call made by the Convention, it was reported that the Convention of New-York had elected the Rev. Samuel Provoost, D. D., Bishop; the Convention of Pennsylvania, the Rev. William White, D. D.; and the Convention of Virginia, the Rev. David Griffith, D. D. The proper testimonials for each were signed by the members.

At all these meetings, Dr. White was a very influential member. There is little doubt that their good results were, in no small degree, to be attributed to him.

(To be continued.)

"THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE."

It is not only pleasing and profitable to contemplate the past, as events which have taken place are deeply interesting, and teach many of the most salutary lessons, which can be learned by the thoughtful and observing; but in doing this, many reminiscences will be revived, and handed down to posterity, which are fast becoming vague and indistinct, and must soon, if not placed in a permanent form, be buried in oblivion. To Churchesmen many facts of this kind, which are daily assuming the complexion of *traditionary* stories, but which they would be glad to see preserved as matters of *history*, possess a peculiar sacredness. They remind them of the great, and almost insurmountable, difficulties with which the Church had to contend in its early establishment and growth in the older States,—difficulties which resulted from self-interest, deep-rooted and violent prejudices, rigid and speculative systems of theology, and in some of the New-England States, "religious establishments,"

which the Puritans abhorred, if we may take their word for it, from the bottom of their hearts, in the Old Country. Be not alarmed at the statement, gentle reader—there is, or rather was,—it has lately been purchased by an Episcopalian, and removed from its ancient foundation, for the purpose of converting it into a building for secular purposes,—in the town of —, and State of —, a Congregational meeting-house, which a Churchman, who has any acquaintance with its history, can never see without feeling a degree of attachment and veneration for the building, which, for more than a century and a quarter, has successfully buffeted many a hard storm, and which, if its walls could speak, would tell us of many things which we would gladly treasure up in our minds. The house possessed no architectural beauty, and was constructed in a style somewhat peculiar to its age. The main building was nearly square, with small windows on each side, a tower in front, running up some seventy feet, and surmounted by a rude dome. In the interior might be seen the immense timbers of the frame, projecting beyond the plastering at various points, the high pulpit, and the gallery, having as much of the circular form as possible, and extending around three sides of the building, so as to give ample accommodations for the singers. Its location was one of surpassing beauty. It stood on the public square, which was inclosed, and skirted by elms, and other stately trees, and was surrounded by substantial farm-houses. In midsummer its shadow fell on the graveyard, as if to protect the dead from the burning rays of the sun. Standing by it, for more than a mile, in every direction, the eye rested on a plain of rich land, which was terminated on the south by Long Island Sound, on the east by the — harbor, and on the west and north by hills, which rose gradually, till they terminated at considerable elevations, and served to protect the village from the cold and searching winds of winter, to which most of the towns bordering on the Sound are exposed. Owing to its location and circumstances, it witnessed many scenes of civil and religious interest. In its middle age it saw the British army, of Revolutionary times, land on the beach, and march through the town; and in its last years its creaking tower and clattering windows were disturbed by the iron horse, as he passed with almost lightning speed. In its youthful days, by what may be considered a special interposition of Divine Providence, it was compelled to witness an event, with considerable regret and mortification, no doubt, to which it may be proper to refer. It saw the church, now the oldest in the State, built for the Parish of Christ Church, —, spring up by its side, so near that, in the summer season, when the windows were open, it could distinctly hear the sweet tones of the organ; and it may be interesting to note how this was done. In 1720, about the time

of the erection of said meeting-house, as near as can be ascertained, Mr. S. J., then in the 24th year of his age, a native of a neighboring town, of a very respectable, and, for the time, rather aristocratic and wealthy family, assumed the charge of the congregation worshipping therein. His great-grandfather came from England, as early as 1637, and both his father and grandfather had been Congregational deacons in his native town. Bearing this fact in mind, and taking into consideration the strict notions of morality which prevailed at that time, and the extraordinary pains which were generally taken by the Puritans to instruct their children in the Catechisms and platforms which they had adopted, having very little charity for those who had conscientiously preferred a different creed and mode of worship, we may well suppose that Mr. J. had been thoroughly instructed in the belief of his forefathers. It is doubtful whether Gamaliel, in striving to make St. Paul a rigid Pharisee, employed more direct and systematic efforts, than they did to indoctrinate their pupil into their belief, and to give him a solid and thorough education. In some respects their efforts were successful. In the classics, divinity, philosophy, and metaphysics, Mr. J. was well read, at an early age; but it would seem that he had certain weighty objections against assenting to all the dogmas of the "standing order." By accident, he obtained, in 1715, Archbishop King's work, "*Of the Inventions of Men in the Worship of God*," which left a doubt upon his mind as to the lawfulness of praying extemporaneously, and a Prayer-Book, which was given him by a pious member of the Church, about the same time, brought to his notice a Scriptural form of devotion, which was justly admired. He was also troubled in reconciling the five points of Calvinism with themselves and the sacred Scriptures, which were the themes of nearly all the sermons of that day; and from having witnessed its bad effects in more than one instance, he did not altogether relish the Congregational mode of Church government.

Notwithstanding these doubts, for as yet they were nothing more, he was still a Congregationalist, and desired to remain in that communion with his relatives and friends. With this determination, and to devote himself to the duties of the pastoral office, he commenced his labors in what was then the new, but now the old meeting-house, which has just been removed from the Green. His talents and extensive learning, with much real native eloquence, soon made him exceedingly popular. His preaching was admired, and even applauded, but not near as much as his praying. Tradition informs us, in the discharge of this duty he so much excelled, that many came from the neighboring parishes to hear his prayers, little dreaming that they had been taken substantially from the Prayer Book. Jus-

tice requires me to state, that some soon began to surmise that something must be wrong, as the Lord's Prayer was occasionally used from beginning to end; and it was said by the captious, (what an opinion!) that "more Scripture was read than was meet." At that day, it was a difficult thing for a man to be a Congregationalist, who at heart was something else; for then there were no New School, Old School, Methodist, Universalist, nor Unitarian Congregationalists; no Taylerites, nor Tylerites; no Bushnellites, nor Parkerites.

Accordingly, as the doubts of Mr. J. ripened into settled convictions, and as his preaching and praying began to partake more and more of the Episcopal and Scriptural type, his people began to be alarmed; more so, for those were curious times, than if the lightning had shivered their meeting-house to atoms over their heads. The members of the congregation were convened to ascertain what foundation there was for the reports which had been circulated, and spread with amazing rapidity; and Mr. J. was invited to be present at the "Society's meeting." A worthy deacon, of herculean frame and iron countenance, and a visage like that of the Puritan in the background of the fine painting of Charles the Second signing the death-warrant of Stafford, as immovable as the rocks which are laved by the waters of the Atlantic, was appointed chief spokesman. He wondered how any one possessing the discrimination, learning, and talents of Mr. J., could be led astray by the flimsy arguments which had been adduced to establish Episcopacy.

He said the Church had little or no vital religion in it; that it was merely a State religion in England; and if it once gained ascendancy here, the country would be ruined. In conclusion, he hoped Mr. J. was still sound in the faith, and would now remove the imputations which had been cast upon him, and show most clearly that there was not the least foundation for the rumors which had been circulated to his prejudice and injury. The mists were soon removed from their eyes. Mr. J. reminded them of his attachments to them, and of his anxiety to do them and their children all the good he could; but, at the same time, with commendable firmness, gave them to understand that his mind was made up, having, after mature deliberation, arrived at the conclusion that the Episcopal ministry was of Divine origin, and that the Episcopal forms of devotion were primitive and scriptural.

Never did more unexpected tidings fall upon the ears of a people. Another conference was called, at which the Governor of the State presided, and the most learned and influential men in the land were brought forward to convince Mr. J., and the few who sympathized with him, of their errors, but with no better success.

To their astonishment, they found the arguments on the Episcopal side not only sound, and deserving of the most prayerful consideration, but some of them had to confess, with much mortification, no doubt, "that they found their opponents more than a match." Mr. J. soon after took leave of his people; and in his farewell discourse, delivered in the meeting-house, presented a masterly argument for the cause which he had espoused, which, by the blessing of God, induced some to conform to the Church, and this led to the erection of the church edifice beside the Meeting-house. Mr. J. was succeeded by Mr. A., a native of the town, who, from the circumstances in which he had been placed, had often heard the arguments which had been urged in favor of and against Episcopacy; and we may be able to appreciate the influence which they must have had on his mind, when we recall the fact, that in 1734 he resigned his charge, embraced the doctrines of the Church, and after obtaining orders in England, ministered in the Episcopal parish.

Formerly he had prayed extemporaneously, and preached on election, reprobation, and the final perseverance of the saints; but now, he entered the church, on the opposite side of the Green, with a small band of Churchmen, and as an ambassador for Christ, besought men to be reconciled to God, and offered the sacrifices of prayer and praise in our simple and scriptural forms of devotion. Thus, when we look at the old meeting-house, and remember that its two first ministers conformed to the Church, afterwards ministered in the same town at her altar, and that they, and a few kindred spirits who were associated with them, organized the older Parishes in the State of —, and that in all probability the good seed which they scattered is bringing forth fruit, at this remote period, we must confess a desire to see it retain, though devoted to secular purposes, as much of its ancient form as possible, that it may remind us, and coming generations, of the men who there, as we think, renounced error, embraced the truth, and did so much to lay the foundation of the Church deep and broad in this glorious land in which our lot has been cast.

THOMAS AQUINAS.

THE remains of antediluvian animals have been found near Constantine, in Algeria, in a state of great preservation. This animal must have been colossal. Its head measures nearly three feet from nape to muzzle, and 30 inches across the frontal bone. It has tusks like those of a boar, 14 inches long, and with formidable teeth. The shoulder and leg bones are as large as those of a horse, and the curve of the rib shows that in its girth it must have quadrupled that of the ox.

THE CHURCH AND THE POOR.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand."

(Continued from page 155.)

"How is your work progressing, Mr. Hallett?" asked Mr. Bates, a millionaire of the same city, a few months later.

"If you mean my houses, they are completed and occupied."

"I fancy that you have sunk money in that enterprise; pray what interest does it yield?"

"I cannot tell at present—about five per cent., I think."

"Five per cent.!" exclaimed Mr. Bates, perfectly aghast.

"No more than that, certainly," returned Hallett, smiling.

"Why, I understand you have expended some fifty thousand dollars upon this scheme!"

"I certainly have, sir!"

"And do you mean to say that your rents amount to less than three thousand a year?"

"My rents yield much more than that sum, perhaps; but taxes are heavy here, and so are repairs upon so many buildings. At all events, I shall feel abundantly repaid if I receive five per cent. on my expenditure; that is more than I calculated."

"Ay, Mr. Hallett, you will have few followers here."

"I do not set up for an exemplar, sir; perhaps my work is not commendable in this respect, because it is not in the power of many to follow my example; but Heaven has committed a large trust to my keeping; and I must prove my stewardship to Him who hath confided it to me. We can all *do* something, Mr. Bates, and those of us who cannot work largely for the good of the community, are still privileged to give and do *the little* that our means afford—remember the 'widow's mite.'"

"You are trying to build a Chapel here, are you not?"

"The people desire it very much, and have placed their small contributions towards it in my keeping; and if I find any encouragement from my neighbors, I will forward the matter. The most gratifying thought connected with the affair is, that the idea and wish originated among my tenants themselves. A twelvemonth since, no persuasion could induce them to attend Divine Service, and now they are all anxious to have a Chapel. May I count upon your assistance, Mr. Bates?"

"Hallett! you shame me. What have I ever done for my own kind? Help you! I wish to Heaven you would let me. Give me your subscription list;" and he put his name opposite four substantial figures; and then, as if ashamed of this burst

of generosity, thrust his hands in his pockets and left his companion.

And thus the work of reform went gradually forward, and yet no noise nor parade was marking its progress. As silently, though as certainly, as the flight of time, was the agency of the faithful minister working out the moral salvation of his brethren and children.

No Temperance meetings had ever been held, yet, week after week, from some of the dens where men gave body and soul for the cup of poison, would be missed one almost certain victim, until one after another of these human exchanges was forced to seek a "better stand."

What mysterious influence could have turned the poor inebriate towards his home, as he left his workhouse, instead of leading him down—as usual, while his wretched wife sat in her cold and cheerless home, in vain endeavors to warm his offspring by dying embers, or satisfy their hunger with the crusts from which a dog would turn!

Ah! he met the minister, just as he would have turned, and he was *ashamed* to go that way; or the minister's wife, who spake so kindly, and said she would walk towards his house with him, so as not to keep him from wife and babies, while she asked about them, and he *dared* not tell her he was not going home; or it may have been the minister's little boy, who, half shyly, half fearfully, told him he was taking some food to the "*drunkard's family!*" The Drunkard's family! Ay! that stings him—and it is a little innocent child that tells him this. Surely such purity and malice go not together. He dares not look in the clear blue eyes that are raised to his face, for fear the child will see he is talking to the drunkard. He resolves he will drink no more; he leads the boy to the drunkard's home; or, perchance, and better still, the pastor's sermon, or the least part of it, or even the warning word or look rises before him, and he obeys its command. He *will be* a man—true to the nature that gives him superiority over the brute creation—and a thought rushes over him, of his home as it was—the trusting wife, the blessed babes, and that fireside once so bright, in melancholy contrast with the gloom, discord, and wretchedness that now dwell around that hearth. He falls upon his knees, and henceforth keeps the vow that he utters in the depth of self-humiliation and repentance.

There have been no loud and angry calls to woman to throw off the yoke that has never fettered, to assert the rights she never knew, yet woman's sphere has certainly expanded and her mind is enlarged, and she does not go about with a hurried step, as though she feared an enemy was pursuing her; but gladly and hopefully she walks her round of domestic and

social duties, *certain* of her *rights* and privileges, as well as her reward.

Conscious of the dearth of healthful amusement and recreation among the working classes, Mr. Layton consented to the establishment of small societies among that class of his parishioners. He encouraged the young men particularly to form a club for the purpose of mental improvement—he consented to join them on condition that neither drinking, smoking, nor card-playing were permitted at their meetings—and thus began the Society that a few years subsequently had the richest library, the greatest number of intelligent members, and some of the finest speakers of which their city could boast.

Meanwhile the Rector's wife had ingratiated herself in the good graces of every family in the parish. She, too, formed an association of the female members from every rank in society, *ostensibly* to provide garments for the poorer class of parishioners—but really to unite these different members in close communion and sympathy—and thus, week after week, they met at the Rectory—the only condition of membership being, that none should speak evil of any other. Thus, the rich learned to meet the poor upon perfect equality with themselves, and the poor—there, at least, having nothing to fear from the hauteur of their superiors in this world's rank—became refined, from the influences that high breeding with Christian ease always throws around those it touches.

"Indeed, my dear Mr. Hallett, you must not count upon me—I really have given away all I can spare; and besides, I think that Chapel of yours is entirely useless; if the Church is good enough for me, why it is for our workies."

"Have you considered the crowded condition of our parish Church? There is no place for our operatives. Could they bear the burden of the high pew-rents? Moreover, they are not comfortable in a congregation where they are made to *feel* their inferior station of life."

"I think our minister preaches that rich and poor should worship together."

"So he does, and so they shall, if we can finish the Chapel; but they never can when there has been a wrong beginning; and you know very well that it is not the poor man's fault that the rich man's pew is closed against him. But give him a Chapel where there is no monopoly of pews, where every seat is free, and the poorest of your tenants may sit beside you, or kneel with you at the Chancel rail, and neither he nor you will feel there is aught obtrusive in the act. But that God, in whose house you are, is searching only the inmost heart, where there is no reflection of earthly distinctions. The body in which that heart beats may be wrapped in rags or clad in purple and fine linen, it is of no account with Him who is reading its most secret thoughts."

Weaver's cheek slightly flushed, and he was silent for an instant, and asked in the coolest tones if the Methodists did not provide very well for that class of persons.

"Indeed they do, to our shame and loss," was the reply.

"Well, is not Methodism good enough for them? 'Tis as much as they can understand and appreciate."

"Mr. Weaver, if it is good enough for them, it is good enough for us; and if they cannot understand the doctrines of the Church, it is the Church's duty to teach them; and, thank Heaven, we have a minister that will do his duty."

"I wish he cared half as much for our pocket linings as he does for the good-for-nothing rascals that would burn us all in effigy to-morrow."

"To the point, Mr. Weaver—will you, or will you not, aid us in the completion of our Chapel? Here is the subscription list."

Weaver ran his eye over the list. Mr. Bates headed it with his generous donation. Several other names were down to smaller, though still generous subscriptions; but any other heart would have been touched at the multitude of *very small* sums—telling the *very great* desire to have the Chapel, and its service, that tempted these working men and women to part with so large a proportion of their hard-earned pittance. Weaver wrote his name and place of business, in large characters, ahead of Mr. Bates himself, and for the same amount.

"There, *publish* that. I will be well advertised. Now, mind you give me full credit."

A look of supreme disgust passed over Hallett's face, and he looked as though he would erase the name; but hoping that his manner was worse than his heart, he simply said:—

"Mr. Weaver, give this in faith, and you will one day find that the bread you have cast upon the waters will return, and bring a blessing with it to you and yours."

J. W. L.

(*To be continued.*)

ST. PAUL'S PERSON.—How little stress is to be laid on external appearance! This prince of Apostles seems to hint concerning himself, that his bodily presence was not calculated to command respect: 2 *Cor.*, x., 10. St. Chrysostom terms him a "little man, about three cubits (or four feet and a half) in height." But, of all other writers, Neciphorus has given us the most circumstantial account of St. Paul's person:—"St. Paul was of small stature, stooping, and rather inclinable to crookedness; pale-faced, and of an elderly look. His eyes lively, keen, and cheerful; shaded in part by his eyebrows, which hung a little over. His nose rather long, and not ungracefully bent. His head pretty thick, with hair of a sufficient length, and, like his locks, interspersed with gray."

SUMMER RAMBLES IN SCOTLAND.

BY REV. J. A. SPENCER, D. D.,

Author of "The East," &c.

CHAPTER III.

*Eildon Hills—Stirling—Perth—Scone Palace—Dunkeld—Pass of Killicrankie
—Kenmore—Taymouth Castle—Loch Tay—Killin—Highland Scenery.*

WHILE in the vicinity of Abbotsford and Melrose, we could not well leave without undertaking to climb the lofty Eildon Hills. The ascent is circuitous and rather steep, and requires considerable effort and resolution to accomplish it. Albeit unused to very hard labor, and not exactly in a state of health to do much in this way, I persevered, and by now and then resting on the road, I succeeded in joining my companion, who long before me reached the top of the southern hill. There are three eminences, the highest being 1,310 feet in height, and the others not much less. On one of them are the remains of what is thought to have been a Roman camp, though that is doubtful. I examined the singular embankment, with its dykes and fosses, more than a mile and a half in circuit, upon a plain near the top of the hill, but am hardly enough of an antiquary to say whether they are Roman or British remains. Perhaps had some Edie Ochiltree been at hand, he would have exclaimed, "I mind the bigging o't," and set the antiquary's sage and learned speculations at defiance.

The view from the Eildon Hills is very fine, and well repays the toil of the ascent. It is said that one can here see objects at a distance of some seventy or eighty miles, though I very much doubt that fact: however that may be, the prospect of hill and dale, city and village, forest and rivulet, and the like, is certainly better than from any other point on the Scottish border. Melrose Abbey and the village are before you from the base of the hill; to the left is Abbotsford; on the opposite hand are the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey; to the north are the Lammermoors; to the east and southeast are the Cheviots and Carter-fells; and to the south are the Liddisdale Hills. In the distance, also, is distinctly seen Smailhome Town, where Scott spent his childhood's days, and which became the scene of "The Eve of St. John," said by some to be the finest ballad he ever wrote. The Waterloo monument towards the south, Wallace's colossal

statue, and other points of interest, are to be seen, and are well worth looking at from the Eildon Hills. I hope that I shall not be considered unduly effeminate, if I plead guilty to great fatigue when the descent was safely accomplished, and I was at "mine own inn" again.

Soon after our pilgrimage to Melrose, Abbotsford, and Dryburgh, we returned by coach to Edinburgh, and the day following left that ancient city for the north. We were whirled along in the railway cars, through a region of country full of interest for its historical recollections, and ere long approached that far-famed town and fortress, where

" Old Stirling's towers arose in light,
And, twined in links of silver bright,
Her winding river lay."

The Lord of the Isles, VI. 19.

Of course we stopped to take a look at the Castle, which is not only very interesting, and magnificently situated, but is, as a guide-book we found there sententiously declares, so old that "its origin is lost in antiquity." The view from the ramparts is really quite unsurpassed, and the associations connected with the castle, town, and neighboring hills and plains, are such as to give one enough to think about, and make him wish to spend days rather than hours in this region. Ben Lomond and Ben Lodi are seen in the distance, towering aloft in all their majesty. At the base of these hills lies Aberfoyle, the land of Rob Roy, and renowned in the veritable chronicle which tells of Bailie Nicol Jarvie and his Highland excursion. To the south are visible the little town of Bannockburn, and the plain on which that famous battle was fought in 1314, when the Scots, under the great Bruce, with only 30,000 men, routed the forces of Edward II. of England, notwithstanding their number was five times as great, and some do say even ten times as great. Indeed, within a circuit of eight or ten miles numerous bloody battles have been fought, at various periods, which tend to give the ground historic associations of no little interest. We saw some curious old relics in the armory, as a Lochabor axe, some pikes taken in the rebellion—which one I forget—John Knox's pulpit, some ancient standards, &c.; but we did not stop to spend any time at Stirling, continuing our journey the same evening, by railway, to Perth.

This "fair city," as it has poetically and not untruly been termed, is well worth looking at, perhaps as much as anything because of the well-known volumes of the series of the Waverley novels, which chronicles the adventures of the bold armorer, Henry Smith, and the love of the glover's fair daughter, Catherine. In the vicinity is the castle of Kinfauns, a recent structure, and the residence of Lord Gray. We were admitted to view the interior, which is elegantly furnished, and contains some good paintings,

statues, &c. From hence we rode to Scone Palace, but were sorry to learn at the gatekeeper's lodge that no strangers were admitted. The reason is, it seems, that a few years ago, when the Queen was on a visit to Scotland and stopped at Scone, some barbarians injured various articles in the palace, defaced and disfigured others, and did so much damage that the noble proprietor, the Earl of Mansfield, determined to forbid entirely the admission of strangers, and thus guard against a repetition of such disgraceful conduct. Of course we had no alternative but to submit, and all we could obtain was a glimpse of the palace through the trees.

On Sunday morning, July 9th, I succeeded in finding out the Chapel in which the service of the Church of England is performed. It is small, and rather out of the dense part of the town, and, strange as it may appear to American Churchmen, the Chapel is not under the jurisdiction of the Bishop in whose diocese it is, but under an English Bishop, being a chapel of the English Church, and originally founded for the accommodation of the families of the nobles and gentry who are residing in Perth, and are members of the Episcopal Church. The clergyman, the Rev. G. Wood, from Oxford, is an elderly man, but very earnest and plain-spoken in his addresses to the hearts and consciences of his people. I was happy to make his acquaintance, and to meet a brother of his learning and good sense. After dinner we took a most delightful walk in company, along the banks of the Tay, a very pretty stream, and the largest, I believe, in Scotland. Engaged in pleasant converse, we extended our walk through the park belonging to the Earl of Mansfield, even up to Scone Palace, of which I had a fine view externally. Mr. Wood being the Rector of the congregation of which Lord Mansfield is a member, has free access to the grounds and palace, and was kind enough to offer his intervention that we might get a sight of the interior.

Accordingly, the next morning, which, by-the-by, was very fine, we called on the steward, Mr. Pulmar, with a note from Mr. Wood, and were most kindly and attentively treated. He took the trouble of showing us through the palace, from top to bottom; and pointed out, with great intelligence, the objects of curiosity in the interior, and named the distant hills of Birnam Wood, Ben-voirloch, &c., of which we had an exquisite view from the turrets of one of the towers. The palace is beautifully situated, is built of the brown or red sandstone of the vicinity, on the foundation walls of the old palace, and is a very imposing, large, and splendid edifice. The grounds, too, reaching for miles on the banks of the Tay, which winds along in its rapid course towards the sea, are very pleasant, and laid out in walks, arbors, gardens, &c. Mr. Pulmar went through the palace, and gave us a look at the old bedsteads and curtains, the latter of which were wrought by

Queen Mary. The bed of her son, James VI., is also shown; we went, too, through the suite of rooms occupied by Queen Victoria when she visited Scone some years ago. They are on the ground-floor, and are very elegantly furnished, of course. Altogether the interior of this palace is well worth seeing, and I presume we enjoyed it the more because we had taken a good deal of trouble to accomplish our purpose. Without pretending to enumerate the objects of interest, I may just mention, in passing, that the paintings, by the late Lady Mansfield, indicate great taste and no mean talent, and that the *toute ensemble* of the long hall, with a grand organ at the one end, and covering the very spot where in ancient times the kings of Scotland used to be crowned, is as fine as anything I have seen. In leaving, we passed the original gateway, and noticed the remains of the old wall; the very ancient, perforated cross, on a pillar about twelve feet high, and other remnants of the days long gone by. I assure the reader that we parted from Mr. Pulmar with a deep sense of his kindness and attention, and were only sorry that we could not manifest it in some stronger way than by words.

We had a pleasant ride of fourteen miles, on the outside of a coach, to Dunkeld, which is north of Perth, and at the entrance of what are properly termed the Highlands. The scenery on the road was varied and pleasant, though not so striking as to require special notice. We left Perth by the North Inch, and as we rode along we had a fine view of the west front of Scone Palace, and as we approached Dunkeld, the famed Birnam Wood, or Birnam Hill, (1,580 feet high,) was pointed out to us. It recalled Shakspeare most forcibly to our mind, and the power which he has displayed in depicting the gloomy Thane Macbeth. The town of Dunkeld is praised in extravagant terms by some writers of guide-books and tourists, and I am sure I am not going to quarrel with what they say on this point, for it is certainly very finely situate, and as first seen, on emerging from the pass formed by the Tay, by which pass one enters the Highlands, and appearing suddenly in view, after a dreary road of two or three miles, it strikes the attention at once, and seems peculiarly attractive. A fine bridge crosses the Tay, at a considerable elevation, and just by are the ruins of a cathedral, which, on examination, are found to be quite curious, displaying a mixed architecture of Gothic and Saxon, or Norman, and having some remains of tombs, &c., worth looking at. The town itself is of great antiquity, and was once the capital of ancient Caledonia.

In the afternoon I climbed up one of the neighboring hills, Craig-y-Barus, and was rewarded with a splendid view of the surrounding country; the lofty hills on the north, and on either hand, the Tay winding along till lost in the distance, and a fine lake or sheet of water about a mile from the town. It was

rather hard work, but I did not regret the toil when I stood on the summit. The Duke of Athol's grounds are worth walking through, and many persons admire the spot called Ossian's Hall, where a scenic effect is produced by a sudden view of a waterfall, while one supposed that he was looking at merely a picture ; but I confess I did not think that the matter was sufficient to repay me for a very long and tiresome walk. The cataract, formed by a fall of a little stream called the Braan, is pretty, but nothing more ; though perhaps I ought not to say so, since the Queen has been here, and admired it very much.

It was late in the afternoon of a lovely day that we set off in a drosky for the Pass of Killiecrankie. The road passes for miles along the eastern bank of the Tay, and winds round the mountain side ; at one time high above the river, at another near its level, now looking out upon a pleasant champaign tract, and then hemmed in amid frowning hills and woods. We passed in sight of Kinnaird House, belonging to the Duke of Athol, the little village of Pitlochrie, and the beautifully situated mansion, termed Fashally House, the seat of a gentleman named, rather uneuphoniously, Mr. Butter. The house is on a tongue of land, formed by the junction of the Jummel and the Garry, and is surrounded by wooded hills and vales of much beauty. About a mile beyond, that is, some sixteen miles from Dunkeld, we came to the Pass. It is rather striking, and at one point very impressive. You see a deep, narrow glen, (at the bottom of which runs the Jummel water ;) the precipices on either side appear steep and rugged ; and the mountains, or hills, rise on each side close to one another, and to a great height. The view from the north end was the finest which we ever saw, and gives an excellent idea of the importance of such openings through a region such as this is ; the historical incidents connected with this celebrated Pass, the reader will probably recollect, since it was here that the chivalrous Dundee met his death, when in command of the Highland clans, and engaged in battle with the troops of William III., under Gen. Mackay. This was in 1689.

After an unsatisfactory ramble for a mile or two on one side, to see a petty waterfall, and hear a stupid peasant talk about scenes which he had not the comprehension to understand, we rode back by moonlight to Dunkeld, at which place we arrived between twelve and one at night, and which we left the next morning, by coach, for the pretty little village of Kenmore. Without dwelling upon what we saw on the road, I may mention that it was really so warm as to be called hot, which is the more worthy of note, because it was the first day which we could call summer in this particular. Thus far it had been raw, damp, cool, almost cold at times, and though I suffered from heat on

this occasion, I was glad to know that it was genuine summer once more.

Kenmore is a sweet little village, at the northeastern extremity of Loch Tay ; it contains a good inn, and a few cottage houses, which, for a wonder, are neatly whitewashed, and indicate more taste than is usual in Scotch villages. In general, the peasantry do not seem to take any pains to make their habitations neat and attractive, either in appearance or reality. They are for the most part built of gray-colored stone, with thatched roofs, narrow and very small openings for windows and doors, and rarely with any flowers or vines to relieve the dreariness of the aspect ; there is, besides, an air of filthiness, and almost desolateness, very disagreeable to look upon, and repelling any desire for a closer examination. Perhaps the vicinity of the noble castle of Taymouth may have had effect upon the village of Kenmore, and rendered the inhabitants more regardful of appearances than is customary.

The seat of the Marquis of Breadalbane, which he has called Taymouth, to the manifest injury of the former, and more expressive name, Balloch, (which is from the Gaelic *bealach*, signifying the outlet of a lake or glen,) is in some respects the finest-looking edifice in this portion of the country. The glimpses of it from the high road were sufficiently pleasing to induce us to put ourselves under charge of a guide, (not a step can be taken without this appendage,) and start from the inn to see it. It is a massive pile, three and four stories high, covering a large surface, and built of light grayish-colored stone ; the present castle is quite modern, though as long ago as 1580 the Knight of Locham had a castle on this same spot. The Tay runs along on the northern and eastern side of the extensive plain, in which the mansion is situate, and very high hills rise on either hand, giving a grandeur, as well as variety, to the scenery, quite equal to anything we have seen in Scotland. We were shown into the dairy, which is admirably arranged, and very neat and sweet, and at the castle we saw the grand staircase, which is considered by many to be the finest of any in the country ; the rooms are not shown to strangers.

Towards evening we took a sail on the lake. A Scotch gentleman and a true Scotch lassie accompanied us, and it was not a little amusing to me to notice the effect which some genuine American speeches had upon our companions for the nonce. I am sure my excellent friend, the lassie, laughed with more freedom and heartiness, and really enjoyed herself more than one of our young ladies would dare to do. Loch Tay is a sheet of water extending some sixteen miles in length, and varying from a mile to half a mile in width ; we were struck with the dark color of the water, and could hardly credit the boatman, who

assured us that it never freezes. The scenery around the loch, embosomed as it is among the hills, and with a surface hardly moved to a ripple by the passing breeze, is not unlike that of Lake George, which, as everybody knows, is very beautiful. After sailing for an hour or so, we landed on the southern side, and walked up the hill to get a view of the Fall of Acharn, which is, I dare say, very fine when in good order; the only deficiency when we visited it was the slight one of want of water; we saw the rocks very plainly where the water ought to fall, but just at this time there was none on hand, and we could only imagine what a grand affair it must be—at some time or other.

As the reader will have noticed how often I have been indebted to Sir Walter Scott, and how frequently I shall hereafter have occasion to acknowledge the same obligation, you will not be surprised, and you cannot but be pleased, if I quote a passage from him, in which he speaks of Loch Tay, in language not more beautiful than truthful, and far surpassing anything which I could myself say, of a scene peculiarly attractive to a poet's eye. The passage is from the "*Fair Maid of Perth*:"—"The northern shore of the lake presented a far more Alpine prospect than that upon which the Glover was stationed; woods and thickets ran up the sides of the mountains, and disappeared among the sinuosities formed by the winding ravines, which separated them from each other; but far above these specimens of a tolerable natural soil arose the swart and bare mountains themselves, in the dark-gray desolation proper to the season: some were peaked, some broad-crested, some rocky and precipitous, others of a tamer outline; and the clan of Titans seemed to be commanded by their appropriate chieftains—the frowning mountain of Ben Lawers, and the still more lofty eminence of Ben Mohr, arising high above the rest, whose peaks retain a dazzling helmet of snow far into the summer season, and sometimes during the whole year. Yet the borders of this wild and sylvan region, where the mountains descended upon the lake, intimated, even at that early period, many traces of human habitation. Hamlets were seen, especially on the northern margin of the lake, half hid among the little glens, that poured their tributary streams into Loch Tay, which, like many earthly things, made a fair show at a distance, but when more closely approached were disgusting and repulsive, from their squalid want of the conveniences which even attend Indian wigwams. The magnificent bosom of the lake itself was a scene to gaze on with delight. Its noble breadth, with its termination in a full and beautiful run, was rendered yet more picturesque by one of those islets which are often happily situated in Scottish lakes. The ruins upon that isle, now almost shapeless, being overgrown with wood, rose, at the time we speak of, into the towers and

pinnacles of a Priory, where slumbered the remains of Sibylla, daughter of Henry I., of England, and consort of Alexander I., of Scotland.”*

We left Kenmore at the early hour of seven in the morning, on Thursday, July 13th, on the outside of a coach, which, by the way, is both the cheapest and the pleasantest mode of travelling in these northern regions. We had a lovely ride along the banks of Loch Tay, which we skirted for its whole length, at no time being at any great distance from the water, and frequently riding directly by its brink. The hills, on both sides of the loch, appeared very grand, if I may so speak, in the morning dew; but the lofty Ben Lawers on our right, partly hid by the mist, and reaching high above its neighboring hills, was at once the most striking and most beautiful object. Some white spots on its side, we were told, were the remains of the winter's snows, though many doubted the fact. However this may be, in truth, no one could doubt the beauty of such scenery as that through which we were riding, and I believe that there was not one so dull, or so wanting in appreciation of the sublime and the beautiful, as not to look with delight upon the green slopes of the hills, reaching down to the water's edge, and the gray summits and peaks rising high above all, and standing out in bold outline against the clear blue sky. It was a scene on which I might dwell, but dare not; for I could not put down in words how lovely in its quiet was the dark-colored sheet of water, with the little village just visible in the distance, and the peaks of Ben More, and other far away hills, lifting themselves up, and demanding admiration as well as notice.

At the little village of Killin I was detained some considerable time. My friend and companion, Capt. P., walked on in company with a fellow-countryman, while I amused myself in the best way I could waiting for the next coach. About three o'clock I left Killin, which is at the southwestern extremity of Loch Tay, and rode on to Callandar, which is twenty-two miles in a southerly direction. It was during this ride that I felt the full force of Highland scenery, in its wild and stern features. Not far from the village the road takes a turn, and you lose sight of habitations and everything belonging to man. You enter a deep and narrow ravine, named Glen Ogle: precipices, dark and dreary, rise almost at your side, and frown in gloomy severity upon the passers-by: the heather-clad hills are all around, the loose rocks lie scattered about, the deep shadows, cast by the mountain-tops, darken many spots in the view; and there is naught, unless perchance a trickling rivulet, to relieve the stern and harsh features of this wild glen. It is not often that a

* *The Fair Maid of Perth*, Ch. xxvii.

c
scene such as this, for some two or three miles in extent, makes me feel so acutely as did this; for you will believe me, I hope, when I say that I was quite chilled by its gloom, and oppressed by the desolateness of a prospect which had so very little to render it tolerable in my eyes. Our road was by a winding descent, through Glen Ogle, from which we emerged after a while into a pleasanter region. We rode in sight of the western end of Loch Earn, had fine views of different points of many lofty hills, particularly Ben Ledi, which rises to the height of 3,000 feet, and proceeding through the wild Pass of Loch Lubnag and Leny, we arrived at Callandar towards evening, pretty well tired out, yet greatly gratified with our experience of Highland scenery.

LAW OF FREEZING WATER—BEAUTIFUL ADJUSTMENT.—There are many well-known laws of matter, which have the appearance of being divinely provided for the benefit of man. Thus, by a very peculiar law, contrary, as it were, to a general law, the rivers and fountains in our climate are prevented from freezing to any very great depth. The effect of heat upon bodies is to expand, and of cold to contract them. If this law was constant in its operations, in respect to water, ice would commence to form at the bottom of lakes, rivers, and brooks, then they would rapidly freeze upward, and destroy every living thing therein. This is provided against by a peculiar law. The water of our rivers and lakes, above 40 degrees Fahr., when exposed to a greater degree of cold, cools rapidly at its surface, which surface water is condensed and sinks. This process of surface cooling and sinking goes on rapidly, until the whole water has been cooled to 40 deg., which is 8 deg. above the freezing point. Below this temperature the chilled surface of the water, instead of condensing into less bulk, actually expands (becomes lighter) and remains at the surface, and the cold is thus very imperfectly propagated downwards. The surface in the end freezes, and the ice may thicken, but at the depth of a few feet below, the temperature is not under 40 deg., which is indeed high, when compared with that which we frequently experience in our atmosphere during winter. If water, in cooling below 40 deg., obeyed the same law which it does in cooling to that point, our rivers, streams, and lakes would become masses of ice, upon which our warm summers would make but little impression, and the cheerful climate which we now enjoy would be less comfortable than the frozen regions of the poles. Upon such delicate and beautiful adjustments do the order and harmony of the Universe depend.—*Scientific American.*

WORDS TO WEEPING ONES.

BY THE REV. ANDREW MACKIE, A. M.

Introduction.

WE turned away from his little grave with eyes full of tears, and with hearts full of sadness. We dared not trust ourselves to try to speak to each other. It seemed as though there was nothing for us to say. All that we could do was to sit silently side by side, and fold our hands, and weep together in our loneliness. He was gone from us, who was the sunlight of our world. He was dead, who was the sweetness of our home. He was in his grave, who was the darling of our hearts. Just as the bud was opening, death snapped the stalk. Just as the stream of life had gathered strength enough to make music for us with its ripple, it lost itself beneath the sand. God had looked on him, and loved him. *God* loved him, and He called him. And so he went away from us, to be with *God*.

My object is to speak words of sympathy to weeping fathers and mothers. They will be few words—words that, for the most part, will write themselves—words that will not, I trust, be looked upon as intruders into the sanctity of private grief. If any *Weeping Ones* are comforted by them, this one thing is desired—that they, who are comforted, will remember in their prayers him by whom the words are written.

CHAPTER I.

The Sick-Room.

"O mother fond and wild,
Stay the complaining word!
What wouldst thou have? Thy suffering child
Is as his SAVIOUR LORD."

KEBLE—*Lyra Innocentium*.

You wish sometimes that you could forget the *sick-room*. And yet, you would not for the world forget it. It is a sad room to go into. And yet, you go into it oftener than into any room in the house. All its associations are painful. And yet, somehow, you will linger in it. You will leave your parlor, to go and sit in the room in which your darling was sick. It is a sacred

spot in your memory—almost as sacred as are your secret thoughts. Go with me into it, and there we will sit still and remember.

Here, in the cradle, or on the little bed, our dear child wrestled with disease. How hard it was for you, dear mother, to unclasp from him your loving arms, and to lay his fevered head upon the pillow! How groaned your heart, fond father, when you came home from your day's work, and saw—perhaps, your only child—perhaps, your namesake—struggling hard for life! The mother remembered not the agony of the birth, in her anxiety to save her baby from the grave. The father would have parted willingly from all that he had gained, if only might not be taken from him his baby.

The night drags on heavily. Father and mother count each hour that the slow-ticking clock strikes. The patient doctor has leaned oftentimes over the sick one, as if he could not bear to let his studied and his practised skill be baffled by the secret workings of an enemy. He was on his mission of "*doing good*" before the sun was up, but still his touch is delicate; his ear is quick, his eye is sleepless, his judgment is cool, as in the morning. Again he feels the pulse; again he listens to the breathing; again he penetrates to the seat of the disease; again he weighs the symptoms. All in the sick-room are waiting, breathless, till he shall speak. Discouragingly he shakes his head, and in sympathizing whisper says—"I can do no more."

The priest has also been in the sick-room. In the Church he had washed the infant with the *regenerating water of Baptism*, and had traced upon his forehead the sacred sign of the *Cross*. Father! in that sacrament, you gave your child to God. Mother! you then prayed Jesus to receive your little one into the congregation of His flock. Now, God has sent for his little child to come home. Jesus is reaching out His arms, that He may embrace His little lamb. O yes! let the darling go. Do not so cling to him, as to keep him from the Shepherd. He will be happy in his new home. His little head will cease from aching, when it shall be pillowed on Jesus' bosom. Go, open the shutter, and look up beyond the stars, and say, "Our Father, our child is Thine." Return, and kneel beside the bed, and unfold your arms, and say, "*Our Saviour, Thy will be done.*"

Words like these were spoken to you by the priest. And then he read comforting words out of the Holy Book. Then, together with him you knelt; and he prayed to Almighty God, the merciful Father, "to prolong, if it should be His pleasure, the days of your dear one here on earth; or else to receive him into those heavenly habitations, where the souls of those who sleep in the *Lord Jesus* enjoy perpetual rest and felicity." And the priest could do no more.

You were left alone with the sick one, in the sick-room, to nurse tenderly, and to wait patiently, until God should make known His will.

CHAPTER II.

The Angels.

"God's lovers all to God are dear,
 Their Guardians are still near;
 Angels will haste to take their parts,
 Ere death can throw his darts:
 They'll be their convoy while they fly
 To bliss unspeakable on high."

BISHOP KEN.

BUT you are not alone. You cannot see them anywhere. You cannot hear any rustling of wings. You cannot feel that the air is in motion. Still, you are not alone. The sick-room is full of angels. They have ceased, for a brief moment, their choral song to God, that they may minister to your child. They have flown down from heaven, that they may protect him from *Christ's* enemy.

At intervals, the little sufferer is calm, and you think that he seems to smile in his sleep. It must be, that he sees the *angels*, and that he feels the gentle fanning of their wings. He stretches out his arms; and you think that he is beckoning to the angels to come nearer to him—yet nearer—that he may die in their embrace. Yes! the angels are really in the sick-room; and they have poised themselves above the sick-bed, and are waiting till the hour shall come.

The clock goes on ticking. The minutes were never half as long. The clock-hands never moved as slow. You count another hour; and again, another hour; but his life has not reached its limit. Yet you see that life is ebbing very fast. You smooth the pillow. You smooth the sheet. You must do something. You kiss once more the warm, soft cheek. You wet with cool water the burning forehead and the parched lips. You hold, by turns, the little blue-veined hands. You ask each other if the little feet are warm.

And all the while, the angels are looking on, and waiting. The clock strikes the appointed hour. The life-struggle is over. The angels bend down and receive the departed soul, and, spreading broad their silver-plumaged pinions, and singing a glad song of praise to "*Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,*" and telling out another triumph of *the Cross*, they fly with their new treasure into *Paradise*.

(*To be continued.*)

EXPERIENCES OF LIFE.

BY REV. JOSEPH J. NICHOLSON.

(Continued.)

V.

THE anxiously-expected night at last arrived, and at nine o'clock I found myself, with a palpitating heart, at Mr. Blemmerton's door. The scenes of the past night had sufficed to allay many of my misgivings touching my debut into the coteries of —, and its revelations, to render me more averse to the common-places of that sort of life, to which I was about to be introduced. For a while I stood undetermined, whether I should enter or not. I wavered between desire and shrinking; but at last took courage—pulled lustily at the bell—and the next moment was ushered into a full blaze of light, and heard announced, in a patronizing voice:—

"Jonathan Heartful, Esquire."

What an array of elegance, fashion, and beauty, met my eyes! The room seemed filled with diamonds, sparkling and flashing in the blaze of the gorgeous chandelier. But I pause not to enter into minutiae. The reader understands all about it. Everything was, as the sentimental writers would say, *comme il faut*, for such an occasion. The mirrors were, for all the world, like all fashionable mirrors in high life, and cost but little less than four thousand dollars. And the carpets, in beauty of style and richness of texture, were no whit behind other fashionable carpets of the most costly fabrics;—in short, everything about the house was in a style of elegance and magnificence in keeping with the wealth of Mr. John Blemmerton—while the delectables for the palate composed the choicest productions of the four quarters of the globe. Smiling nymphs and stately matrons, and elderly young ladies, on the wrong side of thirty, in satins, silks and velvets of the richest styles, and trig, dandified gentlemen, in kids and moustaches of the latest fashion, all were busy paying court to the pleasures and hilarities of the evening!

Mr. Heartful felt like a caged bird, but newly imprisoned, whose heart flutters at every strange sight or sound.

"Will Mr. Heartful be presented to Mrs. Blemmerton?"

Mr. Heartful, covered with blushes and trembling with modesty, is introduced to Mrs. Blemmerton.

Mrs. Blemmerton is very condescending. "Is happy to have

the pleasure of Mr. Heartful's company at her entertainment. It's only a small affair—a select few. The grand season has not yet arrived. Hopes Mr. H. will enjoy himself."

"Mr. Heartful acknowledges himself highly complimented. Has no doubt that he shall spend an exceedingly agreeable evening. He is but little acquainted with city habits and etiquette. Being but a novice, raw, uncouth, just from the rural districts, he expects merely to be a learner."

"O Mr. Heartful, you scarcely need make any apology. Your *name* is sufficient to introduce you into the best circles everywhere. The Heartfuls, of Heartfulville, are well known in the city. You are no stranger here, sir!"

Mr. Heartful is a little non-plused; feels as though he would rejoice to be in the free open country again, musing on the stars, listening to the low, sad song of the whip-poor-will, or holding sweet converse with Nature!

"Dele, dear?"

"This, Mr. Heartful, is my eldest daughter—Miss Deliah Airmyth Blemmerton."

"Mr. Heartful, my dear, of Heartfulville—of whom you heard your papa speak. Mr. Heartful is about to take up his residence permanently in the city, we hope?"

"O, I hope so," says Miss Deliah Airmyth. "It will really be an acquisition to society! Ah! me, pity knows we need it."

Mr. Heartful has little relish for this line of conversation, and evidently wants something to say—looks innocent—plays with his watch-guard. At last he has a happy thought—his countenance brightens up:—

"Was Miss Blemmerton ever in Heartfulville?"

"No, she had never had that pleasure. But she had heard a great deal about Heartfulville. She believed her papa had a good many business transactions there; and he went there very often himself without taking any of the family, which he hadn't ought to do. And you 'be' from Heartfulville, be you? Oh, how much I should like to visit the place! The society there is so excellent! The people are so polished and highly educated! Indeed, papa says he thinks they 'be' almost as intelligent as they 'be' in ———!"

Poor Mr. Heartful felt down deep in his pockets—thought of his tailor, his mirror, and his boots! Could Miss Deliah Airmyth be in earnest, or was she quizzing him? But that "be" and "hadn't ought to" puzzled him no little. He thought of Webster, and Walker, and Johnson, and Perry, and the host of others, who had improved the English language, or striven to do so, and he would have continued wrapped in a revery, rolling

over and over on his tongue,—“be”—and “hadn’t ought to,” had not Miss Deliah Airmyth continued :—

“Oh, how she would like to enjoy a ride on horseback in the country! She wished her papa would take them to Heartfulville next summer, instead of Saratoga or Newport! The novelty of these latter places had worn out; they were so tame and commonplace now, that they were quite tired of them!”

“Had Mr. Heartful been to Mons. Grandsinger’s concert? How did he like it?”

Unfortunately, Mr. Heartful had not been to Mons. Grandsinger’s concert.

“Then he had missed a rare entertainment. Oh, by all means he should not delay! Mons. Grandsinger would give but two more concerts. She should go on both occasions. Would not miss it for the world! Oh, his performances are so *exquisite*! He was her *beau-ideal* of a *concertant*!”

Here this enlightened and edifying conversation was interrupted by the approach of Mr. Blemmerton.

Mr. Blemmerton is exceedingly gracious and patronizing.

“He takes but little interest in such convivialities. They are fashionable, and are, therefore, highly proper, and he is pleased to see the young folks enjoy themselves. Is happy indeed to enjoy the society of his friends in such delightful entertainments—but feels rather out of place. Thinks he is better fitted for the counting-room than the drawing-room. Takes more interest in the affairs of the Church. Every man, he thinks, has his particular talent. Just now he is *particularly* interested in the Church. He is a vestryman of St. ———’s Church, and the Rector, Rev. Dr. Goodenough, has just sent in his resignation, on account of ill-health and the infirmities of old age. Poor man, he hardly knows what he is to do; for though his salary was always large, he yet believes that he has saved but little, if anything, having never practised economy. The expense of living in the city is indeed very considerable; but you know, sir, that a clergyman need not be at as much expense as we, who have to entertain a great deal; and then Dr. Goodenough was so charitable, that I verily believe he entirely overlooked the first rule of charity, that ‘it begins at home.’ But I do not doubt that the congregation will help him along!”

“But at this moment their great trouble was to find a suitable successor. So many eminent men had been named to them, that they were really baffled in their choice. Dr. Goodenough was very eloquent and popular. Their congregation was large, wealthy, and intelligent, and there were a great variety of tastes to be satisfied—therefore it required a peculiar man to fit the place exactly; and it was a nice point to select a clergyman who could please all tastes and all parties interested. The Rev.

Dr. Skyrocket had been named to them, as an exceedingly pleasing and captivating preacher—one of the most entertaining men to be found; his thoughts are always original and brilliant, and he is so poetical that one is always enraptured with the beauties of his composition! And a gentleman from the neighborhood of Mr. Heartful's native place had spoken of a Rev. Mr. Lovegood, as one of the best pastors, and most eloquent of preachers, whom he had ever heard. But we know nothing of him—never heard of him before. And it is strange that we have not, if he is so great a man! Still, as he has been so highly spoken of by a gentleman in whose judgment I place confidence, I have determined to invite him to preach for us, that the congregation may judge how they would like him!"

"A trial sermon, I suppose, as it is called?"

"Just so—a trial sermon. The congregation would like to judge of his style and voice, you know. For my part, I care not so much about matter and manner as I do about voice. I detest one of your squeaking, wheezing voices!"

"Then I know you need not invite Mr. Lovegood to do any such thing!"

"Ah! you know him, do you, Mr. Heartful?"

"I do—he has been my pastor for ten years!"

"You don't say so! Do tell! How glad I am that you are acquainted with him! And he wouldn't come to preach a trial sermon, which might make him *Rector of St. ——'s Church!*"

"No, sir, not to be made the Potentate of the world!"

"Do tell! That is so strange!"

"Not at all, Mr. Blemmerton. At least, Mr. Lovegood would tell you so. I have often heard him express his opinion on this subject. And I know he has refused many such invitations. He thinks it beneath the dignity of his office! I have heard him say that he would feel but little removed from the office of the mountebank in such an engagement, and that he had degraded his office!"

"Bless me, it is so singular! Why, a number of the clergy do so—indeed, the clergy of *all the churches!*"

"I know not, precisely, what that last sentence means, Mr. Blemmerton. But Mr. Lovegood does not pattern after the sects! His opinion is simply that it is unbecoming to preach what are called trial-sermons. He thinks the general character and reputation of a clergyman ought to be quite sufficient; that the hearing of a clergyman *preach* is not a sufficient criterion from which to judge of his qualities as a pastor. If a clergyman be free from reproach, is faithful in the discharge of his duties, has strength of mind and body for the fulfilment of the duties of any post for which he may be recommended by those whose judgments are reliable—this ought to be sufficient data

for any congregation to base their call upon! These, at all events, are his views. He may be a little singular in them, but I know he will not depart from them, nor do I believe that he would accept a call to any parish on any other grounds."

"Then you know him well?"

"I do, sir. And all I know about the Church, I know from him!"

"Well, what for a preacher is he?"

"As a preacher, I consider him in the first rank. But, Mr. Blemmerton, I cannot judge for your fastidious, sentimental congregation. Such, at least, I take it to be from your representation. You say their *tastes* are various—and in a multitude of *tastes* there will be differences. What pleases one will likely displease another. I consider Mr. Lovegood very eloquent as a preacher, and so do all his congregation. Our tastes in this respect are a unit. But we consider this, if anything, his least excellence. It is as a pastor, going in and out among his people, that they mostly admire and love him. There is but one opinion and one feeling in regard to him at home, among all ages, classes, and conditions—he is loved and revered as a father!"

"Ah! Mr. Heartful, that, after all, is what we want—a clergyman who will be popular, and beloved by all. Well, really, your account of Mr. Lovegood is quite gratifying. He must be an 'Evangelical,' of the real grit! But is he a D. D.?"

"No, he is not a D. D. He covets no distinctions. I doubt that he ever thought of such a thing. But if ever a clergyman *deserved* that title, he does. And yet it could add nothing to Mr. Lovegood's usefulness. It would make him no whit abler as a divine, nor render him more lovely and venerable in the estimation of his congregation. He is an humble-minded, faithful man—earnest, pathetic, tender, even as a father among his children. But he knows how to be sharp when he finds it necessary. He is no hireling to flee, as the craven coward, when the wolf cometh!"

"But, Mr. Heartful, are you sure that he is an Evangelical—are you sure that he is not a Puseyite?"

"Ah! sir, that I cannot tell you; for I know not your standard of evangelicalism. I know that Mr. Lovegood recognizes the Prayer-Book, from lid to lid, as the Church's expositor of Holy Writ, and that he neither transcends nor falls below its teachings; but holds it to be his authorized guide in the interpretation of Scripture and his pastoral duties. This can hardly constitute him a *Puseyite*—(unless you use that term as synonymous with Churchman)—but does, I apprehend, constitute him a sound, thorough Churchman, and, according to my theory, a thoroughly evangelical teacher! Puseyism is something I never heard Mr. Lovegood talk about, and I confess that, though I

have often heard the cognomon spitefully used, I have never seen it technically explained, nor have I even taken the pains to endeavor to ascertain exactly what is meant by it. Perhaps if you can tell its meaning, I may be able more satisfactorily to answer your question!"

"Well, let me see. Ah, well! It means—I don't know that I can tell! I do not profess to be much versed in such matters. I could tell you all about my bank books and bills, and my rent-roll! But, really—ha! ha! ha!—I am not *posted up*, as they say on 'Change, in such matters! Oh, yes, that's it—Mrs. Blemmerton can tell!"

"Mrs. Blemmerton?"

"What, my dear?"

"Do tell us what Puseyism means! Mr. Heartful and I have been talking about Church affairs, and, strange to tell, neither of us know exactly what Puseyism is! And I am sure it is not to be wondered at, for Mr. Heartful is not yet fully initiated into all the ways of the city, and I have but little time for anything else than business. Ha! ha! ha! I just told Mr. Heartful if it were a question of bank books, bills, and rent-rolls, I could answer him! Now do tell us, my dear, for you have more time for such things than we?"

"O certainly, my dear! Let me see. I heard Mrs. Wise Grumbler—she, you know, who left St. ——'s Church because they had prayers every day in the week, which she says is rank Puseyism—well, I heard her say that these Puseyites have been much talked about of late, as having done a great deal of harm in the Church! They are very Romish, too, in their tendencies! And we abhor Romanism! They lay great stress on the sacraments, especially on baptism, and undervalue preaching. They also preach what is called the Apostolic succession, which, old Aunt Sally Milkandwater stands to it, unchurches all the other Churches! And then, as Dele Airmyth said Dr. Riproarer said (we are charitable, Mr. Heartful, and go to all the Churches) in his sermon last Sunday night, the Puseyite clergy are so exceedingly faithful in the discharge of their duties, in looking after the poor, in watching over their congregations, that nothing escapes their eye; and they make themselves so winning and fascinating by their kindnesses, that the people are in danger of being carried right smack into Rome, before they are aware of it—and so he warned his flock against their insinuations!"

"Well, if faithfulness constitutes a clergyman a Puseyite, then is Mr. Lovegood a thorough Puseyite! And I just said that he held the Prayer-Book, and certainly he could not do that, and deny or fail to hold and teach the Apostolic succession!"

"Oh, sir, pardon me! I don't think Mrs. Blemmerton meant that, nor did Dr. Riproarer intend to be so understood. But he

must have meant that they were so zealous, that the people, in their zeal, lost sight of their true character and peculiar notions, and so they gradually introduced them!"

"Ah, you mean they catch the people with guile. There must be a great many guileful clergymen in the Church, if all who hold the Apostolic succession, lay great stress on the sacraments, and are in favor of daily prayers in the Church, have been inveigled into these notions by their craftiness! And what a beautiful guilefulness it is! The Church has always been full of it. Trace her history where you may, and you behold its marks! She copied it from the Apostles, who taught the Apostolic succession, laid great stress on the sacraments, and had daily prayers! St. Paul was full of this same guile, and once had it insinuated of him that he caught the people with guile! 'I did not burden you; nevertheless, being crafty, I caught you with guile,' (2 Cor., xii., 15.) But he replies to the implied insinuation, and nobly vindicates himself. In refusing to be burdensome to you myself, it was only a stroke of policy, you say! Be it so. But I ask: 'Did I make a gain of you by any of them whom I sent to you? Did Titus make a *gain* of you? Walked we not in the same spirit? Walked we not in the same steps?' (1 Cor., xii., 17, 18.) Wherein then was the guile, unless in good works and self-denial, in refusing to be burdensome to them in pecuniary or temporal matters? But hear him further, in his noble vindication: 'Again, think you that we excuse ourselves unto you? We speak before God in Christ; but we do all things, dearly beloved, for your edifying!'

"And so, Mr. Blemmerton, to answer your question as fully as I am able, if Mr. Lovegood be one of the guileful ones, his guile is like unto that of the Apostle! He as cordially abhors the *errors* of Romanism as any man. In truth, he is no friend of error anywhere, nor under whatever cloak or colors. But his zeal against error is intelligent, and tempered by prudence and discretion. He knows what he is about. He does not beat the air, nor use language that he does not understand. He appreciates the grounds of true Catholicism, and meets and opposes Rome on those grounds. He is not run mad fighting shadows. He does not rashly reject anything, simply because Rome happens to hold it; but what he rejects, he rejects because it is not true, not a part of the one Holy Catholic Faith, whether it be found in Rome or Geneva! Nor has he any sympathy with those whose faces are Rome-wards—or looking towards, and longing after Geneva! He wishes that if any such remain behind in the Church, they would make haste to take their exit. He finds the one Holy Catholic Faith whole and entire in the Church, without the additions of Rome or the subtractions of Geneva, and to this he clings! He laments the mistaken policy

and false step of the few, who have gone out from us to join the ranks of Rome and the sects ! But their rashness and folly, I can safely say, will never shake his confidence in the Church, as to her possession and profession of the truth, nor cause him to swerve one jot or tittle in the proclamation of the doctrines of the Church, as they have been handed down from the beginning, and are defined in the teachings of the Prayer-Book—the Liturgy, Offices, Articles, and Homilies. Neither does Mr. Lovegood undervalue preaching, but rather insists upon it as a Divine Institution, wherein he himself sets a most worthy example, as an apt and skilful divider of the words of life ! He does, indeed, lay great stress on the sacraments, just as the Scriptures do ! But I never heard him deliver a sermon on either of the sacraments, that he did not show conclusively that his doctrine corresponded with the Scripture and the Prayer-Book ! And surely this ought to be sufficient for any Churchman !”

Thus far, upon the whole, notwithstanding the annoyance of the foregoing conversation, Mr. Heartful had spent an agreeable evening : for nothing could have been more congenial to him than to speak of his beloved pastor, and the Church which he loved so well, and appreciated so truly !

“Who is that gentleman with whom papa is conversing in the corner ?” said Miss Julia Jasper Blemmerton to her sister Deliah Airmyth.

“Oh, Julia, that is Mr. Heartful, of Heartfulville ! Isn’t he handsome ? Haven’t you been introduced yet ? Well, go around towards papa, and as soon as he sees you he will introduce you.”

Miss Julia Jasper moves in the direction of her papa.

“Oh, Julia, dear, you are not acquainted with Mr. Heartful ! Mr. Heartful, this is my youngest daughter, Miss Julia Jasper Blemmerton.”

And Mr. Heartful has the distinguished honor of standing in the presence of the belle of the family.

“Miss Julia Jasper is quite fatigued, from the exercises of the evening”—seeks a sofa. Mr. Heartful, of course, follows suit.

“Does Mr. Heartful dance ?”

“No—that is an accomplishment that Mr. Heartful is not master of ! In fact, he has no taste for it !”

“Miss Julia Jasper is surprised. Really, she could not live without dancing ! She pities any one who is not fond of dancing !”

“Mr. H. is obliged for her commiseration !”

Miss Julia Jasper smiles approvingly.

“What amusements afford Mr. H. the most pleasure ?”

“Mr. Heartful is not addicted to any particular amusements.

He rides out occasionally for exercise, and spends his leisure hours in reading."

"O dear, reading to me is such a bore, unless I get hold of a really spicy novel! And they 'be' so rare; the most of the light reading of the present day is so trashy!"

"Mr. Heartful agrees with Miss Julia Jasper, that there is a vast amount of *lightness* in much of the current light literature. But suggests that she might find something more entertaining in works of substantial merit and usefulness. Something historical, or scientific, that would expand the mind by affording it solid instruction. At best, he thought nothing more than the poetry of life was to be found in sentimental works!"

"But Miss Julia Jasper had so much to do with *substantials* at school, that she is heartily sick and tired of them."

And the belle of the family is threatened with a fit of nervousness at the bare mention of sound, solid, wholesome reading! Mr. Heartful feared, though he kept his fears to himself, that the extent of Miss Julia Jasper's education consisted in dancing a waltz or two, or drumming a few notes on the piano! He doubted that she had ever read, understandingly, half a dozen books in her life!

"But Miss Julia Jasper was passionately fond of music! She practised two hours every evening that they hadn't company. Last evening she was ridiculously interrupted in the midst of a most enrapturing piece of music, and she had been in an ill humor ever since, which she really thought pardonable. Mamma had given the servants leave of absence a while that evening, and there was no one to answer the bell, and in the very midst of my music the bell rang. I hurried to the door, and oh! just to think it was only a little urchin who wanted to see papa! Now, wasn't that provoking?"

"Was it a boy or girl?"

"Oh! a little ragged, barefooted girl. Dear me, sir, the city is full of them! There is no living in peace for them! I do wish we could get where there are no beggars! I think Dives must have grown accustomed to them! And one half of them are impostors! It is a great pity the police do not look after them!"

"What did the little girl want, Miss Julia Jasper?"

"O, the same old story! Her mother was sick, and her father was dying! Wanted to see papa. Her father lived in one of his houses, and she wanted to see papa about the rent—wanted him to give it up, I reckon. It was the sixth time she had been to the door within the last three days. And she had been told, again and again, not to annoy us. Oh, the impudence of these people!"

"Did she see your papa?"

"No. Papa was not in, and if he had been it would have been all the same. For he has lost a great deal of rent by that man, and I heard him say that he did not intend to lose any more. Besides, papa says the expense of living is becoming so great that he can't afford to be over-indulgent! We must dress in the fashion, you know, Mr. Heartful, and ma must give parties, and furnish her house like other people. She had as well be out of the world as out of the fashion! And if papa listened to the stories of all these people, he would never get a penny of rent from one of them. And a large portion of his income is from the rent of his houses in the occupancy of that class! These little beggar girls are very expert! They can cry just when they please! I wish you could have been here to see how lustily she cried, and wrung her hands, just as though she was in earnest! How admirably they would act on the stage! They are ahead of nature. It's by long practice, sir, and practice makes perfect!"

"But, Miss Julia Jasper, I think it highly probable that that little girl was not an impostor. May it not have been that she really had at home a sick mother and a dying father, and came to implore mercy?"

"Oh, no, sir! I have no confidence in any of them. They are so well drilled in imposture, that you never know how to place confidence in any of them. You have not lived here long enough yet, Mr. Heartful, to understand them!"

"I have lived here long enough to have witnessed much of wretchedness, much of misery and sorrow! Had you been with me last night, as I followed a lone, little barefooted, beggar girl to her home of poverty; had you, with me, entered that home of wretchedness, and, with me, witnessed the dying agonies of that father, and heard the heavy sighing of the sick mother, and looked upon that mute, crushed, half-clad, half-starved child, destitute of food or fuel, and listened to the dying man's tale of woe, of long years of penury and pinching want, you would hardly have suspected all the beggar girls of imposture! Oh! that there were more angels of mercy in the world, fulfilling the law of charity and love!"

Mr. Heartful was sick at the heart. He was too full for utterance. "*Parvi affectus loquuntur, magni tacent.*" O that he stood again beneath the majestic elm, which so gracefully spread its branches before his father's door! O for that quiet, unsophisticated, pure home of his childhood, where the tainted breath of worldliness mingled not, to mar the breathings of the pure in heart! And this was a sample of fashionable life—life in the world! Life, life, said he, half aloud, how many shades mingle in thy picture! Memories of the past gushed up into his full heart,

carrying him back to the day of his simple childhood ! His silver-headed parents, ripe with age and honors, were before him ! He beheld them again, as they stood one foot in the grave, and, with streaming eyes and uplifted hands, invoked the blessing of Heaven upon him ! O how pure, how sanctified was that memory ! He could see himself a simple, artless child, one of a company of six happy boys and girls, all on bended knee, forming a circle around his beloved mother, their little heads nestling in her lap, and their cheerful hearts and lips repeating "Our Father." O blessed day of childhood ! Thou canst ne'er return again. O blessed MOTHER'S love ! still linger about us, and guide us on our way ! Go out, go out into the busy world, fulfil thy destined lot ; but ah ! let not these sainted days be ever blotted from thy memory ! Let them ever be as the bow in the cloud, giving a type of a brighter day in the hours of gloom and darkness ! Watch on, wait on, struggle on—the clouds will roll away at the last ! And as thou standest on the mountain height of Hope's youthful picturing, a stream of light, pure, transparent, shall flow softly down upon thee from the throne of the ETERNAL, and chase away the shadows of darkness ! But ah ! remember, that as thou standest upon that mountain height, the stream of light which shall fall upon thee, shall cast a shadow from thee into the valley below—and it shall lengthen out towards the tomb—stretch away towards the evening, when the toil shall be ended—and towards the morning of the Resurrection, when man shall stand in judgment before his God !

(To be continued.)

WINTER.

"Thou hast made Summer and Winter."—Ps. lxxiv., 17.

It is Winter,—dreary Winter, and the elm tree's branches bare,
 Stript of all their leafy covering, shiver in the freezing air ;
 Brown and bleak the hill-side standeth, and the valley late so green,
 Wither'd are the vanish'd flow'rets, like the field where fire hath been ;
 Chanticleer and his companions stand crest-fallen and forlorn,
 Shrinking in some shelter'd corner, longing for the hour for corn ;
 Hush'd the bird's song, hush'd the bee's hum, hush'd the rippling of the rill,
 Bound or banish'd by his cold breath, all their melody is still ;
 Hear we but the barn-yard clamor, or the crow's discordant cry,
 Or the moaning, whistling breezes, or the wagon rumbling nigh ;
 For the hard ground, rough and frozen, hollow sounds beneath the tread,
 As if from the earth's sad bosom all her hopes and joys had fled.

It is Winter,—magic Winter,—what a change is on the scene !
 Tower and cot, and mead and mountain, glitter in the morning sheen ;
 Winter has the hues of Iris borrow'd for a festal day,
 And array'd in dazzling splendor each incrusted bough and spray ;
 Lo ! a crystal palace seems it, where the frost-king walks in state,
 Stretching far and wide his sceptre, potent as the wand of fate :

Beautiful the sparkling carpet as that fam'd of Persia's king,
Where, upon the gold-wrought fabric, jewels bright were glittering;
Every tree a radiant pillar, with its branching capital,
And the blue sky in its glory is the lofty dome o'er all;
Deck'd with pendants, gleams each cottage,—treasures priz'd by childhood's heart,
And the windows boast a tracery wondrous as the limner's art.

It is Winter,—mirthful Winter,—hark ! how joyfully and shrill,
Swells the shout of gladsome voices o'er the snow-clad plain and hill,
Where the eager hand of boyhood drags the lov'd sled up amain,
That, reciprocal in service, bears him swiftly down again;
Or beneath their moulding fingers figures huge, uncouth arise,
Pleasing as the forms of Phidias in the gleesome framer's eyes;
O'er the smooth ice dart the skaters, and e'en Boreas jocund grows,
Pinching cheeks with redd'ning fingers, till they emulate the rose;
Merrily the sleigh-bells jingle, as the steeds go swiftly by,
And the rider's laughter ringeth as if earth contain'd no sigh;
Clad in robes of costly sable and attire of ample fold,
They defy the frowns of Winter and the north wind's biting cold.

It is Winter,—social Winter,—round the lamp's enliv'ning glow,
Wit that wounds not, and sweet converse with the fleeting moments flow,
Sire and son, and careful matron, and the blooming daughter fair,
Thoughtful age and playful childhood gladly are assembled there:
O'er the letter'd, pictur'd pages learning's path they pleas'd pursue;
While the needle's aiding power shows what willing hands can do;
Or the tuneful harp-strings touching, music tries her charming way,
And the hours gaze on delighted, fain to linger on their way;
As the flame through their apartment does its cheering glow impart,
So the warmth of pure affection circles kindly 'round each heart;
Storms may rage without their dwelling, but within calm peace doth rest,
And they praise the gracious Father, whose kind hand their lot hath blest.

It is Winter,—suff'ring Winter,—look within yon lowly room,
Where the lonely, flickering taper strives to penetrate the gloom;
Cold and piercing through each crevice rushes in the cruel wind,
While no bright fire on the hearth-stone can the keen intruders bind;
On his bed—how hard and humble ! bow'd by sorrow, care and pain,
Lieth he who long hath struggled with disease and want in vain,—
So the oak, with tempests wrestling, nobly bears its head on high,
But the spring-flood undermines it, and its branches prostrate lie.
With benumb'd and wasted fingers, far towards the midnight drear,
His belov'd ones ply their labors, while a sad voice murmurs near—
“Mother, dear, I am so hungry that no sleep comes round my bed,
“Pray to Him Who feeds the ravens that He'll please to send us bread.”

Votaries of wealth and pleasure ! dwellers in a happy home !
Though within your homes and bosoms pining misery may not come,
Yet around you are the needy,—and the sick, and suffering,
The misguided and the stranger, the oppress'd and sorrowing;
You may soothe them in affliction, you may aid them in their need,
You may win from ill the erring by your cheering word or deed;
Prove your love to Him Who gave you all the good things that ye claim,
By compassion to Christ's members, call'd like you by His blest name;
So your Great Exemplar following, Heaven's smile may on you rest,
Dearer than the comforts round you, or the mirth that fills your breast,
And perchance the voice of Mercy may these words address to ye :—
“I was naked, sick, and hungry, and ye minister'd to Me !”

CHRIST THE SHEPHERD OF HIS PEOPLE.**A MEDITATION ON THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.**

BY THE REV. W. L. JOHNSON, D. D.

PRECIOUS are the experiences of the people of God. Even their trials and their darkness are precious : for these are intended, by their Heavenly Father, as means to promote their spiritual interests ; and shall, in the end, issue in their eternal good. But precious, at the very moment they are felt, are those exercises which raise their souls above this mournful world, withdraw their affections from temporal objects, bring them near to God their Saviour, and give them those actings of faith which are attended with joy unspeakable and full of glory. In the former situation, they tremble and sink into depression ; but still they are not forsaken by hope. In the latter, they enjoy the privileges of children, and exult with a filial fear in their reconciled Father.

The sweet singer of Israel is a remarkable example of both these kinds of exercises. In his sacred odes, we sometimes find him uttering the plaintive notes of grief and lamentation. Slowly he touches his harp, and weeps in concert with the sounds of woe : "O Lord, rebuke me not in Thine anger, neither chasten me in Thy hot displeasure ; my soul is also sore vexed ; I am weary of my groaning, I water my couch with my tears, mine eye is consumed because of grief, it waxeth old because of my enemies." At other times, he sweeps, with the rapidity of ardor and the exultation of delight, his eager hand over the trembling strings, and raises loud his voice in the sacred song : "The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer ; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust ; my buckler, and the horn of my salvation. The Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock, and let the horn of my salvation be exalted."

The psalm on which I now purpose to offer a few thoughts is expressive of the delightful exercises of the Christian life, and is filled with the most tender and affecting images. It is uncertain on what occasion it was penned ; but, from the expressions of joy and the evidences of gratitude which it contains, and the uninterrupted tranquillity which reigns throughout the whole, we may conclude that the inspired king composed it during a state of peace and harmony. It was written, probably, when his throne was established, his enemies subdued before him, and his people happy beneath his reign. He utters no complaint, he breathes no sigh, in the whole psalm ; but speaks of the most

alarming situations, and the severest trials, with exalted hope, with high confidence, and the assurance of triumph. His faith was in holy exercise on the great Head of the Church. He viewed Him glorious in His person, almighty in His power, and tender in His compassions. And, while he himself was seated upon the throne of his kingdom, governing the people whom God had placed under him, and rejoicing in their prosperity, he suddenly contemplates the various cares and interesting employments of his former life, when he watered and fed the flocks of his father, and watched them by night. This naturally led him to the ideas which he so simply and beautifully expresses in this psalm, and made him immediately commence with a sentiment calculated to overwhelm the soul with gratitude.

I.

"The Lord is my Shepherd ; I shall not want."

It may be necessary to remark, that the language which David here uses belongs to every believer. He expresses himself in a manner applicable to the whole Church of Christ. The hope which he entertained, and the joy which he experienced, not only warmed his own breast ; but that same joy, that same hope, are the inheritance of God's children in every age, and are expected in us as well as in the royal saint. For, with God there is no respect of persons. Beneath His comprehensive eye all situations are reduced to one uniform level. "For thus, saith the high and lofty One, that inhabiteth eternity, whose Name is holy, I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also who is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." Let the mourning Christian, therefore, wipe away his tears, forget his sorrows, and appropriate to himself the words of the psalmist, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."

David, doubtless, here contemplates God as the source of the temporal favors he had experienced, and as the kind Providence in whom he trusted for the supply of his future necessities. And this view tends to produce contentment and satisfaction in our worldly lot. But he, rather, has his eye fixed on the Lord Jesus Christ, as his Redeemer ; who is the Head of the Church, and who exercises a tender care over all His followers. The offices of our adorable Lord, the superintendence which He maintains, and the compassion which He feels towards His Church, are very applicable to the character of a Shepherd. Besides, He is, in several places, called by that endearing name. He is the supreme Shepherd of Sion. He is possessed of all power to defend His sheep, of all willingness to direct and comfort them. In that capacity, He possesses also the right to exercise over them an authoritative

government. Not only weak and helpless, but apt to stray into forbidden paths—the sheep require restraint, direction, chastisement. These duties of a shepherd the Lord Jesus performs. His eyes are over His whole flock. He beholds them in their difficulties and their wanderings; and while He protects them from the ravages of the lion and the bear, He scourges them with a compassionate severity to bring them back to the fold.

What humility and astonishing condescension does our Lord exhibit in this character! Who is he that takes upon himself the lowly office of Shepherd? Who watches with an anxious care over poor, sinful, straying creatures? Who guards them by night when the prowling wolf goeth about to devour? Who is always awake to their highest interests, and feels for them the most tender sympathy when in distress? Christian, it is the King of Sion, the only-begotten of the Father; the "Word, who was with God, and was God; without whom was not anything made that was made, and who upholds all things by the word of His power." As God, he possesses all excellency; and as God-Man, as Mediator, He is anointed by the Spirit without measure. This is the Shepherd who laid down His life for the sheep, and who will hereafter gather all His flock, out of every nation, and from every part of the earth, into the fold above. This, says David, is "my Shepherd."

The Lord Jesus is the portion of every believer. He not only chooses the soul, but the soul also chooses Christ. In this respect the transaction is perfectly reciprocal. It is Love and Power on the one side, which is the efficient cause of love and willingness on the other. There is no destruction of moral agency effected by the divine power of grace. Shall a mortal like ourselves, possessed of wisdom and eloquence, have a very considerable power over our minds, and persuade us, without any injury to our free-will, to adopt certain sentiments, and perform certain actions? And shall not He, who created man and formed the spirit within him, who is intimately acquainted with its nature, and knows exactly what spring to touch in order to produce motion, and what motives will produce action—shall not He be able to work upon the soul, so as to bring it willingly to Himself? David calls the Lord his Shepherd. He could not claim this relation with Him by nature, for he acknowledges his unworthiness and depravity from the moment he drew his infant breath. Jesus, the good Shepherd, must consequently have become his by grace. His darkened mind was enlightened, his rebellious will was corrected, and he was brought into the fold of Christ. O how happy is the condition of the believer! This good Shepherd, possessed of all power and perfection—as God of all gifts and graces, as Mediator—becomes, so to speak, the property of all who are baptized into His Church, and who accept of Him by a true faith. He implants within them the germ of

a new spiritual life, and thus makes them partakers of the Divine nature. They shall therefore lack no good thing. "The Lord is my Shepherd," the weakest of the flock may say,—"I shall not want."

But is this expression, in its greatest extent, true? Do the children of God, in this world, always abound? Are they not sometimes oppressed with affliction, and surrounded with darkness? Do they not sometimes want food, raiment, health, friends, comforts? But the psalmist alludes, principally, to spiritual benefits. These shall not fail them here, and hereafter their vessels shall be filled with bliss. Grace shall be sufficient for them in every time of severe trial, in every fiery temptation, and shall carry them safely through. Beyond the grave, the enjoyments of a spiritual nature shall abundantly compensate for all their earthly sufferings. With respect to this life, they shall be favored with those things which are necessary for their subsistence, and, until the period when their earthly tabernacle shall be dissolved, their bread and their water shall be sure. "The Lord will give grace and glory, and no good thing will he withhold from them that live uprightly."

(*To be continued.*)

A CHRISTIAN BEHEADED.—The *London Christian Times* has a letter dated Constantinople, November, 1853. A Mussulman has just been beheaded at Adrianople for professing the Christian religion. Happening at this precise moment of time, when the fleets of England and France are lying in the Bosphorus, having come to preserve the Turkish government from annihilation, it must be regarded as critical. A providence is in it, and depend upon it, great results will follow. The circumstances are briefly these :—

A Mussulman young man, of the village of Eski-Zaghara, near Adrianople, belonging to a sect of Turks called Taffani, declared publicly that Mohammed was a false prophet, and that the true prophet was Christ, and that after him there was no prophet. The Turks warned him to beware, but he persevered in his profession of Christianity, and was at last seized and thrown into prison. Subsequently, he was removed to Adrianople, where he was tried before the highest court of the Pasha. He steadily persisted in his previous declaration, adding that "so long as we have Christ, we have no need of Mohammed." He also said Mohammed was a false man, and he exposed the corruption of the Mohammedan system. He was remanded to prison and cruelly tortured to induce him to recant, but in vain. He was afterwards brought out and beheaded, and with his last breath he protested against Mohammed, and said, "I profess Jesus Christ, and for him I die."

DR. STERLING AND HIS CHOIR.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM STAUNTON.

"Bring here the lyre, to sing a solemn lay,
The tabret's sound,—the trumpet's startling tone,
Dulcimer and lute, and singing psaltery;
Lift up the voice, and let the sound arise,
Symphonious swelling to the solemn skies."

FRED. MULLER.

CHAPTER VI.

The Parsonage—An old Elm, and a Surprise—Larigot takes the Doctor to Task—The Doctor retorts, and vanquishes Mr. Larigot—The Lex Scripta.

THE Churchmen of Stafford, who, a dozen years ago, had erected the Parsonage, and laid out its grounds, were fortunately not of that tasteless class to whom the beautiful and ornamental are but the embodiment of some dangerous sin. They did not, first of all, level to the ground a fine cluster of native ash, maple, and American poplar, which stood on the rear of the lot; nor did they sweep off the light copses which, in some hour of nature's playfulness, had been gracefully scattered here and there, with lowly bushes, fringe-like, all about them, to glorify the spring landscape with flowers of all tints, and fill the soft air with waves of richest perfume. But, above all things, they had foresight and good sense enough to permit no sacrilegious axe to touch the life of a most majestic old elm, which stood very near the spot marked out for the site of the Rectory—so near, indeed, that some of its giant arms, and long, pendulous branches, must of necessity almost span the roof, as if to symbolize or suggest the idea of some higher tutelary power, ever guarding the holy, and protecting the pure. It was a grand, brave old tree, as every one said, long before the elm lot became the property of St. Michael's—long before the rank turf had been smoothed, seeded, hard-rolled, and turned into a vivid lawn—long before Dr. Sterling had encircled its trunk with a rustic bench, which he loved far better than the leopard-spotted couch in the study; and truly, neither he nor his predecessors were ever inclined to doubt the general opinion, when the deep, refrigerative shade of the venerable elm became their refuge from the blaze and full glow of the summer's sun.

We should not have written these lines about trees and shade, however, had there not been a reason for so doing, over and above the offering of a hint to those who may hereafter be concerned in laying out Parsonage grounds. It was now early in September—the exact day is not important; but, the Doctor having toiled at the pen in-doors till he began to apprehend the approach of a fit of obliviousness, very wisely slipped on a loose sack coat, took up the semi-weekly which lay unopened on his writing-desk, and retreated to his favorite post under the elm, anticipating nothing worse than news or day-dreams, or, perchance, one of those half-inspired gushes of thought—compounds of fancy, eloquence, and sublunacy—to which literary men are said to be subject in certain stages of slumber.

Bear witness, now, ye men of languid brain and furrowed brow, before whose inward world of invention a dank, palpable, foreground mist has heaved up its huge mass, environing in its thick, flocculent embrace, even the phantoms of departing ideas, and chilling the oft-repeated ventures of hope in pursuit of some one tangible fragment of thought in all the amplitude of the great and dreary chaos—bear witness, how grateful, how serenely felicitous, the half hour of bland repose and converse with other men's thoughts, which our good parson is now enjoying, with the sweet melody of birds above, and the teeming fragrance of dianthus and rose all about; with the fresh lawn at his feet; and the balmy air touching, as with a wing of down, his hot brow, and playing antics with the random locks, which time and toil have combined to silver.

Now, though it was most true that Dr. Sterling, when fairly awake, usually "had his eyes about him," that is to say, kept himself well apprised of phenomenal matters pertaining to this outer life, and of the honest relations of premises, proofs, and conclusions in debated questions, as well as of the most likely issues—under the doctrine of probabilities—of the thousand uncertain events and problems which every day brings forth; yet, it must be confessed that, at the particular juncture of which we are now speaking, the Rector, for once, was *not* as sharp-sighted and observant as might have been expected. For, while sitting half bent, with paper in hand, absorbed, perhaps, in the horrors of some most energetic article on the spread of Puseyism and Popery; or attracted by the announcement of somebody's extraordinary success in aerial navigation, electric locomotives, or water fuel; or by news from the Golden Gate, Utah, Memphremagog, or Walla-Walla, he was, at all events, profoundly unconscious that a rather tall, dark-complexioned, slight-built figure, with an aspect importing anything but timidity, had quietly passed through the front wicket, and after crossing the lawn, had taken a stand, in a very erect posture, within less than

a yard of his elbow. Now, if there had been any murderous design on foot, it is fair to conjecture that the favorable position of things—including especially the Doctor's head—would have produced a speedy consummation of the affair; for, never had bludgeon a chance of a deadlier sweep. But this was evidently not the object; for the figure, after a few moments' pause, and in the most friendly voice imaginable, proceeded to utter quite a respectful salutation, discharging thus, at one stroke, the duty of courtesy and the office of an alarm.

"Bless my heart, Mr. Larigot!" exclaimed the Doctor, looking up with as much surprise as if a Creek warrior had sprung upon him; "bless my heart, sir, how you startled me!"

"So I perceive," said Larigot, who could not help smiling. "But I hope I have done nothing worse."

"Oh, nothing, nothing; glad to see you, Mr. Larigot. I certainly must have been dreaming when you came up."

"Very possibly, Doctor; for I can hardly think that in sober wakefulness you would let any one, unobserved, come so near to treading on your toes."

"Neither do I, as a general rule," answered the Doctor.

"But I really came very near it."

"I know you did."

"And had I been disposed, I *might* have encroached upon you beyond your liking," added the organist.

"Well, if you had, it would not have been the *first* time," said Dr. Sterling, in a kind of serious playfulness.

Now, the drift of this observation was not as clear to Mr. Larigot as might have been desirable. Nor did he understand the knowing look with which it had been uttered by the Doctor. But it meant *something*, no doubt, and so Mr. Larigot rejoined:

"Not the first time, Doctor! How so? For I pride myself in being rather careful in such matters."

"You mean, I suppose, when such matters are literally or pedologically considered. But, taking the thing metaphorically—how then?"

"Just the same, sir; I never trespass on others, except sometimes by way of retaliation."

"Are you sure?"

"Certainly; why should you doubt?"

"Because I thought I had reason."

"Upon my word, Doctor, I think you are a little too nervous; I will not say—inclined to be jealous."

"You quite mistake me, Mr. Larigot, for in things of this nature I may be a trifle less sensitive than you think. However, let this pass. We are all, probably, burdened with more self-love than is good for us; and it is well if we do not magnify and

color too highly every seeming aggression of our neighbor. *Humanum est errare.*"

"But you threw out a dark hint just now, about some past act of mine, which you ranked as a trespass."

"As to that, I can only say, as before, that I thought I had reason."

"How? when? where?" said Larigot, somewhat excited.

"Oh, it is not so alarmingly important—perhaps, some day, you may find out—at any rate, it only cost me a little forbearance."

"This is really odd—exceedingly odd; and I must say that I admire your generosity much more than your mysteriousness. But would it not be still better to combine with this forbearance on your part, a disposition to respect what belongs to others?"

"Undoubtedly—it is my constant rule," said Dr. Sterling.

"To respect even their rights?" inquired his friend.

"Yes, sir, their rights—to their utmost limits."

"I am most happy to hear you say so."

"Why? for I think, Mr. Larigot, that *you* are becoming mysterious."

"Because there is *one* fact, at least, which I may hope you will be able to reconcile with your assertion, in spite of an apparent incongruity; and because, again, it is pleasanter, in one's intercourse with the world, to ascribe to mere error, rather than to worse motives, the little deviations from the strict line of justice which we occasionally meet with."

"That is all very candid, and very conclusive also, I suppose, to your own mind—but I do not exactly see what your first 'because' has to do with any act of mine; nor how your second 'because' stands connected with anything I have said. But come," said Dr. Sterling, rising from his seat, "let me offer you a chair or a lounge in the study. You seem rather warm, and may not be the worse for a trifle of ice-water, or a tumbler of lemonade, or, may be, a little touch of shower-bath might not be unacceptable, or the cool flapping of a China fan; or a sponge of ether; or a nice pair of bellows,—eh, Mr. Larigot? Or, will you allow me just to—"

"For goodness' sake, Doctor, what do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing at all, but a little skirmish with your febrile symptoms," said the Doctor.

"Then, in that case, let us remain where we are, and have done with your bantering."

"Well, well, just as you please, Mr. Larigot; and if your tastes at all resemble mine, you will find this shady seat under the elm rather agreeable than otherwise. Come, sit down with me, and let us see what good things we can plot for the benefit

of our choir; for I must tell you, sir, that it has been my wish for some days to see and converse with you on this subject."

"I have had a similar wish myself," said the organist; "and, in fact, it has been the principal cause of my present visit."

"Indeed!" ejaculated the Rector: "then the coincidence is a most happy one."

"I am not prepared to speak as positively on *that* point."

"Why so?" inquired the Rector.

"Because all coincidences are *not* happy."

"Very true, sir: but in the present case, I am sanguine enough to hope that you and I are too well agreed in opinion relative to the importance of Church music, to admit any fear of serious disagreement."

"On the main point we may be agreed; but on numerous questions of detail, I am compelled to believe that we shall differ very considerably."

"Why do you think so?"

"It would be more to the purpose," said Larigot, "if you would ask, why should I *not* think so?"

"Because I cannot doubt your interest in the advancement of our music; and my own wishes certainly run in the same direction."

"That may be so, to a certain degree," said Larigot.

"Then why do you speak so doubtfully?"

"Because I am not without apprehension that though you may co-operate with us up to some given point, you will be our opponent in every step we take beyond it."

"But, sir, you are assuming that for which you have no evidence; and I must add, that you are doing me some injustice."

"On the contrary," rejoined Larigot, "I think that I have such evidence under your own hand, Doctor."

"What! evidence that I shall be a hindrance to the choir? You are very much mistaken, Mr. Larigot."

"Not unless some one has counterfeited your style, and forged your hand, sir," answered Mr. Larigot, boldly.

Here the Doctor thought best to look very gravely at his inflexible organist, who, we must confess, manifested less amiability of temper than was either creditable or necessary, considering that the Rector was certainly entitled to the forms and language of courtesy, even if he could obtain nothing more. At any rate, the two worthies had now reached a point where explanation was unavoidable, and so the Doctor took the opportunity to look into Larigot's soul, as far as he could, and Larigot tried hard to look into the Doctor's, till both parties succeeded, though by no means in equal measure; and then the Rector, not without a reasonable and justifiable degree of firmness, said as follows:

"Mr. Larigot, there is no further use in disguise—it is time for you to throw off the mask, and speak what I know you think—you will find it best to be frank and open, and to have no root of bitterness in your heart. I am ready to hear all you can say, and to set you right, besides. If you imagine that I have given you any just ground of offence, state it, if you please, without insinuation or parable, and then *audi alteram partem*."

"I should have less difficulty in doing so," said Larigot, very ungraciously, "if it were as easy for me to explain as it is for others to sneer."

"Well, well," continued the Doctor, without appearing to notice very much the elegant effusion of his companion, "if you are not disposed to exhibit your grievances in the manliness of plain English, I will undertake to do it for you, and that, too, in a style which will need no interpreter. You have been piqued and affronted, it seems, with the note I sent you some days since."

"Not without reason, certainly."

"There I differ from you entirely."

"I see not how you can," said the organist.

"Well, sir, I will tell you—I wrote merely in the discharge of a duty; and I took care to do it with all mildness—I made only a moderate request, when I might have issued a positive command—I gave little more than advice, in preference to strict orders; and on your part, I had a right to expect a courteous compliance with my request, considering that there was in it nothing of an unreasonable nature, nor a single word which could wound any well-governed mind."

"The offence, sir," said Larigot, "lay chiefly in the act of interference."

"Very well; we will consider *that* by and bye, when I hope to make you sensible that there was no *unauthorized* interference in the case, though I am sorry to say that your reply to my note gives me opportunity of retorting such a charge on *you*, with a force from which you cannot possibly escape. However, supposing the worst,—granting that I had addressed you rather harshly,—even that would not justify you in acting upon it with a view to my injury."

"It would justify me in claiming and defending my rights, I suppose?" said Mr. Larigot.

"Perhaps such a course might be excusable in some cases. In others, we win more by a little suffering. But it is most essential to ascertain, first of all, whether our rights are in peril or not. You failed to do this—you took for granted that some right or privilege appertaining to your office had been assailed by me; though, in truth, no such thing had been done, or even meditated—and on this baseless presumption alone have you been acting in defence of rights."

"Amazing!" exclaimed Mr. Larigot; "how *can* you assert that?" But the Doctor, not regarding the interruption, continued, "I have not encroached *on you* by one hair's breadth. Nay, sir, I have exercised but a mere tittle of the authority which the Church has intrusted to me in the supervision of the music of the Church. And yet, it grieves me to learn that you have attributed to me a disposition to trample on your professional rights, and charged me publicly and repeatedly with making an actual attack on your privileges—you have also been heard to speak very slightly of the authority I have just mentioned, even denying that the clergy have any control whatever over the organ and choir—you have boldly asserted your own independence of the oversight of the Rector, and are now stirring up a disorderly and litigious spirit among those who are appointed to sing God's praises. Nor is this all: for I can show that you have gone so far already, as to mingle with your most untimely ebullitions of anger, such personalities as might well have been spared, if not for conscience' sake, yet certainly in consideration of what is due to civility, prudence, and delicacy. These are hard things to say, Mr. Larigot, but they are too true—you *know* them to be true; and so do others. Still, I shall take no further notice of them, unless you compel me—I speak to you freely and decidedly, because we are alone, and can settle our differences best in the absence of witnesses. It is not my wish to draw you into a confession, nor have I any feelings of vindictiveness to gratify. Only assure me that the advice or strictures I may see fit to offer in future will meet a better reception, and I will overlook everything, not excepting the ill-favored remark with which you closed your reply to my note."

"As to that, sir, I may have been somewhat too hasty and plain-spoken; but in regard to the rest, I can say little; for it would take me a week to reply to such an unmerciful torrent of accusation," said Larigot.

"Perhaps it would take longer, Mr. Larigot, and perhaps you have not the means of doing it at all; but of that your own conscience must be the judge," added the Doctor.

"But, after all you have said, I am entirely unable to see the grounds on which you so positively and frequently assert that you have *not* trespassed on my rights as organist of St. Michael's. My principle, to which you have just referred as laid down in the reply I sent you, amounts simply to this, viz., that we should each mind his own duties, as all the world understands them, and not interfere, or cross one another's path."

"But, Mr. Larigot, it may be possible that though 'all the world' may understand the nature of *your* duties, it may be very ignorant of the scope of mine."

"How so?"

"Because it cannot be expected that the mass of men should be as well informed respecting the laws and customs of the Church, as they are concerning matters which fall directly within their own sphere."

"That may be ; but still, taking myself as an example, I do not think that I should be likely to encroach on your rights."

"You have done it already, sir, as I hinted to you, jestingly, at the opening of this interview ; and so, the case between us is just the reverse of what you imagine it to be."

"Only prove that, Dr. Sterling, and I will surrender at once," said the organist.

"I will do it, sir. And as a first step in the argument, I assert, and will show, that by the laws of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the minister possesses authority to direct and regulate, to some considerable extent, the music of the church in which he officiates."

"I confess myself entirely unacquainted with any law conferring such powers."

"Then, Mr. Larigot," said the Doctor, "it will be necessary for me to enlighten you a little on the subject, and at the same time you will see the proof of my assertion."

The Doctor here took from his pocket a Book of Common Prayer, and turning to the beginning of the Psalms in metre, read aloud the following rule, set forth by the General Convention of 1832 :—"It shall be the duty of every minister, with such assistance as he can obtain from persons skilled in music, to give order concerning the tunes to be sung at any time in his church."

"Is that actually a law of the Church ?" inquired Larigot, with not a little earnestness.

"Unquestionably, sir," replied the Doctor.

"Is it still in force ?"

"It is ; and, consequently, neither you nor the choir ought to claim, as a *right*, anything which is inconsistent with the execution of such a law."

"I confess that it is entirely new to me ; and my opinion is, that very few gentlemen of my profession are aware of its existence."

"That may be very true, sir," answered the Rector ; "and yet, there is not a Prayer-Book in my church, whether on the altar, or in desk, pulpit, pew, or gallery, which does not exhibit that same law, in terms as clear and legible as a public advertisement."

"Will you oblige me by reading it again, Doctor ?" said Larigot.

"With great pleasure, sir," replied the willing parson ; who

then proceeded to read, very deliberately and distinctly,—Larigot, at the same time, listening with a most critical ear.

"Well, after all," said the organist, in a tone which intimated that, in his opinion, matters were not quite as desperate as he had at first imagined—"after all, Doctor, the law will hardly bear you out in what you have done; for, in the first place, it relates only to the *'tunes which are to be sung'* ; and in the second, it does not authorize you to reprove, without previously consulting *'persons skilled in music.'*"

"I will not contest *that* point with you just now; for it is entirely unnecessary, inasmuch as my strictures on your performance were based on another clause of the law, which I must now take leave to read to you." And here the Doctor, with as much deliberation as before, read the following pithy and very conclusive words:—"And especially it shall be his [the minister's] duty to suppress all light and unseemly music, and all indecency and irreverence in the performance, by which vain and ungodly persons profane the service of the sanctuary."

It is extremely doubtful whether an earthquake or a broadside from a man-of-war would have thrown Mr. Larigot into greater confusion than he now exhibited, under the sudden force of this proclamation, and the emphatic tone in which the Doctor uttered it. His confidence in the justice of his own cause melted, and disappeared at once. *Sic transit gloria!* The whole controversy put on a new aspect as suddenly as by the shifting of a scene. It was manifest that Dr. Sterling's course needed no further vindication; he having done no more than the Church required him to do. And it was equally manifest that Larigot had taken a false position, in which defeat was certain. Nay, even his own favorite rule,—*"let every one mind his own duties,"*—became his reproof; for no demonstration could be clearer, than that Dr. Sterling had been minding *his* duty, in the very act of admonishing his mettlesome organist.

Greatly to the relief of Larigot, who, in making up his mind to "surrender," felt a little of that awkwardness which is so common when events crowd us into an uncomfortable posture, the tinkle of the distant door-bell reached his ear; and presently a servant came on the green to announce the arrival of Mr. Bullfinch, who wished to see Dr. Sterling, if not particularly engaged.

"Heigh ho!" ejaculated the Doctor, as he rose to answer the summons. And, indeed, well might he sigh; for he had good reason to fear that the chorister would give him occasion to travel again over the whole ground of dispute, and might possibly exhibit all the restiveness of Larigot, without his disposition to yield to reason.

"Let me leave you here, Mr. Larigot, for a few minutes,"

said the Rector, "while I meet our chorister ; or, perhaps, you would like to take a ramble in the garden, and pick up what you can find. Do just as you please ; and if Mr. Bullfinch is not in haste, I will prevail on him to join us by-and-bye. May be we shall get a hint or two that may be serviceable to us."

A CURIOUS DINNER PARTY.—Every country, and almost every village, can produce numerous instances of great and little men—of individuals approaching either to the diminutive stature of a Tom Thumb, or to the gigantic proportions of a Kentucky giant. But probably never, since the palmy days of Lilliput, was there so wonderful a company of pigmy people collected together, as were assembled in St. Petersburg in 1810. Peter the Great, who was at that time Czar of Russia, celebrated a marriage of dwarfs. Preparations of the grandest kind were made, and all the dwarf men and women residing within two hundred miles of the capitol, were ordered to be present at the ceremony,—and he supplied them with the proper vehicles for the journey. Some of them refused to obey his order, knowing that he wished to turn them into ridicule ; but he obliged them to come, and, as a punishment, enjoined that they should wait upon the others at dinner. Seventy dwarfs were present on the occasion, besides the bride and bridegroom, who were dressed in the extremity of the fashion. Everything at the banquet was of a size to correspond with the company—low tables, small plates, and little glasses. It was curious to witness their gravity and pride. In taking places, the men and women contended for superiority. To settle the dispute, Peter ordered that the most diminutive should take the lead. None of them, however, would allow themselves to be the smallest, and matters were accordingly worse than before. At last, however, matters were amicably arranged, and the party sat down to dinner. After dinner the bridegroom, who was exactly three feet and two inches in height, opened the ball with a minuet, and at the close of the day the little company, who had met together in gloomy pride, became exceedingly sprightly and entertaining, and parted on the most amicable terms.—*Boston Journal.*

IF, in our privacy, when there is no witness but God and ourselves, we are careful then to abstain from sin, as well as in the sight of men ; if, when nobody but God shall see it and know it, we are willing to do a good work, as well as if all the world should know it ; when there is none but God and us, then to be afraid of sin, and careful of good duties, is a sign we fear God in truth and sincerity, and not in hypocrisy.—*Jos. Mede.*

RICHARD REVELEY'S LEGACY.*

Now that we have buried our little brother in Christ, that we have done to him the last act of love to his earthly parts, now that we have committed his body to the ground, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ," I am going to talk to you about what he has left behind him. You know perhaps that when a rich man dies, he often by his will, or testament, as it is called, leaves certain gifts of money or of goods, and these gifts are called legacies or bequests. To one he will leave £1,000, to another a hundred, to this friend a picture, to that one a book, and very grateful this frequently is both to him who gives, and to him who receives; it is pleasing to the dying man to feel that even after death he can do a kind act, that he can be generous as well as just, and after the payment of any debts which he may chance to leave, that he can acknowledge the kindness of an attached friend, and reward the attendance of a faithful servant. It is pleasing also to those who are left for a little longer time on the stage of life, to be thus remembered, and to dwell with gratitude on the thought of this last act of many kindnesses.

But I would not have you suppose that it is only a rich man to whom God has given this privilege of leaving legacies; by no means. The poor man may do as much, though in another way, as the rich, and it is this kind of legacy which Richard Reveley has left for you, and for me, and for all our neighbors, and it may be for many little children far, far away, for little children who have scarce ever heard of the holy Name which made Richard happy, or of the holy treasure which made him rich. Like other disciples of our common Lord, he could say, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee." He has left that which in the sight of God and of angels, and of holy men, is better than gold and brighter than silver. His legacy is that which is more precious than rubies, and more to be desired than much fine gold. He has left you godly counsel and a bright example.

At the time that the Bishop sent me to be the parish priest of Cowley St. John's, Richard Reveley was living with his father and mother; his two elder brothers were also living, the eldest, George, at home; and the second, John, out at service in London. There had been in all ten children, seven of whom were dead before I knew the family, and I was destined to see the re-

* From "Parochial Tracts."

moval of the remainder, together with the father, so that she who was the mother of many children, is now a lone widow indeed. John came home from service in an evidently deep decline, and died in 1846. In a few months George showed the like signs of falling away, having caught cold at his brother's funeral, which settled on his lungs, and from which he never recovered. In the summer of 1847, the father was unable to continue at his work, and before the year was out, he too was laid in the house appointed for all living. Richard thus became the only companion of his widowed mother, and very fond they did seem one of another; it was a pleasure to see the mother's heart yearning towards this last lamb of her now scattered flock, and the child's endeavor to obey in all that was left him to obey of the fifth commandment. He was a delicate-looking boy, never very strong, and often ailing, but never away from school.

About January, 1849, he began to show evident symptoms that the family disease of consumption was in him also. He still went to school, but at last he found such weakness, and the suffering in his head when he fixed his attention to his lessons was so great, that in February he left school for a time, in the hope that the spring might give him more strength, and that he might return to his usual school-boy's duties. This, as you know, he was never able to do; the wisdom of God willed it otherwise. Spring, summer, autumn, brought indeed increasing strength, but not of body; his outward man was perishing, but the inward man was renewed day by day. We might have wished to stay his flight, that he might console his mother in advancing years, and in her old age have been her prop in weakness and her stay in want; but the Lord called, and he had only to say, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth;" "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

He was throughout his illness meek and patient, glad to be visited and to be read to, grateful for any little kindness done for his bodily support; he did not appear to be flattered by any great hope of recovery, which so often accompanies consumption, but seemed to resign himself into the hands of God, knowing that He would send health or sickness, as seemed best to His heavenly wisdom.

Through the summer he was very weak; the last time I saw him out, was when his mother drew him in a little wheel chair that had been lent them, to see the annual school-feast. Poor little fellow! among all who were in the hey-day of health and strength, he did look sickly and wan; the exertion was almost too much for him, and for a few days he was decidedly worse, but after that he rallied, and seemed to gain strength, if such feeble powers as his could be called by that name.

The benefits of his school education showed greatly in him,

and made one feel that however much many may not use, or may misuse the blessing of instruction, yet the labor was not in vain, if one even was enabled to profit by it as he did. Much of his time was passed in reading, and while other books seemed to amuse, one Book seemed to instruct him, and that the Book which told him of heaven and the way to it, of dead bodies and living souls, of man's sin and God's grace, of our Lord Jesus Christ who was delivered for our offences and was raised again for our justification, and of God the Holy Ghost "who sanctifieth all the elect people of God."

When sometimes on the green, on the border of which his mother's house was placed, there were lads and boys disturbing the peacefulness of the Lord's Day, making a noise, playing at cricket, and using ungodly language, the usual companion of ungodly conduct, he used to feel thankful that he was not one of them, and to think that if he had had health, and had not been chastened by sickness, his heart might have hardened, and that he might even have been led away to join in that which he now so clearly saw to be wrong; and often would he talk in this way to his mother, who, as he said, "seemed loath to part from him;" he said it was much better to be removed, while his hope was on high, than live and perhaps be snared as so many were, "taken captive by the devil at his will." Truly did God teach him that he was being delivered from the evil to come.

Among the books which he read during his illness, I would mention one to you which he seemed to like very much. A kind friend, who had left the neighborhood, but who had not forgotten her little boy-friend, sent him a book of hymns and prayers, "Prayers for Children," which seemed to be an especial comfort to him; it helped him in his devotions, and aided by the words of that book, he did, I doubt not, lift up his little heart before God, and prayed with the spirit and with the understanding. Towards the close of his nine months' illness, he said, "O mother, you cannot tell how sweet I find it to pray; at one time I did it without much pleasure, but only because I knew it was right, but now I could not go without it."

It was about this time that he enjoyed hearing the last three chapters of the Revelation of St. John the Divine. He fully felt that there is no pain in heaven because there is no sin, and all tears shall be wiped away from the eyes, because they shall see God, and that He shall be all in all. The more earnestly we fix our thoughts on the sacred Scriptures, the clearer will they become to us; the more we look, the more we shall see; the light of the Gospel shines the more brightly, the more we feel our need of it, to guide us through the dark places of the earth. He who is the Word is indeed a light to lighten every one that cometh into the world.

In the last hours of his life he grew rapidly, not in stature, but in wisdom, and truly in favor with God and man. He was in violent pain, and had a most harassing cough, but grace triumphed over all his sufferings; the more he suffered, the more he seemed to rejoice in Christ; and when he saw his mother sorry at the pain he was evidently undergoing, he said, "O mother, don't be sorry for my pain—think how much my Saviour bore for me—think of that."

On the 25th Sunday after Trinity he came very near his earthly end. When the Church was praying that "the wills of God's faithful people might be stirred up," little Richard, by patience, by meekness, by enduring hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, was "plenteously bringing forth the fruit of good works;" and of God, before long, was he plenteously rewarded. While that man of God who has gone to join the Bishop of New Zealand, and has given himself to the service of God and His Church, was telling the flock of Cowley St. John's of the blessed unchangeableness of God, little Richard was fast going to Him who is "the same, and whose years fail not." After "evensong," as you know the Prayer-book calls Evening Prayer, an excellent friend went to see him once more, and said, "Well, Richard, what have you for me to say to your school-fellows?" "Tell them," said the boy, "that I die happy, and tell them to love the Bible." "Why do you die happy; is it because you think you have been a good little boy?" "No," he answered, "I am saved by the mercy and love of my Saviour, and if I have been a good boy, it is because God has given me power to be so. Good bye, Sir, I must say good bye to you; before to-morrow I shall be with the holy angels." And though not before to-morrow, yet before the morrow's sun arose, God had taken our little brother to Himself: before six the next morning we were able to thank Him, "for that he had delivered our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world." Richard Reveley's legacy, like all other legacies, may be by you who receive it, either rightly or wrongly used. With the "one talent," he has left you, you may go and gain other ten talents, or you may lay it up in a napkin and call down God's anger for your slothful conduct. With some of you the time of Confirmation ought not to be far distant, and it may help you greatly, none of us perhaps can tell how much, when you are preparing for that solemn time in your life, to think of little Richard in his life and death, the reality of his prayers and the constancy of his faith, his triumph over the flesh, and his victory over death.

I trust that many of us will long remember that morrow of St. Andrew's, and eve of Advent, "when devout men carried him to his burial," when God spoke with more than living lips, and said to us even while we laid under ground all that was earthly

of His youthful servant, "He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." A low head-stone marks the spot round which we stood that evening, as members of Christ's Church militant here in earth, sorrowing not as those who have no hope, and praying that we might not at our last hour for any pains of death fall from Him.

On that stone is graven the Cross and the Crown ; the Cross formed of the lily and the palm, and the Celestial Crown promised unto all them that love His appearing. The inscription is short, but long enough ; for it tells who it is that sleeps there, and what his hope.

Richard Reveley,

DECEASED NOV. 26TH, 1849,

Aged 12.

A MEMBER OF CHRIST, THE CHILD OF GOD, AND AN INHERITOR OF
THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

WE bless Thy holy Name for all thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear : beseeching Thee to give us grace so to follow their good examples, that with them we may be partakers of Thy heavenly kingdom : Grant this, O Father, for Jesus Christ's sake, our only Mediator and Advocate. Amen.

And now, my friends, think over the death of the young ; if you are young, how can you reckon on length of days ? How can you say, "We will take our pleasure now, and enjoy life, and when we get old or ill we will turn to God, and make our peace with Him ?" Only cast an eye on Richard's grave ; beneath that mound of grass sleeps one who was as you are, who was but a youth, who died in his youth, who did not live to be old, and who in his youthful days wisely took up his Redeemer's cross.

Go and do likewise ; go and be holy in your youth ; go and walk as members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven.

Now in thy youth, beseech of Him
Who giveth, upbraiding not,
That His light in thy heart become not dim,
And his love be unforget ;
And thy God in the darkest of days will be
Greenness, and beauty, and strength to thee.

Editor's Table.

A BOMB-SHELL.—While opening a package of letters, the other day, on business relating to our Magazine, and congratulating ourselves on the complimentary notices of our course, which reached us from all quarters, and on the large accession to our subscription list, our self-laudation was all of a sudden brought to a full stop, like a Mississippi steamer, when it has run foul of an ugly snag. A bomb-shell thrown into a city, during the prevalence of a profound peace, could not have produced a greater consternation, and a more decided scattering of the astonished inhabitants, than did the subjoined missile of our feelings of self-complacency. We felt for the time being decidedly on the wane. In the very spring-time of our existence, we saw the sere and yellow leaf coming upon us. In the unexpected check we had received, we learned the experience of a sudden revulsion from the heights of hope to the depths of depression, and we were ready to call upon oblivion to cover us with its mantle, and to relapse into the obscurity of zero. Had we less elasticity of disposition than nature has endowed us with, we should, in all probability, have now been among the '*No Nothings*.' But we began once more to reflect. We called to our aid the little knowledge of Daboll, that had kept by us since we were school-boys, and we figured up the result thus—deduct *one* rebuke from *one hundred* approvals, and the balance is decidedly in our favor. We took heart, and determined that the April number *should* be forthcoming, though we can't tell what will be the result of another such explosion in our ranks.

But seriously speaking, we have endeavored to make our Magazine what its name imports. We desire to keep out of the whirl of controversy, and to present to our readers a monthly visitor, which will instruct, edify, and benefit; whose approach will be welcomed, and whose presence will be desired. This has been, and shall be, our aim. We may sometimes, for human nature is not perfect, transgress; but it will not be knowingly. The matter alluded to in the letter (which we publish) we do not think a violation of the rule. It was a review of a book, treating of a subject which has been for a long time prominently before the Church, and which, therefore, is a fair subject of remark and criticism. When we notice a book, we shall do it honestly and faithfully, to the best of our ability; and when the work treats of *public acts*, which have become matters of history, we shall also speak of them as they strike us; and we trust that every candid mind will respect our course, even if it does not altogether endorse our sentiments.

With these remarks, we lay the letter before our readers, premising, however, that the request contained in the latter part has been complied with. We can hardly believe that the writer, while administering a rebuke to us,

realized that he was hurling arrows, dipped in the poison of gall and worm-wood, at a brother, who had already passed to the bar of a Judge to whom the secrets of all hearts are opened, and Who judgeth *righteous judgment*.

"A few months since I subscribed to your Magazine, supposing that it would be what its title implied. I have received the first two numbers, and have now become fully aware of its true character. In the January number appeared a notice of the recently published Memoir of Rev. Dr. Crosswell, which notice I consider to be a piece of libellous and malicious slang. Your sympathies are evidently with the Romanizing party in our Church, since you speak in a very sympathizing manner of the Church of the Advent, Boston, so noted for the Popish mummeries practised there. You seem to blame the faithful and pious Bishop of Massachusetts for his faithful performance of his duty to the Church, and concur with the author of the above-mentioned book, in styling it 'bitter and persecuting, high-handed and oppressive.' You say that the Bishop of Ohio decided 'that he will not consecrate a church, unless the Communion-table is constructed in a manner to suit him.' Here is a mistake or misrepresentation. The Bishop of Ohio refused to consecrate a church having 'an Altar instead of a Communion-table.' And a *Protestant* Bishop ought so to refuse, altars being Popish, and Communion-tables Protestant.* You say that such proceedings 'injure the Church, and bring its Episcopacy into disrepute.' I would commend to your consideration the injury done to the Church, and the disrepute brought upon its Episcopacy by the Romanizing within its borders, particularly that at the Church of the Advent, Boston, which the enemies of the Episcopal Church have styled the 'Puseyite Cathedral.' And I hope that all *Protestant* Episcopalians will 'consider deeply and effectively' the best means of ridding our Church of this same Romanizing. As I do not wish to receive your Magazine longer, I herewith return to you, postage free, the two numbers which I have received. If convenient, you may return my subscription. I remain,

"Yours, respectfully,

* * *

CHURCH PAPERS.—Since our last issue, our old friend, and the old and true friend of "the united interests of the Gospel and the Church," *The Churchman*, has assumed a new outward form. Under that devising of liberal things which marks the liberal man, the proprietor had made it one of the best, if not the very best, *got up* newspaper in the United States: the editor, meanwhile, keeping it every way worthy of such a proprietor and such a printer. It has now, at the commencement of its 24th annual volume, changed the folio into the large quarto form, with a considerable increase of printed surface; and, better than all, seeing that an important field of usefulness to the best of causes is thereby enlarged, we are happy to learn that it is receiving a constant increase of *material* evidence of the Church's favor and good-will towards it. Its establishment was a favorite object of Bishop Hobart's care and solicitude at the close of his life. That

* Our correspondent is probably not sufficiently acquainted with the Prayer-Book, to know that it, in several instances, calls the Holy Table an Altar.—[ED.]

inestimable life was terminated before his plans could be carried into effect. This was done with scrupulous attention to his wishes and views. *The Churchman* has ever adhered faithfully to his principles, and is eminently entitled to the confidence and patronage of all who revere his memory and cherish his principles. We are happy to learn that the paper retains its hold on this class of Churchmen generally. They, and all others who desire a paper in which sound religious and moral teaching is blended with highly intellectual thinking and discussion, on subjects of general interest and utility, have much to hope for from the announced arrangements for valuable additions to the editorial department.

We have before intended to welcome back to the field of usefulness to Christ and the Church, so long and ably occupied by it, *The Banner of the Cross*, under the well-proved care of two of its former editors, the Rev. John Coleman, D. D., and the Rev. Frederick Ogilby, A. M., who are also the proprietors. "The Cross" has no truer friends—none more capable of defending its "Banner"—none better qualified to bear that banner in the right direction, and guard it from all assaults. They have proved this. They will prove it again.

Our readers will probably remember that *The Banner* was suspended at the close of 1852, on the appearance in the same city, Philadelphia, of *The Register, a Gazette of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States*. The scene is now precisely reversed. *The Register* ceases; *The Banner* recommences. The former was certainly an excellent paper—intelligent, sound, honest, fearless; striving well to sustain the great cause of evangelical piety and charity, on the only stable ground of the whole and entire faith of the Gospel, and the legitimate instrumentality and influence of the Catholic Church. Its volume will be a valuable part of the Christian's and Churchman's library.

Our neighbor, *The Evangelical Catholic*, has ceased to be. It would be uncandid to say that we approved generally of its theological and ecclesiastical views. In one thing, however, we think it must have had the approval of all good men—its persevering, earnest, able advocacy of the cause of active, liberal, Christian charity, as a necessary part of true religion in individuals, and of the genuine Christian character of the Church as a body. May its labors in this line be long and effectually remembered! They are worthy of imitation in all our Church periodicals.

Book Table.

THEOLOGICAL ESSAYS. By Frederick Denison Maurice. From the 2d London Edition. New-York: Redfield. 1854.

We have read this volume with very mingled feelings. The tenderness of spirit, the amiability of character, the large liberality of aim, and concern for the whole human race, cannot but excite our admiration. On the other hand, the *strangeness* of the author's language, (to put it in the mildest form,) the evident metaphysical subtleties in which he has involved himself, the unsatisfactoriness of his statements, the wildness of what he considers his arguments, the exciting of doubts and difficulties, on points which it is impossible for any one to settle; and the remarkable attitude in which, as a clergyman of the Church of England, he stands, in using language which *seems*—if it be not really—heretical and anti-Christian: these and the like fill us with astonishment, sorrow, and indignation. The volume is, in truth, a singular compound of learning, charity, shrewdness, logical power, and speculation. No one can read it without feeling that the author is thoroughly in earnest, and yet, if we may judge by our own experience, no one can read it without something of the same uncomfortable feelings produced by perusing the clever socialist novels of Kingsley. Of course we dare not commend to our readers a volume of this description, however much it might profit the clergy to examine it; for we hold that they will be far better off not to plunge in the fathomless sea of metaphysics; far better off to live quietly, peaceably, and righteously in this present world, well knowing that the difficulties and contradictions which now try our faith will, in God's own good time, be all removed, and we shall know even as we are known.

THE PARTISAN; THE YEMASSEE. By W. Gilmore Simms. New-York: Redfield.

Mr. Simms's stories, illustrative of our Revolutionary history, especially at the South, are among the very best books of the kind which we have ever seen. The author is a man of superior learning and ability, and in the present editions of his novels has carefully revised and corrected them, with new prefaces, &c. Mr. Redfield has brought them out in his usually excellent style of getting up. To those of our readers who have time and inclination for this description of reading, which, in moderation, is a healthful recreation, we venture to commend the stories concerning the Revolution, by Mr. Simms.

CLASSIC AND HISTORIC PORTRAITS. By James Bruce. Redfield.

A republication of a clever English book, without much depth or force. It tells the story of many of those who have been famous as well as infamous in history. Sappho, Æsop, Socrates, Helen, Cleopatra, Julius Cæsar, Nero, Charlemagne, Dante, Cervantes, Queen Elizabeth, Madame de Stael, &c., show the wide range which the author has allowed himself.

POPERY AS IT WAS, AND AS IT IS. By William Hogan. Hartford: S. Andrus & Son.

This Mr. Hogan was once a Popish priest, and is now a Protestant of some sort. He tells his story in a very straightforward way, and lets his readers into some very strange matters. As a book for popular reading it

seems to have had great success: for the title-page says "fifty-second thousand," and it is almost as exciting as a novel. We confess that personally we have no liking for books of this sort, and we don't know a particle about Mr. Hogan or Mr. Hogan's honesty, veracity, &c. While we think meanly enough of Popery, we should not like to commit ourselves to the reliability of all that Mr. H. says, and on the whole we doubt if its perusal would benefit our readers.

GRAMMAR OF THE SPANISH LANGUAGE. By Prof. M. Schele de Vere, New-York: Appletons.

A very sensibly and admirably prepared volume. The accomplished author has done excellent service in issuing this Grammar, and we commend it to students and teachers. A condensed History of the Spanish Language, and full Exercises, are subjoined.

HANDBOOK OF GERMAN LITERATURE. By G. J. Adler. New-York: Appletons.

This volume contains Schiller's Maid of Orleans, Goethe's Iphigenia in Tauris, Tieck's Puss in Boots, The Xenia, by Goethe and Schiller; and in an Appendix, specimens of German prose, in different centuries. Professor Adler's Critical Introductions and Explanatory Notes render this a very valuable Handbook for more advanced German students.

OUR Ecclesiastical Intelligence for this month will be incorporated in that for the next.

Calendar for April.

2. Fifth Sunday in Lent.
9. Sixth Sunday in Lent: Sunday next before Easter.
10. Monday before Easter.
11. Tuesday before Easter.
12. Wednesday before Easter.
13. Thursday before Easter.
14. GOOD FRIDAY. [Proper Psalms instead of the Psalms for the day.]
15. Easter Even.
16. EASTER DAY. [Proper "Anthems" (printed immediately before the Collect) instead of "*Venite Exultemus*." Proper Psalms instead of the Psalms for the day.]
17. Monday in Easter Week.
18. Tuesday in Easter Week.
23. First Sunday after Easter.
25. St. Mark the Evangelist.
30. Second Sunday after Easter.



THE WOMAN OF THE ARCH

By the same artist

THE
American's Monthly Magazine.

MAY, 1854.

Vol. 2.

FRUIT.

The portrait of this number represents the heroic
part of history. It is recorded in one of the
books called, after him, "The Book of
Martyrs." A collection of books often printed with
a Greek word signifying a hidden or
uncertainty of their origin, age, and
they have never been held by the Catholics
as authority with those named in our sixth
volume, "The Canonical Books." The Council,
of the Pope of Rome, held at Trent, in
the year 1545, called "Holy, Canonical, and
authoritative," both as fairly representing the Catholic
Church, which covered the Roman Church,
and as the greater number of those
who received as of equal authority
dismissed all those who should dissent from

them, as Canonical, yet the books of
Martyrs were early used, and much raised by the
Council, and recommended to the use of Christians, and
to public worship, on the principle set
forth in the Articles of Religion, when it says, "The
Scriptures be for example of life, and instruction of
conscience, and it is not lawful to establish any doctrine
which is not found therein to establish any doctrine."
The Apocrypha is largely used in the
Liturgy and lessons for several months
of the year. The American Church, in its
Liturgy, to the books of Wisdom and the
Prophets of the Holy Days." They of the "and

the minister's use in public worship, and to be taken
from the Bible.

THE
Churchman's Monthly Magazine.

Vol. I.

MAY, 1854.

No. 5.

JUDITH.

THE embellishment of this number represents the heroine of a most remarkable piece of history. It is recorded in one of the books of the Apocrypha, called after her, "The Book of Judith."

The Apocrypha is a collection of books often printed with our Bibles, so called from a Greek word signifying hidden or concealed, because of the uncertainty of their origin, age, and exact character. They have never been held by the Catholic Church as of equal authority with those named in our sixth Article of Religion, "The Canonical Books." The Council, however, of the servants of the Pope of Rome, held at Trent, in the sixteenth century—falsely called "Holy, Œcumenical, and General," and falsely put forth as fairly representing the Catholic Church—among other acts which severed the Roman Church from catholic unity, decreed that the greater number of these Apocryphal books should be received as of equal authority with the Canonical, and cursed all those who should dissent from the decree.

Although, however, not held as Canonical, yet the books of the Apocrypha have, from early times, been much valued by the Catholic Church, and commended to the use of Christians, and portions of them read in public worship, on the principle set forth in the aforesaid Article of Religion, when it says: "The Church doth read them for example of life, and instruction of manners; but yet doth it not apply them to establish any doctrine." On this principle the Apocrypha is largely used in the Church of England; the daily first lessons for several weeks in the year being taken from it. The American Church confines the use of it, in her lessons, to the books of Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus, and to some of the Holy Days.* Two of the "sen-

* When a Bible is procured for the minister's use in public worship, care should be taken that it contains the Apocrypha.

tences" of the Offertory in the Communion Service, intermingled with passages from the Old and New Testaments, are from the Apocrypha. Indeed, in such high estimation are these books held by our Church, that she considers them as—in a lower sense, indeed, than the Canonical books—containing inspired precepts, and declares not to call them in any equal sense, Scripture, and the Word of God; and to quote them as giving us the teaching of the Holy Ghost. The Homilies contain many proofs of this.

The Book of Judith is read as Lessons in the English Church, but not in the American. It has been supposed by some to be a fiction, an allegorical reference to facts and circumstances, not literally in accordance with its representations, but having their character, bearings, and results, therein figuratively exhibited. Such, however, is not the general opinion of learned men. The large majority of those who have treated on the subject regard it as real history; although there is some doubt as to the period of time to which the facts it relates are to be assigned. Perhaps the most probable conjecture is that of Usher and Calmet, favored by Arnald, whose Commentary on the Apocrypha is usually printed with those of Patrick, Lowth, and Whitby, on the Old and New Testaments,—that they occurred 656 years before the birth of our Saviour.

Nabuchodonosor, king of Assyria, a haughty and ambitious monarch, flattered by his satellites as a god in council with "all his officers and all his nobles, decreed to destroy all flesh that did not obey the commandment of his mouth;—in other words, to make himself master of the world. Holofernes, the chief captain of his army, was the general under whom this iniquitous purpose was to be fulfilled. He had savage cruelty of character, fitting him for the service. The Jews were among the people who were thus to be brought under the iron sceptre of the haughty monarch. Holofernes was laying his plans for their destruction. Aware of this, they were filled with fear, and betook themselves to prayer for Divine protection. He first directed his efforts against Bethulia, a city of Judea, and camped in the valley near to it. The siege thus laid against it caused great suffering. A popular outcry was the result, and a demand that the authorities should surrender and throw the city upon the mercies of the besieging army. Ozias, one of "the Governors of the city," endeavored to induce them to "endure five days," in hope that God would in that time interpose in their behalf; promising that if this should not be so, he would comply with their wishes.

"Now, at that time Judith heard thereof." She was a wealthy Jewish widow, of great excellence of character, and distinguished for her personal attractions. "There was none that

gave her an ill word ; for she feared God greatly." She earnestly expostulated with the elders of the city, for their project of delivering it in five days to the enemy ; exhorting them to put their faith in God ; and offering to go herself into the enemy's camp, and to interpose in behalf of her people in a manner which she would not then explain, and about which she forbade them to inquire of her. The great respect and reverence had for her produced immediate acquiescence in her plan, whatever it might be. She prepared herself for her great work by acts of humiliation and prayer. In evidence of her devout compliance with the order which God had established in His Church, it is said : "About the time that the incense of that evening was offered at Jerusalem, in the house of the Lord, Judith cried with a loud voice," in a prayer for the Divine direction, aid, and blessing, in her enterprise. She then made proper preparations, and, accompanied by her maid, set out for the enemy's camp. After various occurrences and incidents while there, all designed by her for, and rendered subservient to, her great purpose, she availed herself of a fitting opportunity, and slew Holofernes ; taking his head with her to her own people at Bethulia. Approaching the gates of the city, she said to the watchman : "Open, open now the gate : God, even our God, is with us, to show His power yet in Jerusalem, and His forces against the enemy, as He hath done this day." The elders and the people ran to meet her. In the fulness of her heart "she said to them, with a loud voice, Praise, praise God, praise God, I say, for He hath not taken away His mercy from the house of Israel ; but hath destroyed our enemies by mine hands this night." Great and pious joy filled Bethulia and Jerusalem, and the whole country of Judea. The enemy, thrown into confusion by their general's death, was utterly routed and overcome. Every manifestation of respect, gratitude, and love, was shown towards this admirable and heroic woman. "She increased more and more in honor ; and," continuing in faithful widowhood, though "many desired her," she "waxed old in her husband's house, being an hundred and five years old ; and made her maid free"—the faithful domestic who had accompanied and aided her in her noble and courageous enterprise. "So she died in Bethulia ; and they buried her in the sepulchre of her husband Manasses. And there was none that made the children of Israel any more afraid in the days of Judith, nor a long time after her death."

THE contemplation of distress softens the mind of man, and makes the heart better. It extinguishes the seeds of envy and ill-will towards mankind, corrects the pride of prosperity, and beats down all that insolence which is apt to get into the minds of the fortunate.

A FEW PLAIN THOUGHTS ON SPONSORSHIP IN BAPTISM.

It is an undeniable fact that, while many in our Communion are from principle striving to insure efficiency to this wise provision of our Church, a still larger number evince a spirit either of *indifference* to its success, or of *suspicion* in regard to the institute by means of which her advancement is thus studiously sought:—which spirit, whilst it casts a reflection not a little unfavorable upon the wisdom which ordained the office, has also a tendency, by its virtual disallowance of the office itself, to weaken the influence of the Church, and to counteract that *sympathy of brotherhood*, and that *regularity of discipline*, which are indispensable to the healthfulness and due development of the body spiritual.

Men seem to forget that in the economy of the Church—not less than in that of our physical constitution—the aliment needful to the sustentation of life and vigor is conveyed through *subsidiary* channels, as well as through the more important organs of communication:—and, that any obstruction to the efficiency of minor conduits must needs prove as certainly injurious to the system, as it could if the impediment or check had originated in a quarter more immediately vital.

Under these circumstances we may be held excusable if—desiring the restoration of Church discipline, &c., to their original usefulness—we venture a few remarks on the subject of Sponsorship in Baptism. The office, confessedly, stands connected with *vows* of the *most sacred* character,—and in its consequences, with the *deepest responsibilities*. It involves a pledge on the part of the Sponsor, for the *faithful* and *diligent* tendance and training of powers whose destiny is *eternal*; and upon it may rest, in chief, the momentous issue—the *salvation* or *perdition* of the immortal charge, by it held in trust.

Unhappily, at the present hour, a *false*—most lamentably false—estimate is made by the many, both of the office itself and of its rightful capabilities. Essentially religious in its character, hallowed by association with a vital sacrament, and charged with the most awful obligations of an oath—an oath extending to the full limits of the language in which the sponson is made—it is *now* come to be considered merely as a *form*, an *empty pretence*, a thing *unreal*, *unmeant*;—a form which any, even the least religious, may assume with *lightness*, and discharge with *vanity*.” The solemn invocation of the Most High, the startling significance of the Sacrament, the momentous possibilities of the office, all these are unthought of:—the etiquette of Church requirement, the prejudice of education (falsely so call-

ed), or,—may I say it? the hope of *temporal* benefits—these alone, or in chief, are the actuating motives.

And yet, what is the ordinance (and to what ends) at which these sponsions are made?

The Sacrament of Baptism! the new birth of an immortal spirit! the introduction of the soul of the baptized upon the path of life eternal! A being, destined to live forever,—destined at “the last great day” to be the approver or accuser of their trust, here sets out on his course. They, the Sponsors, are officially his guardians, his monitors, his guides. He follows and obeys. His infant faculties are, so far as man can sway them, in their hands, for training in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

Baptism, however, neither in itself nor in its associate responsibilities, is regarded in this light. The lowest and most unworthy views are entertained of it. Yet, admitting that its significance were less than it is, still the fact of our being thereby brought into “the congregation of God’s people,” having placed within our reach the “means of grace,” and being thenceforth accountable for our walk and influence as “members of Christ”—both on our fellow-members and on the world: this fact, inasmuch as the sponsors, to the *utmost of their knowledge and ability*, become guarantee for the baptized, is sufficiently momentous in itself to induce in *all*, who have, or may, assume this responsibility, the most serious concern as to their fidelity, and its possible effects.

For, supposing baptism to be “only a sign of profession,” an *external* badge! even then it stands forth as a “mark of difference,” of moral, and therefore practical difference, “whereby Christian men are discerned from others, who have not been christened.” It plainly supposes that a profession has been assumed of *strict conformity* to the law of God, and of unswerving diligence and fidelity in the service of Christ. It assumes the enjoyment of advantages from which the uninitiated are excluded,—and, therefore, justifies the world in their expectation—from men thus happily situated—of a degree of uprightness, purity, and perfection, proportionate, at least, to their religious profession. Now, the *practice* of the life is but the *development* of the *thought*; and responsibility for the training of these—for the instilling into the mind, and the exercise of right religious principles—involves responsibility for the *present* and *ultimate effects of thought*, i. e., to the full extent to which sponsorial influence might have prevented mischief and insured good.

Even on the lowest grounds, therefore, sponsors assume, and are accountable, before God, for a most serious trust.

But “baptism”—as Bishop Tomline justly observes—“is not a mere external badge or token of our being Christians: it is a

new birth from the death of sin, and a regeneration to a new life in Christ : it is a change and renovation of nature by the Spirit and grace of God : it is an infusion of spiritual life into the soul, by which it is *made capable of performing spiritual actions, and of living unto God.*"

"By it" (to use the language of our, i. e. Anglican XXVII. Article) "the promises of the forgiveness of sins, of our adoption to be the sons of God by the Holy Ghost, are visibly *signed and sealed*, faith is confirmed, and grace increased, by virtue of prayer to God." In other words, it is the implantation in the soul of that germ of life which, under *faithful cultivation*, aided by the fostering influences of the sacred Spirit, will bear fruit unto eternal life :—it is that grafting into Christ, by which man becomes, not simply one in a company of men, but "a child of God, and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven." It gives him a *right* to all the "means," all the graces, all the blessings of the Christian covenant. It guarantees to him all the assistances and protection of Heaven, and it insures—if only the baptized prove faithful—(*for which fidelity his sponsors are in no slight degree accountable*)—in addition to present security and peace, the ultimate enjoyment of endless happiness and reward.

The privileges, therefore, being so great, and so intimately blended with the best interests of the Church, it can hardly be held unfit that suretyship, especially in times of persecution, or of great moral degeneracy and danger, should be required as a safeguard to the Church, and for the due training of the baptized, in the discipline and faith of Christ.

Accordingly, it was deemed prudent by the Church to establish this safeguard, and to appoint sponsors ; who, chosen by the parents of the candidates brought forward, yet acting under the guidance of the mature wisdom of the Church, should make the spiritual culture of the children, and, as far as it was practicable, their adherence to sound and salutary discipline, a duty of paramount importance. In this appointment, however, it was always provided that those who took upon themselves so serious a charge, should not be without due knowledge : 1st. Of the doctrines, customs, and privileges of the Church ; and 2d. Of the blessedness consequent on a practical observance of the duties which are inseparable from the Christian faith. For, the Church was too fully aware of the mischiefs which might result from a *thoughtless* assumption of the duty, to countenance, in any degree, the introduction of persons *uninformed* or *practically* unchristian, into so responsible an office.

Unhappily, the faithfulness of Churchmen has not been found commensurate with the desires and aimings of the Church—so that to-day the confession must needs be made, that the oft ad-

mission to sponsorship of persons unqualified ~~has not only neutralized~~, but also brought distrust and obloquy upon the office itself. Yet, in this and every such case, honesty compels us to admit that the Church herself is not chargeable with the consequences of the ill-judged expediency which, in their relations of discipline, may have actuated, or may still actuate individual clergymen. She is not, nor can she be, accountable for those *misconceptions* of duty, supported, as they may be, by the difficulty of securing worthy sureties, which have reduced her wise provisions to a mere ceremony or conventional form. Things are not as they have been. The protection afforded by communion with the Church is not so perfect, or so sure, as it was prior to the unfortunate change in the training of her children, which has since taken place.

Then, her spirit could animate the whole body; the sympathy of oneness in privileges, in obligations, in faith, in hope, could, by the regularity of its influence, through one upon another, actuate every member of the spiritual body;—then, the knowledge of Christian truth, and the propriety of Christian practice, could be more easily and more generally appreciated, being impressed by *subsidiary* agencies upon the minds of all, even the least considerable, who had been admitted to the fold of Christ.

But now—where is the sympathy of brotherhood? the mutual fellowship which should characterize the members of the “one body?” *Isolation* seems to mark the status of each individual, and *selfishness*, or a carefulness *terminating in self*, the condition of society at large! “Am I my brother’s keeper?” is the real, although unspoken, sentiment of almost every breast; and this, perchance, even while the “voice of a brother’s blood”—a brother slain by negligence of the sponsorial duty—“crieth from the ground.” Men have discovered that our youth, of whatever class, or under whatever circumstances situated, can be trained to as perfect Christianity, to as sober, well-informed Churchmanship, *without the services of sponsors*, as they can with them!

But, is this the truth? Has the departure from the “old paths” been attended by advantages? Has it enhanced the value attached to the privileges of baptism? Has it, by arousing the world to a due estimate of their importance, tended to increase the power or extend the influences of Christianity?

Or, has it *not* rather led to a compromise of true principles—to cold, and somewhat irreverent, sentiments in regard to sacraments—to a thoughtless assumption of most sacred obligations—and to indifference, on the part of our youth, to those solemn vows in which their lives were dedicated to their God?

The present *actual state* of the Church determines, and determines but too painfully, upon the so-called expediency of

changing a certainty for a probability. The lack of knowledge, both of doctrines, and of institutions by which the purity of doctrine is insured, is a comment upon the loss sustained which, by the earnest, sober-thinking Churchman, cannot be lightly regarded.

There is, unhappily, ground for most serious complaint that so many of those who profess to have been nurtured in the Church, are found unskilled in even "*the first principles of the doctrines of Christ.*" There is room for sorrow over *thousands*, in all things else well-informed, whose notions of Christianity are so *confused*, so *ill digested*, as to be almost useless in guiding them in the ways of truth or holiness.

How many, e. g., are there whose thoughts and ambition are—through the lack of timely and systematic teaching—confined to but a *very small* part of Christian truth;—whose attention, even when it is directed to religion, is wholly absorbed by some one, or at best, by a *very few*, of the essential principles of the faith;—and who, consequently, are but *ill prepared* to withstand temptation, when temptation is based upon *other* points with which they are not familiar!

How little protection can such be supposed to have against the skilful encroachments of men whose entire creed is fraught with deadly mischiefs, and whose efforts to seduce them from the purity of the faith are masked by an avowal of those points in which both *seem to agree*, but on which, in reality, both *widely differ*!

And whence this state of things? Experience answers, from those habits of unconcern respecting the truths of religion which are the first-fruits of unfaithful guardianship or teaching. And this very unfaithfulness is the offspring of the neglect which the existing race have suffered at the hands of those who have preceded them, and of whose guidance and counsellings the Church had hoped for and sought better things. And thus, the apathy and negligence of one age not only induce present evil, but train the rising generation, the hope of the Church, to become equally, if not more, apathetic in their turn. Low and unworthy views of Christian obligations are transmitted—and thus the disposition is perpetuated to rest in the mere form of Christianity, while its life, power, and energy are *practically denied*.

The evil, however, is remediable by the removal of the causes from which it has sprung. Churchmen must learn to consider the Church as the *school* of Christ, in which, besides those regular teachers who have the general superintendence, others are employed with propriety and advantage, to secure attention to, and to promote the influence of, their teachings:—parents, who acknowledge the necessity of mutual assistance and mutual con-

fidence in the Christian walk, must act up to their profession, and submit to be aided in the culture of their offspring. A powerful agency would thus be brought into constant and efficient action. The necessarily imperfect outline of ministerial tendence would, by a conscientious, ever-watchful sponsorship, be adequately filled up; and thus this infancy in knowledge would speedily cease, and the Church rapidly advance towards that perfection, in which "the whole body, *filly* joined together, and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase, unto the edifying of itself in love."

As to the possible effects of an enlightened and honestly discharged sponsorship on the *discipline* of the Church. Suppose the requirements of the office, as it regards the training of our youth, diligently and fully carried out—contemplate all, or even the majority, of our sponsors as executing their offices with conscientious, well-ordered zeal.

What gladdening probabilities are suggested by the thought! What increased soberness of thought! what deep veneration for things sacred! what wholesome and protective recognition of oneness—what sentiments of gratitude for privileges enjoyed—what improvement of judgment—what anxious care for the welfare, increase, and prosperity of the Church—and, what scrupulous and grateful use of the "means" which she affords of combating evil, and of progressing in holiness—might there not be induced in the breasts of her now lukewarm, worldly sons!

We complain of her "weakness"—we ourselves have sapped her strength! The Church has suffered more by the undutifulness or recreancy of her own children, than she has from all the combined efforts of external enemies. She has nothing to fear from "without," if only she be duly guarded from "within." And from within must she be restored and strengthened!

And then, her holy ambition will indeed be recognized, her wisdom felt, her care appreciated, and her voice obeyed. Then, sensible of their dependence on her spirit and direction, and of the sympathy and oneness of the "body," Churchmen will be found actuated by submission, zeal, and charity. They will act unitedly, and therefore (which, alas! through divisions is not now the case) effectually! The world will feel and yield beneath such combined effort to promote piety and order; and thousands (now inaccessible) will bless God for the harmony, blessedness, and peace, which Christian truth, judiciously supported, have secured to them and to their children.

It is objected, however, that *difficulties* of no ordinary character bar the way to a faithful discharge of the Sponsor's trust; that society is now so constituted that the rightful influence of a Sponsor must be held as null, and his interference with the culture of youth as presumptuous and out of place.

Complaint, too, is made of the want of power on the part of the Church to sustain her sons in the performance of their duty, and from these premises it had been ungenerously inferred that it is useless, if not unwise, to attempt it.

Is it indeed so? Is it unwise or beneath the dignity of a Christian to seek the restoration of a discipline which must serve as a corrective of evil, and a check to its further extension or increase? Is it indeed a *hopeless* task to labor—even amid discouragements—for the advancement of a cause which is sustained by all the promises of God; the cause of Christ—the salvation of man?

It is admitted that there are difficulties, serious ones. Parents, who should feel grateful for the provision of God-parents, are unhappily the chief hindrance to their efficiency in that interesting office. They seem jealous of the influence of others, as if any agency ecclesiastically appointed could act with prejudice to that *superior* power, in the governance of their children, which nature herself gives them; or, as though it had been, or could be, any part of the policy of the Church to restrict parental authority, and not rather support it by auxiliaries well qualified for this co-operation, and elected to the duty by the choice of the parents themselves.

But if this be the case, and the children consequently inaccessible, is there no other mode of securing the desired effect? Surely, to the “harmlessness of the dove” may be adjoined the “wisdom of the serpent,” and by proper and *brotherly* converse with the parents themselves, impression may be so made upon *them* of the importance of the object sought, as through them to influence the youth whose welfare is held more immediately at heart. If Sponsors were careful to exemplify in themselves the beauty, gentleness, and consistency of true disciples,—if they showed themselves disinterested, humble, pure, and embodied in the actions of life the professions of the lip,—their advice, prayer, or remonstrance, must needs be felt, and being felt, insensibly acted upon. There is something irresistibly telling in a good example; there is that in the presence of a *good* man which induces confidence and disarms resentment; there is a spirit in true religion which subdues *pride* and wins over the affections to him in whom it is exemplified.

There are, moreover, other points well worthy of attention:—considerations of *time*, *place*, and *manner*, too important to pass by unnoticed. It does not unfrequently happen that in the execution of a trust, in which the exercise of *judgment* is so much called for, little—if any—counsel is taken as to the mode of action most conducive to the effect sought. We are often constrained to witness the *defeat* of well-intentioned zeal, in consequence of the imprudence with which its efforts have been brought

to bear upon the peculiarities or prejudices of the party advised. Yet surely few can be ignorant that human minds are not always equally disposed to attend seriously to the requirements of religion. All must be aware that the absorbing cares of business, the anxieties of domestic economy, the feverish thirst for pleasure, the selfish vanity of pride, the irritations of anger, or the contracting and less excusable weaknesses of conventional servitude, forearm mankind against the voice of reason; and therefore call for *prudence*, or, if the term may be admitted, *strategy*, on the part of those who would combat their influence, or vindicate the claims and honor of the Church.

Manner, too, as well as time, should be considered. For, where a cold and formal discharge of most serious obligations would fail to leave an impression worthy of so Christian an office, where a careless or worldly air could not but offend instead of insuring obedience to the precepts of God's word, an unobtrusive meekness, a friendly non-official counselling, given possibly under the form of an inquiry, or suggested in the guise of an experiment, or impressed by a non-apparent reference to the success attendant on religious training of other parents, would doubtless produce an effect not only real, but of most abiding consequence. And the influence will not prove to have been least where the intention or effort of the adviser has been least apparent. For prudence is always powerful, and humility is seldom without its reward.

It would be well, therefore, if our God-fathers and God-mothers, and those who contemplate an assumption of that office, would duly weigh the responsibilities inseparable from it, and while they honestly strive to acquit themselves honorably towards the Church, recognize also the importance of selecting the most seasonable time, employing the most judicious means and the most generous and attractive manner, which can be improved to so desirable an end. Such consideration on their part would prove not a little conducive to their own happiness; as certainly it would also powerfully tend to the welfare and advancement of their individual charge, and of the Church at large.

It needs only be added that the fitness of subsidiary agencies, as auxiliary to the efforts of a regular Ministry, is markedly recognized in the Book of God. We subjoin the injunction of the Apostle Paul, and hope that all true-hearted Churchmen may be prompted by the good Spirit of God faithfully to act its requirement.

“Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.”

C. F.

FEBRUARY, 1854.

Diocese of Montreal.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF BISHOP WHITE.*(Continued from page 200.)*

DR. GRIFFITH, having been prevented by domestic and private reasons from crossing the Atlantic, resigned to the Convention of Virginia the appointment that had been made of him as Bishop-elect of that Diocese. Drs. White and Provoost sailed from New-York, November 2, 1786, and arrived at Falmouth, England, on the 20th. Circumstances occasioned a delay in their consecration until Septuagesima Sunday, February 4th. Then, in the chapel of the archiepiscopal palace at Lambeth, they were both consecrated by John Moore, Archbishop of Canterbury, William Markham, Archbishop of York, Charles Moss, Bishop of Bath and Wells, and John Hinchliffe, Bishop of Peterborough.

Thus, in a little more than two years after Connecticut had the blessing of a completed Church, the same blessing was granted to Pennsylvania and New-York.

On the evening of the day following the consecration, the Bishops left London for Falmouth, and reached it on the 10th. Here they were detained by contrary winds until the 17th, when they embarked, and arrived at New-York on Easter Day, April 7th. Very interesting details respecting this visit to England were given by Bishop White in three letters to a Committee of the Church in Pennsylvania, and "materials for another letter;" all which are published in his "Memoirs of the Protestant Episcopal Church;" a work to which, in addition to those mentioned in the preceding number of this sketch, the writer has been much indebted.

In the January, February, and March numbers of this Magazine, in a biographical sketch of Bishop Seabury, there is much, of course, relating also to Bishop White, to which the reader is referred, not only as entering very essentially into a true delineation of the character of the latter; but also as of peculiar interest from the fact of these truly great men having been the only attending members (Bishop Provoost of New-York being absent) of the House of Bishops in the first General Convention of our Church, under a definitely established Constitution. This was held in September and October, 1789. Previously to this, July and August, 1789, there had been a Convention of the Church in the States of New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and South Carolina. Agreeably to a Constitution which had been determined on by deputies

from the same States, and which provided that "a Bishop shall always preside in the General Convention,* if any of the Episcopal order be present," Bishop White presided.

Much that was very interesting in the deliberations of this partial Convention arose out of a request from the clergy of Massachusetts and New-Hampshire, that Bishops White and Provoost would unite with Bishop Seabury in the consecration of Dr. Edward Bass as Bishop of those States. The Convention unanimously seconded the request. Bishops White and Provoost, however, considered themselves pledged to the English Bishops not to proceed to any consecration without the presence at it of three Bishops consecrated in England. This threw upon Bishop White, the only Bishop present, the painful alternative of declining the request of the Convention, as well as that of the Eastern brethren, with whom he was earnestly desirous that a union should be formed in a general ecclesiastical confederation. Fully appreciating this position of the two Bishops, the Convention resolved to address the English Archbishops and Bishops on the subject, in the hope of removing the difficulty in the way of Bishops White and Provoost. Such address was accordingly prepared and forwarded. While, however, this matter was before the English Bishops, Dr. James Madison was elected Bishop of Virginia; and his consecration in England superseded the necessity of any decision by those Bishops of the matter referred to them.

To guard the part taken by Bishop White in this business against misapprehension in a point on which ignorance and prejudice were set against Bishop Seabury in his life-time, and have endeavored to soil his memory since his death, Dr. Wilson justly remarks, that "Bishop White had been, from the beginning, persuaded of the validity of Bishop Seabury's consecration, and desirous of bringing him, and the Church in Connecticut, into union with the other Churches. But he thought that his faith had been impliedly pledged to the English prelates, in consequence of the measures taken by a preceding Convention for obtaining the Episcopal succession, that three Bishops should be consecrated in England before any consecration in America, so that the succession should be continued in the English line; and he believed that no determination of the Convention would warrant a breach of the faith so pledged."

This partial Convention, having manifested throughout its proceedings a sincere desire for union with the Churches East of New-York, adjourned August 8th, to meet again on the Feast of St. Michael and All Angels, September 29th, in the hope of having then with them Bishop Seabury, and delegates from the said Churches. The hope was realized. Bishop Seabury, and

* The Convention consisted then of but one House.

deputies from New-Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, appeared at the adjourned meeting. It consisted at first, and until Bishop Seabury and the Eastern Churches had acceded to the Constitution, of but one House, Bishop White presiding. As evidence of the good feeling of the House, they resolved that the Constitution was still open to amendments and alterations, and appointed a Committee to confer on the subject with the Eastern brethren. This was done, and the Constitution, being amended, was, on the second of October, acceded to by Bishop Seabury and the Eastern deputies, and subscribed by all the members of Convention. Then, on the fifth day of the Convention, October 3d, it separated into two Houses; Bishops Seabury and White (Bishop Provoost being absent from indisposition) composing the House of Bishops. The Rev. William Smith, D.D., of Maryland, was chosen President of the House of Deputies; and, agreeably to rules for the government of the House of Bishops, adopted on motion of Bishop White, Bishop Seabury, as the Senior Bishop, presided in that House.

The reader is referred to the above-mentioned Biographical Sketch of Bishop Seabury for facts and circumstances connected with this Convention equally interesting in a memoir of Bishop White. A circumstance not detailed there is, however, worthy of particular remark. In their action respecting the Prayer Book, the two Houses proceeded upon different principles. The House of Deputies acted as if we were a new Church, then, for the first, providing a Liturgy. Their action, accordingly, took the shape of *preparing* a form of Morning and Evening Prayer, Litany, &c. The Bishops, on the contrary, adopted the principle that we continued to be the same body which had been known as the Church of England in America, though with a different name, and with authority independent of the Mother-Church; and consequently that we had a Liturgy, binding except so far as our altered civil relations rendered the use of it improper; though as competent to the altering of that Liturgy for our own use, as the proper authority of the Church of England is to alter it for its use. The action, therefore, which originated in the House of Bishops, assumed the form of *considering* THE *Morning Prayer*, &c., &c.

Bishop White informs us that the principle adopted by the House of Deputies had never before or since been acted on by a General Convention. The partial Convention of 1785, which determined on the Proposed Book; the Convention of 1792, which set forth the Ordinal; and that of 1801, which ratified the Articles, all acted on the principle of our being already in possession, as a Church formerly a part of the Church of England, of a Liturgy, Ordinal, and Articles. The form of Consecration of a Church or Chapel, and the Prayer at Meetings of Convention, set forth in 1799, and the Institution (then called Induction) Office, in 1804, being on subjects not provided

for in the English Liturgy, were adopted as original propositions of the American Church.

This point of the continuity of the American Church, as the same body formerly known as the Church of England in America, so essential to the true Catholic view of our Communion, was ever regarded by Bishop White as of great importance. It furnished the principle on which, in the General Convention of 1808, the House of Bishops, (consisting only of Bishops White and Claggett, and both, of course, uniting in the measure,) having been requested by the House of Deputies to consider the subject, declared of "The Table of Kindred and Affinity, wherein whosoever are related are forbidden by" the laws of the Church of England "to marry together," that they considered "that table as now obligatory on this Church; and as what will remain so, unless there should hereafter appear cause to alter it, without departing from the word of God, or endangering the peace and good order of this Church;" and this view they stated to be "the sentiment entertained by them in relation to the whole Ecclesiastical system."

The same principle was thoroughly adopted and illustrated in the "Declaration" of the House of Bishops in the General Convention of 1814, concurred in by the House of Deputies—"That the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America is the same body heretofore known in these States by the name of 'The Church of England;' the change of name, although not of religious principle, in doctrine, or in worship, or in discipline, being induced by a characteristic of the Church of England, supposing the independence of Christian Churches under the different sovereignties to which, respectively, their allegiance in civil concerns belongs. But that when the severance alluded to took place, and ever since, this Church conceives of herself as professing and acting on the principles of the Church of England; is evident from the organization of our Conventions, and from their subsequent proceedings, as recorded on the journals; to which, accordingly, this Convention refer for satisfaction is the premises. But it would be contrary to fact, were any one to infer that the discipline exercised in this Church, or that any proceedings therein, are at all dependent on the will of the civil or of the ecclesiastical authority of any foreign country."

This Declaration contains unmistakable marks of being from Bishop White's pen. The value which he set on the principle here asserted, as well as an able exposition of its true character and bearing, will be found in his "Memoirs of the Church," pages 297-302, edition 1820.

According to this principle, our Church is that Church which was established in Britain as early as the Apostolic days (which—much reduced in numbers, the nation having been overruled by pagans—lived long in exile within a small part of its proper ter-

ritory ; which was afterwards, about the seventh century, blended with another English Church established by foreign missionaries for the conversion of these invading pagans ; which, though perpetually remonstrating against it as unscriptural and uncatholic, was gradually subjected to the malign influences and wicked assumptions of the anti-Christian power centred in the Church of Rome ; which, in the sixteenth century, threw off this yoke, renounced the idolatries and heresies which it had imposed, and cleansed itself from its corruptions ; which, separating from the accretions which gathered around them from that pernicious system, the Scriptures of God, His ministry, His sacraments, and the pure catholic creeds of His Church, again shone forth in the light of divine truth and order, which it brought to Britain long before Popery had existence ; and whose Protestant reformation was distinguished from much that bore that name, by being truly scriptural and catholic. Our Church, therefore, is that Church—be we devoutly thankful for it!—which, while almost every other form of Protestantism has proved a prolific source of schisms, heresies, and infidelity, has, since, about three hundred years ago, it settled itself in full freedom from Romish domination, borne uniform testimony to the pure religion of the Gospel, in the faith and order which Christ and His Apostles established in the Church.

A prominent blessing connected with this fact, in Bishop White's estimation, was, that we, of this Church, have a long history of our own to which to look back for instruction, monition, encouragement, and warning. And surely it is a good thing that while, as a distinct national branch of the Catholic Church, we have much right of independent action, we have also before us much wise and salutary check and guidance in our history, before fettered with Rome's stolen authority, and from the time that that authority was cast off. It is important, as a means of ending controversy, guiding to the right, and securing kind and benevolent judgment, where doubts exist as to the intent and bearing of any of our special provisions and regulations, and as to permissions beyond them, that we can appeal to a history fraught with wholesome elucidations of principles, and with precedents of action. It is a stirring thought, full of holy incitement and encouragement, that our largely-extended communion is one with that which, in England, Ireland, Scotland, and the world-wide British Empire, is identified with the primitive Apostolic Church of Britain—all possessing together such essential elements for truly Christian and energetic devotion to the cause of God, as may enable them, by His blessing, in unity of Spirit and the bond of peace, to labor for causing His name to be, in constantly increasing measure, known upon earth—His saving health among all nations.

(To be continued.)

EXPERIENCES OF LIFE.

BY REV. JOSEPH J. NICHOLSON.

(Continued.)

VI.

MR. HEARTFUL had pretty thoroughly read the Blemmertons. Mrs. and the Misses B. were but gilded butterflies, making a desperate effort after appearances, striving for a position among the elite and fashionable—the aristocratic, as they termed them—without any other qualification than that of wealth to back their pretensions. Nevertheless, wealth is potent, and covers a multitude of blemishes; and, backed by it, they were gradually edging their way into the best society. It is, then, not to be wondered at, that minds constituted as theirs were, should be elated with the dignity of their position, and dazzled by the importance which they supposed attached to their name! Their highest ambition was to be popular, to be accounted liberal-minded, and of importance in society—to bask a brief day in the sunshine of worldly folly and fashion, while morally they remained destitute of a single principle to meet the stern realities of life, and possessed but few, if any, of those great traits of character which constitute the *true woman*, and fit her for her sphere of dignity and usefulness as an angel of love and mercy in the world!

Mr. Blemmerton, from extreme poverty, had worked his way up to wealth. But he had long since forgotten the humility of his younger days. Dollars and cents were everything in his estimation, and all that gave a man importance. Dollars and cents, he was pretty sure, could move the world. Had Archimedes possessed his philosophy, he would not have been baffled in his problem!

And possessing this powerful lever, he was willing to use it to the full extent of the ambition of his wife and daughters. Purse-proud, he doubted not that his wealth gave him importance and influence in the Church, and he wished to magnify himself in the eyes of Mr. Heartful. But if Mr. H. understood but little of the ways and workings of what Mrs. Blemmerton with affected *naïveté* termed *high life*, he did understand something about the Church. He was not long in discovering that Mr. B. was no Churchman; and this in no invidious sense. His churchmanship was not simply meagre and of a low standard in the estimation of Mr. H., but, to be guilty intentionally

of writing what may be considered an unmeaning sentence—it was absolutely nothing—as Moore would write, it was a *nihilum*. Had he been imbued with any, even the least spark of real love for the Church, though he might have entertained views which Mr. H. could not have sanctioned, yet would he have left him much more favorably impressed. He could and would have esteemed him for his sincere affection for the Church and religion, and have extended to him such a measure of confidence and regard as he found him worthy of. But, alas! there was no such element in Mr. Blemmerton's character. He had no *bowels* for anything but what ministered to his own and his family's ambition! He was a pure worldling, and took the world for his measure and reward. It was for fashion's sake simply that he had taken a pew in St. ———'s Church. It brought the Blemmertons into notice. It made a pleasant Sunday's resort, and afforded Mrs. and the Misses B. a theme for the week's gossip, enabled them to see the fashions and display their wealth in their gorgeous attire! It gave them an *upish* look and tendency!

Having mastered, as he supposed, a few cant phrases of the day, such as "Evangelical" and "Puseyite," in these he vested his stock of theological knowledge, and fancied himself almost, if not quite, a Doctor in Divinity!

"Evangelical" preaching, in his mind, was merely a dandyizing performance in the pulpit, in which there mingled an occasional flash of lightning and a peal of thunder—but as little of sulphur as possible. And "evangelical" doctrine was that which merely dealt in *generals*, discoursed at large on the beauties and excellencies of the Gospel, talked about grace and the world's sinfulness, gave the old enemy a sound threshing occasionally, avoided indoctrinating, especially on such out-of-the-way, unpopular subjects as the Church, the ministry, and sacraments; and always avoided, as far as possible, coming down with the power and energy of that sentence which makes a shaking of the dry bones, as of the Lord's Spirit passing over them—"Thou art the man!"

In short, "evangelical" preaching, in Mr. Blemmerton's estimation, was merely a *shooting at sin on the wing*, but never to cover it up; never to follow it into a man's counting-room, or parlor, or even into his pew! No, no, this would not answer for Mr. Blemmerton. His *conscience* was his citadel—it was sacred—it must not be disturbed. Clergymen should not be pointed or personal. They are not *hired* for that! but to preach, so as to tickle the fancy—please the poetical imaginations of the Blemmertons and such like grandees! As to a clergyman coming right to the point, and making every man feel his particular sinfulness, holding before him a mirror in

which he might behold himself—ah! this never crossed his mind! And to his mind all, or nearly all, was “Puseyism” that did not exactly fit his measure of “Evangelicalism!”

Now it must be told that the Vestry of St. ———’s Church were not *all* Blemmertons. Nay, they were right-hearted, right-minded men—men who loved and appreciated the Church, and esteemed those who were over them in the Lord very highly in love for their work’s sake (1 Thess. v. 13). But, by hook or by crook, Mr. Blemmerton had worked himself in among them, and was now vain enough to think that all responsibility rested on his shoulders. Consequently, he was just now wonderfully puffed up with his importance in *the Church*. And the task of supplying St. ———’s Church with a Rector was no insignificant one. If *he* could do it, it would be “a feather in his cap” of no ordinary beauty and brilliancy. He was but little pleased with Mr. Heartful’s account of the Rev. Mr. Lovegood, as a whole. Yet full of vanity, desiring to manifest his importance and influence to the other members of the Vestry and the congregation, it struck him that it would be a capital stroke of policy if he could get the start of his colleagues and introduce the Rev. Mr. Lovegood to the congregation in the pulpit the Sunday or so following.

Mr. Blemmerton slept but little that night. Mr. Lovegood, the Church, the Vestry, his own consequence—especially the latter—hung heavily on his mind, and chased Morpheus from his pillow! The matter was duly discussed with Mrs. Blemmerton. She entirely agreed that his plan was excellent.

“Just the thing!” said she. “We are as much entitled to an opinion as any one. We pay a hundred dollars a year for our pew, and I am sure we are worth nearly as much as all the rest of the Vestry put together! And if I were you, I’d have my way!”

This was enough. Mrs. Blemmerton knew all the *fashions*, and certainly she could not be mistaken on *this* point! And Julia Jasper and Deliah Airmyth were just as decided in sustaining the resolution!

Early the next morning Mr. Blemmerton wrote and dispatched the following epistle:—

“———, November —, 18—.

“REV. SIR:—The Rev. Dr. Goodenough having resigned the Rectorship of St. ———’s Church in this city, and the congregation being desirous of filling his place with a *suitable preacher*, and your name having been favorably mentioned to me, this is to request that you will preach for us, either on next Sunday, or the Sunday following, as may best suit your convenience. Enclosed please find \$10 to pay your expenses.

“Very respectfully, &c.,

“JOHN BLEMMERTON.”

After dispatching the aforesaid letter, Mr. B. felt relieved of a great burden. He could now proceed to business. The thing was done. He was in a good humor,—fully satisfied with himself! He chuckled over the idea. Mr. Heartful!—Pshaw! he knew nothing about human nature! Won't come to preach a *trial sermon* for the *Rectorship of St. ——'s Church!* Poh, poh, poh, nonsense! We shall see! Human nature is human nature all the world over!

Mr. Blemmerton is interrupted in his reverie by a lad who bears a note. It was from one of the wardens, calling a meeting of the Vestry of St. ——'s Church the next evening.

"Heigh-ho! what does this mean?" quoth Mr. Blemmerton. "A Vestry meeting, eh! Well, well, we shall see."

The evening arrived—the Vestry met, and, to Mr. Blemmerton's surprise, it was called to consider Dr. Goodenough's resignation, and also to elect a successor. A member arose and proposed the following resolutions:—

"*Resolved*, unanimously, by the Vestry of St. ——'s Church, that we have received with pain and regret the resignation of our beloved Rector, the Rev. Dr. Goodenough; and that we are the more •grieved, if possible, at the *cause* which has led to the severance of a tie so near and dear to all the congregation whom we represent—protracted ill health.

"*Resolved*, That we record with pleasure the debt of gratitude due by this congregation to the Rev. Dr. Goodenough, for his faithful and efficient services for the past twenty years; and in consideration of that debt of gratitude, and the affection entertained by this congregation for Dr. G., who, as a loving and venerable father, has worn himself out in the spiritual service of us his children in the Gospel, the Vestry hereby vote to him twenty-five hundred dollars per annum for the residue of his life, and one thousand dollars per annum to his estimable wife, whom we cherish as a mother, after his death, should her life be spared beyond his."

Mr. Blemmerton begged leave to object very strenuously to that resolution. It was a great sum of money! In all his experience in the Church, he had never known such a thing to be done. He thought that vestrymen were servants of the congregation, and for his part, he wished to be cautious about squandering the money of those whom he represented. He had a conscience in the matter, and expected to be held to an account for his deeds. He would vote for the first resolution most cheerfully; for no member of that Vestry was more attached to Dr. G. than himself, nor had he any more ardent admirer. Neither did he doubt that the congregation ought to be very charitable to Dr. G., and if left to themselves they would be.

Let them manifest their charities in a different way, each one giving what he or she pleases. These were his views. The moneyed part of that resolution he could not vote for. It was saddling the congregation with an enormous tax that would require a considerable increase in pew-rents. He *now* paid a hundred dollars per annum for his pew, and in all conscience that was enough. And if Dr. G. was poor, it was his own fault. For twenty years he had enjoyed a large salary, and with economy, by this time he ought to have been independent. Entertaining these views, he felt bound to vote against that resolution, and he felt strongly persuaded that he would be borne out by the congregation.

No one replied to Mr. B.'s speech. He stood alone in his glory! But without vanquishing the foe—

For the President of the meeting put the vote. It was carried; all voting in the affirmative except Mr. Blemmerton!

THE PRESIDENT.—“The next thing in order, gentlemen, is the election of a Rector to succeed the Rev. Dr. Goodenough.” This he pronounced in a tremulous voice, as the big tear-drops stood in his eyes. “I have a gentleman to nominate, whose name and character have been placed before me by Dr. Goodenough. And here I trust we shall be entirely unanimous; for it is by no means certain that we can procure the gentleman I have in view, even if we give him a unanimous vote; for he is ardently attached to the people among whom he has labored for ten years, and they are as devotedly attached to him. And I feel as though we were about to offer to tear a father from his children. I therefore name the Rev. Mr. Lovegood, Rector of ——— Church, Heartfulville. If any of you are unacquainted with his excellent reputation, I need only say, upon the authority of Dr. Goodenough, that he is in every respect just the man for us. That is enough for me, gentlemen, and I doubt not quite enough for you.”

“It is not enough for me,” said Mr. Blemmerton, who, during the delivery of the brief remarks of the President, had been very restive. “It is not enough for me. Nor do I believe it will satisfy the congregation. I am for pleasing the congregation. Mrs. Fastidious, Mrs. Nochurch, and Mrs. Fussy, all expressed to me their decided opinion that the Vestry ought to call no clergyman to this important charge until the congregation have had the privilege of hearing him preach, that they may judge of his style, voice, &c., and see what he looks like. This is my decided conviction. I won't vote for any man till I have seen and heard him preach. And then he hails from a very insignificant post; and I do contend that St. ———'s is entitled to a preacher of greater reputation. Our salary will command the highest talent in the land. And I am not for making any man's

reputation. I want a man who brings a reputation with him. Why, he is not even a D. D.! You see, gentlemen, that I know something about Mr. Lovegood, and from what I know I should like to hear him preach, and I think it probable he will preach here in a Sunday or two; but it is not clear that I could vote for him after hearing him, for I think he is strongly tainted with Puseyism; but that I would agree to waive, provided he pleased in every other respect, and so would Mrs. Fussy, Mrs. Fastidious, and Mrs. Nochurch, and the rest."

Again there was no reply.

"Gentlemen," said the President, "the Rev. Mr. Lovegood is put in nomination for the Rectorship of this church. You who are in favor of that nomination will please say, Aye."

All again in the affirmative, except Mr. Blemmerton.

The next mail conveyed to Mr. Lovegood the following letter:—

"——, November —, 18—.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR:—At a meeting of the Vestry of St. ——'s Church, held last evening, you were elected Rector of the aforesaid church, to succeed the Rev. Dr. Goodenough, who has resigned on account of ill health; and the undersigned was required to communicate the fact to you, and to urge you earnestly and affectionately to accept the charge of our congregation. In communicating the wishes of the Vestry, Rev. and dear sir, it is my duty to inform you that your election lacked one vote of being unanimous. But I beseech you not to permit that circumstance to deter you from accepting our call. For were I at liberty to speak freely, I could satisfy you that without that vote your choice will give the utmost satisfaction to all true friends of the church in the congregation, and your acceptance will be hailed with joy.

"I know that we are asking you to sever very dear ties, and yet I trust soon to have the pleasure of communicating your favorable decision to the Vestry and congregation. Rest assured, my dear sir, that in casting your lot amongst us, you will find warm hearts and sincere friends, who will strive to be worthy of you, and to compensate, in some measure, for the severance of the ties that you will make in accepting our call.

"Should you be disposed to visit us before coming to a determination, please make my house your home, No. —, —— street.

"With great respect,

"I am truly your friend and servant in Christ,

"——, Warden."

There are some persons in the world who will not work right any way you can fix them. They will be crooked, contrary, self-willed. If you desire them to go this way, they will per-

sist in going that. It is useless to ply them with reason, or the gentle influences of persuasion; it only makes them worse, more unmanageable. They will be stubborn, unruly, and defy your every effort to mould them into anything other than what they are, and that is everything perverse and provoking. There is but one word that exactly fits the character of such—*mulish*. This word is exactly appropriate, and fills up every part of their character. Whoever is conversant with the whimsies of an old mule, or who has witnessed his stubborn antics, will be able to appreciate the application. Fancy yourself on a Southern farm, of a hot summer's day, about noon. In yonder corn-field, in full view of the farm-house, you behold a negro boy at the handles of a plough, drawn by a mule. The rows of corn, to which he is casting furrows, extend in a straight line to within a few rods of the manger. His muleship comes slowly along, in a patient, meditative mood; the plough-boy has a dull, drowsy look, and to keep his eyes open, whistles a note which floats out on the still air; and so they go along, shutting out all sublunary things, and wrapt in their own philosophic meditations. In this way they have proceeded half-way the length of the furrow, at the end of which they would be within a stone's throw of the manger and the ample dinner of his muleship. Presently you see the cook take down from a shelf a long tin horn to call the hands to their dinner. "Toot—toot—toot!" you hear the hour ring out. His muleship is done with philosophizing. He knows what that sound means as well as any one. He pricks up his ears, and stops as suddenly as though a bullet had passed through his heart!

"Go on, you Jack!" says the driver.

But Jack moves not.

"Go on, you sir!" and the driver gives him the line.

But Jack puts his head down—sets his fore-feet firmly out. Jack will not budge another step. He must be relieved of his harness just there. Nothing else can be done. He will have his own way, right or wrong. It is useless to argue with him that it is as cheap to run the furrow out. He will not hear it.

One other illustration. Who has not heard of the Dutchman, who, being urged unto a good work with arguments that he could not answer, after taxing his ingenuity to the utmost extent, cut the whole argument short, with this significant and unanswerable reply in his own peculiar dialect?

"It's no use to talk with me. I'm a *Dutchman*, and you can't do anything with a *Dutchman*!" The point was yielded—the case incurable!

And so no amount of reasoning would have convinced Mr. Blemmerton of the impropriety of his course. His eyes could see only in one direction. His horizon was bounded by self-will,

right or wrong. There was to him but one world of thought, reason and opinion—that in which he himself moved—as the sole guiding and governing power. Therefore, after his display at the Vestry meeting, and his signal defeat, he returned to his home more angered and chagrined than mortified.

Mrs. Blemmerton thought it preposterous. "Why, how could they act so! Didn't even reply to your speech, Mr. Blemmerton? It was certainly indicative of one fact—that it was unanswerable. But it was positively disrespectful. And voted a thousand dollars per annum to Mrs. Goodenough, in case she should outlive Dr. G.! Well, I think they have feathered their nests, as old Aunt Sally Milkandwater would say. The other was bad enough, but really that caps the climax! What will Mrs. Nochurch and Mrs. Fussy say to that? I wonder who would give me a thousand dollars per annum in case I should be left a widow! And who's to pay it all? It's easy enough for them who have nothing to pass resolutions, but not quite so easy, I guess, to raise money. Ah! that's the rub! When they haven't John Blemmerton's pocket to look to, I guess they'll find themselves in a pickle. No, not one cent, not one cent of it will go from this house, that I'm fully resolved on. And I'll not notice another of them. They'll know who is who, I can tell them. Now I'm done—my skirts are clear."

"Deliah Airmyth, you go around to-morrow morning to Mrs. Charitas, the president of that sewing society, and tell her that I can't have them meet at my house next week. No, no—no more favors from the Blemmertons. You need not tell her why. You know they were to have met at Mrs. Hopeful's, but I insisted on their meeting here, and it will look independent in me to decline it. I guess they'll be for pressing it, but remember, Dele, the law is passed. They can't meet here. I don't want them. We will not be made foot-balls of, and I guess we can get along quite as well without them as they can without us. And now we'll see who's the hardest. It is as much as I can do to go to church again. Indeed, they'll have to make apologies, or I'll take a pew in Dr. *Riproarer's Church*!"

Draw the curtain! Close the scene! Let Mr. and Mrs. Blemmerton sleep, if they can! They need it. Perhaps they will feel better in the morning. This is a world of sorrows and troubles, but all things are shut out and forgotten in dream-land. Sweet is the pillow of repose to the throbbing temples and aching heart, when purity and innocence are our companions. "Keep sound wisdom and discretion. Then shalt thou walk in thy way safely, and thy foot shall not stumble. When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid; yea, thou shalt lie down and thy sleep shall be sweet!" (Prov. iii. 21, 24.) Holy type, unto the pure in heart, of their last sleep!—"For so He giveth

His beloved sleep," until the morning come when the dead bodies shall revive and be animated again with the living soul. "If we believe that Jesus died, and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him"—(1 Thess. iv. 14.)

But ah, the carplings of pride, the wincing soreness of ambition, the chafings of an evil heart,—these set thorns in the pillow, making it a rack of torture in the night-watches, bringing "fear" upon the wicked, and "trembling," which make all their "bones to shake!" "Awake, thou that sleepest, and rise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light!"—(Eph. v. 14.)

(*To be continued.*)

SURE RECEIPT FOR HAPPINESS.—One of the wealthy merchants of our city, whose death the past year was universally mourned, often told his friends an anecdote which occurred in his own experience, and which was recommended to all those who desired to enjoy a serene old age, without allowing their wealth to disturb their peace of mind. He said that when he had obtained his fortune, he found he began to grow uneasy about his pecuniary affairs, and one night, when he was about sixty years of age, his sleep was disturbed by unpleasant thoughts respecting some shipments he had just made. In the morning he said to himself, "This will never do; if I allow such thoughts to gain the mastery over me, I must bid farewell to peace all the days of my life. I will stop this brood of care at once, and at a single blow." Accordingly, he went to his counting-room, and upon examination he found he had \$30,000 in money on hand. He made out a list of his relatives and others he desired to aid, and before he went to bed again he had given away every dollar of the thirty thousand. He said he slept well that night, and for a long time after, his dreams were not disturbed by anxious thoughts about his vessels or property. —*Boston Transcript.*

LET a man be treated as a brute, and he will become more brutish than a brute; but as a rational being, and he will show that he is so.

GOLD and silver are metals quite too heavy for us to carry to heaven; but, in good hands they can be made to pave the way to it.

"WHO MURDERED DOWNIE?"

ABOUT the end of the eighteenth century, whenever any student of the Marischal College, Aberdeen, incurred the displeasure of the humbler citizens, he was assailed with the question, "Who murdered Downie?" Reply and rejoinder generally brought on a collision between "town and gown;" although the young gentlemen were accused of what was chronologically impossible. People have a right to be angry at being stigmatized as murderers, when their accusers have probability on their side; but the "taking off" of Downie occurred when the gownsmen, so maligned, were in swaddling clothes.

But there was a time, when to be branded as an accomplice in the slaughter of Richard Downie, made the blood run to the cheek of many a youth, and sent him home to his books, thoughtful and subdued. Downie was sacrist or janitor at Marischal College. One of his duties consisted in securing the gate by a certain hour; previous to which all the students had to assemble in the common hall, where a Latin prayer was delivered by the Principal. Whether, in discharging this function, Downie was more rigid than his predecessor in office, or whether he became stricter in the performance of it at one time than another, cannot now be ascertained; but there can be no doubt that he closed the gate with austere punctuality, and that those who were not in the common hall within a minute of the prescribed time, were shut out, and were afterwards reprimanded and fined by the Principal and Professors. The students became irritated at this strictness, and took every petty means of annoying the sacrist; he, in his turn, applied the screw at other points of academic routine; and a fierce war soon began to rage between the collegians and the humble functionary. Downie took care that in all his proceedings he kept within the strict letter of the law; but his opponents were not so careful, and the decisions of the rulers were uniformly against them, and in favor of Downie. Reprimands and fines having failed in producing due subordination, rustication, suspension, and even the extreme sentence of expulsion, had to be put in force; and, in the end, law and order prevailed. But a secret and deadly grudge continued to be entertained against Downie. Various schemes of revenge were thought of.

Downie was, in common with teachers and taught, enjoying the leisure of the short New Year's vacation—the pleasure being no doubt greatly enhanced by the annoyances to which he had been subjected during the recent bickerings—when, as he

was one evening seated with his family in his official residence at the gate, a messenger informed him that a gentleman at a neighboring hotel wished to speak with him. Downie obeyed the summons, and was ushered from one room into another, till at length he found himself in a large apartment hung with black, and lighted by a solitary candle. After waiting for some time in this strange place, about fifty figures, also dressed in black, and with black masks on their faces, presented themselves. They arranged themselves in the form of a Court, and Downie, pale with terror, was given to understand that he was about to be put on his trial.

A judge took his seat on the bench; a clerk and public prosecutor sat below; a jury was empannelled in front; and witnesses and spectators stood around. Downie at first set down the whole affair as a joke; but the proceedings were conducted with such persistent gravity, that, in spite of himself, he began to believe in the genuine mission of the awful tribunal. The clerk read an indictment, charging him with conspiring against the liberties of the students; witnesses were examined in due form, the public prosecutor addressed the jury; and the judge summed up.

"Gentlemen," said Downie, "the joke has been carried far enough—it is getting late, and my wife and family will be getting anxious about me. If I have been too strict with you in time past, I am sorry for it, and I assure you I will take more care in future."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, without paying the slightest attention to this appeal, "consider your verdict; and if you wish to retire, do so."

The jury retired. During their absence the most profound silence was observed; and, except renewing the solitary candle, that burnt beside the judge, there was not the slightest movement.

The jury returned, and recorded a verdict of *GUILTY*.

The judge solemnly assumed a huge black cap, and addressed the prisoner:

"Richard Downie! The jury have unanimously found you guilty of conspiring against the just liberty and immunities of the students of Marischal College. You have wantonly provoked and insulted those inoffensive lieges for some months, and your punishment will assuredly be condign. You must prepare for death. In fifteen minutes the sentence of the Court will be carried into effect."

The judge placed his watch on the bench. A block, an axe, and a bag of sawdust were brought into the centre of the room. A figure more terrible than any that had yet appeared came forward, and prepared to act the part of doomsday.

It was now past midnight, there was no sound audible save the ominous ticking of the judge's watch. Downie became more and more alarmed.

"For Heaven's sake, gentlemen," said the terrified man, "let me home. I promise that you never again shall have cause for complaint."

"Richard Downie," remarked the judge, "you are vainly wasting the few moments that are left you on earth. You are in the hands of those who must have your life. No human power can save you. Attempt to utter one cry, and you are seized, and your doom completed before you can utter another. Every one here present has sworn a solemn oath never to reveal the proceedings of this night; they are known to none but ourselves; and when the object for which we have met is accomplished, we shall disperse unknown to any one. Prepare, then, for death; other five minutes will be allowed, but no more."

The unfortunate man, in an agony of deadly terror, raved and shrieked for mercy; but the avengers paid no heed to his cries. His fevered, trembling lips then moved as if in silent prayer; for he felt that the brief space between him and eternity was but as a few more tickings of that ominous watch.

"Now!" exclaimed the judge.

Four persons stepped forward, and seized Downie, on whose features a cold, clammy sweat had burst forth. They bared his neck, and made him kneel before the block.

"Strike!" exclaimed the judge.

The executioner struck the axe on the floor; an assistant on the opposite side lifted at the same moment a wet towel, and struck it across the neck of the recumbent criminal. A loud laugh announced that the joke had at last come to an end.

But Downie responded not to the uproarious merriment—they laughed again—but still he moved not—they lifted him, and Downie was dead!

Fright had killed him as effectually as if the axe of a real headsman had severed his head from his body.

It was a tragedy to all. The medical students tried to open a vein, but all was over; and the conspirators had now to bethink themselves of safety. They now in reality swore an oath among themselves; and the affrighted young men, carrying their disguises with them, left the body of Downie lying in the hotel. One of their number told the landlord that their entertainment was not yet quite over, and that they did not wish the individual that was left in the room to be disturbed for some hours. This was to give them all time to make their escape.

Next morning the body was found. Judicial inquiry was instituted, but no satisfactory result could be arrived at. The corpse of poor Downie exhibited no mark of violence, internal

or external. The ill-will between him and the students was known: it was also known that the students had hired apartments in the hotel for a theatrical representation—that Downie had been sent for by them; but beyond this, nothing was known. No noise had been heard, and no proof of murder could be adduced. Of two hundred students at the College, who could point out the guilty or suspected fifty? Moreover, the students were scattered over the city, and the magistrates themselves had many of their own families among the number, and it was not desirable to go into the affair too minutely. Downie's widow and family were provided for, and his slaughter remained a mystery; until, about fifteen years after its occurrence, a gentleman on his death-bed disclosed the whole particulars, and avowed himself to have belonged to the obnoxious class of students who murdered Downie.

THE SUPREME BEING.*

AN ODE.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First Chaos, then Existence. Lord, on Thee
Eternity had its foundation: all
Sprung forth from Thee: of light, joy, har-
mony,
Sole origin—all life, all beauty, Thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create:
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine:
Thou art, and wast, and shalt be, glorious,
great!
Life-giving, life-sustaining, Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from
Thee!

And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of Heaven's bright army glitter in Thy praise!

A million torches, lighted by Thy hand,
Wander unwearied thro' the blue abyss:
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy com-
mand,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss:
What shall we call them! Piles of crystal
light!

A glorious company of golden streams?
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright?
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But *Thou*—to these, art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost—
What are a thousand worlds compared to
Thee!

And what am I,—when Heaven's unnumber'd
host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arranged
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weigh'd
Against Thy greatness—is a cipher brought
Against Infinity! What, then, am I? Naught.

Naught! but the effluence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reach'd my bosom, too;
Yes, in my spirit doth Thy Spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Naught! but I *live*, and on hope's pinions fly,
Eager toward Thy presence: for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
E'en to the throne of Thy divinity.
I am, O God—and surely Thou must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all, Thou art!
Direct my understanding, then, to Thee:
Control my spirit, guide my wand'ring heart:
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashioned by Thy hand!
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realm where angels have their birth,
Just on the bound'ry of the Spirit-land.

Creator! yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created me! Thy source of life and good!
Thou author of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, Thy love, in Thy bright plenitude
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
O'er the abyss of death,—and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
E'en to its source, to Thee—its author, Thee!

* Said to have been written by Derzhavin, the prince of Russian poets.
The thoughts are beautiful,—the language admirable,—and the whole delineation majestically grand! But feeble are the pencillings of human skill, compared with the sketchings of inspiration. Who, after a study of *Isaiah*, xl., *Amos*, iii., on reading the above most exquisite production of man, must not be impressed with the deep significance of the poet's own sentiment:—

“All this magnificence in Thee is lost!”

CHRIST THE SHEPHERD OF HIS PEOPLE.

A MEDITATION ON THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

 BY THE REV. W. L. JOHNSON, D. D.

(Continued.)

II.

FROM general, the Psalmist descends to particular blessings :

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters."

A more beautiful image was never presented to the mind. Possessing a tender regard for the welfare and comfort of His flock, the Shepherd is painted as directing them to nourishing meadows and the cooling stream. It is not a parched field, without herbage ; it is not a barren desert, where the dews never descend ; but it is a place of abundance and refreshment whither they are led. Here we see some of the flock resting under the shade, some peacefully feeding in different parts of the field, some quenching their thirst at the stream, and the tender lambs sporting innocently with each other ;—while the thoughtful eye of the Shepherd is over them all, and guards them from danger.

"Still waters" do not here mean a stagnant pool, which would be displeasing to the taste and hostile to health ; but a gently flowing stream, in opposition to a rapid torrent. Waters which glide smoothly along may be called still or silent, in contradistinction to those which, rushing swiftly, produce a loud and disagreeable roar. In a spiritual sense, the "green pastures" and "still waters" may mean the ordinances of the Gospel. The Gospel itself is frequently spoken of under the term "waters," on account of the freedom with which they flow, and their cleansing and refreshing qualities. In St. John's Gospel, the Holy Spirit is signified by the same term. Just as sheep are fed and refreshed by the tender grass of the field and by the cooling stream, so the hungry and thirsty soul is nourished, strengthened, and comforted, by the means of grace which God has appointed.

"He maketh me to lie down." Not that this good Shepherd uses violence with the sheep under His care, but He is the cause of my comfort and safety. By His spotless life and by His atoning death, He hath procured for me the green pastures ; and by

His word and Spirit, He hath brought me willingly into them. And hither hath He conducted me, not only for a few days or a few months; not only to have a transient taste of these rich pastures of His grace, and then depart; but He maketh me to lie down in them, to be at rest, to enjoy tranquillity, to take up my abode there. This is truly the case with the lambs and sheep of Jesus, the good Shepherd. While they were in the world, and, consequently, before they entered into the fold of the Church, they enjoyed no solid peace; but here, in the green pastures of His love, they find true and substantial comfort, and their kind Shepherd causes them to enjoy repose, to lie down and partake of rest,—an earnest and foretaste of that eternal rest which remaineth to the people of God.

“He *leadeth* me beside the still waters.” Kind, compassionate, adorable Shepherd! It is He who brought me within His fold, and He leads me to the rivers of comfort. Without His guidance I should still be wandering in the wilderness of ignorance and sin. Without His guidance I should still faint on the way. But He grants me continually new supplies of grace, and daily leads me to the fountain of living waters.

III.

His care is still more remarkable: For,

“He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His Name’s sake.”

This verse alludes to the wanderings of God’s children; for, like sheep, they are apt to go astray. Although brought within the fold, they are often allured by the appearance of false good. The cares, the business, the pleasures of the world, too frequently make them careless, lukewarm, or cold, in the important matter of religion. In themselves also they find the remains of corruption,—“a law in their members warring against the law of their minds,” and bringing them, against their better judgments, under the law of sin. The arch-apostate, envious of their happiness, and raging against the cause of God, “goes about, like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.” These several causes, at times, damp the ardor and cool the zeal of God’s people, sink them to a state of self-security, or depress them with sorrows, and surround them with darkness. Like a person sick, they have *then* no more appetite for the green pastures, no more pantings for the still waters. Then the “hands hang down, and the knees are feeble.” Nothing is done for God. No exertion is put forth for the souls of men, and no progress is made towards the heavenly Jerusalem. But “He,” saith the Psalmist, “restoreth my soul.” He sends His quickening Spirit to revive

me to a sense of my situation. He shows how far I have departed from God, and brings me back again to the fold. Alas ! how soon would the most active saint or the strongest believer faint in the way, or lose himself upon the mountains of error, did not the Shepherd of Israel constantly attend him ! The backslidings and inconsistencies of the people of God are a great cause of regret to the Church, and of scandal to the world. "Yes," says the tongue of slander, ever ready to indulge the most malicious exaggerations,—“yes, this is one who pretended to be better than his neighbors ; who assumed the appearance of the Christian, and put on the profession of Christianity ; who talked about a life of faith ; who condemned our conduct, our pursuits, our conversation, our indulgences ; and, lo ! he is become like one of us !” Cruel world ! how soon wouldst thou trample a weak believer in the dust, and cover him with everlasting disgrace ! But, silence thy profane voice, check thy unhallowed and immoderate mirth ! Can the fall of a professor demolish the foundation of God ? If a weak branch hang down, or a decayed branch fall off, must the beautiful and wide-spreading tree of Christianity fall ? A profession of the Gospel, attended with a corresponding walk and conversation, is a silent, though severe, censure upon the men of the world. It is a living lecture. It is precept substantiated by a commanding form. It is the Gospel confirmed and beautified by example. Such an object removed affords them considerable relief. Such an object obscured fills them with secret joy. This sun, covered with spots, attracts their malignant gaze, and invites the most cruel scrutiny. But, let them not exult ; for the stains on the life of a Christian will not lessen their guilt, nor offer at the tribunal of justice an apology for their crimes. Let them not exult ; for though the people of God may act unworthy of their calling, the truth suffers no change, nor is the Gospel less divine.

But, since a backsliding state is so offensive to God, so unfavorable to the interests of His Church, so pernicious to the world, we might inquire why it is permitted to take place ? To show that Christians are not perfect here ; to convince us of our constant dependence for upholding, directing, and restraining grace on the great Head of the Church ; and to produce in us humility, carefulness, and prayer. Besides, such a degree of perfection as would prevent all deviation, is, perhaps, incompatible with the general designs of God respecting society ; and too great a distinction might perhaps take place between the world and the Church, which might end in a separation of the parties, and in an interruption of intercourse. This would occasion a total alteration in the present state of society not compatible with the Divine plan and present government.

All the paths which lead not to the Lord Jesus Christ, how

ever agreeable they may seem, and however ornamented by the flowers of profession, are paths of error, and terminate in destruction. Jesus is the "Wisdom" spoken of in the Proverbs, and only His ways are ways of pleasantness, and His paths are the paths of peace. "He," says David, "restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His Name's sake." When the wandering believer repents, and turns again to the ways of duty, the compassionate Saviour receives him to His favor, and "restores his soul," not on account of any merit or excellency which he possesses, but for His own "Name's sake."

(To be concluded in our next.)

SINGULAR CASE OF INSANITY.—We copy the following particulars of a case of insanity from the interesting report of Dr. Clement A. Walker, Superintendent of the Boston Lunatic Hospital. In alluding to the patients under his charge, he says :—

One case, from the peculiarity of its origin, and its singular manifestation, is worthy of notice. The subject, a young man of fine intellectual powers, seemed on admission almost distracted with fear—not of that vague form, so often noticed in a certain class of the insane, of imaginary enemies—but of the more tangible one, of officers of justice. When, for the purpose of making remedial applications, it was deemed necessary to use temporary restraint, his terror was pitiable. Upon recovery, we learned that during the incipient stages of an attack of delirium tremens, induced by the use of opium and alcohol, he had taken from his employer a valuable article of property, and carried it, in open day, through the streets to his lodgings. That afternoon medical advice was called, and he remained under treatment for several days. At length sleep was induced, and he awoke in his right mind. During that day, while sitting up in bed, his eye fell upon the abstracted article. At the sight of it the full recollection of his crime rushed upon him, and with it an overwhelming sense of shame, and terror for its probable consequences. He besought his landlady to send for his employer. She feigned to do so, and for long hours he lay tortured with anguish, till fearing, from the absence of him he had injured, that all was lost, reason was dethroned, and he became a maniac. Upon his recovery, a letter was sent to his employer detailing the circumstances, and confessing his guilt, in terms such as a sensitive and honest mind alone could indite. It is almost needless to say that it met with a noble and generous response.

"SHUT OUT."*

TRAVELLING one summer through the north of England, I stopped to spend a Sunday in a retired village in Yorkshire. It was a beautiful summer's morning, and after a hasty breakfast, I rambled forth to enjoy the freshness of the early day. How beautifully soothing are the first hours of the Sabbath morning in the country—the repose of everything around—the toils of the week over—not only man and beast, but even inanimate creation seems to partake of, and to enjoy that rest, and all seems to point forward with longing hope, to the time when the working days of the world shall be ended, the strife of tongues shall cease, and the eternal Sabbath shall dawn on the new heavens, and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

A short walk across the fields brought me to the Church which stood embosomed among trees in a vocal solitude. The churchyard, though small, was carefully kept; the grass was not allowed to grow rank and long; flowers had, in some few instances, been planted on the graves, and a hedge of evergreens surrounded it. The path that led to the Church was neatly gravelled, and it was evident that no rude games were permitted there, and that none entered its hallowed precincts, without at least the outward reverence that was suited to so sacred a place.

On approaching the porch, I saw a child leaning against it crying bitterly; but to my inquiries as to the cause of her tears, her only answer was, "I'm shut out,—shut out." The low and earnest hum of childish voices from within explained that the Sunday school was there assembled; but though I offered to unfasten the door for her, and take her in, she drew me back, exclaiming amid her sobs, "I've been very naughty, I mustn't go in there, they shut me out;" and then breaking away from me, she took the path which led to the village. I stood for a moment to see if she would return, and then, leaving the porch, I withdrew to the shade of a wide-spreading yew, and sat down to think. *Shut out!* The words rang in my ears, and I closed my eyes to all visible things, while I sought to enter into the depth and bitterness of those two short words.

Is this indeed the house of God, the gate of heaven? Then may it well represent to me the city that hath foundations, into which nothing that defileth can enter. And so it came to pass that in my silent solitude, I beheld in place of the old village church, a glorious temple, too glorious almost for me to look

* From "Parochial Tracts."

upon, too spacious for me to measure its extent. I could only see that the streets and aisles therein were of pure gold; that the floors were of spotless marble, and that precious stones gleamed on all sides; while strains of seraphic music, faint though the echoes were which reached me from afar, fell on my heart with such an overwhelming power, that I could well believe that at a nearer approach no man might hear and live. Dazzled by so much glory, I turned my head aside, and asked, For whom is all this prepared? And even as the question rose to my lips, I saw o'er hill and dale, through woodland and pasture, by the green lanes, and along the mountain streams, a multitude that none could number, thronging towards that temple of beauty and light. On they came, their white garments floating in the breeze; and gleaming through the trees that separated me from them, might be seen the glitter of many crosses which they carried in their hands, or bore on their foreheads. And as each approached the temple gates I could hear as it were the welcome of angelic voices within, hailing with joyful notes each new arrival.

But when I looked more attentively, and tried to single out one or two from the passing groups, I perceived to my surprise that all did not enter in. Why was this? There was one I marked, and then another, and another, who drew nearer, and then with head abased, and streaming eyes, fled back as if in fear. I heard no trumpet sound of dread to fright them from the gate; I saw no fiery sword to bar the way; all seemed open and free to all; why then did not these go on and find a welcome? Then I looked more earnestly at the various gates by which the travellers entered within the golden precincts, and my eyes were dazzled by the transcendent purity of their appearance, for "every several gate was of one pearl," white as the light and transparent as the sun-lit air; and when I turned my eyes from that pure vision to gaze on those who sought to enter, I marvelled no longer that many should turn back smiting on their breasts, and crying "unclean, unclean," for many garments which amid the shade of the trees had looked white and clean enough, now, in the full radiance of that light in which is no darkness at all, showed many a dark and deep-dyed stain. And I saw that over every gate was written, "There shall not enter in anything that defileth." Then I fell on my face and wept, exclaiming, "Who then can find admission to such a spotless place?" But while I wept a whisper of glorious music floated past me; it was the song of those who had been admitted into the temple, and this was the strain: "He washed us from our sins in His own blood;" and then the angelic choir seemed to take up the response as they sang: "These are they who have washed their robes, and made them white, in the blood of the Lamb; therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple."

Then I lifted up my head, but all the vision had vanished ; the Church-type and emblem of that purer temple where, when the Sabbath of our world is come, all voices and all hearts shall worship forever, stood before me in its calm repose ; the long flickering shadows of the trees fell across the path which was now studded with scattered groups of old and young coming up to worship in the courts of the Lord. I watched them as they entered, some with calm, grave look, and reverent demeanor, as conscious of His presence whose temple they were approaching ; preparing their hearts and solemnizing their thoughts, that they might be the better fitted to render to Him an acceptable service ; some in busy talk, half whispering, half aloud ; others more careless still, laughing loudly, and talking eagerly, discussing plans for amusement, and matters of worldly business. "Do these," I thought, "not see the stains upon their white robes ? Are these not afraid of hearing those dreadful words, 'shut out ?'" It seemed, indeed, not. They perhaps thought themselves good enough, and safe enough ; "they mind their duty," they would have said, "they were going to Church." Yes, their feet were going there : but were their hearts there too ? Would a mere lip-service bring them the forgiveness of sins of which they were not conscious ; a strength of which they felt no need ; mercies of which they knew not the value ?

Reader, can you take to your heart the lesson which these two words uttered by a little child had so forcibly impressed upon mine ? Are you among the pure in heart who shall see God in His temple ? You dare not say you are : you cannot look into your past life and say you are. The impure thoughts, the hasty, sullen tempers, the angry and unholy words, the deceitful acts of years, rise up before you, and will not let you number yourself among the pure in heart. But "blessed" also "are the mourners ;" there is but one other character that may pass through the gates of pearl, and that is the penitent and contrite heart, mourning for sin, and washed in Jesus' blood. Is this character, then, yours ? If so, there will be, there can be, no irreverent mirth, no unchastened levity, no light or careless dealing with holy things ; the heart that mourns for sin must be serious ; the heart that seeks a daily washing at the cross of Christ must be a crucified heart ; it may be happy, aye, deeply, immeasurably happy ; but it must be earnest, solemn, fearful of sinning, turned towards heaven. Is this your heart ? Oh ! put not the question from you : seek out the stains that sin has made, that they may be cleansed away. Put away every cloud of sin that darkens and dims the brightness of the cross you wear ; judge not yourself by others around you, or in the twilight of this world's fashion or opinion ; but see what you are ; what you will be when the full light of heaven shall stream upon you from the great white

throne of Judgment. Let it not, then, be that many from the east and the west shall enter in and find a welcome, and you, a child of God's family, a member of His privileged Church, and signed with his His cross,—you yourself be shut out.

THE POISONED VALLEY.—A singular discovery has lately been made near Batten, in Java, of a poisoned valley. Mr. Alexander Loudon visited it last July, and we extract a paragraph from a communication on the subject, addressed to him by the Royal Geographical Society :—

It is known by the name of Guevo Upas, or Poisoned Valley ; and following a path which had been made for the purpose, the party shortly reached it, with a couple of dogs and fowls, for the purpose of making experiments. On arriving at the mountain, the party dismounted and scrambled up the side of a hill, a distance of a quarter of a mile, with the assistance of the branches of trees and projecting roots. When at a few yards from the valley, a strong, nauseous, suffocating smell was experienced ; but on approaching the margin the inconvenience was no longer found. The valley is about half a mile in circumference, of an oval shape, and about thirty feet in depth. The bottom of it appeared to be flat, without any vegetation, and a few large stones scattered here and there. Skeletons of human beings, tigers, bears, deer, and all sorts of birds and wild animals, lay about in profusion. The ground on which they lay at the bottom of the valley appeared to be a hard, sandy substance, and no vapor was perceived. It was proposed to enter it, and each of the party having lit a cigar, managed to get within twenty feet of the bottom, where a sickening, nauseous smell was experienced, without difficulty of breathing. A dog was now fastened to the end of a bamboo, and thrust to the bottom of the valley, while some of the party, with their watches in their hands, observed the effect. At the expiration of fourteen seconds the dog fell off his legs, without moving or looking around, and continued alive only eighteen minutes. The other dog now left the party and went to his companion ; on reaching him he was observed to stand quite motionless, and at the end of ten seconds fell down ; he never moved his limbs after, and lived only seven minutes. A fowl was now thrown in, which died in a minute and a quarter, and another which was thrown in after it died in the space of a minute and a half. A heavy shower of rain fell during the time that these experiments were going forward, which, from the interesting nature of the experiments, was quite disregarded. On the opposite side of the valley to that which was visited, lay a human skeleton, the head resting on the right arm. The effect of the weather had bleached the bones as white as ivory. This was probably the remains of some wretched rebel, hunted towards the valley, who had taken shelter there, unconscious of its character.

WORDS TO WEeping ONES.

BY THE REV. ANDREW MACKIE, A. M.

CHAPTER III.

The Dead.

"Like to the falling of a star,
 Or as the flights of eagles are;
 Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
 Or silver drops of morning dew;
 Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
 Or bubbles which on water stood;—
 E'en such is man, whose borrow'd light
 Is straight called in, and paid to-night."

HENRY KING, *Bishop of Chichester.*

How solemnly still the room is! You can hear your own heart beat. The sound is "like a soft drum." It beats your "approach—tells him you come." The feet of friends steal softly in and out. No one speaks above a whisper: few have the heart to speak at all. They hold your hand lovingly; and so token their tenderest sympathy. Their *look* has more meaning than many *words*.

The night has wrought a *change*. And what a change for you! And what a change for him! Your eyes fill constantly like fountains. They drop tears as fast as summer-evening cloud drops rain. The darling is *dead*. Tears do not comfort; but they scald. It seems as if your bursting heart would break from very agony of grief. His bright, blue eye will not open again. His merry laugh will not be heard again. The rose has faded from his cheek. His cunning little hands lie motionless. He will not climb, in his child-sport, your knee again. How hard death is to bear! Thank God, that since Christ's Cross, the living are the only sufferers. They who die in discipleship to the Cross, know never suffering more. To them, Death is without hardness.

You brush for the last time the glossy, curling hair, that was softer to your touch than softest floss of silk; more precious than if each hair had been a thread of Ophir's wedge of gold. You cannot let another dress, for the last time, your baby. Your heart would feel wronged if your own hands did not robe the dear one in his death-garment of pure white. And so you do all. Never had pleasure so much pain! You cross his hands upon his breast, as if to signify that he is Christ's. Somewhere about

him you *must* see Christ's sign. Christ's Cross is your only comfort left. You *can* trust him to *its* protection.

How beautiful he looks, as he lies in the death-sleep ! The whole long day you sit by his side. You cannot realize that he is really dead. At times you fancy that you see him move ; and you start, as one starts when he wakes from dreaming. You imagine that you hear him breathe, and you hold your own breath to listen. You kiss him every hour, to see if he really is cold. You call him by name ; and think that he must open his eyes and answer, if only with a smile, his dear mother. But he lies still. You cannot awaken him out of sleep. Jesus awakened Lazarus. Jesus will awaken your child. But you must wait till Jesus speaks the awakening word. Now, his soul has gone away with the angels, and is in Paradise with the waiting saints. Yes, father, mother, the dear, dear child is really dead !

O, it is hard to give him up ! It tears from their soil of love the tendrils of the heart. It leaves a trace of blood behind. Every thought of parting pains, as when an arrow wounds. The wound will smart, if we are human. A child's death vacates a chamber that can never by another child be filled. Love will always mourn over the empty space. The human heart cannot forget its wounds. The scars will ever be remembrancers. Death leaves it souvenirs.

Long, long, you sit, and try to gather strength to say good-bye ; but when you come to speak the words, there is not courage for the utterance. You sob and look ; and look and sob ; only to find that you are too weak to say—Farewell. You lean upon the Cross ; but even with its support, it is hard to give him up. The hand will not loose its hold from what the heart loves.

How sweet he is in his little coffin ! Just like a little angel ! You have surrounded him with fresh and fragrant flowers. He is holding in his hands a white rose-bud. A strange contrast they make—the living flower and the dead child. But as beautiful as strange. The flowers, though broken from their parent stem, are yet alive and fragrant. So, too, the child, though taken from thy arms, is yet alive, and is beautiful in Paradise, and shall be fragrant with holiness—in Heaven, death does not cut down, it but transplants. The Cross conveys to warmer clime, where shall be fuller blossom, and more abundant fruit. The Christian dead lose nothing by dying. They gain, as does the seed by planting. The flowers that bud on earth, will bloom in Heaven.

Still, Death is Death, however cheerful you try to make it look. The worm that feeds upon the rose will leave its mark. The lily's leaf cannot conceal the blight. The daisy shows where the frost has touched. The ashy hue, the marble brow, the sunken eye, the colorless cheek, the compressed lip, the wax-like fingers, cannot be concealed by flowers.

Once more you lean yourself over the dear child. You know, that till this life is ended, you will not see him again. There has never been before such pain at parting. You try to seem calm; but there is something like wildness in your thoughts. You cling to the Cross; but the closer you cling, the deeper do its nails penetrate. You never felt its agony before. Still you cannot let it go, for on this drifting sea of life's uncertainty, it is the only wood of hope. It is a hard Cross; but you have no other friend. Its blood is the only antidote to your tears. It is the only link between you and your child, that neither death nor hell can break.

One more tear you drop—another, and another. One more kiss you give—another, and another. One long, last look you take; and the coffin's lid is closed.

CHAPTER IV.

The Funeral Procession.

"Virgins promis'd, when I died,
That they would, each primrose-tide,
Duly morn and evening come,
And with flowers dress my tomb:
Having promis'd, pay your debts,
Maids, and here strew violets."

ROBERT HERRICK.

BRIGHTLY the sun is shining in the western sky. He sinks slowly, as though he took delight in looking longer on the earth, that his brilliant rays have made so beautiful. The clouds that attend him in his state, and that have filled themselves with his light, float leisurely beneath the dome of blue, as if inviting men to admiration of their gorgeousness. Over the hill-tops, that are crested with the speared pine, you can see the soft breeze coming. It stops upon the slope, as if to rest itself upon the broad leaves of the branching oak. It lingers in the orchards, at the base, as if refreshing itself with the flavor of the fruit. It gently murmurs through the fields of grain, as if charmed with its own sweet music. It lifts the spray up from the dashing brook, as if pleased to watch the sunlight in the drops. It creeps through the garden hedge, as if to freight itself with the fragrance of the choicest flowers. Little birds, in all the trees, are singing songs, that in their melody and harmonies are so above earth-music, that they seem like strains that birds have learned whilst listening to the angels. Beautiful all is to eye and ear—the splendid sun, the majestic pile of clouds, the wooded hills, the watered valleys, the fertile fields, the blooming flowers, the plash of

streamlet's tiny waves, the whispering wind, the rustling grain, the songs of brilliant plumaged birds. Beautiful to all, except to *the bereaved*. Tears blind the eyes to beauty. The heart, when it is wounded, hears only its own groans. Grief throws a wintry gloominess over everything. It shuts the sunshine out. It deafens the ear to gladness. But *one* thing is there, that is made more beautiful by being seen through tears, and that is, *the Cross*. But *one* thing can gladden the groaning heart, and that, is, *the Cross*. O, bereaved father, bereaved mother, unloose not, now, from your embrace *Christ's Cross*.

This pleasant afternoon the open grave will be filled up. When the warm sun is set, and the clouds look sad at his departure, and the birds end their song, home will hold nothing of the darling, who is, in death, so dear. The final parting hour is come. A little mound will be earthed up; a little hillock will be made for the new grass to grow upon; a little bed will be waiting for your flowers. Forget not to plant flowers where he sleeps. Plant the daisy and the primrose, the snow-drop and the lily of the valley. Leave room for the myrtle to creep with its dark-green leaves and its pale-blue bud. And let rose-bushes, white and red, display their beauty and distil their fragrance. And let a Cross of stone tell that a Christian sleeps there. The Cross has proved itself to be a key that shall open every grave. And twine the flowers around the Cross: flowers are witnesses of *future Resurrection*.

Heavily the church bell swings in the old church tower, as though it had consciousness of the funeral procession. It has tolled many from their homes to their graves; but always with the same deep, slow, solemn toll. It knows no difference of age, no difference of rank. In that *Eternity* and *Equality*, into which it tolls all, there is no reckoning by days and years; there is no grading by worldly worth. It tolls the same for the infant as for the Patriarch, for the poor man as for the rich man—always deep, and slow, and solemn.

Obedient to the tolling bell, they have tenderly lifted the little coffin, and have gently borne it across the threshold, and have reverentially laid it upon the bier. The black pall, with its silver fringes and its bold silver cross, is carefully arranged. Some loving heart remembers the flowers, and with loving hand disposes them at the foot of the Cross, and never did constellation of brightest stars seem more beautiful in darkest night, than now seem those flowers.

The bell keeps on its deep, and slow, and solemn tolling. The bearers move on with measured tread. The feet of the mourners "go softly;" and each foot-print is marked with a tear. Neighbors and friends follow after—two by two, and arm in arm—in reverence for the dead, and in sympathy for the living. The

sun seems to stay his course, as if to lend his light to cheer us in our hour of sadness. The clouds put off their borrowed brightness, as though they, too, were mourners. The wind sighs plaintively through the trees, as though it felt our grief. The birds soften their songs, as though they knew what tones would best harmonize with our hearts ; and all the while the bell keeps tolling, deep, and slow, and solemn, and the funeral procession moves silently on. The church porch is reached. The bier is rested underneath the cross that tops the arched entrance. The weeping ones stand still and weep ; and the sympathizing friends wait their love-service ; and the bell swings once more heavily ; and the green hills echo its last, deep, and slow, and solemn toll ; and there is stillness around the *dead* !

ARAB ODDITIES.—An Arab, entering a house, removes his shoes, but not his hat. He mounts his horse upon the *right* side, while his wife milks their cows upon their left side. Writing a letter, he puts nearly all the compliments on the outside. With him the point of a pin is its *head*, whilst its head is made its *heel*. His head must be wrapped up warm, even in summer, while his feet may well enough go naked in winter. *Every* article of merchandise which is liquid he *weighs*, but *measures* wheat, barley, and a few other articles. He reads and writes from right to left, but figures are read from left to right. He eats almost nothing for breakfast, about as much for dinner, but after the work of the day is done, sits down to a hot meal, swimming in oil, or, better yet, boiled butter. His sons eat with him, but the females of the house wait till his lordship is done. He rides his donkey when travelling, his wife walking behind. He laughs at the idea of walking in the street with his wife, or of ever vacating his seat for a woman. He knows no use for chairs, tables, knives, forks, nor even spoons, unless they are wooden ones. Bedsteads, bureaux, and fire-places, may be put in the same category. If he be an artisan, he does his work sitting, perhaps using his toes to hold what his hands are engaged upon. Drinks cold water like a sponge, but never bathes in it, unless his home be on the sea-shore. Is rarely seen drunk—too seldom speaks the truth—is deficient in affection for his kindred—has little curiosity and no imitation—no wish to improve his mind—no desire to surround himself with the comforts of life.

THE man who can be nothing but serious, or nothing but merry, is but half a man.

DR. STERLING AND HIS CHOIR.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM STAUNTON.

"Bring here the lyre, to sing a solemn lay,
The tabret's sound,—the trumpet's startling tone,
Dulcimer and lute, and singing psaltery;
Lift up the voice, and let the sound arise,
Symphonious swelling to the solemn skies."

FRED. MULLER.

CHAPTER VII.

Bullfinch appears, and learns something new and curious—The Organist in a Dilemma—A noble Resolve—The Storm passes off—Sunshine—Reconciliation—Larigot's Ideal of Church Music, and the Doctor's Comments.

WHEN the Doctor had gone, Larigot rose, and slowly threaded his way through the garden, till he came to a large octangular grape-trellis, spanning and over-arching the intersection of the two main paths. Here a plain seat occupied the centre, while all around and above, the luxuriant vines had interlaced their thousand branches, and matted the roof with a covering of thick verdure. Larigot sat down; and as there was none to disturb him, he fell into a train of meditation on misfortunes in general and his own in particular; the remote causes which had conspired to bring about this very unbecoming disaster; the incomprehensible absurdity of the predicament in which fate had cast him; the unassailable strength of the Doctor's position, and the obscurity which hid from view every prospect, on his own part, of retreat; the difficulty of deciding philosophically on the comparative merits of this or that mode of action, under the unpropitious aspect of the case;—whether it were best to be amiably quiescent, as a sufferer; or dignified, as one righting himself after an accident; or jovial, as if springing unharmed from the verge of a wolf-trap; or unaffectedly natural, as if unconscious that anything disagreeable had happened; or restive, manly, and indignant, as if in defiance of tyranny, and the oppression of unjust and inhuman laws.

How vexing and provoking to review, and run out into all their details, these and a dozen other equally honorable and ingenious schemes which come flowing in, *velut unda supervenit*

undam ; especially when they all alike seem darkened with a presentiment of failure. Much might evidently be said on all sides ; and much did Mr. Larigot think, turning and balancing reasons for one course, and another, and still another ; imagining how he would appear, and how he would feel, should he give reality and life to any one of these hypothetical cases, and venture on the desperate experiment of acting it out. It was a hard struggle, truly ; for temptation came with an overawing body of forces, and Larigot's constitutional propensities were not of a kind to present an invulnerable barrier against a formidable storming of the will, by solicitations comprising such alluring elements.

But, fortunately, there was some truth in the blunt remark of Jabez Warner, that Larigot was "a good fellow at bottom ;" meaning, no doubt, that after suffering under a spasmodic attack of irascibility, a more tranquil state of the mental system frequently supervened—the better man nobly recovering, and triumphing over the ugly wrestlings of passion. It was so now. No sooner did the organist revert to the real grounds on which he had chosen to be offended, and coolly think both of the discourteous nature of his visit to the Rectory, and the unamiable and self-confident, if not rude, spirit by which he had forced the Doctor into the utterance of fresh reproofs, than his judgment began to overmaster his bitter feelings ; his projects for self-defence vanished like a troop of phantoms before the light ; a warm affection for the Doctor sprang up, and he resolved to take an honorable, manly course, and adopt the only defensible position which his case admitted.

Meanwhile, the Doctor having received Mr. Bullfinch with all the respect due to so considerable a personage, and listened to his edifying remarks on sunshine, rain, temperature, and meteorological matters in general, proposed to his choice a rocking-chair in-doors, or a shady seat on the lawn—the latter branch of which alternative met the chorister's ready approbation. "And," added the Rector, "you will not be displeased to learn that our friend Larigot is on the ground, for I left him just now under the elm, where he is probably expecting to meet you."

"Ah, indeed !" replied Mr. Bullfinch, very naughtily, affecting some surprise ; "why, what brought *him* here at this time o' day ?" A question which the worthy man might surely have spared.

"Doubtless the best of motives, Mr. Bullfinch ; motives easily understood, and similar, I presume to say, to your own."

"To *mine* ?" said the chorister, with all the simplicity of innocence itself.

"I trust so, sir," was the reply ; "for surely you will not deny me a little advice about our Church music ; and I will promise,"

added Dr. Sterling, smilingly, "that neither you nor Larigot will find much difficulty in *feeling the Rector's pulse*, or in drawing out his opinion respecting the merits of *Puritanical twang*;" an observation which struck Mr. Bullfinch with much amazement, considering that the conversation in the gallery had been so strictly private.

By this time they were out on the lawn, where the organist soon joined them. Bullfinch, not knowing, of course, what had taken place before his arrival at the Doctor's, sat in momentary expectation of the opening of hostilities by Mr. Larigot, of whose magnanimity and courage in attacking a parson he had an exceedingly high estimate. But his benevolent anticipations, like those of many other over-sanguine persons, who are remarkable for the brilliance of their philanthropic intentions, were suddenly arrested by a few words from Mr. Larigot, which, to the chorister's ear, were as unexpected, extraordinary, and mysterious as any declaration that he had ever heard in all his life.

"Bullfinch!" said the organist, at the same time slapping the ruddy-faced gentleman quite emphatically on the shoulder,—
"Bullfinch! we are both in the wrong box!"

To this very elegant speech the amiable and prudent chorister made no specific reply at the moment, except by looking with a very embarrassed air, first at Larigot, then at the Doctor, and then more inquiringly, and with increasing wonderment, at Larigot again, concluding the whole ceremony by taking out a papier-maché tobacco-box, from which he extracted an immense pinch of snuff; after which he found himself able to ask, in a tone as admirably tranquil as art could make it, "Pray, Mr. Larigot, what did you say just now?"

"Say!" replied Larigot, somewhat tartly; "I say, sir, that we are all wrong—all in the dark—all off the right track—all making simpletons of ourselves."

"You are no doubt able to judge very correctly about *yourself*," answered Bullfinch; "but if you say that *I* am wrong, it would not be improper to show the proof."

"And you shall have it, my dear fellow, with all reasonable dispatch, and under the high authority of black and white." Here Mr. Larigot turned to the Doctor, and induced him to throw some light on Mr. Bullfinch's understanding, by reading the words already cited, and subjoining such explanations as were necessary to bring the wondering chorister to a fair realization of the crisis to which things had come.

"Well, James, what do you think of *that*?" said the organist.

"Psha!" answered Bullfinch, with majestic and conclusive brevity.

"Sir!" interposed the good Doctor, who was not accustomed

to let any one deprave the Book of Common Prayer ; "Sir! what I have read is the law of the Church, which we are all required both to respect and obey."

"O, certainly, certainly, Doctor. I really meant no disrespect. But I suppose *that* law is quite out of date—dead and buried long ago."

"Very far from it," replied the Rector, "though too many of our musical people take as much liberty as if such were actually the case."

"I don't think one singer in a hundred knows anything about it."

"So much the worse for their knowledge."

"And if they *did*, they would not be very willing to submit."

"So much the worse for their principles."

"Well, as to that," answered Bullfinch, "I have nothing to say. But I know right well that the rule *isn't* obeyed ; and, in my opinion, never *can* be."

"So much the worse for all the interests of Church music," said the Doctor, very seriously.

The course which the conversation had now taken, here induced Mr. Larigot to ask Dr. Sterling, whether such a law would have been enacted, except on the supposition that the clergy were already qualified, or would take care to qualify themselves, for the proper discharge of this branch of duty.

"I think," answered the Rector, "that the law was undoubtedly grounded on such a presumption. But you must observe that, though the clergyman may act *alone* in suppressing 'light and unseemly music, and indecency and irreverence in the performance,' yet, in other matters, he is to act in concert with 'persons skilled in music,' and thus a check is provided against the errors of his own judgment."

"But still," said Larigot, "if the clergy are neglectful, or are by nature disqualified or incapacitated for the office assigned them, may not much evil ensue, and our music be subject to all the caprices and errors of the incompetent?"

"As to that, though your apprehensions are not without foundation, yet I am inclined to believe that while those of the clergy who *are* qualified will seldom abuse their trust, the others will not only see the *necessity* of obtaining judicious advice, but will gladly allow themselves to be governed by it. Any other course would be exceedingly censurable in a clergyman. He would overstep his authority, and fairly lay himself open to rebuke."

"But," rejoined Larigot, "allow me to suppose a case,—that of a minister wholly unqualified for the direction of Church music, either in the choir or otherwise ; and so deficient in taste and sensibility, as to nauseate and lay his interdict upon eccle-

siastical compositions which stand in the very highest class, and are approved and appreciated by all who do not share his insusceptibility of impression. What should we be justified in doing under such circumstances?"

"The case, my friend," answered Dr. Sterling, "is a rather improbable one; but still, it *may* occur, and——"

"I could name five or six instances of the kind, within my own observation," said Larigo, interrupting the Rector.

"And so could I,—one in particular," added Mr. Bullfinch, who thought it was high time to say something.

"Well," continued the Doctor, "if either of you should ever get into so undesirable a position, go at once to your minister, and try your best to convince him that he is wrong."

"But suppose he won't be convinced—what *then*?" asked our indomitable chorister.

"In that case, make sure that you are right yourself, and that your notions of Church music are sound and reverential. Make sure, also, that he is incontestably wrong. And then remind him that he *must* act under advice, for otherwise the choir will be unable to proceed. I believe that no clergyman, aware of his own incompetency, would press his private opinion beyond such a remonstrance."

Bullfinch, it must be confessed, looked doubtful and embarrassed, notwithstanding all that Dr. Sterling had said. He feared that a revolution was on foot, or some deep mischief planning, in reference to that part of the Church service which he had ever considered the most important. And when it is remembered that he had come to the Parsonage without a thought that events could, by any possibility, take so odd a turn, we need not be surprised at the crest-fallen appearance which, with all his native shrewdness, he could not help exhibiting. Larigot, on the other hand, seemed far better satisfied, for his suspicions had yielded to reason, and to the frankness with which every scruple had been considered and answered. On the whole, however, things began to wear a more promising form, now that the great *questio vexata* had been disposed of. Dr. Sterling had gained his point, by striking at the very root of dissension, and by placing all parties on the right ground. He assured his visitors that it was neither his design nor his wish to take the rigid stand for *rights* which they had themselves assumed; and trusted that friendly relations would be all the better established, now that the differing parties had come to a fair understanding.

This premised, the Doctor thought it time now to unfold, in some measure, his plans for the future; and this he proceeded to do with the most courteous consideration for the opinions of

Larigot and the chorister, in order that he might remove every lingering suspicion which they might still have against him, as hostile to the improvement of the choir, or to the best development of the powers of the organ.

"Gentlemen," said Dr. Sterling, "I think we may now afford to waive any further discussion of the question respecting rights and privileges; and, if you do not object, we will try our skill on another subject, not less important, and immeasurably more interesting. I have several projects on hand in relation to parish affairs; and among the number there is one in which you are both particularly interested; and it would be quite gratifying to me if I could be assured of your co-operation. There is ability enough, I have reason to believe, in our choir, and those connected with it, to justify us in attempting some considerable improvement in our music. But I would wish this to take the *right direction*, and to be pursued with some vigor, and with perfect good feeling. What think you of such a measure?"

"To me, it would be exceedingly agreeable," said Larigot, "provided that we come to the same conclusions about what you call 'the right direction.'"

"Just so. That's well put in, Larigot," remarked Mr. Bullfinch; at which the Doctor laughed, and then went on to say, in a tone of pleasantry—"In regard to *that*, I am of opinion that we shall not differ very seriously. For, if we may be allowed to take Frederick Larigot's professional talent, Mr. Bullfinch's solid good sense, and (begging your pardon, gentlemen,) a few of the Rector's notions about the constituents of ecclesiastical music, and blend these elements together, it is not impossible that we may hit on a result which shall prove quite desirable and satisfactory to us all."

"I think the plan might bear improvement in *one* respect," said Larigot; for his pride of prerogative whispered to him that the Doctor had not done quite right in thus bringing all parties to one and the same level.

"Will you be kind enough to state what that point is?" said Dr. Sterling, "for I really have no desire to urge exclusively any theory of my own."

"Then," said Larigot, "I would beg leave to say that your plan (if you are serious in proposing it) would open a way for any amount of controversy, inasmuch as our tastes have probably been formed on various and opposite standards. It seems to me, also, that in a case of this nature, *one* mind would have an advantage over *three*, both on the score of uniformity in the result, and facility in the means to be employed. And for this reason, I would most respectfully suggest whether the official station of an organist,—to say nothing of the science, judgment, and expe-

rience which a professional man is supposed to possess,—should not confer on *him* the chief, if not exclusive, right of sketching the course of all such improvements.”

“Upon my word!” exclaimed Bullfinch, who was not at all prepared for so summary an ejectionment from the Board of the Three Wise Men proposed by the Rector. “Upon my word, Larigot, your modesty has got up to 90 degrees in the shade.”

As to the Doctor, he really could not forbear clapping his hands with ungovernable merriment at this new evidence of Larigot’s extreme sensitiveness on the one side, and Bullfinch’s attempts at frowning and scolding on the other. And thus, between good-humor and bad, Larigot’s proposition actually kept its balance, and claimed consideration. For there was certainly some weight in it, after all; and as the Doctor did not think it worth while to disturb too much the excitable feelings of his accomplished organist, he contented himself with a request that Larigot would favor him with some outlines of the improvements he would make, if left freely to pursue his own wishes.

The reader has, by this time, become so well acquainted with Mr. Larigot, that he may easily imagine the satisfaction with which that gentleman received the Doctor’s proposition. It was an opportunity just to his mind, and offering so much more scope than he had anticipated, that he began to entertain a still higher opinion of the Rector, and resolved to speak his mind without let or hindrance.

He commenced, as organists often do, with a kind of introductory preamble, the drift of which made it abundantly clear that he was for doing things on a pretty lofty scale. The choir was to be reorganized, or divided into two distinct bodies,—Decani and Cantores,—the true Cathedral fashion; and thus they were to proceed with the service. The *Venite Exultemus* he would have expressed in the bold, grand, and stirring tones of a Gregorian melody, all the voices mingling in unison, and pouring out their rich song “like the sound of many waters.” The *Te Deum*, *Jubilate*, and *Benedictus*, were no longer to be simply read, or drawled out in the slumbering monotony in which they had heretofore been chanted; but clothed in gorgeous harmony, such as would befit the glorious spirit dwelling in those rich and venerable anthems. And then, the *Versicles*, here and there, and the *Responses* in the *Litany* and elsewhere, the *Amens* and *Hallelujahs*, were all to be given in semi-chant, accompanied sometimes by the soft and deep breathing of the organ, at other times by its loud chorus.

“A long, melodious thunder, to the sound
Of solemn psalms, and silver litanies.”

The metre Psalms and Hymns were to have the best that could be done for them, by calling up the melodies bequeathed

to the Church by the old English masters, with a tolerably free infusion of German chorals, and some original airs. In the Communion Office, the Trisagion was destined to break forth in full chorus from the united choirs, enforced by the sublime roar of the organ's trumpet, as if to realize the "Sursum Corda," and fill with awful joy the breasts which had just yielded their humble confession. Nor was the Kyrie Eleison in the Ante-communion to pass, except in a plaintive strain, supported by the tender and liquid tones of the Dulciano. And, to wind up all, another peal of massy and golden harmony was to burst out from the Gloria in the Post-communion,—the song of angels, and the perpetual anthem of the Church. This, in few words, was an outline of Mr. Larigot's *ideal*; including, of course, his voluntaries on the organ at the beginning and the close of Divine Service, which were to be so modelled and varied, as to reinforce, rather than to be in contrast with, the prevailing tone of festivals and days of penitence.

When Mr. Larigot had concluded, and taken breath—for he said much more than we have detailed, and found himself in a full glow of excitement—he naturally felt not a little curious to know how all this would be received by the Doctor; whether he would object, or applaud; suggest some uncouth modifications, or shake his head solemnly, and declare the whole project impracticable, and utterly visionary. The organist, however, did not know the Rector as well, as the Rector knew the organist. Dr. Sterling had not yet taken any particular pains to set forth the knowledge he really possessed of musical affairs; nor did he ambitiously display the taste and science for which he might justly have claimed some credit. And thus, the existence of a little uneasiness in Larigot's mind, relative to the opinion which the Doctor might express, and a tendency rather to anticipate opposition than consent, may be easily accounted for.

It was, therefore, greatly to the surprise of the organist, and not less to his delight, that Dr. Sterling announced his very cordial approbation of the scheme in the main, objecting only to that part of it which contemplated the use of very elaborate music to the Te Deum, &c., and the chanting of the Responses on ordinary occasions of Divine worship. "And I object to this," said the Rector, "not on any ground of *principle*, but solely in consideration of the low state of ritual knowledge among our people, and the inexpediency of introducing even laudable and pious customs, for which their habits and tastes are not yet prepared. I would also prefer music of rather simple structure in most parts of the service, for reasons which I will mention presently; and it would be best to confine the chanting of Responses, as also the Psalms for the day, to the higher festivals of the Church, trusting that, by degrees, we shall thus

nourish a purer tone of devotional feeling, which will ultimately call for the more complete performance of the ordinary services of each Lord's Day."

To the prudence of this suggestion, Larigot was on reflection disposed to consent, now that he had so unexpectedly discovered in the Doctor a powerful coadjutor, instead of a cold, rigid, and unsympathizing censor. As to Bullfinch—poor man—he sat in silent amazement, first at the singular audacity of Larigot in unfolding a project which seemed to him so stupendously daring, and then, at the all but miraculous facility with which the Doctor had given his sanction to it, and thus proclaimed himself a real and potent friend of the choir.

(*To be continued.*)

OTHER DAYS:

A REMEMBRANCE OF FOURTEEN YEARS AGO.

BY CLAIRVAUX.

"But still I love to think on days
"Twere better to forget;
And idly watch for pleasure's rays,
Where pleasure's sun has set."

HON. CHARLES PHIPPS.

I HEARD the sound of melody
Come out the village inn;
It made me think of other days,
And scenes where I had been.

I thought of one, who, to my path
Was as the morning ray,
And made its very clouds to shine
As bright as summer's day.

And tho' I never saw again
My love of early days,
Yet often to her mountain home
My musing spirit strays.

I know not what her lot has been,
Of happiness or pain;
But oft I wish some one would speak
That cherish'd name again—

And tell me if her path be fair,
As in the hours of yore;
Or if, upon the road of life,
Her footsteps are no more.

The melodies of solemn hymns
We once together sung,
Long in my mind, as if their shrine,
Have sadly, sweetly rung.

The walk where waters wildly rush'd
Along their rocky bed,
Down the deep, dark chasm, far below,
That chill'd the soul with dread;

The very words of truth and jest
We spake of coming years,
And e'en the lyrics which I sung,
To tell my hopes and fears;—

All these, thro' many cares of life,
Have kept their charms for me;
And held, unmoved by novel things,
A place in memory.

As looking back some cheerless night,
To port the sailor's gaze,
He sees beneath the frowning cliffs
The lighthouse' friendly blaze;

So to the past we turn our hearts,
'Till sad emotions rise;
And there some constant flame still casts
A ray upon the skies.

And tho' removed by leagues of years
From shores of joy and rest,
And toss'd far off on stormy seas,
From those we lov'd the best;

Yet, stronger is the soul to bear
The perils of the main,
If well-known ship or mark it find,
Upon its voyage again.

But better is it far to hope
For that celestial clime,
Where night and sorrow cannot come,
As on the shores of Time;

Where Faith her holy home may see
That distant blest repose,
Whose light is like some guiding star,
When shades of evening close.

Thus may I muse on coming days,
'Twere folly to forget;
And earnest watch for brighter rays,
Where soon life's sun will set.

THE RUNAWAY'S RETURN.

A STORY FOR DISOBEDIENT BOYS.

WELL, here I am, after a night's walk, once more in the village where I was born. The sun is up now, and shining brightly. Things appear the same, and yet different. How is it? There was a big tree used to stand at the corner; and where is the Carvers' cottage?

Three days ago I landed at Portsmouth. It was on my birthday. For ten long years have I been sailing about on the sea and wandering about on the land. How things come over me! I am a man; but for that, I could sit down and cry like a child.

It seems but as yesterday since I ran away from home. I got up in the morning at sunrise, while my father and mother were asleep. Many and many a time had I been undutiful to my dear mother, and unkind to my father, and the day before he told me how wrong it was. He spoke kindly, and in sorrow, but my pride would not bear it; I thought I would leave home. What is it that makes me tremble so now?

My father coughed as I went by his door, and I thought I heard my mother speak to him; so I stood a moment, with my little bundle in my hand, holding my breath. He coughed again. I have seemed to hear that cough in every part of the world.

When I had unlocked the door, my heart failed me; for my sister had kissed me over night, and told me she had something to tell me in the morning. I knew what it was; she had been knitting a pair of garters to give me on my birthday. I turned back, opened the door of her little room, and looked at her; but my tears fell on the bedclothes, and I was afraid it would awake her. Half blinded, I groped down stairs.

Just as I had gently closed the door, the casement rattled above my head. I looked up, and there was my mother. She spoke to me, and when I did not answer, she cried out aloud to me. That cry has rung in my ear ever since, aye, in my very dreams.

As I hurried away, I felt, I suppose, as Cain felt when he murdered his brother. My father, my mother, and my sister, had been kind to me. I had been unkind to them; and in leaving thus, I felt as if I was murdering them all.

Had I been a robber, I could not have felt more guilty. But what do I say that for? I was a robber! I was robbing them of their peace. I was stealing from them what the whole world

could not make up for them ; yet on I went. Oh ! that I could bring back that hour.

The hills look as purple as they did when I used to climb them. The rooks are cawing among the elms by the Church. I wonder if they are the same rooks ! There's a shivering comes over me as I get nearer home. Home ! I feel that there's no home for me.

Here is the corner of the hedge, and the old seat, but my father is not in it. There is the patch of ground that my sister called her garden, but she is not walking in it. And yonder is the bedroom window ; my mother is not looking out of it now. That cry ! that cry !

I see how it is. There are none of them here, or things would not look as they do. Father would not let the weeds grow in this fashion, nor let the thatch fall in, and my mother and my sister would never suffer that straw through the broken panes.

I'll rap at the door, any how. How hollow it sounds ! Nobody stirs. All is silent as the grave. I'll peep in at the window. It's an empty house, that's clear. Ten long years ! How could it be otherwise ? I can bear hard work and thirst, but I can't bear this.

The elderberry is in blossom as it was when I ran away ; and the woodbine is as fresh as ever, running to the window which my mother opened to call after me. I could call after her now loud enough to be heard a mile, if I thought she could hear me.

It's no use stopping here. I'll cross the churchyard to see if the clerk lives where he did ; but he wouldn't know me. My cheek was like the rose when I went away, but the sun has made it another color. This is a new gate. How narrow the path is between the graves ! The old sun-dial I see standing there yet.

The last time I was in that Church my father was with me, and the text was : " My son, hear thou the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother." Oh ! what a curse we bring upon us when we despise God's holy word !

My uncle lies under the yew trees there, and he had a grave-stone. Here it is ! It's written all over, now quite to the bottom : " In memory of Humphrey Haycroft." But what is the name under ? " Walter Haycroft." My father ! my father ! " And Mary, his wife." Oh ! my mother ! and are you both gone ? God's hand is heavy upon me ! I feel it with my heart and soul.

And there is another name yet, and it's freshly cut. " Esther Haycroft, their daughter, aged 24." My father ! my mother ! my sister ! Why did not the sea swallow me up when I was wrecked ? I deserved it. What is the world to me now ? I feel, bitterly feel, the sin of disobedience ; the words come to

me now : "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pluck it out, and the young eagles shall eat it."

But yet I recollect how my dear mother used to point me to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world. "There is no refuge beside," said mother ; "Christ is able and willing to save." I paid but little attention to these words once. Oh ! may I never forget them now.

TRUE PIETY.—All piety which is not founded on Jesus Christ, which has not Christ for its object, its rule and model, is false and deceitful. Let no one pretend to approach the throne of God but by Him, as forming part of His mystical body, as clothed with His righteousness. Let His name be in our mouth, thoughts of Him occupy our mind, and His love reign in our heart. Let Him be the milk of the weak, the solid food of the strong, and the nourishment of all. Let all live in dependence on Him, and for Him, as all live by Him. Let there be no division in this body ; and, being united to the Head, let us not be alienated from any one of His members. Behold how we can belong to Christ, and how we may assuredly hope to have a place in that holy city of which He is chief, and which shall eternally endure.

THE LENTEN BELL.

WELCOME, sweet Lenten Bell !

From life's rough friction, and from vexing care,
Thou bid'st my spirit to the house of prayer,
To pour its wants and woes out freely there.
Welcome, sweet Lenten Bell !

Welcome, sweet Lenten Bell !

I hear thy rich and gushing melody,
And o'er my heart steals sacred memory
Of days when I was wont to follow thee !
Welcome, sweet Lenten Bell !

Welcome, sweet Lenten Bell !

Alas ! that e'er the world such grasp should keep
Of our poor souls ; that we should ever weep
O'er time's brief sorrows ; or that faith should sleep !
Welcome, sweet Lenten Bell !

Welcome, sweet Lenten Bell !

Gladly I rouse me from the stupor dark,
Which presses from my heart the lingering spark
Of hope ; and marching forward towards the mark
Of my high calling, bid thee strike the knell
Of sin and worldliness, sweet Lenten Bell !

—— *Rectory, March 8, 1854.*

A VISIT TO THE MUSEUM OF EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES, NEW-YORK,

AT THE STUYVESANT INSTITUTE, 659 BROADWAY.

From his lofty elevation,
Gayly look'd the day-king down
On the thronging population
Of the busy, crowded town.

From the living stream that, rushing
Like a restless, noisy tide,
Through the city's heart was gushing,
I, expectant, turn'd aside

To those halls, unlike it, yearning
Gather'd treasures to behold,
From that ancient home of learning,
Miseraim's land renown'd of old ;

Where, in princely state and favor,
Joseph, the beloved, dwelt ;
And, to be his brethren's saviour,
Moses made God's judgments felt.

Wondrous were the things around me,
Hideous, beautiful, and rare ;
And as with a spell they bound me,
Curiously wandering there.

The retiring sunbeams gilded
Spire and mansion with their rays,
And tonight the twilight yielded,
Yet I lingered there to gaze ;

For the varied forms before me
Woke reflections good and true,
(And the thoughts that then came o'er me
I would yet again renew,)

While I mused in contemplation
Of the objects that proclaim
Egypt's pride and degradation,
Egypt's glory and her shame.

There were gather'd records olden,
Ancient fruits, and linen fine,
Monarchs' names, and signets golden,
Relics brought from many a shrine ;

Implements of household duty,
Costly gems, that lent their glow
To the graceful limbs of beauty,
Thrice a thousand years ago ;

Mythic shapes, and tablets showing,
Bold and bright, the artist's skill ;
Mummied beasts and reptiles, knowing
Once a worship viler still.

Onward yet through these revealings,
Pleas'd surprise my footsteps led,
Till with strangely mingled feelings,
Lo ! I stood before the dead.

Not the life-resembling pictures,
Not the truly sculptur'd stone,
But the very forms and features
Life has thrill'd in ages gone.

In sepulchral robes arrayed
Priest, and dame, and noble stood,
Mute and motionless,—who awayed
An obedient multitude.

Then arose imagination,
Striving to my mind to show
Scenes which met their observation,
When they lived for weal or woe ;

When their land, by art extended,
Flourish'd like a garden fair,
And the waving harvests blended
Industry and Nature's care ;

When from peopled plain and river
Rose the teeming cities' hum,
And, as if to last forever,
Massive stood the pillar'd dome ;

When before the altar bended,
At the daily sacrifice,
King and priest,—and prayer ascended
Mingled with the victim's cries ;

When the festival assembled
High and low,—a lengthen'd train,
And the gods they carried trembled
With the fervor of their strain ;

When throughout Egyptia's borders
Waiting Nature seemed to smile
As the glad voice of all orders
Bless'd the overflowing Nile ;

When from mighty Thebes the warrior
Led his armed bands to war,
And his horsemen spread the terror
Of the coming ranks afar ;

When with timbrels, songs and dances,
Hail'd they his triumphal day,
And the captive's downcast glances
Told what ne'er their lips might say ;

When the obelisk aspiring
Show'd the heavens its chisell'd deeds,
And the morn, with kiss admiring,
Greeted first the Pyramids ;

When the temples vast and solemn
Glitter'd gorgeous in their prime,
With their lore on wall and column,—
Pond'rous volumes for all time ;

In long avenues extending,
Sphinxes grave the granite preat,
And the palm trees o'er them bending,
Seem'd like guardians of their rest;

When the azure skies unclouded,
Looked on varied works below,
And, perchance, no mystery shrouded
Monuments perplexing now;

When the funeral concourse halted,
Judging the departed soul,
Ere the form good deeds exalted
Charon ferried to its goal.—(a)

Yet a sigh I could but render
For the hope, so fond and vain,
That had deck'd them with such splendor,
And their dwellings to remain,—(b)

Undisturb'd in their inclosure,
Till new life should burst their bands,—
Now with reckless, rude exposure,
Rifled by the stranger's hands.

Then I thought upon the pages
Of recorded prophecy,
That foretold in distant ages,
Egypt thus should lowly lie. (c)

Base among the kingdoms sighing
Is the land of Pharaoh's boast, (d)
Hush'd his haughty vaunts defying,
Helpless all her idol host.

Fall'n her palaces, and broken
Are her images of stone,
Slaves her people;—God hath spoken,
And the fearful task is done.

Still on Nilus' sacred waters
Stars among the lilies gleam;

March, 1854.

But no more her royal daughters .
Seek the cool and sparkling stream.

O'er the sight of On is beaming
Sunlight, bright as e'er it abone ;
But of all its pillars gleaming,
Taries one sad shaft alone. (e)

Memphis' grandeur,—Memnot's glory,
Like their kings have passed away ;
And their ruined temples, hoary,
Bend in sorrowful decay.

Mournful land !—of wonders fading,
Crumbling arch, and falling tower,
Where the fiery sand invading
Yawning catacombs devour.

Then a voice my spirit thrilling,
Like the harpstring's softest tune,
With these words its depths seemed filling,—
"Holy is our God True!"

Like a green isle 'mid the dreary
Heavings of the desert waves ;
Like a shelter to the weary
Traveller, when the tempest raves,

Seemed the book of truth, declaring
In its narrative and psalm,
The almighty love forbearing
Of Jehovah,—e'er I AM.

And again came words of gladness,—
"Blest are they who place their trust,
"In all times of joy and sadness,
"In the Merciful and Just.

"Change o'er all of earth is basting,
"Kings and kingdoms rise and fall,
"But THE LORD is everlasting,
"And HE ruleth over all."

ILA.

(a) A modern writer thus speaks of their ancient funeral solemnities :—"Some idea of the splendor of the funeral procession of a king may be formed from various representations of those of wealthy individuals. The most beautiful feature was the passage of the sacred lake. After a long procession of servants, and mourners, and priests, bearing offerings, shrines, flowers, &c., and of wailing women, beating their breasts, and who, like those described in Scripture, cast dust upon their heads, came the sarcophagus bearing the corpse. On reaching the lake, the sarcophagus was transferred to the consecrated boat, of elegant and graceful form, and others scarcely less splendid conveyed the rest of the mourners to the opposite shore, forming, as depicted in the tombs, a most magnificent spectacle." * * * * "We read in Scripture, that the wicked kings of Israel were not allowed to be 'gathered to the sepulchres of their fathers' with honor. Such was also the case with certain of the Egyptian kings. When, after the embalming of the body, and a variety of ceremonies, the coffin was brought to the brink of the sacred lake, to be ferried over to his tomb, a sort of preliminary trial of the deceased took place, who might be deprived of an honorable funeral, and of admission to the consecrated sepulchres, by public and unanswerable testimony to his crimes."

The Nile Boat. By W. H. BARTLETT.

(b) "We have already observed, in our mention of the pyramids, with what magnificence sepulchres were built in Egypt; for, besides that they were erected as so many sacred monuments, destined to transmit to future times the memory of great princes; they were likewise considered as the mansions where the body was to remain during a long succession of ages; whereas common houses were called inns, in which men were to abide only as travellers, and that during the course of a life which was too short to engage their affections."

ROLLIN'S Ancient History.

Of the wanton destruction of the mummies we read in the accounts of all modern travellers.

(c) Ezekiel, xxix. 14.

(d) Ezekiel, xxix. 3.

(e) The solitary obelisk of Heliopolis is mentioned by travellers as of particular interest, as being one of the oldest of remaining Egyptian monuments.

Editor's Table.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE, NEW-YORK.—This venerable Institution, which will this year complete the hundredth of its age—having been chartered as King's College, in the then Province of New-York, October 31, 1754—has lately been the innocent occasion of no small excitement of a most extraordinary kind. The Professorship of Natural Philosophy having become vacant, nominations were made of persons deemed suitable to fill it. Among them was a gentleman of great respectability, to whom, however, a number of the Trustees were opposed, because of his being a disbeliever in the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. Because they voted against him on this account, and defeated his election, a clamor has been raised against them on the ground of their having violated a clause in the charter, which prohibits the establishment of any religious test for admission to office in the College. This appears to us to be the height of unreasonableness and injustice. That clause can refer only to a rule established by the Board of Trustees, or a resolution passed by it, excluding members of any particular religious sect or denomination, or any action taken by it of injurious bearing on a professor, because of his religious opinions. It cannot but be an utterly wrong view of it to suppose it at all intended to interfere with the personal right of each member of the Board to vote for whom he pleases, and against whom he pleases, for any cause seeming good to himself. This would place the requisition in decided antagonism to the rights of American citizens. Suppose a Mormon, or a professed Infidel, or a Turk were put in nomination, will any one say that a Trustee is precluded from voting against him, for the very reason that he does not wish a Mormon, or an Infidel, or a Turk to be employed in the College as an instructor of youth, and to be a member of its Faculty?

We sincerely hope that this most unfounded excitement will soon pass off. It cannot injure the College; but is certainly little creditable to the judgments and feelings of those who have allowed themselves to be moved to the adoption of a principle so inconsistent with the full and free exercise of civil rights. There can be no religious test for office under our Federal and State Governments. Therefore, on the principle above referred to, a citizen cannot refuse to vote for a candidate, and cannot take active measures to prevent his election, on the ground that he is a Mormon, an Infidel, or a Mahometan.

It is not necessary, to a just view of the case, to enter into the merits of the religious questions at issue between the gentleman who did not succeed in this election, and those who voted against him on religious grounds. The latter comprised some of the most worthy, intelligent, and respectable members of this community. Their rights as freemen fully justified them in acting as they did. Their well-established characters give them a full claim to the confidence of their fellow-citizens that they acted with none

other than virtuous and conscientious feelings and motives. The efforts that have been made to brand them as narrow-minded and intolerant bigots can operate unfavorably only on those who have made them.

Stress has been laid upon the fact that this difference of religious views was allowed to operate in the case of a professorship of *Natural Philosophy*, as if this was a branch with which Theology has no connection. This is a great mistake. It is well known that ever since the introduction of Christianity into the world, efforts have been made by minds, not wanting in learning, intelligence, and ingenuity, to put what is called the *religion of nature* in a position unfavorable to the proper claims of the *religion of revelation*. A biased attention to the truths, facts, and operations illustrated by natural philosophy, has done, and is doing this to a most mischievous degree, and this, mainly, among the friends and advocates of what is known as the *Unitarian system*. It has been so for eighteen hundred years. It is so now. History and observation afford full proof of it. For those who are conscientiously and intelligently convinced that the doctrine of the Trinity is essential to the religion of revelation in its purity and integrity, and who duly appreciate the value of that religion in the increased fulness and richness it gives to the studies of nature, and in its legitimate influence in preventing those studies from being abused to an undue exaltation of human philosophy—for *these*, it surely is neither unreasonable nor blameworthy to feel deep solicitude on so important a matter.

REFUSAL TO BURY.—A clergyman of England has recently excited the ire of some of his parishioners, by refusing to admit into the Church the body of a woman who lived and died a Wesleyan Methodist. He writes a letter to his parishioners, the conclusion of which we quote. It is direct to the point. We see no way of getting over it. "I have only to add, that it does seem to me a *most unreasonable thing*, that people who regularly forsake the Church in their life-time, should so much desire to be taken within the walls of the Church at their burial." Just look at the thing fair and square. A man refuses, year after year, to be baptized. He dies unbaptized. The Church in America has written that her clergy *shall not* read her Burial Office over *unbaptized adults*. Who ought to be censured? The clergyman who refuses burial to an unbaptized man—or the man who, all his life-time, has refused to be baptized? Would it not be well, if our Bishops would set forth a form for "The Burial of Unbaptized Adults?" It would prevent much hard feeling on the part of many mourners towards their clergyman. It would establish, at least, a *reverential* burial of *every brother-man*. All men are made in God's image; for ALL men Christ's blood was shed. This does not touch the mooted question of the validity of Lay Baptism. Each Parish Priest will respect that question; and whilst it shall remain a question, no priest will refuse burial to a man who, in his own conscience, was satisfied with Lay Baptism.

Book Table.

MIRIAM ALROY. A Romance of the Twelfth Century. By B. D'Israeli, M. P., P. C., author of "Vivian Grey," "Henrietta Temple," &c., &c. Three English volumes complete in one. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, No. 102 Chestnut-street.

CONTARINA FLEMING: An Autobiography. By B. D'Israeli, M. P., P. C., author of "Tenetia," "Miriam Alroy," "The Young Duke," &c., &c. Three English volumes complete in one. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, 102 Chestnut-street.

THE YOUNG DUKE; or, the Younger Days of George the Fourth. Three English volumes complete in one. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, No. 102 Chestnut-street.

Three more romances of good reputation from the pen of this most celebrated novelist.

BLACKWOOD for March. Contents—D'Israeli—a Biography; The Quiet Heart—Part IV.; The Russian Church and Protectorate in Turkey; The Two Arnolds; Count Sigismund's Will; News from the Farm; Alexander Smith's Poems; The Epidemics of Middle Age; The Song of Metrodorus; The New Reform Bill.

CARLINGTON CASTLE. A Tale of the Jesuits. By C. G. H., author of "The Curate of Linwood," "Amy Harrington," "Norman Leslie," &c., &c. New-York: Bunce & Brothers, Publishers. 1854.

This is an exceedingly high-wrought and interesting tale, especially to those who have a taste for exciting scenes, and for the style of old romances. Speaking of it as a mere fiction, it relates to events not usual in every-day life, yet possible. If, however, it is true that the main events are facts, and the whole tale founded upon actual occurrences in the British dominions, the drapery of fiction was not necessary to give it interest. Let us never forget that characters such as the Count and Father Adien have existed in every European Romish country, or wherever Jesuitism is to be found; and let us learn the more to love and defend those immortal principles of truth, of which they would rob mankind.

HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS OF GEORGIA: Illustrated by nearly one hundred Engravings. By the Rev. George White, M. A., author of the "Statistics of Georgia." New-York: Putney & Russell, Publishers, No. 79 John-street. 1854.

We have received a copy of this new and valuable work, containing a very thorough and complete history of one of the oldest States in the Union. It is made up of the most interesting facts, traditions, biographical sketches, anecdotes, &c., relating to its history and antiquities, from its first settlement to the present time, and all these are, with much care and exactness, compiled from original records and official documents. It is scarcely possible for any person who has not had some personal experience in the matter, to realize the immense amount of pains and labor and of patient investigation needful for the completion of such a volume as this. In addition to the vast amount of information which it gives us in such an agreeable

form, it is "illustrated by nearly one hundred engravings, of public buildings, relics of antiquity, historic localities, natural scenery, portraits of distinguished men," &c., &c. We trust it will have the large circulation which it so well merits, and be found in the possession of all those who desire to possess reliable and accurate information concerning the early history of our country. As a book of reference it is invaluable.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. *My Schools and Schoolmasters; or, the Story of my Education.* By Hugh Miller, author of "The Old Red Sand-Stone," "Foot-prints of the Creator," "First Impressions of England and its People," &c. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1854.

We promise ourselves a rich treat in the perusal of this book. Hugh Miller has gained a high reputation as a writer on the subject of geology; and his success in this department of science is the more deserving of praise, as he is what is termed a self-made man. Placed in moderate circumstances, and with few advantages other than those with which he was endowed by nature, he has worked himself up to an eminence which has put him in the front rank of the learned men of the day. His travels through England and Scotland opened to him the great book of nature, from whose pages he drank in that knowledge and those great truths which he has since embodied in his works. Here he found his school and schoolmaster, and the Story of his Education is one, therefore, which will be interesting to all, and especially to those who, with limited means and few advantages, are striving to shape for themselves a career of honorable and useful employment.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF GOLDSMITH, COLLINS, AND T. WARTON. New-York: Appletons. 8vo. 1854.

The beautiful edition of the English poets which the Messrs. Appleton are now issuing surpasses every thing of the kind with which we are acquainted, not only in the superior typography, paper, &c., but also in point of cheapness and real economy. They have published Milton's poetry, saintly George Herbert's, gentle Thomson's, sombre Young's, and now we have in the volume before us genial and universally liked Oliver Goldsmith's contributions to the poetry of our mother tongue. Collins' and T. Warton's are included in the same volumes. We think Mr. Gilfillan improves as he goes on in his editorial notices of the life, genius, &c., of the poets; and we say decidedly to our readers, that if they have not met with any of the volumes of this series, they cannot do better than at once to examine for themselves whether we have unduly praised them in what has been stated above.

SACRED POEMS AND HYMNS, for Public and Private Devotion. By James Montgomery. New-York: Appletons. 18mo. 1854.

Montgomery has always been a favorite among pious Christians, and we doubt not will always retain his place in their affections. The present volume will prove very acceptable, because of its containing the *genuine* writings of the venerable poet, as he himself saw fit to give them to the world, and not as they have often been altered by the compilers of books of hymns. The volume is handsomely gotten up, and has a pleasant and interesting Introduction by John Holland.

THE SUNSHINE OF GREYSTONE: A Story for Girls. New-York: Appletons.

This is a very admirable juvenile, by the author of "Louis's School Days," and we commend it heartily for its healthful, judicious, and sober views of what the religion of consistent Christians is and ought to be.

MERRIMACK; OR, LIFE AT THE LOOM. By D. K. Lee. New-York: Redfield. 1854.

We are sorry to say it, but the truth is, Mr. Lee is rather a dull writer. We read this volume, however, all the way through, and could not but admire the philanthropic spirit of the author, whose heroine goes through a great variety of trials, and comes out bravely at the last. Still, we felt that Mr. Lee wants the *vivida vis* which renders the writings of the masters of the English so full of power, pathos, and persuasiveness. As respects its religious tone, as might be imagined, it is very far removed from anything like that which would prove acceptable to Churchmen; and hence, although we have no fault to find with what is really good in the book, we dare not recommend it as sound and healthful in this particular.

THE WORKING MAN'S WAY IN THE WORLD; being the Autobiography of a Journeyman Printer. New-York: Redfield.

With a title not very promising, this is really a very interesting, and, in some respects, very instructive book. Mr. C. M. Smith—for that, it appears, is the author's name—following the example of Ben Franklin, of famous memory, begins at the beginning, and entering quite at large into his personal history and its adjuncts, gives his readers a graphic view of what was the condition of the craft some thirty years ago, as well as of his individual experience, both at home (in England) and in Paris. We look upon this volume as containing a great deal of that sound common sense which is so needful in all positions in life, and certainly cannot be dispensed with by working men. The appendix contains some remarks on Socialism, which are well worth reading. Taken as a whole, and making allowance for the natural, perhaps unavoidable, tendency to exaggeration in telling a story, we think the public have reason to thank Mr. Redfield for reprinting Mr. Smith's autobiography.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW. New-York: Leonard Scott & Co., 79 Fulton Street.

We have received the January number of Scott's reprint of this valuable Quarterly. Among other articles of much interest will be found one on the Religion of the Chinese Rebels, and an exceedingly interesting paper entitled *Turkey and Russia*. This gives a clear and succinct history of the pending difficulties between Turkey and Russia, and shows that the claims advanced by the latter government were wholly unjustifiable, and such as the Turkish government could not accede to without giving up every vestige of its independence. The Review is published at \$3 a year, and we need hardly say is richly worth the money.

THE FORTUNE HUNTER. A Novel of New-York Society. By Anna Cora Mowatt, author of "The Autobiography of an Actress."

THE MISER'S HEIR; OR, the Young Millionaire. By P. Hamilton Myers, author of "Bell Brundon," &c.

KATE CLARENDON; OR, Necromancy in the Wilderness. By Emerson Bennett, author of the "Forged Will," &c.

The above are the titles of three novels which have just been issued by T. B. Peterson, of Philadelphia. We have not had time to examine them, and, therefore, can do no more than announce their titles.

Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

ORDINATIONS.

Priests.

Louisiana—January 25. Rev. Thomas Scott Bacon.

Maryland—December 18. Rev. George C. Stokes, Rev. Arthur J. Rich, M. D.

New-Jersey—February 23. Rev. James Lee Maxwell.—4.

Deacons.

New-York—March 12. Edward A. Foggo.

North Carolina—February 19. Richard Hines.

Pennsylvania—March 12. Edward L. Lycett.

Virginia—March 20. W. H. Coffin, M. D.—4.

CONSECRATION OF CHURCHES.

Kentucky—February 26. Church of the Nativity, Maysville.

Massachusetts—February 14. Church of the Messiah, Woodshole, Falmouth.

Ohio—February 9. St. John's Church, Cincinnati.

Pennsylvania—February 23. St. Luke's Church, Chartier's Creek.

Vermont—March 14. St. James's Church, Hydeville.

Wisconsin—December 27. St. John's Church, Milwaukee.—6.

CONFIRMATIONS.

Connecticut—January 29. Christ Church, Ansonia, 16.

Indiana—February 4. St. Paul's Church, Evansville, 4.

Kentucky—March 5. Church of the Nativity, Maysville, 15.

Maine—February 9. St. John's Church, Bangor, 6.

New-Jersey—March 5. St. Mary's Church, Burlington, 50.

New-Jersey—March 12. Grace Ch., Van Voorst, Jersey City, 17.

St. Matthew's (German) Church, Newark, 19.

— 13. St. John's Church, Elizabethtown, 16. [102.

New-York—February 12. St. Barnabas's Church, New-York, 2.

February 19. St. Peter's Church, do., 54.

Church of the Holy Martyrs, do., 9.

March 1. St. John Baptist's Church, do., 6. Christ Church, N. Brooklyn, 12.

— 2. Calvary Church, Williamsburgh, 7.

— 3. St. Paul's Church, do., 1.

— 5. St. Stephen's Church, New-York, 27.

Church of the Nativity, do., 16.

St. Mark's Church, Williamsburgh, 6.

— 7. Chapel of the Ascension, Green Point, Kings County, 16.

— 8. St. Mary's Church, Brooklyn, 5.

— 9. Church of the Messiah, do., 4.

— 10. Calvary Church, do., 3.

— 12. St. Paul's Church, do., 17.

— 15. Church of the Holy Trinity, do., 30.

— 16. St. John's Church, do., 12.

— 17. St. Mark's Church, do., 21.

— 19. St. Michael's Ch'ch, do., 5.

- New-York*—March 19. St. Ann's Church, do., 23.
 — 20. Chapel of the Church of the Ascension, do., 3.—279.
- North Carolina*—Feb'y 19. Chapel of the Cross, Chapel Hill, 11.
- Ohio*—March 7. Rosse Chapel, Gambier, 16.
 — 12. Trinity Ch., Newark, 4.
 St. Luke's, Granville, 11.
 — 16. Grace Ch., Mansfield, 11.—42.
- Pennsylvania*—February. St Paul's, Wellsboro, 10.
 St. Paul's, Erie, 14.
 Christ Church, Meadville, 14.
 St. James's, Pittsburgh, 13.
 St. Andrew's, do., 10.
 St. Luke's Church, Chartier's Creek, 12.
 St. Peter's, Pittsburgh, 19.
 St. Stephen's, Harrisburg, 7.
 Trinity Church, Philadelphia, 6.
 Calvary Church, do., 19.
 March 12. St. Mark's, Frankford, 20.
 St. John's, Philadelphia, 12.
 Philadelphia, 1.—157.
- Virginia*—Feb'y 17. Grace Church, Berryville, 8.
- Wisconsin*—January 29. St. Paul's Church, Milwaukee, 16.—656.
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- CLERICAL CHANGES.
- Right Rev. James H. Otay, D. D., Bishop of Tennessee, to Memphis, Tennessee.
- Rev. John I. Brandigee, to the Rectorship of Grace Church, Utica, Western New-York.
- Rev. J. William Chesley, to Washington Parish, Westmoreland Co., Virginia, Post-Office Oak Grove.
- Rev. Samuel Cowell, to Trinity Church, Saco, Maine.
- Rev. Thomas L. Franklin, to St. John's Church, Mount Morris, Western New-York.
- Rev. Charles H. Gardiner, to the Missionary Station, Patchogue, Suffolk County, New-York.
- Rev. John B. Gibson, to the Missionary Station, Haverstraw, Rockland County, New-York.
- Rev. Benjamin Halsted, to the charge of Calvary Church, (Post-Office Lexington,) Holmes County, Mississippi.
- Rev. David J. Henderson, to Coalsmouth, Kanawha County, Virginia.
- Rev. John W. Hoffman, to the Rectorship of St. John's Church, New Milford, Connecticut.
- Rev. William G. Jackson, to Raleigh, North Carolina.
- Rev. Robert P. Johnson, to the Rectorship of St. John's Church, Winnesboro', South Carolina.
- Rev. Samuel H. Norton, to the Rectorship of St. Matthew's Church, Unadilla, Otsego County, New-York.
- Rev. Edward M. Peck, to the charge of St. Philip's Church in the Highlands, Phillipstown, (Post-Office Garrison's,) Putnam County, New-York.
- Rev. John Philson, to the Chaplaincy, and Professorship of Greek, in the College of St. Andrew, Jackson, Mississippi.
- Rev. J. Leander Townsend, to New-castle, Westchester County, New-York.
- Rev. William H. Trapnell, to the Rectorship of St. Ann's Church, Amsterdam, Montgomery County, New-York.
- Rev. Robert B. Van Kleeck, D. D., to New-York, as Secretary and General Agent of the Domestic Committee of the Board of Missions.
- Rev. William Walsh, to Newburgh, Orange County, New-York.
- Rev. Benjamin W. Whitcer, to Whitestown, Oneida County, Western New-York.
- Rev. William H. Williams, to the Rectorship of ——— Church, Ridgefield, Connecticut.

Died,

February 16. Rev. Stephen Griffith Gassaway, Rector of St. George's Church, St. Louis, Missouri.	March 5. Rev. James H. Fowles, Rector of the Church of the Epiph- any, Philadelphia.
— 20. Rev. Nathaniel P. Knapp, Rector of Christ Church, Mobile, Alabama.	— 20. Rev. Nathan B. Burgess, of Utica, Western New-York, aged 82.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO INSTITUTIONS AND OBJECTS OF THE CHURCH IN THE
UNITED STATES, AND IN THE DIOCESE OF NEW-YORK.

Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the
United States:

Domestic Committee	\$9,543 58
Foreign Committee.....	17,962 77
	<hr/> \$27,506 35
General Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union and Church Book Society	91 00
Diocesan Missionary Committee.....	\$ 737 88
Diocesan Fund for the Relief of Aged and Infirm Clergy- men.....	74 71
Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society for Sea- men, in the City and Port of New-York.....	1,745 52
Diocesan Education Fund.....	172 50
New-York Bible and Common Prayer-Book Society	261 00
Protestant Episcopal Tract Society	196 03

MARRIED,

In St. George's Church, in this city, on Easter Tuesday, April 18th, by
he Rev. Dr. Tyng, BENJAMIN A. ONDERDONK, to CAROLINE AUGUSTA,
daughter of N. W. Stuyvesant, Esq.

WE regret that the concluding article of our respected correspondent,
"J. W. L.," came in too late for the present number.

Calendar for May.

1. St. Philip and St. James, the Apostles.
7. Third Sunday after Easter.
14. Fourth Sunday after Easter.
21. Fifth Sunday after Easter. Rogation Sunday.
22. }
23. } Rogation Days.
24. }
25. HOLY THURSDAY, OR THE ASCENSION OF OUR LORD
JESUS CHRIST. [Proper Psalms instead of the Psalm
for the Day of the Month.]
28. Sunday after Ascension.

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INTERPRETING PROVIDENCES.

If early practice were determinative authority for human ways and opinions, none would be more firmly right than the propensity to unveil the secret motives of the providences of God. Its record dates back more than three thousand years—to about, or beyond, the times when “Moses kept the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law;”^{*} and to have then grown into a habit yielding a maxim, the usage itself must have been much older. And that primal record is now as broadly instructive as if it were a narrative of last year. “Remember, I pray thee, who ever perished, being innocent? or where were the righteous cut off?” So exclaimed one of the friends of Job, (iv.) as the earliest objugation of his visit, nominally one of condolence for very deep calamity, when he would humble that unfortunate patriarch with the imputation, spiritually wrong and spiritually vulgar, that his troubles were but the counterpart of his guilt. That crude opinion was condemned by the Almighty himself, who, near the end of the book, declares to the inconsiderate accuser, “My wrath is kindled against thee, and against thy two friends, for ye have not spoken of Me the thing that is right, as my servant Job hath.” This opinion of theirs, next to the purifying and the wonderfully honorable trial of the patient sufferer, was a chief matter at issue between him and his mistaken friends. The Most High had already commended him in language unqualified: “There is none like him in all the earth, [meaning, perhaps, in all the land,] a perfect and an upright man.” But they, misled by unsound practical theology, upbraided the excellent saint with the false proverb,—“the desolate are reprobate.”

In the opinion embodied in this proverb, though never before,

^{*} The marginal date here is, B. C. 1491: that of the book of Job, B. C. 1520.

perhaps, educed in words, lies the dark influence more or less betrayed by almost all of us,—a dark influence, a dark propensity, a dark sentiment, not much exaggerated in the proverbial phrase. Though the unqualified affirmation be not ventured, that providential severity is actual proof that the endurer is more wicked than fortunate brethren, yet is there a latent superstition in the heart which tends, at least, to a criminative unbrotherly judgment not clearly defined, felt, though not explicitly avowed. In most matters, we indulge a longing to explain events and incidents; and the too ready explanation of trouble is the anger of Heaven. But the solution is narrow-viewed, one-idea'd. The Almighty hath many objects to further in the complicated affairs of men—more often than we can comprehend or imagine—approval or warning, favor or chastigation, public or individual, or several, or all of them combined, or perhaps neither, but only some remoter purpose, so far as the widest circle about us may be involved. And though no providences are really casual, yet without the sure key, their moral meaning is to us no more ascertainable than casualty itself. To select, therefore, punishment or chastisement, as the peculiar divine motive for sending a calamity, is akin to the impiety of intruding into “the secret things that belong to the Lord our God.” It clearly is no purpose of His, to unveil His ordinary particular purposes to mortal curiosity.

Measurably, indeed, each afflicted person may apply to and for himself the stern aspect of the hard providence that burdens him: for every one may in himself detect faults enough to justify a weighty divine severity. Such personal humility is a token of grace; and the willing culture of it furthers the growth in grace. When calamity and trouble bear sorely, we turn to our moral and religious character, and inquire heedfully, have we not deserved them? and, as we enter the dark shades of conscience, lowly conviction declares, “God distributeth sorrows in His anger.” But, as the soul-shadows melt in the light of the Cross, and we discern holiness prevailing within, we humbly change our view of the providence, and hope that “the Lord loveth whom He chasteneth.” By keeping both these truths warm in the heart, we obtain the justest ken of the painful allotments of the Deity. Recurring to the narrative of Job: if we may define his only fault, there noticed, it was the too rigid claim of integrity, with the consequent plea, that he was afflicted without reason;—himself adopting the erroneous valuation of providences. But from this and all self-justification he humbly receded, acknowledging, in deeper and deeper sanctified conviction of depravity, “I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.” And with this return to a due religious mind, terminated his remarkable calamities.

In the mingled acknowledgment of both the rod of chastisement and the rod of mercy, lies the gracious *improvement* of adversity. But to INTERPRET particularly the ways of God is a widely different matter. That troubles come because of sin, is undoubtedly true. But that a greater measure of trouble is usually inflicted on the greater sinners, and a less on the penitent and upright, is notoriously *not* true ; it is upheld by neither observation nor Scripture. The very contrary of this weak notion,—the broad fact, that the earthly fortunes of men do not correspond with their comparative merit,—is a grand argument of reason for a future state, in which all will be rectified. An hour of celestial beatitude—an hour in the lake that burneth, will proclaim God's real estimate of souls, and will make all the pleasure and all the woe of the longest mortal lives dwindle into nothing. So utterly gratuitous is the belief that providences are specific moral messages from God.

Our argument is of the large and manly kind that will bear away small difficulties on its kingly current. Yet difficulties are offered. And it may be proper to notice two of them,—the sudden and notable calamity that sometimes overtakes a notorious profligate—and occasional hints, in the holy volume, that sickness and the like were inflicted, because, palpably, of a definable and known offence.

1. The remarkable troubles that sometimes overtake a notable transgressor, require only due discrimination to be viewed in their proper light. If the visitation be the instant death of a person indubitably wicked, we, of course, *as* indubitably fear that it was sent in anger ; for it bars contrition, and is the final summons of a hardened soul (presuming the obduracy to remain unmollified) to go at once into condemnation. But, in even the worst case, our judgment is fallible ; and the just view of the providence brings awe and emphatic warning, rather than a damnatory inference. And besides, death in any form would, to the persistently unrepentant, whose probation is finished, be in wrath. In even protracted sickness, a profligate or a worldling, perseveringly unhallowed in spirit, instead of improving the benign opportunity of grace, may hope for recovery, and with, or indeed without that hope, may abandon himself to vice, or to folly adapted to his feeble health, or enjoy the recollection of former base delights, and the company of ungodly friends,—his graceless career being as bold under debility as in health, as very frequently occurs : and in that moral condition, the stroke of death, come when it may, will to him be as dreadful on the couch of easy dissolution, as it would by a thunderbolt, or a bullet through the heart. God's irrevocable citation would equally proclaim that "the accepted time," the day of reconciliation, was past. Death never comes till probation is

complete. The peculiarity, then, of a sudden and remarkable death is its greater impression on the beholders; not that the Almighty is more indignant against the summoned soul than if He had ordered a gradual approach. To the individual himself, bad as he may be, a stroke of lightning would, in one view, be a mercy; the pang of departure abbreviated. Though more terrible, and, therefore, more benefactive to the world, is it not lenity to the sufferer to shorten his parting agony?—is it not deducting part of the woe justly due to him?—is it not the ultimate act of mercy, yea, and loudly protesting to his own departing soul, it may be, that he is not lost through failure of the divine compassion?

Signal calamities, however, sometimes fall on a notoriously wicked person, *not* producing sudden death, but heavy woe or misfortune to be endured here:—are such visitations a mark of peculiar divine anger? It is not enough, we reply, in order to determine them to be eminently wrathful, that the endurer continue afterwards in profligacy: for we ought to know whether he be irretrievably obdurate at the time they are inflicted: if at that time he was not beyond repentance, the God of love must have designed them for his contrite reintegration. And such occasionally is the result. The profligate is reclaimed; his rebel soul is overcome by the might of the Omnipotent in his calamity, and dreads the yet more terrific power that will inflict the complete ire in the day of judgment; he repels the Spirit no longer; his work of grace hath effectually begun. With him, therefore, and all like him, the heaviest rod is but benignity under a cloud. And unless we know that a good result, not only did not follow, but was spiritually impossible, we have no right to refer to God's anger even the most astounding earthly visitation. As long as conversion may be hoped, the scourge is meant in love,—a fatherly chastisement, not a judicially retributive sentence—an effort by Him who is “not willing that any should perish,” to snatch the hardened offender from perdition—ay, “as a brand plucked from the burning.” So is the revealed way of God: and it becomes not man to interpret providences by a different rule, or with any kind of supererogative minuteness.

Nor should we forget, that grief and desolation quite as sudden, quite as remarkable, sometimes befall the upright; when no believer can doubt that the correction is purely in love, intended to reclaim them more perfectly from both actual fault and natural depravement. And if a like result be ever so remotely possible in a guilty sufferer, it is but arbitrary to deny that notable and abiding chastisement is outpoured on him also in yearning tenderness.

Moreover: when agreeable fortunes come to the wicked, as

very frequently they do, no Christian allows them to indicate the approval of Heaven. And further, when "the lot of the righteous falleth in pleasant places," he is warned "not to be high-minded, but to fear." Clearly, therefore, if providential *favours*, in both directions, repel our narrow yet natural prejudicative interpretation, it can be nothing short of imbecility, either fanatical or unreflective, that would impose peculiarized interpretation, with whatever apparent naturalness, on providential *rebukes*. "All events come alike to all." It is wisdom in all to improve them. It is the folly of over-much wisdom, whether arrogant or puny, of either proud piety or petty piety, to make the rash attempt to pry into their further meaning, and their particular intendment.

Unavoidably, therefore, must we conclude, that even the most conspicuous providences will bear no certain development of an extraordinary significance. Their divine motive, if there be any other than the recuperative, lies with God. To men, they are as mysterious, beyond their monitory errand, as entirely in the "clouds and darkness round about Him," as are the ordinary occurrences (chances, we are apt to call them) of unnoted life.

2. The further difficulty alleged against the frank belief that adversity, remarkable or unremarkable, brief or durable, is no special token of divine anger, is, that the Bible records occasionally that sickness or other trouble was inflicted for the wrong deeds of the sufferers. We inquire, therefore, into the nature of some of these occurrences.

Our Lord, at the pool Bethesda, (John v.) saw a man who "had an infirmity thirty and eight years:" but, among the invalids waiting for the movement of the water, there was always some one less debilitated than he, who stepped before him into the pool, and obtained the miraculous benefit. Jesus bade him "rise and walk," and by that word restored him; cautioning him afterwards, however, "sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee." This warning may possibly mean, "commit no more excess or debauchery, lest the result, both here and hereafter, be irremediable." But, for our comment, we now take the popular sense, that the malady had been ordered retributively, because he had sinned.

When our Lord healed a paralytic, (Matth. ix.,) he declared, "thy sins be forgiven thee." And we infer that the disorder was a divine visitation for sin.

St. James, (v.) enjoining the unction of the sick by the elders, and allowing the hope of their being thus recovered, while miracles remained in the Church, connects that cure with the forgiveness of sins: "If he have committed sins, they shall be

forgiven him." Here also is an interligation of calamity and offence.

When such recorded examples are adduced for the opinion, that special trouble is sent, because of known specific guilt, we first reply—that nothing of speciality, either in the trouble or of moral guilt, appears in the record before us : to allege that feature is gratuitous. All that these " oracles" hold us to, as commonly expounded, is the general truth that woe is a consequence of transgression of some kind. And on this general truth was founded the broad manner of speech recognized in the holy volume, subject, of course, to the comparing of Scripture with Scripture, that health, maintained or renewed, was a pardon of the demerit provoking from God a bodily languishment. Thus Isaiah (xxxiii. 24*) foretells of a whole city, " the inhabitants shall not say, I am sick : the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity : " public health and a public pardon are, both verbally and ideally, and for the popular comprehension, intermingled ; exceptions, whether any or none, are not considered. At least in part, therefore, we may view the ordinary conjoint naming of sickness and sin as but general language, from which no particular doctrinal inference can be drawn. The same conjunction appears in Ps. ciii. 3 : " Who forgiveth all thine iniquities ; who healeth all thy diseases." And a cognate feature is evident in Isa. lxxv. 19 ; also, in Luke xiii. 3, 5.

Further : The sins that were visited with a peculiar providential stroke, were ordinarily of a peculiar kind—not properly works of depravity in the distinctive category of morals, but of another sort—offences positive or instituted, ceremonial offences, theo-political offences, theo-contumacy or contumely, or the like. They were not violations of universally allowed and intuitively clear morality. And, as the iniquities involved in the present argument are of the latter class, the cases derive no authoritative illustration from those in the former. Some further remarks under this head, too expanded for insertion here, are reserved for a Postscript, in a future number of this Magazine.

Above all : Whatever particular connection may be alleged between any given transgression, of whatever sort, and a distemper following it, it is one thing for the omniscient Redeemer, or an inspired or a divinely gifted man, to know whether the grief sprang appropriately from the misconduct, and a very different thing for men unendowed to fancy that they share such knowledge. That sin is the cause of all trouble, is clear ; and equally clear it is, that God can declare the very link between

* See Lowth, in Bishop Hobart's Bible.

every fault and every calamity ; but man, unhelped with celestial enablement within, can never penetrate this dark and occult interdependence. Our Saviour, being God, could tell whether the blind man, or his parents, or neither of them, had committed an offence retributed in his want of sight ; and knew that, in the impotent man and the paralytic, sins were involved in the respective maladies, which must be pardoned before the complaints would be removed ; and by forgiving the obstructive wickedness He could restore health. The ministers also of Christ, duly inspired or gifted, might discern what "sins" occasioned the disorders of the brethren whom they prayed over and anointed ; or they may have been merely directed by the Spirit to distinguish, without pastoral or other particular scrutiny, the proper cases for remission and recovery. But when preternatural endowment ceased, there was no more insight into either the heart of man, or the purpose of God. That inspiration gone, men's hard judgment of calamity was left as variant from the mind of the Holy One, and every way as valueless, as the condemnation of Job by his friends, and as the calumny (Luke xiii.) concerning the "Galileans whose blood Pilate mingled with their sacrifices," and those "eighteen upon whom the tower in Siloam fell : " strange, that among Gospel believers any such oraculousness can be found ! And no better than heathen are opinions like those of the early Maltese, concerning the viper-bitten Paul—just agone, that he was "a murderer,"—now, that he is "a god !" Minds evangelized yet thus puerile, can they ever become manly ?

Never, then, let character be estimated by providences, by an evil or a happy portion, by remarkable or common troubles, or by eminent or ordinary good fortune. Men are to be rated by their conformity to the law of God, with always a charitable view of their conduct. A thunderbolt or an apoplexy neither makes nor marks them worse. Wealth, health, honor, brilliant prosperity, neither make nor mark them better. All that may lie beyond these two evident and axiomatic verities, is buried in the unsearchable counsel of the Most High. That "the desolate are reprobate" is a mere untruth. Not even the remotest antiquity can make that, or any kindred adage, either pious or respectable. O.

Philadelphia, March, 1854.

ERRATUM.—In the March number, p. 133, near the foot, for "alternative," read "alterative."

THE world twines itself about the soul, as a serpent doth about an eagle, to hinder its flight upward, and sting it to death.
—*Bishop Horne.*

CHRIST THE SHEPHERD OF HIS PEOPLE.

A MEDITATION ON THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

 BY THE REV. W. L. JOHNSON, D. D.

(Concluded.)

IV.

THE good Shepherd never forsakes those who follow Him, but is with them in the various afflictions of life, and in the hour of dissolution: "*Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.*"

How horribly dark must this valley be to the wicked who have never devoted themselves to the service of God, and have never put themselves under the protection of the good Shepherd! But although nature shudders at the thought of separation between soul and body, and starts back from the gloomy chambers of the tomb, yet the believer may take courage, may look the king of terrors in the face, and smile at his blunted arrow. "I will fear no evil," says the royal poet: it is a confident expression, and could have proceeded only from a living faith and a hope well founded. In that last extremity, when his heart and his flesh would certainly fail, when the light of life would be extinguished in utter darkness, when he was to bid a final adieu to all he had ever known and all he had ever loved in this world, when he was to enter into eternity, and have his state unalterably fixed forever and forever, still he looks forward with hope, and without trembling, and triumphantly exclaims, "I will fear no evil."

Was, then, his own strength so great, that he would boldly venture to meet his last enemy? Or was he guarded by an angel's arm from every danger? His hope was not built upon so weak a foundation. Uncreated power supported, and everlasting love surrounded him. "Thou art with me!" Thou, the Shepherd of Israel; Thou, the Creator of the ends of the earth; "Thou art with me," by Thy essential presence, by Thy protecting power, by Thy supporting hand, by Thy unchangeable grace!

"Thou art with me!" Great force is contained in the phrase, "Thou art." Not Thou wilt be, when I shall be in danger, or sinking in death; but Thou *art* with me, by a constant and permanent abode. Thou hast manifested to me Thy love, and this is an assurance that I shall never be forsaken. "Lo! I am with

you alway," are some of His last words to His disciples, and through them to all His faithful followers.

"Thy rod and Thy staff," may both be understood to mean the same thing, and allude to the crook (as it is called) which shepherds are wont to carry for the guidance and protection of their flocks. Here they may mean the power and the affection of the Saviour towards His people, the manifestation of which is calculated to administer comfort in the darkest hour, even in the shades of death. The word, the promises, and oath of Jehovah, may be called the "rod and staff," because they afford a strong foundation for hope, and in their tendency produce joy and tranquillity in the believer's heart.

V.

"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of my enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over."

In this verse David fixes his eye upon the temporal blessings with which God, in His providence, had crowned him. Notwithstanding the wishes and exertions of my enemies to the contrary, Thou hast given me not only all that is necessary for the support of life, but those things which contribute to my delight and gratification. These benefits I enjoy, not in a small proportion, but in rich abundance; "my cup runneth over." Oh! did we all, like David, acknowledge that our temporal support and comforts were derived from God; did we consider our daily dependence upon Him; did we reflect that He appointed our lot in this world, and favored us in the various works of our hands, so that our labors are attended with success—we would feel in our souls a warmer glow of gratitude, and, with more propriety, call the Lord our Shepherd.

VI.

In the concluding verse, the Psalmist expresses a high degree of confidence in God, and an assurance that he will not only be abundantly supplied in this world, but dwell forever in the mansions of bliss above. *"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."*

The Psalmist is led to exercise this trust from the favors which he had experienced. From his earliest life he had found the Lord to be his Shepherd. When he was pursued by bloody men, like a partridge on the mountains; when enemies beset him around, and darkness covered his ways; when he almost gave up his hope, and exclaimed, "I shall one day perish by the hand of my enemy;" when, like a lost sheep, he wandered far from the ways of God's commandments, and became entangled in

the thickets of sin—in all these different situations, he found his Divine Shepherd had not forsaken him, but had guided, protected, restored him; had healed his wounds, and made his broken bones to rejoice.

Thus may every believer argue. Casting his eyes upon his past experiences, his past deliverances, his past delights, he may say—then, in that difficulty, the Lord directed me; then, in that darkness, He was my light; then, in that temptation, He shielded me; then, in that sorrow, in that extreme depression, in that moment almost of despair, He came to my relief. When Satan accused, when conscience pleaded guilty to the indictment, when the law passed sentence of death, a death of seven-fold horrors, “everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and the glory of His power”—then my Shepherd came, mild and gracious, came with the power and benignity of a Saviour, pointed to His wounds, and whispered “peace.” And shall He ever abandon His believing children, who have fled to Him as their only succor? No, says David, “goodness and mercy shall follow them” all the days of their life. And, after all their wanderings, their trials, and their conflicts; after all the joy which they have experienced, and all the communion which they have held with their Saviour; after lying down in the “green pastures,” and drinking of the “still waters,” which were afforded to them in His earthly courts—then they shall be led, safely and triumphantly, through the valley of the shadow of death, and dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Cooling streams, refreshing pastures, tranquil shades, invite us all to enter the fold of Christ. The door is open, and the Shepherd calls. He is the good Shepherd, and He never has cast any out who came to Him. He says, He Himself is the “door.” Come through Him; and then you shall enter His fold, and find nourishment and delight. His voice is addressed to all His followers: “Eat, O friends! Drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved!” May there be many, who shall adopt the words of the spouse, “Tell me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, where Thou feedest, where Thou makest Thy flocks to rest at noon;” and if we plead earnestly, if we ask in faith, if our souls really pant after the Shepherd, He will assuredly hear us, lead us here through the “green pastures” and beside the “still waters,” and hereafter cause us to dwell in His presence, in glorious mansions, forever and ever.

GREGORIAN CHANTS.—A secular paper says, “The chants called Gregorian, there is good reason for believing, have David for their author no less than the Psalms; and are the identical melodies to which the Psalter was sung from the very first, in the service of the sanctuary.”

THE FONT; OR, THE TWIN BROTHERS.

A TALE FOR THE YOUNG.

BY A CLERGYMAN.

It was a wintry night. Mr. Cresston had seated himself in his velvet arm-chair, to read the evening papers. A glowing coal fire shed a comfortable warmth throughout the expensively furnished room. A shaded astral-lamp lent its rich radiance to the soft atmosphere of the rich man's parlor. Mr. Cresston had just taken tea, and felt quite at his ease and comfort; and the sound of the whistling winds and patting rain without, only made him enjoy with more zest the comforts within doors.

On the other side of the tea-table sat his young and beautiful wife, Mary. She was thoughtful, and seemed to be watching her husband's face with that inquiring air which one shows when they wish to address another upon some subject dear to their own hearts, but yet fear to speak.

At this moment the door opened, and the nurse brought in two lovely boys, two years old, to kiss "good night" to pa and ma, before being taken off to their nice warm beds, in which they never felt what it was to be cold, like the little babes of the poor.

After their departure from the room, Mrs. Cresston, taking advantage of the paternal affection yet lingering on her husband's face, said, gently—

"Edward, to-morrow is Sunday, and I wish you would consent to have them both baptized by Dr. ——. They are now two years old, and yet we have never come to one mind about so important a matter."

"I am firm, Mary," answered the husband, without raising his eyes from the list of prices current. "If you will let Charley be christened by *my* minister, I will let Tom be christened by yours."

"And this has always been our difference; and, in the meanwhile, the children remain heathen children—for it is Christian baptism that alone distinguishes Christian from heathen children, not the sky they are born under."

"They are splendid little heathens, the rogues," answered their father, with a smile. "But, to tell you the truth, wife, I do not see the need of their christening at all —"

"Don't call it christening, Edward: it is baptism. There is no such word as christen in the Bible or Prayer Book."*

* The good lady was wrong here. A rubric in the Office for the Private Baptism of Children says, that if the child has been baptized in proper form by a lawful minister, the minister of the parish "shall not *christen* the child again." The Twenty-seventh Article of Religion declares, that "Baptism is a sign of profession, and mark of difference, whereby Christian men are discerned from others that be not *christened*."—EDITOR.

"Well, have it so ; though I, as a member of Mr. ——'s Church, don't consider your Liturgy our law."

"But, if the children should die unbaptized, Edward !" said his wife, seriously.

"Then they will go straight to heaven ; for Christ says that heaven is made up mainly of little children."

"Not exactly his words, Edward : but no matter. Our children baptized will be *safe*, if they die in their childhood ; but who shall say certainly that children *unbaptized* are really safe ? We are commanded to bring our children to Christ, and it is safest to obey Him ; and the only place where Christ stands to receive them is at the font within His Church. There, they are united to Him. There spiritually He takes them in His arms, from ours, and blesses them."

"Well, Mary, I consent to the twins being baptized to-morrow, but one of them certainly by *my* minister. I can't yield the point. I must have one of my children in *my* Church."

The wife and mother's face betrayed her emotion. This subject of baptism had been for many months the only cause of dissension between two who really loved each other ; and such scenes will continue to mar domestic firesides, so long as the daughters of the Church will unite their fortunes with those who love not the Church of *their* love.

The result was, that but one of the twins was baptized on the following day, at the font in St. ——'s Church, by the Rector ; while the other remained unbaptized : for the mother hoped that ultimately her husband would change his mind ; and therefore, in hope and prayer, she let the other remain for a time, hoping that ere long both brothers would be baptized into the same communion ; for her heart and all her maternal feelings shrunk from the idea of the two boys growing up in different denominations ; well knowing that, in this fallen world, nothing tends more certainly to estrangement of brothers than their belonging to different denominations. So she waited, and trusted in God to bring to pass the desire of her heart.

But, after waiting a year, and finding that her husband was yet firm in having his own way, she yielded ; and on the morrow she was to go to *his* Church with her little Charles, to have him "christened ;" or, as Mr. Cresston said, "have a name lawfully given to him ;" for, in this gentleman's estimation, christening was a sort of ceremony for publicly conferring names on babies. Beyond this, he conceived it had no meaning or intention.

But that morning the child was too unwell to be taken to Church. The "christening" was therefore postponed. The following Sunday arrived to find Mrs. Cresston confined to her bed with a fever ; and three weeks afterwards her spirit fled to the world of spirits. At first the widower was inconsolable. On

her death-bed he had promised her that her unbaptized boy should be taken to St. ——'s Church, and baptized by Rev. Dr. ——, the Rector. Smiling her gratitude, she expired.

But a few weeks passed, and, ere Mr. Cresston could make up his mind what Sunday to fulfil his promise to his deceased wife, he was suddenly called to New-Orleans on business, leaving his boys with a sister who was a member of no church. Six weeks after his departure he was seized with the yellow fever, and fell a victim to this fatal scourge.

Years passed on. The Rev. Dr. ——, who had baptized Thomas, faithful to his office as shepherd of the fold, watched over this little lamb of his flock, instructed him in the Catechism of the Church, in its Creed, in the Ten Commandments and Lord's Prayer, and all other things which a Christian child ought to know. When Thomas was sixteen, he was so well taught in holy things, and in his duty as a baptized child, that he voluntarily presented himself for confirmation ; saying to Dr. —— :

"When I was an infant, and had no power to say 'no,' or to say 'yes' to the act, my mother presented me at the font for baptism. I could neither assent nor dissent. Up to this time I am therefore a member of the Church by my *mother's* act, and not by my own. I wish, Sir, to acknowledge myself a member by my *own* act and consent ; and now that I can speak for myself, I wish to confirm what was done by my beloved mother, with my own voice and will. Confirmation, you have taught me, is the rite which the Church has provided for this ; therefore please present me to the Bishop for confirmation, that before the same font where my mother stood holding me in her arms to present me to God, I may now stand and confirm her act of faith as publicly as it was then made."

Charles Cresston, in the meanwhile, had grown up without baptism or proper religious instruction—for there can be no foundation without baptism for Christian teaching to rest upon. Baptism necessarily underlies all Christian education ; otherwise it is building a house upon the sand.

At the age of twenty-one, the two brothers launched upon the sea of life. Both had a competence ; both were liberally educated ; and both entered upon the study of law in the same office. They were devoted to each other, though Charles would rail his brother pleasantly upon being "a saint."

Intending practising law when their course of study was completed, they visited Europe. Handsome in person, full of health and cheerfulness, with money to gratify all their wishes, they were courted, sought after, and admired. A year in Paris did its usual work upon young and wealthy Americans. Charles in that time had become a *roué*, and seemed to live "wholly without God in the world ;" and such was the fatal influence of his

presence and example, such the power of temptation to pleasure and sin in this licentious metropolis, such the fascinations of the infidel society by which he was environed, and with which he mingled, that his brother fell also into the same free habits, yielding to pleasure and to the world the heart which had beforetime yielded itself to holiness and to God.

Alas ! to the observer, there seemed to be no distinction, no difference whatever in the character, external or internal, of these two gay brothers. Both eagerly sought pleasure, both equally plunged into all the vices and follies of Paris. But there *was* a difference ! Charles, in all his pleasure, felt no remorse—no sense of wrong-doing, no trouble from his conscience. With his *whole* heart, whole soul and mind, he gave himself up to the dissipations around him. The morning after a debauch found not him shutting his soul against God's eye, condemning himself for his vices, or tossing on his pillow with remorse. He rose only to contrive fresh pleasures, to prepare himself for deeper indulgences.

But Thomas, his brother, though he was Charles's companion in all his excesses, was wretched beyond expression. His nights were tortured with the stings of remorse, and his mornings wretched with the warnings of his keen conscience ! That Divine Spirit which had been given to him from God, was still enthroned within his soul ! The sins, the clouds and darkness of his guilt, could not conceal its holy presence. Not all his transgressions, not all his backslidings, could drive this patient Spirit from his heart, cause it to suspend its watchfulness, to intermit its warnings, to cease to alarm and awaken his spirit.

It was the absence of this Divine Spirit in the unbaptized brother which left him so free to sin without remorse—which rendered him so untouched by conscience with his course of life. It was the presence of this Spirit in the heart of the baptized brother that made him pay so heavily for his sins, by the horrors of conscience.

It is impossible for young men to continue long in fashionable excesses, without incurring the fatal habit of intemperance. Two years in Paris had done its work here. Gaming had brought on immense losses of money ; losses had led to intemperance ; and, at length, the brothers lost not only character, health, and position, but their means of dissipation. A fortune drawn upon so recklessly as their own, soon melted away ; and, when their last drafts on New-York were returned dishonored, they gave themselves up to that sort of mad dissipation which is engendered by despair. Irritable with wine, and sore with disgrace, Charles struck an American in one of the cafés, who refused to acknowledge his bow ; when, a meeting taking place, his brief and un

happy career was suddenly terminated by a sword-thrust through the body.

For twenty-four hours he lay without suffering, but aware that he must die. During this interval he betrayed no emotions of fear, but surrounded himself with the most licentious of his companions, and with them laughed at the idea of a future life and a judgment to come.

"The wicked," says the word of Jehovah, "the wicked have no bonds in *their* death!"

Without remorse, without a thought of God, without one ray of light illuminating his soul from the sun of Christianity, without the Spirit of God, this young man died.

Born in Adam, he died in Adam, without being born in Christ, of water and of the Spirit; of which, says Christ, "Unless a man be born *again*, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Hence he felt, while sinning, no compunction of conscience; heard no secret voice whispering within, and warning him and showing him the evil of his life.

In Adam born, in Adam he died, *as if Christ had never been.*

The surviving brother burned to avenge his brother's death; and, arming himself, he sought through Paris to encounter the young man who had slain him. He inflamed his passions by drinking deep of wine; and one evening, beside himself with mingled grief for his brother and vengeance against his antagonist, became quarrelsome, wounded a French gentleman, and was arrested therefor by the police, disarmed, and conveyed to prison.

Late the next day, after many hours' heavy sleep, he opened his eyes and gazed around him. His gaze fell upon the stone walls, little barred window, and iron-plated door of his cell. He sprung to his feet, and, at a glance, saw that he was indeed a prisoner; for he was too much inebriated the night before to know when he was brought there.

He stood transfixed like a statue. He began to think. He pressed his feverish hand upon his brow, and tried to recall the scenes of the evening before. He could only gather a confused, chaotic notion of a fierce struggle, of the noise of clashing weapons, of violence and blood.

He cast himself upon his pallet, and gave vent to heavy groans from his bosom. His conscience seemed to burn his soul like a heated furnace. The voice of remorse rebounded like the trumpet of the archangel, through the most secret depths of his being. Memory became unendurable, and he pressed his fingers upon his eyes, as if he could shut out the fearful panorama of his life, which, illuminated by the indignant lightnings of the provoked Spirit of God, passed in review before him.

For three days he was left, save at intervals when food was brought to him, alone; the authorities meanwhile waiting the result of the wound he had inflicted upon the French gentleman, before proceeding further.

These days were like three days of judgment to the young man. Irresistibly he was compelled to go back and review all his sins! His memory seemed to be made use of by the Almighty to punish and to torture him. In vain he courted sleep; in vain he tried to think of other things than his sins; in vain he tried to forget all but the present. His conscience was sleepless, and keen as a two-edged sword. For three days he tried to destroy it—to silence it—to crush it in his bosom! But louder and louder, more terrible still, its voice resounded through all the avenues of his soul. A hundred times during those three days, there rushed upon his mind the thought of casting himself upon his face before the offended majesty of his God and Father, and, confessing his sins, implore pardon—pardon!—pardon for all that was past. But pride, dread to approach so near God, fear lest he should find no relief, restrained him.

“No; there is no mercy for me!” he would cry, in agony. “I am lost forever!”

Suddenly, as he was thus giving way to despair, the thought of the Prodigal came into his mind. It seemed to be brought to his recollection by a sort of inspiration. It was the patient, and never-wearying, and long-suffering Holy Spirit of his baptism, asserting His power, and recovering to His habitation the defiled temple of God—the once sanctified body of the backsliding Christian. It was the voice and love of the Holy Ghost that was at work upon his heart, through his memory.

Under these influences of the Spirit, the young man threw himself upon the stone floor of his cell, and lifting once more the voice of prayer, so long a stranger to his lips, he cried, between despair and dawning hope—

“Father, I have sinned!—I have sinned! I have sinned against heaven and before Thee; and am no more worthy to be called Thy son! Cast me not away from Thy presence. Take not Thy Holy Spirit from me. Give me the comfort of Thy help again; and deliver me from all my transgressions!”

When at length he rose from his prostrate humiliation before his offended God, the expression of despair had passed away, and was succeeded by a look of the lowliest sorrow; while in his tearful eyes sparkled the holy light of hope. His heart throbbed with gratitude and love, and the peace of God illuminated his soul with a serenity that only a sweet sense of God’s forgiveness can give to a penitent man. The prodigal had been met by his Father half way, and in the paternal arms he had

once more lain, weeping with joy and shame upon His divine bosom.

The wounded man was but slightly hurt, and at his solicitation the young man was released from arrest. He passed out of the prison doors feeling that they had been to him none other than the gate of heaven ;—that God, who never leaves nor forsakes His penitent children, had made those walls to be to him the very house of God—the altar where the Holy Ghost asserted His right over His own, against sin, the world, and the devil, which, entering into the heart, would seek to destroy those souls for whom Christ died.

Two years after this day of reconciliation with and return to God, the forgiven Christian young man was a candidate for the ministry of the Church ; and subsequently, in the far North and West, among the warlike tribes of the heathen Americans, he planted the banner of the Church, and became one of her most devoted sons. At length, finishing his faithful course, he surrendered his spirit to his Father and God, with a comfortable hope of the joyful resurrection of the righteous, of being numbered, by the grace and long-suffering of God, through the cross, with the saints who have received the seal of the Spirit at the fountain of living waters, which flow “fast by the oracles of God.”

NOTE.—The doctrine taught in the foregoing narrative is, without doubt, that of Scripture, viz., that baptized children do receive the Holy Spirit, which, enthroned in their consciences, will assert His right over them, against “sin, the world, and the devil;” while the unbaptized have no *ground* to look for, or hope for His assistance and guidance.

That the baptized, straying from their Father’s house, and cut off before repentance, will be finally *lost*, is not denied by the writer ; nor would he convey an impression that would lead to self-confidence in the infallibility of baptism into Christ.

THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

Suggested by that painting, by Horace Vernet, in the Crystal Palace, N. Y., entitled “The Angel of Death Bearing off a Young Girl.”

Cold though my clasp may be,
Yet, maiden, fear not me,
Fear not the storm-cloud or fierce-driving blast ;
Softly my shelt’ring wing
Over thee I will fling,
Gently I’ll bear thee till they all are past.

They who truly abide
In Christ, the crucified,
By faith that glows in works of steadfast love,
By the Holy Spirit led,—
For them no terrors dread
Along the vale where I conduct them move.

The Angel of Death.

Shrink not to look on me,
 Naught frightful shalt thou see
 When o'er distorting mists of earth we rise;
 To the lowly worshipper
 I'm Heaven's minister,
 Op'ning to such the gate to Paradise.

Heaven's courts with joy shall ring
 When again the angels sing,
 "A soul is safe her Saviour to adore;"—
 Joys inconceivable
 O'er thy cleans'd spirit swell,
 When thou with them shalt praise Him evermore.

Dim, to thy closing eyes,
 Earth's light around thee lies,
 So to thy soul its vanities shall fade;
 Pleasure, pomp, worldly pow'r,
 Like trifles of an hour,
 Or bubbles bright by wond'ring childhood made.

Breathe now thy last adieu;
 Vanishing from thy view
 Are scenes and friends that lov'd to greet thy voice;
 Henceforth the Almighty's will
 All thy desires shall fill,
 And with His glory clothed, thy soul for aye rejoices.*

Grieve not that she has died,
 Thou, who, her couch beside,
 Kneelest with clasp'd hands in anguish of woe,
 Though earth appear to thee
 A vale of misery,
 'Reft of her smile that could brighten all below

Rather than yielded her,
 Thou would'st have shielded her,
 So thinkest thou, from all shadow of harm;
 Safer shall be her rest,
 Happy among the blest,
 Stronger than thine is Heaven's protecting arm.

I, in thy manhood's pride,
 Might have borne thee from her side,
 Sorrow have darken'd all her weary years;
 Nevermore Satan's snares,
 Nevermore pain and cares,
 Her can disturb where God dispels all tears.

Dear as thy pupil's light,
 Moved she before thy sight,
 Dear in thy memory let her yet abide,
 Aye, for she liveth still,
 And through endless years will:
 I but remove her where no ill betide.

To His will humbly bend,
 Who to thee can extend
 His peace, surpassing every earthly joy;
 Make His word thy delight,
 Like a lamp in the night,
 Or stream to the thirsty, 'twill soothe when griefs annoy.

Look, then, beyond the gloom
 Overshading the tomb,
 To the long, long day of eternity;
 When I shall disappear,
 Done ministering here,
 Then thou with her may bless this seeming ill to thee.

December, 1853.

I.L.A.

* 1 John, iii. 2.

WHO LIT THE LAMPS?

UPON the rocky coast of Cornwall, there stood, some years ago, and may be standing yet, an old-fashioned light-house.* It was placed amid some very dangerous rocks, and was found a great blessing to the mariners frequenting that coast in directing them in dark and stormy nights. Many were the shipwrecks it prevented, and many the blessings that were breathed forth to heaven by the sailors for its guiding and cheering light.

You would have thought that everybody would have been glad that that light-house stood upon those rocks, and rejoiced in the good it did. But they did not.

There was a set of wicked men who looked upon that light-house with very angry eyes, and often wished some storm would come and sweep it quite away. They longed to see vessels wrecked, that they might gather some of the spoil that came from their destruction; and they therefore hated the light-house that thus deprived them of their treasures. These wicked men were called "wreckers;" and when stormy nights came on, they might be seen looking out for their prey, and even kindling large lights upon the shore to deceive ships, lead them out of the way, and get them dashed to pieces on the rocks.

Still the light-house stood, watched over and kept by the merciful eye and arm of a kind, protecting God.

It was inhabited, at the time I am writing about, by a good man and his little girl; and it is about this little girl my story must be told. She had a very pious mother, who, as she died, had given her holy counsels, and left her a large favorite Bible as her property. You may be sure the last words of her dear mother were not soon forgotten, while the Bible she had left was looked upon with no little reverence and love.

The light-house was so placed upon the rocks that, at low water, when the tide was out, you could walk from it to the shore; but at high water nobody could get to it, as no boat could ride in safety among the breakers and the rocks. All the food the inmates needed, and other things they used, were thus brought to them, or fetched by them at low water, and the good man of the light-house had often to go on shore for them. One day he had gone as usual, leaving his little girl alone in the light-house, when some of the wreckers seized him, and determined to prevent his going back to light the lamps, in the hope that some ship would thus be wrecked. The poor man was in great distress when he found he was the prisoner of these wicked men, and begged to be allowed to return. But in vain; there they kept him till long after the tide came in, and the dark night had gathered, and it became impossible for him to return. At last they let him go, and he stood upon the shore in great dis-

treass. The night was gradually becoming a very stormy one. The wild winds roared furiously. The rain fell in torrents. The lightning flashed. The thunder rolled terrifically. The sea dashed furiously around the light-house, sometimes covering it entirely with its waves. What was he to do? The lantern at the top of his house was yet all dark. He could see some ships in the distance, and he trembled lest they should be wrecked for want of his lamps being lighted. He knew his little girl was all alone, and too little to do anything to help the difficulty, so there he stood in deep distress, while around him were the savage wreckers, glorying in the success of their wicked scheme, and looking for a large booty by the morning, when, all of a sudden, the lantern of the light-house was lighted up, and its bright and glowing rays shot far across the dark and troubled sea. The wreckers were filled with astonishment and anger as they saw it. The sailors, far off in the ships, were delighted as they caught its beams; and the good man himself was overcome with surprise and joy, while he exclaimed, "Who has lit the lamps?"

* * * *

Very distressed indeed was the little girl when she found her father did not return as she had expected. She watched the tide which came rolling up and covering the rocks, so cutting off all the way to the shore. She heard the wind get up, and trembled as she felt it rock the light-house. She noticed the dark night setting in, and saw the storm beginning to rise. She looked out, and there she caught a glimpse of the ships in the distance, and knew if the lamps were not lighted they would probably be wrecked, and in her distress she began to think what she could do. At last, a text of Scripture, one of her mother's last words, came to her mind: "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee." So down she knelt, and prayed earnestly to God to help her in her trouble, and rising, walked up into the lantern at the top of the tower to see if she could light the lamps herself. She saw the long stick with which her father lit them, but she was far too little to reach them. Down stairs, accordingly, she went, and with great labor dragged up a table, and climbed on to it, and tried again, but still she could not reach the lamps. Down again she went to seek for something more to stand on, when her eye fell on her mother's large Bible, which she carried up with great labor into the lantern, and laid it on the table. But now she thought perhaps it would be wrong to stand upon the Bible she so much revered, and she paused a little ere she did it, to pray for God to help her to light the lamps. Then climbing up, she stood on tiptoe on the book, and to her joy she found she could just reach the lamps. In a minute all the lamps were lighted, and the lantern blazed out to the joy

of the sailors in the ships, the surprise and gladness of her father, and the shame and disappointment of the wicked wreckers on the shore.

Such is my little story. It is quite true ; and as I have told it to you, I have been thinking of a world of people all in danger of missing their way, and of being forever ruined by the results of folly and of sin. I have thought of wreckers in the shape of wicked men and youths, who would fain blight and destroy those by whom they are surrounded. And I have thought of the Church of God, with the light of truth, and the means of presenting the way of peace and safety in her possession, as a lighthouse for the world, in which even a child may help to kindle the lamps, and save some poor voyager for eternity from destruction and from woe.

Look around you, dear child, and see if you cannot light some lamp of truth and love, which shall help to save and bless your fellow-men.

MR. POLLARD'S INTOXICATED MONKEY.—Jack, as he was called, seeing his master and some companions drinking, with those imitative powers for which his species is remarkable, finding half a glass of whisky left, took it up and drank it off. It flew, of course, to his head. Amid the roars of laughter, he began to skip, hop, and dance. Jack was drunk. Next day when they went, with the intention of repeating the fun, to take the poor monkey from his box, he was not to be seen. Looking inside, there he lay, crouching in a corner. "Come out," said his master. Afraid to disobey, he came walking on three legs ; one forepaw was laid on his forehead, saying, as plain as words could do, that he had a headache. Having left him some days to get well, and resume his gayety, they carried him off to the old scene of revel. On entering, he eyed the glasses with manifest terror, skulking behind the chairs ; and on his master ordering him to drink, he bolted, and was on the housetop in a twinkling. They called him down. He would not come. His master shook a whip at him. Jack, astride on the ridge-pole, grinned defiance. A gun, of which he was always afraid, was pointed at this disciple of temperance ; he ducked his head, and slipped over to the back of the house. Two guns were now levelled at him—one from each side of the house—upon which, seeing his predicament, and less afraid apparently of the fire than of the fire-water, the monkey leaped at one bound on the chimney-top, and getting down into the flue, held on with his forepaws. He would rather be singed than drink. He triumphed, and although his master kept him for twelve years after that, he could never persuade the monkey to taste another drop of whisky.—*Dr. Guthrie's Old Year's Warning.*

EXPERIENCES OF LIFE.

BY REV. J. J. NICHOLSON.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. LOVEGOOD had as yet never married. Why he had not, I cannot say. It certainly was not because he was over young. In his younger days he had cherished a tender passion; so, at least, I gathered from a hint in the conclusion of an old manuscript which he once permitted me to read. "It is," said he, as he handed it to me, "as faithful a transcript of a dream I once had, as my feeble pen could draw. It has been of service to me through the years that have intervened, and it may be of service to you."

It was headed:—

"SINGULAR DREAM."

I stood, methought, at the base of a vast and singularly beautiful mountain. As far up as the eye could reach, it was covered with "living green." On its pinnacle I thought stood a vast temple, from whose windows there streamed forth floods of light, which enwrapped the whole mountain, and bathed it in beauty. From that great temple methought all the wonders of vast creation opened upon the view, worlds upon worlds wheeling in their orbits through the immensity of space; and thence issued strains of music, unknown to earth, which floated out on the air, and fell gently on my ears, as from the harpings of the heavenly hosts! I was striving at its base to ascend that beautiful mountain—but to no purpose. I could make no progress. But oh, how ardently my soul longed for the transcendent glories of that vast temple, its unearthly music, its enrapturing revelations! Presently I turned about in another direction, and there, before me, planted firmly in the earth, stood a tall pole, like unto the mast of a ship, but not quite so large—smooth, glassy, and pointing towards the heavens at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Something whispered to me "that if I could ascend that pole, from its pinnacle I could plant my feet on the beautiful mountain." "But," said I, "it is too smooth—I can never succeed; and then it points not towards the mountain." A whisper was heard again: "Try—there is only an illusion; when you get to the top, you will perceive that all is well!"

I made the attempt—I ascended rapidly, and with great facility. I had never thought it possible that I could perform such a feat. As I went gayly up, I revolved the thought in my mind. I reflected how I had often admired the facility with which sea-

men mounted the ropes and masts—and was it possible that I had grown so expert? Away I went, up, up, from the earth. Suddenly my head grew dizzy, I cast my eyes towards the earth, and O horrors! I hung suspended high above a vast abyss, profound, dark, still as the shades of death. The solid earth had fled. And there I hung, upon that smooth, glassy pole, over eternity! O the terror, the agony, of that moment! Never shall it vanish from my memory. Whither had I gone—whither, in that fathomless profound, should I be cast? Should I ever again behold the regions of light, or mingle with kindred spirits? I essayed to cry aloud, but speech was denied me. Nor was there an ear to hear, for could I have spoken, it would only have been to “the blackness of darkness,” and my cry would have reverberated forever throughout that fathomless abyss. My limbs quivered, my head swam with the delirium of that awful moment—my hold relaxed; I must launch out on that dark, illimitable ocean! “O Father of mercies and God of all comfort!” I cried, “have mercy on me! Saviour of the world, save me!” . . . And in a moment consciousness is gone—all is over! . . . Oh! field of darkness! world without light and without bounds, whither shall I fly, whither be cast? . . . In a moment that dread ordeal is past—*how*, I know not. But lo! I stand again on the solid earth, and there, before me, is that dreaded, awful pole. . . . Again, the same voice whispers: “Try again, it requires courage. You *can* ascend.” “No, never, never!” I exclaimed, with faltering tongue and shuddering heart. “Never shall I again pass that lifetime of agony. My soul stands in awe of that terror.” . . . The voice ceased. I turned away.

. Once more I stood at the base of the beautiful mountain—once more I essayed to make its ascent. Now I am some rods up. I look aloft, the way seems easy; the same glorious light plays over the whole mountain, the same heavenly strains float around me, yet with all my agonizing struggles, I make but little progress. I pant, and grow weary and pause, almost in despair; but still longing for the glories above, that beckon me on, and so many “signals hung out from on high!” . . . And then I hear another voice—O how sweet, how gentle, how heavenly!—“FAITH, FAITH!” it said. That word yet rings through my ears, and thrills my heart! “Why toil on here so slowly, now ascending, now receding? Faith, faith will lift thee to that glorious tower. ‘Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of Faith,’ (*Eph. vi. 14, &c.*) so shalt thou climb that towering mountain; and there are angels going up and down from the throne of God, to

guide and guard thee. Go on, struggling mortal. Faith will bear thee upwards." And on I went, new beauties at every step opening upon my enraptured eyes—"my soul breaking out for the very fervent desire that it had" unto the delights of that glorious temple towards which I was pressing. . . . I awoke. . . . The vision was gone!*

But there was left to me the treasure of a heavenly lesson. That first voice was that of the Tempter, who promises liberally, but deceives unto eternal death. For that smooth, glassy pole, which appears to me now so singular, I could never find a fitting analogy, unless its smoothness, and the ease with which I ascended it, and the great difficulty of clinging to it when once I grew dizzy, typified the way of sin, which leads to the abodes of woe, and the slender tenure on eternal life that they have, whose feet stand not fast on the beautiful mountain, and are not "shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace."

But ah! that dread abyss—there is no mistaking that—it was that world of darkness, where the light of God's countenance cometh not.

The beautiful mountain, I take it, was the Church militant, and it, and the temple which crowned it above, typified the Church militant and triumphant—the Christian's pathway to eternal glory, and the beatific visions and glories of that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

O my soul, shout for joy, break forth into singing, that thou art redeemed—that thy feet stand upon that glorious mountain, "which filleth the earth," and reacheth even unto that living Temple, where the "King" eternal "reigns in His beauty," and the angels harp their heavenly notes, and redeemed men shall make glad the city of our God.

Faith lifts my soul to God. Faith assures me that I may climb that beautiful mountain, and at last behold that glorious Temple, enter its courts, and dwell forever in the presence and joy of Him who is the light and glory thereof! . . . Faith assures me that there, in that land of blessedness, purity, and love, I shall join the loved and the lost, where naught will enter to blight the felicity that shall be sanctified, heavenly, beatific.

. . . Ah! loved one, I see thee now, as I saw thee in thy flush of life and prime of beauty! "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

So the manuscript ended. I almost regretted reading the concluding sentence, for I thought that the author was perhaps unconscious of its being there, and had unwittingly revealed to

* This is no further imagination, than an actual dream is imagination.

me a heart-secret of his younger days, into which I would upon no account have irreverently gazed. "The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy."—(*Prov. xiv. 10.*) I returned to him the manuscript, without comment or question.

"Jonathan," said he, "it is a true picture. I penned it out the next morning. But oh! words are inadequate to describe what I passed through, either of the agonies or of the joys of that dream. Would that I could find language in which to depict the contrasts in my feelings, as I hung suspended over that awful eternity, and then, in the next moment, as I listened to those enrapturing strains, lived in the heavenly light, and joyfully mounted up on high to that beautiful temple! But, let it pass. Without doubt—I say it of Hope, I say it of Faith alone, after the manner of him who once exclaimed: 'For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'—(*Rom. viii. 38, &c.*) Without doubt, after I shall have passed through the valley of the shadow of death, leaning on the 'staff,' and protected by the 'rod' of Immanuel, I shall stand upon the beautiful mountain beyond, behold that glorious vision in reality—'see the King in His beauty,' in 'the land that is very far off,' and be forever 'satisfied when I awake with His likeness,' in His presence and glory."

Mr. Lovegood was now in his fortieth year, and though of a very sprightly, elastic disposition, fond of young company, and all that constitutes the charm of social intercourse—its amenities, suavities, and innocent jocoseness—yet was there, at times, a touch of melancholy pervading his carriage and manners. But this was like the last softening touch of the artist to the painting—it embalmed, as it were, his whole character, and rendered him altogether lovely and attractive. He boards with a cherished parishioner in Heartfulville, but in a quiet part of the village has his sanctum, a lovely, poetic, sanctified home, where at almost all hours of the day you may find him engaged, either in reading or writing; or if he is out on parochial duty, you will find a slate hanging at the door, telling you where he may be found, if your business is urgent, or when he will be at the study. If you tarry, you will be sure to see him at the appointed hour, walking, cane in hand, slowly down the street. If he sees you waiting in the distance, he takes out his watch, inspects it, and if the hour has arrived, he quickens his pace; if not, he pursues the even tenor of his way—seeming to say, "There is no hurry; I am as good as my word."

You would like to take a view of that enchanting spot—his study. We'll walk around. . . . This way, if you please. He is not in the study now. I know his duties and his habits. He has gone upon the hill yonder to see old blind Judy, a free colored woman, who is one of his alms-pensioners. This is his day to visit her, and contribute of his alms to her necessities. With old Judy he spends an hour. It is, he says, one of his most delightful and sanctified duties:—during that hour they talk about the olden time, when her good old master was alive, and how he stood sponsor for all her children and grand-children; they extol his virtues, and together mingle their tears to his memory—the seeing and the sightless! And from this their conversation would necessarily run out upon religion and the Church, two things inseparable in their estimation; and the day when “the silver cord” would “be loosened,” and they would “go to their long home,” and the “mourners go about the streets;” and that last great day, when “living saints and dead” shall stand in the “circle of the redeemed,” before the Son of Man. Happy pastor! Happy old woman! Thou shalt receive thy crown, and the blessed commendation—“Well done, good and faithful servant enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.” And thou sightless, shalt yet see with thine eyes the glory of God, and dwell in His presence!

It is a pleasant, balmy day in summer. The full-leaved elms, which adorn the streets of the village, protect us from the rays of the sun, and impart a genial coolness to the atmosphere. . . . There . . . tread lightly now, if you please, for somehow I feel, when I approach this place, as though I stood on holy ground. Everything here is sanctified—the trees, the birds, the flowers, all are holy. We pause at the wicker-gate, which opens on the gravel pathway which conducts to the door of the sanctum—that in its meek beauty retires some rods from the street, and stands in the centre of a plot about fifty yards square, which is inclosed by a plain, neat plank fence, recently whitewashed, and which looks as pure as the driven snow. A row of forest elms and maples, each standing as a sentinel in its place, closes the external view. A monthly rose, clustering over and around the door, extending its branches hither and thither, on either side, along the wall, which fall in varying festoons to the ground. Embowered in the branches of this rose, you will discover several little houses, the work of Mr. L.'s hands, for the wrens, and you will see the parent birds, darting about, chattering away, full of joy, full of glee, as they fulfil the pleasant duty of feeding their young. And the little humming-birds will be playing at hide-and-seek with the honey-suckles. They'll dart up, take a kiss here and there, and in a moment they are off—away, away—hum, hum—buzz, buzz—

they are gone, to dip their bills into the cup of some other flower, and suck its ambrosia !

A row, on either side, of neatly-trimmed box binds the gravel walk, while, right and left, over the whole plot—a smoothly mown lawn—roses, of a hundred choice varieties, as if by Nature's planting, are interspersed—and sweet jessamine, the gorgeous dahlia, the rich piony, the honeysuckle,

"Flowers worthy of Paradise,"

reveal their budding and blooming beauties, regale the air with their fragrance, and lift the heart up to God.

From the top of yonder elm a mocking-bird, as free as the air he breathes, trills his notes—now plaintive, now sharp, now a bass, now a tenor—imitating the feathered tribe, amusing himself over their foibles or their beauties in the singing art, in sharps and flats, or quavers and semi-quavers. A funny little fellow is he. He is a confirmed mocker—mocks everything, and makes himself jolly with his sport. Sing on, beautiful bird ! There are no cages here. Mr. Lovegood abominates cages. The birds seem to be aware of this ; therefore they pay him tribute from the trees and branches, warbling out their Maker's praise ! And this is Mr. Lovegood's sanctum. But you cannot enter now. There hangs the slate—five o'clock, it says. We have yet fifteen minutes. We saunter about, enjoy a pleasant reverie—pluck a rose-bud—it's almost a sacrilege, for it is one of the richest Luxemburghs—listen to the song of the mocking and the twitter of the little wrens. Nature teaches the Gospel of glad tidings of good things, and O how all things here tell of harmony, peace, and love ! Here may the soul hold sweet communion with its Creator and Redeemer, and mount on the wings of faith to those bright regions where are forever heard the harpings of the heavenly minstrelsies. Eden, the blessed abode of our first parents ere they sinned, was a garden, and all such spots seem to be types of its innocence and beauty. The thorn and the thistle sprang up, indeed, after the fall, but still the Lord permitted the flowers to remain and bloom, types, as it were, of Eden regained, and its perennial joys. Eden was a garden interspersed with choicest flowers and shrubbery, that made glad the heart ; and there, methinks,

"From rise of morn till set of sun,"

the sweetest of the feathered songsters poured forth their notes of praise to their Creator.

"Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose,"

there bloomed, and

*"The birds their choir apply : airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves"——*

MILTON.

It is five o'clock. Here comes Mr. Lovegood. A cordial shake of the hand, a soul-stirring "God bless you," which thrills through your heart, make you feel at home! The key turns in the door, you enter; it is the study of a bachelor; not over-neat, for there is some confusion of books and papers about the desk—but this Mr. Lovegood somehow cannot avoid—it seems to be natural to him—about such matters he is not a "pink of perfection." But he understands everything just as it is. Were you to remove or alter the position of a book or paper, it would disarrange all his plans, perhaps all his thoughts, for they are wrapped up in those scattered leaves of manuscript just as they lie. You need not be uneasy, his sermon will come out all right, and in time on Sunday morning, and you will learn something from it. His library is well stored with works on theology, history, law, medicine, science, classics, and choice literature: indeed, there is something on every subject of general utility to man. The books are carefully assorted, numbered, and placed in order on the shelves around the room. The floor is covered with matting—there are half a dozen cane-bottom chairs, scattered promiscuously about the room; two old-fashioned, walnut arm-chairs, with time-worn cushions; a coat and hat rack, cane and umbrella stand, keep guard at the door;—a study-gown of oil chintz hangs from a rack on the wall; and, here and there, all around the room, are hung some choice old paintings, and portraits of deceased Bishops, and other cherished clergymen; a pair of boots and slippers lie on the window-sill; an old lounge or sofa completes the list of internal arrangements. The windows are hoisted, the pure, fresh air streams in through the slat blinds, bearing on its wing the balm of sward and flower. . . . And here Mr. Lovegood reads, thinks, meditates, writes, laughs, sings, prays, and gives thanks!

"Lord, how can man preach Thy eternal word?
He is a brittle, crazy glass:
Yet in Thy temple Thou dost him afford
This glorious and transcendent place
To be a window, through Thy grace.

"But when Thou dost anneal in glass Thy story,
Making Thy life to shine within,
The holy preacher's; then the light and glory
More rev'rend grows, and more doth win
Which else shows wat'rish, bleak, and thin.

"Doctrine and life, colors and light, in one,
When they combine and mingle, bring
A strong regard and awe: but speech alone
Doth vanish like a flaring thing;
And in the ear, not conscience, sing."

"The country parson is generally sad, because he knows nothing but the cross of Christ; his mind being defixed on it with those nails wherewith his Master was. Or, if he have any leisure to

look off from thence, he meets continually with two most sad spectacles—sin and misery ; God dishonored every day, and man afflicted. Nevertheless, he sometimes refresheth himself, as knowing that nature will not bear everlasting droopings, and that pleasantness of disposition is a great key to do good : not only because all men shun the company of perpetual severity ; but also for that, when they are in company, instructions seasoned with pleasantness both enter sooner and root deeper, wherefore he condescends to human frailties, both in himself and others ; and intermingles some mirth in his discourses occasionally, according to the pulse of the hearer." So sung and wrote sweet George Herbert, whose memory lives, and is cherished in all hearts who have learned his name and his virtues. Beautiful in life, beautiful in death, how fragrant is thy memory !

— " All must to their cold graves :
But the religious actions of the just
Smell sweet in death, and blossom in the dust."
WALTON'S *Life of Herbert*.

THE LITURGY.—From year to year, and from week to week, we have listened to, and joined in, the use of this form of sound words. Have you, my brethren, ever yet deliberately and affectionately pondered on the deep spiritual meaning of the prayers, and praises, and thanksgivings, in which you are thus accustomed to participate ? Have you ever seriously endeavored to carry the spirit of our Liturgy into your common habits of life ? Are you prepared to say that you fully understand, or deeply feel, or cordially relish, or consistently act upon, the principles and feelings which are inculcated in our public service ? Can you satisfy your own hearts and consciences that the pure, the holy, the heavenly spirit, which our Liturgy uniformly breathes, has ever yet begun to live in your affections, to rule in your families, to regulate your conduct, to make you holy and happy, at peace with your fellow-creatures, and in humble, but cheerful, communion with your God ? These are the effects which assuredly should follow, from a right participation of our public worship.—*Bishop Jebb*.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPARISON.—That tree, full leaved, and swelling up into the calm, blue summer air ! Not a breath is stirring, and yet how it waves and rocks in the sunshine ! Its shadows are hung lavishly around it ; birds sit and sing in its branches, and children seek refuge beneath them. Human affections are the leaves, the foliage of our being—they catch every breath, and in the burden and heat of the day they make music and motion in the sultry world. Stripped of that foliage, how unsightly is human nature !—*DR. CHEEVER*.

THE CHURCH AND THE POOR.

(Concluded.)

"The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

MANY hearts were anticipating the festival of the Epiphany, for on that day was the new chapel to be solemnly consecrated to the service of Almighty God.

The morning at last dawned, resplendent in wintry beauty. The sun shone gloriously on fields of unsullied snow, through which hastened many feet to the great service of the day. Long ere the hour for service arrived every available seat was filled, and when the bell sounded its *first* call, many a heart was raised in gratitude to heaven, many a lip quivered at the silent thought, "This is the house of God!"—many, long strangers to the comforting worship of the sanctuary, resolved to answer that summons as long as life should last.

The Bishop departed, and that building, which *their* hands had reared, *their* ingenuity devised, had been presented to the God of the universe, and the poor and lowly realized their share of the vineyard of the Lord, and he, the faithful steward, had his reward. Not in vain had he labored to implant the seed in the rich man's heart, not in vain had he told the poor man of his privileges and obligations. Truly, the bread had returned to him much multiplied, that was cast upon the waters so long ago in faith and prayer.

We can imagine how the children would gather round him, how the mothers would love him who had rescued their darlings from worse than death, how fathers and husbands would bless the fearless man who once dared to picture their pitiable condition, and with all the earnestness of his nature, and the inspiration of his mission, beguiled them to forsake a path which only led to ruin, and at once and forever renounce the cup of poison. Nor was this love *one-sided*; natural as it is to feel drawn to those we benefit, the pastor's heart was fixed on those lowly ones, to whose especial salvation he had consecrated himself. And when, in the course of a few years, the little chapel was enlarged and set off as a parish church, its representatives expressed their wish to have Layton continue its pastor; he resigned the honorable position he held as rector of the principal church of a large commercial city, to continue his work of love and mercy among the people he had gathered as sheep into a fold.

Ten years had passed since our chapter opened, fifteen since our pastor assumed his charge. The dark curls that once clustered on his brow had grown thin, with here and there a silver line, but his eye had lost none of its light, nor his heart

its warmth. Clouds had darkened his career at times, but never shaded the faith that upheld him, nor hindered the discharge of duties that faith with charity made light. The wilderness in which he had planted the cross of Christ, "was glad" of that beacon-light; the "solitary place" was the centre of light and love, and the "desert was blooming" with flowers of piety and devotion, that were wont to outlive the perishable things of earth.

At early morn and at vesper time, were offered in the courts of the Lord the prayers and praises of a ransomed band. Many were the sons and daughters of toil who joyed to partake of that blessed privilege. How different the tone of that sweet matin bell, calling the slumberer to prayer, from the summons that pealed from the work-house steeple! How joyfully the Christian sprang from his couch, and as he journeyed towards the field of his toil, refreshed his soul on the way, by that half hour's "sweet communings" with his God!—or as, the day's toil over, he wended his homeward route, he would linger there a brief time to give thanks for that day's health and blessings, with the confidence that, "being defended from the fear of his enemies, he would pass his time in rest and quietness," defended from all perils and dangers of the night.

Did he not often ask where had fled those heavy nights and dark mornings? those harassing dreams by night, and aching head and heart by day? Where, too, had vanished those troops of dirty children, banishing all quiet from the streets? where were the unhappy, wretched mothers, who, doing all *they* could, knew nothing of a radiant smile from husband or child, knew nothing of those words of endearment and encouragement, which in the lowliest sphere are ever woman's dearest reward? Ay! we would wonder at the change if we had not watched its gradual growth. The man who, once all but a drunkard, wont to pass his evenings with such as himself and worse, now hates to leave his own bright fireside, or if he consents to do so, he will run to the club-room, where he meets sensible and intelligent men, and whose example and influence inspire him with a noble ambition. Or, perchance, it is his turn to watch some sick or afflicted brother who is going down to the dark valley. But *home* is bright now-a-days. The children have become so dear, and the wife keeps the little rooms so tidy, and then with so much nice reading, he is very reluctant to leave the charmed circle, and only does so when necessity calls him away.

And thus we might follow in their cottage home each of the many children who flock to the parish schools, and view the progress they have made towards being useful and respectable citizens and consistent Christians. A new class of inhabitants will populate Stockton by the time the rising generation has

merged into the responsibilities that *their* parents now discharge. Notwithstanding that, in every large community, there must be a great proportion of evil, nevertheless, where good seed has been plentifully sown, the harvest must be abundant.

It is argued that the ingress of foreigners will, in a measure, eventually give a character to their new homes, that cannot be counteracted by the influence of older residents. This would be true if the Church had no mission to perform among them; but they are in fact the very material for her works, and as humanity at large is governed by general laws, she finds it no more difficult to gather the alien and exile in her fold, than the "free-thinking or radical citizen." Moreover, pre-occupancy is the great point, and the Church is pretty sure of his allegiance, if she can throw her holy toils around the immigrant before he has learned the way to the bar-room or the petty gambling dens that abound in every place where fortune and prosperity preside. And then, as in most questions, the *majority* carries the victory, and if a disorderly few find themselves in a community where religion and morality are the standards of respectability, it is more natural to suppose they would be elevated by such conduct, if they did not affect a hypocritical piety, than to imagine them attempting to bring the majority down to their own level of morals.

Our Romish brethren are, in respect of pre-occupancy, more wide awake than ourselves. In the whole range of this vast country, a Romanist can scarcely find himself in a village so small that no chapel is there with its open doors, and a priest of argus-eyed vigilance ready to welcome the stranger. But we, who glory in our heritage, boasting of the purity of our faith and the catholicity of our creed, we must wait until there is *material* of which to build a Church—not realizing, that where there is one of God's ministers to proclaim the Gospel, and two or three, yea, *one* soul, besides, there is the Church. And where can the Missionary plant his standard, where there is not *one* soul to save, or at least to cheer and enlighten?

Such thoughts and convictions were the basis of the active faith that inspired the pastor whose pathway we have marked in our brief history. The result is not mere fancy work, nor any Utopian dream. If, in our feeble attempts to picture the legitimate effects of honest Church workings, we have failed to present the perfect idea, it is not because the *system* is incomplete—and this we say, without assuming anything like infallibility—though we *do* believe the Church to be of God's own institution, and also capable of realizing the merciful and blessed ends for which it was instituted, just so far as the children of the Church employ their talents, or render their stewardship in obedience to our Saviour's laws.

A voice has sounded throughout the Church, and its echoes, both in England and at home, are still ringing in our ears, bidding us onward in the work of salvation! Thank Heaven! there *are* priests, and many, too, who are ready to sound the trump of Gospel truth from one end of the land to the other; there are laymen—and we pray that neither may *they* be few—who are standing armed and girded for the battle, waiting but for the signal of their leader to accomplish mighty things.

Nor have the “poor ceased to be in the land.” God only knows their sufferings and their numbers. May the Church labor unweariedly to find them in the wilderness and by the wayside, and train them to beautify her walls! May he of golden treasures remember the poor man’s habitation when he builds his own princely abode! May the philosopher or student, as he travails to add one scientific discovery to the host now lying buried in the dust of years, forget not the weary children of toil, whose comfortless homes testify how much science and ingenuity must do for them, that they may have light, and warmth, and other necessities of life, without adding so much to their already heavy burden! And may the poor man, and he who hath no helper, turn lovingly to the ark of God, whose open doors are ever inviting him to enter! In the priest who ministers at its altars (is this a bold assumption?) is the poor man’s friend, who will teach him to live, will teach him to die, and take care that the perishable body that is left after the soul is departed is committed to its final resting-place with decency and prayers. When, oh when may he say that the *Church*, in fulfilment of its Founder’s decree, shall care thus for the heritage He left in his stead! Who, who would turn from the Saviour, as He craved a drop of cold water or the bread to satisfy His hunger—and assuredly we do so when we resist the claim of our suffering brother—forgetting His own words, “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto ME!”

J. W. I..

A CORRESPONDENT of the *English Churchman* represents the Swedish Church as a daughter of the Church of England; Sigfrid, the apostle of Sweden, having been originally Archdeacon of York. The Apostolical succession, it is said, has been carefully preserved in Sweden, Gustavus Vasa being particular in obtaining Episcopal consecration for the first Protestant Bishops. Many records of actual consecration exist, and, in the time of John III., when a fresh attempt was made by Rome to subjugate the Swedish Church, even the adherents of the See of Rome did not dispute the canonical succession of the Swedish Bishops.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF BISHOP WHITE.*(Continued from page 272.)*

THE second General Convention, that of 1792, as noticed in the sketch of Bishop Seabury's life, was remarkable for the occurrence, during its session, of the first American Episcopal consecration, that of Dr. Thomas John Claggett, for Maryland. The change made in the rule of the House of Bishops touching the Presidency of the House, brought to this office Bishop Provost, of New-York. He, of course, presided at Bishop Claggett's consecration. The other Bishops, Seabury, White, and Madison, assisted—this being the order of seniority in which their names are attached to the Letters of Consecration. In the "Memoir of Bishop White," in the first volume of *THE EVERGREEN*, April, 1844, it is said: "Bishop White modestly yielding the prerogative of seniority to the courtesy of rotation, Dr. Claggett was consecrated by Bishop Provost, Bishops White, Seabury, and Madison being present, and assisting." Here is a mistake. With no man's character and habits would a modest yielding of prerogative have been in better keeping, than with Bishop White's. Nevertheless, the yielding at this time was not on his part, but on Bishop Seabury's; except so far as Bishop White agreed, contrary to his own conviction of what would be right and proper, that Bishop Seabury should yield. The reader of the memoir of the latter, in previous numbers of this volume, will recollect that the original rule of the House of Bishops, proposed by Bishop White, was, that the Senior Bishop present should preside; he and Bishop Seabury being then, 1789, the only members present. This, in accordance with Bishop White's views, made Bishop Seabury President. In 1792 there were two other members present, Bishops Provost and Madison. These wished the rule to be altered, so that the presidency of the House would devolve on the Bishops in rotation, beginning from the North; "reference being had to the presidency of this House in the last Convention;" that is, the application of the rule to commence with the Bishop next in order to Bishop Seabury. Bishops White and Seabury thought the rule as it was, was the right one; and neither could, consistently with his views, vote for a change. Of course, being one half of the House, they could prevent a change. They were unwilling to do this. Bishop Seabury "modestly yielded the prerogative of seniority," by absenting himself from the House at its opening, and thus enabling Bishops Provost and Madison to be a majority, and alter the rule. The former of these became, of course, President of the House, being next in order to Bishop

Seabury, "beginning from the North ;" and it was, consequently, his prerogative to preside at the consecration.

Hence it appears that neither under the old nor the new rule would Bishop White have presided. He had, therefore, no prerogative to yield. The article in *The Evergreen* is further faulty, in placing Bishop White's name before Bishop Seabury's in mentioning the Bishops assisting at the consecration.

Accuracy in these matters, besides the importance of having the materials of history perfectly correct, is especially called for by the disposition that has been manifested, as referred to in the Memoir of Bishop Seabury, to mislead the Church as to the true position therein of that great and good man. It is also just to the memory of Bishop White, whose honorable and Christian sense of what was right led him to admit, unhesitatingly, Bishop Seabury's seniority to him, and to desire that he should always have the precedence thus due to him.

The third General Convention, 1795, was the first at which Bishop White presided in the House of Bishops, he being the next to Bishop Provost, in the order established by the House in 1792. From this time until his death he was the President of the House of Bishops at every General Convention. At the fourth, being a special one, in 1799, instead of the stated one of 1798, which had been prevented by the prevalence of an epidemic at the appointed place, the record is, "This being a special meeting, and the Bishop, whose turn it would have been to preside, agreeably to the rules of this House, not attending, Bishop White, the President of the last Convention, was requested to preside." At the fifth, 1801, the record is, "Some doubt arising in regard to the meaning of the rule of this House in the year 1792: *Resolved*, That until the same shall be considered and explained by this House, the Right Rev. Bishop White be requested to preside at the present session." At the sixth, 1804, it was "*Resolved*, That it be a standing rule of this House that the senior Bishop present at the opening of any Convention shall preside." So the matter stood until the adoption, 1832, by the House of Bishops, of the following rule, being that still in existence:—"The senior Bishop of the Church, present at any General Convention, is the Presiding Bishop in the House of Bishops. The senior Bishop of this Church is the Presiding Bishop for all other purposes contained in the Canons. The senior Bishop of this Church present at any consecration of a Bishop, is the Presiding Bishop for that solemnity. Seniority among the Bishops is according to the time of the consecration of each Bishop."

The fact that the whole arrangement respecting the Presiding Bishop was a mere resolution of the House of Bishops, alterable by them at pleasure, without any reference to the House of

Clerical and Lay Deputies, was often referred to by Bishop White as evidence that the incumbent of that office was not invested with anything like primacy over the American Church, or any claim to general power or authority in the affairs of that Church. He was not, therefore, favorable to the expression, *Presiding Bishop of the Church*, but preferred *Presiding Bishop of the House of Bishops*; and was averse to even a seeming claim, by the Presiding Bishop, to any other official prerogative, than such as may, from time to time, be specially conferred by Canon, or by resolutions of the General Convention, or either of its Houses.

At the time of the meeting of the General Convention of 1808, there were but six Bishops of this Church. Bishop White states in his Memoirs that he had reason to fear, that on account of indisposition and other causes, none but himself would be present at the Convention, and, consequently, the question might be raised, "whether a single Bishop can constitute a House." "He was prepared," he says, "to sustain the affirmative, as being the most agreeable to the letter of the Constitution; and because, on the contrary supposition, there could have been nothing done;" adding the characteristic remark, "the case would have been very disagreeable." It did not occur, however, as Bishop Claggett, although considerably indisposed, attended.

A man's life consisteth not only in the things he does: the principles which actuate him, and the state of heart and mind in which he acts, are very essential to a proper estimate of that life. The writer has intended, he trusts not unsuccessfully, to bear this in mind in the difficult task of comprising within proper limits, for place in a monthly periodical, a biographical sketch of a life so full, so important, so instructive, as that of Bishop White; and a life, the interest and value of which, with its rich supply of facts and circumstances worthy of perpetual memory, continued until death terminated it, in the eighty-ninth year of his age.

In this view justice would not be done to the subject, if attention were not called to the following extract from Dr. Wilson's Memoir:—

"In the *Christian Observer* for September, 1836, it is asserted that there was a change in Dr. White's views on the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel; for that, towards the close of his life, he became more attached to evangelical principles, and inculcated them more correctly, frequently, and earnestly. A remark similar to it has been occasionally heard from a few individuals here. But I can discover no proof of such a change in opinion, or method of instruction. It is well known that the remark was sometimes made in relation to sermons which had been before delivered by him—in some cases many years previously—

which had not, however, then produced the same effect which they did on subsequent occasions, or it had been forgotten. Probably the deeper impression was caused by a difference in the state of mind or heart, in the degree of knowledge of the subject, or even in the attention, of the hearers themselves. I have attended his church from childhood; and, so far as my own recollection enables me to judge, I know no other ground for the assertion. The sermons selected for the proposed volume of his posthumous works were written and preached in various and distant periods of his life; but it is believed that they would not be found, on the most careful comparison, to indicate any material change in his theological views, or in the faithfulness with which he taught the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel."

There can be little doubt that this story of a change in Bishop White's views—of his becoming more evangelical towards the close of his life—which, of course, originated in this country, although cited from an English periodical, was connected with a desire to claim the influence of his venerated name in favor of a party in the Church with which he never sympathized, and from which he had received most unchristian treatment. It is gross injustice for the so-called Low Church and self-styled Evangelical party to rank him as one of their body. Those of them who were active or observant in Church matters, particularly in his own Diocese, twenty-five or thirty years ago, must know this. It would be little creditable to their professed piety, for them to sanction such an impression. Their leading paper of that, as of this, day—which, it is well known, Bishop White, for a time, refused to receive into his house—is full of proof to the contrary. Dr. Wilson tells us, pages 216, 217, in reference to the doings of that party, and its treatment of the Bishop, that he "experienced from them more uneasiness than from any other incidents of his life; and so declared, on looking back upon them some time afterwards, when they had been in a considerable measure removed." And such was the intensity of opposition to Bishop White by the party now claiming him as one of them, that his biographer, in further reference to the same matter, pages 219, 220, after referring to two organized associations in the Diocese, in opposition to the Bishop's views and wishes, particularly mentions "*personal disrespect to the Bishop, and injurious charges against him.*")

The following passage from the Memoir, pages 217, 218, should be a caution to those who represent Bishop White as favoring principles, and a policy in the Church, which, it is not too strong language to say, he held in abhorrence:—"The Bishop has left among his manuscripts a full account of the origin and causes of these difficulties, accompanied by all the

documents relating to them. But with characteristic forbearance, and prudent regard for the harmony of the Church, he has left with it the following direction:—‘In the case of my decease, it is my wish that no use may be made of the within, unless needful for the repelling of any attack on my reputation, or to meet any tendency to the disorganizing of the Church, originating in the transactions recorded.’ ”

The following well-authenticated anecdote is here particularly applicable:—A somewhat heated discussion was pending in a Convention of the Church in Pennsylvania. A speaker, prominent in the Low Church party, in the course of a very earnest speech, congratulated his party brethren that they could number their venerable Diocesan as of their ranks. At the close of the speech the Bishop rose, and said that he felt it his duty to explain. He had ever sided, it is true, in both politics and religion, with what was known as the Low Church party in England, when the questions pending, touching both Church and State, grew out of the transfer of the government from James II. to William and Mary. But in reference to the principles and policy of a Low Churchman, as the term is here understood, he had as lief be called a Jew or a Turk.

Save in the admission of the validity of non-Episcopal orders, and of lay-baptism, (in this latter siding with the Papists, in opposition to most Protestant communions,) Bishop White had little or nothing in common with the Low Church party. He was decidedly and strongly anti-Calvinistic, and as decidedly and strongly in favor of the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration. He was proverbially opposed to modes of worship and religious operations involving (and everybody knew what he meant) animal excitement. He favored, indeed, Bible Societies composed of different denominations, as far as they confined themselves to the mere business of preparing and circulating books; but opposed amalgamation with other denominations in whatever involved a compromise of religious principle—as public worship, missions, tract-distribution, religious instruction, &c., &c. He had little charity for wilful violators of Canons and Rubrics. The bearing of his approval of the Eucharistic Consecration Prayer, and the Office of Institution, on the question of his churchmanship, is referred to in the *Biographical Sketch of Bishop Seabury*. In connection with this may be noticed his introduction into the churches, of which he was Rector, of the Prothesis, or Credence Table, on which the elements of the Eucharist are to be first placed, and whence the *Priest*, as a solemn official act, is, agreeably to the rubric, to convey to the Lord's Table the portion thought necessary for consecration. These churches, it is believed, presented the first instance of the kind in this country. Touching this point of his churchmanship

there is relevancy, much every way, in his well-known earnest desire to promote Bishop Hobart's influence, and the success of his plans, in the Church, his joy whenever the latter overcame the opposition of his adversaries, and his sympathy with him in whatever difficulties and troubles party hostility brought upon him.

The fact of efforts being made, from time to time, to invoke the revered name of Bishop White in favor of a party and system to which his principles and feelings were utterly repugnant, makes it but a matter of justice to his memory to have the truth on the point properly understood; and that there be, on all proper occasions, efforts made to rescue that memory from a use which may desecrate it to what he so much dreaded, "any tendency to the disorganizing of the Church.")

Bishop White's remarkable fidelity and constancy in all the duties devolving on his Episcopal station, in reference not only to his own Diocese, but to the much also for which he was looked to in reference to our National Church, up to within a short time of his death, still lives in the personal recollection of very many. As a parochial pastor he was equally faithful and conscientious. When pestilence raged in Philadelphia, he firmly resisted the solicitation of friends, who felt the value of his life, to seek refuge by removal to the country. He could not in conscience do so. He did his duty to the sick, the dying, and the dead, at whatever personal risk. Dr. Wilson especially refers to the yellow fever of 1793, and the cholera of 1832. During the latter, he observes, "the Bishop might be seen, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, praying, and administering the consolations of religion, in a cholera hospital, at the bedside of the dying."

In the eightieth year of his age, and the forty-first of his Episcopate, A. D. 1827, the Convention of Pennsylvania, agreeably to Bishop White's expressed desire, elected for him an Assistant Bishop, in the person of the Rev. Henry Ustick Onderdonk, D. D., who, after his consecration, shared with him the Diocesan labors. This, however, did not prevent Bishop White from continuing fully occupied with official duty until a very short time before his death, July 17, 1836, in his eighty-ninth year. That death, remarkably exempt from bodily pain, and preceded by but occasional turns of mental wandering, was characterized by that pervading influence of strong and quiet faith, that humble, calm, and unboasted hope and confidence, that sweet Christian charity, that chastened, tranquil joy, that absence of self-reliance, that meek surrendry to the sanctifying influences of the Holy Ghost, and to the redeeming and saving love of God in Christ, which mark a truly evangelical termination of a long life of consistent fidelity to the Gospel. It was the passage, beautiful to contemplate, and rich in matter of Christian reflection, of a good and faithful soul to the rest and joy of Paradise.

DR. STERLING AND HIS CHOIR.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM STAUNTON.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Rev. WILLIAM STAUNTON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S. for the Southern District of New-York.

CHAPTER VII.

Good Music and good Voices not all—Moral Qualifications of Singers—Abuses in Organ Galleries—Irreverence—Display-Singing for the People's Amusement—Theatrical Choirs—Censurable Practices among Organists and Others—Scandalous Habits and Abuses in the Galleries of Country Churches—The Doctor comes to the Point, and insists on Reformation—Congregational Singing.

BUT was this *all*? Was the mere regulation of a choir, the reduction of an organist to terms, and the adoption of music of a higher grade, all that Dr. Sterling had in view? This must not be imagined; though, as the reader has doubtless observed, these topics had formed the main burden of the foregoing conversation between the Rector and his visitors. The Doctor had prudently left untouched, till now, two points of very considerable importance, viz., the moral qualifications of the persons composing the choir; and the introduction, encouragement, and diligent cultivation, of congregational singing. Instead of urging these topics hastily and abruptly at the outset, thereby giving occasion for fresh distrust, and inflaming that spirit of opposition which was already too rife, he chose to reserve them till he had established some general principles, and gained the confidence of those to whom he would naturally look as the most efficient and influential agents in the enterprise he had begun. He knew too well the false notions which had crept into the Church unawares, not only in relation to the quality and style of ecclesiastical music, but also to its very object. He had traced and marked, with deep grief, the progress of these notions, and their baleful consequences, in the almost total suppression of the vocal songs of the congregation, and the quiet surrender of God's praises to the control and management of persons notoriously unfit for so sacred a trust. For, what more absurd and reprehensible—nay, what more profane and scandalous—than the admission and toleration in a choir, of persons who avowedly fear not the God whose glory they profess to set forth?—who are traitors in heart to the Redeemer, whose love their tongues are hired to celebrate?—and whose lives are known to stand in glaring contrast with the holy words which they take on their lips! It is not a light, occasional, or merely local evil—a difficulty into which this or that congregation may be forced by the pres-

sure of untoward circumstances ; but it is a common, widespread, and most threatening evil, for which no apology can suffice, and which flourishes with greatest vigor where the means for its redress are the most abundant. If any excuse can be framed which will hold good at God's bar, for the yielding up of the Choral Service of the Church—or any part of it—into the hands of actors and actresses, and *artistes* of high celebrity in the world of fashion alone, we have yet to learn the terms of that excuse, and the plea on which whole congregations of Christian men will be absolved from the guilt of conniving at this unhallowed desecration of God's temple and His worship. We are not merely imagining a case—we speak of facts—of facts which, if we had time to record them, would come crowding upon our pen, enforced with details, dark, loathsome, and deathly enough to sicken any religious heart. It is easy to overlook a transient error, which comes by accident or infirmity, and over which we may say, peradventure it was an oversight ; but it is hard indeed to call upon charity for the defence of a standing outrage on one's holiest sensibilities. And we know not what estimate those who belong to “the host of God's elect” place on their vows and responsibilities, when they knowingly and wilfully seek, flatter, win, contract with, and boast of, “the charming vocalist,” or the “*prima donna*, who is henceforth to appear weekly on the gallery boards,” in the Lord's holy temple, for their entertainment and gratification, under the awful pretence of doing homage to the Lord God Almighty, before whom even angels veil their faces. We know not how the flagrant inconsistency can find any justification which is not transparent enough to provoke the infidel's ridicule, and sharpen all the goads of a threatening conscience. It would be a consolation, could we persuade ourselves that congregations are ignorant of the evil, and that this enormous abuse escapes the cognizance and the responsibility of the mass of Christians in large cities. But it is not so. No fact can be more public than the engagement of “a first-rate professional singer,” or of a company, or a “vocal troupe,” in such or such a Church or meeting-house. It is known to almost every child of ten years old. It is proclaimed in the columns of the newspaper. It comes before the community with all the air of a theatrical announcement. It is talked of far and wide. Pews are rented in reference to it ; and pews would be vacated were the attraction withdrawn. It is a thing done boldly, openly, and in the full light of day. And men who despise God, and confess themselves strangers to “the beauty of holiness,” look on with honest amazement, more sensible than Christians themselves of the incongruity of the practice, with any just ideas of sacred and reverent worship.

And still, bad as the practice is, it is made even worse by the thoughtless, unseemly, and censurable conduct to which it frequently gives rise. We do not assert that religious awe and serious deportment are in *all* cases banished from the space occupied by the choir ; but we *do* know the extreme difficulty with which the temptation to irreverence of behavior is overcome, when a number of persons, interested only in the discharge of a professional duty, and concealed from view by drawn curtains, or high screen-work, are impatiently waiting the lapse of time, while minister and people are engaged in the intermediate parts of the service. And this is an evil which, unfortunately, has extended itself to hundreds of places of worship, in which the higher class of professional talent is *not* found. There is an impression that the music-gallery is a privileged spot, in which the widest liberty may be taken, provided only that the congregation are not actually disturbed in their devotions. For evidence of this, it is not necessary to travel far, either in the crowded city or the rural village. We will say little of what we have heard respecting the wines and other refreshments which secretly find their way to the rear of the organ ; nor of the visits stealthily made to the nearest bar-room, during Litany and sermon ; nor of the nice economy and adjustment of time, by which a private rehearsal for a concert, &c., can be adroitly accomplished in some room close by, and yet every singer be in place for the concluding hymn. Such things, we may grant, are only occasionally witnessed, and must in their nature be limited by certain localities. But there are other evil practices, less gross it may be, but scarcely less criminal and indecent, which are prevalent enough to justify the lowest estimate of gallery morals. Organists have been known, who employed their time during the sermon in practising on the instrument—the bellows, of course, being empty, or the stops carefully pushed in. Others take opportunity for the mental enjoyment of oratorios, operas, and elaborate compositions of various kinds, of which a good stock has previously been placed within reach. Some place themselves in a posture of comfortable ease on the announcement of the text, in expectation of an agreeable half-hour's nap. We knew an instance of an organist—an habitual drunkard—whose performances in the meeting-house where he was engaged depended for life, beauty, and even correctness, on the excitement produced by stimulants. The same person, on one occasion, at least, slept away the time of the sermon, with his folded arms occupying the whole extent of the key-board of the great organ ; nor was he aroused till, at the end of the discourse, the bellows-blower—unconscious of the position of the organist—commenced his operations for the hymn, and sent forth from the organ a horrid, deafening crash of sound, unfitting every one pre-

ent for any succeeding acts of devotion. It has also become a common practice among skilful performers to throw into their voluntaries a style, movement, and expression, borrowed mainly from secular sources, and giving rise to associations of thought which should never intrude into the house of God. The music *in itself* may be admirable, and the performance finished and masterly; but it is all "out of keeping" with the sacredness of time and place. It is not skill, but judgment, which is absent—judgment guided by reverence. The organ is degraded and abused, when it is thus employed merely for the exhibition of the performer's talent, and the amusement of a congregation; and this more especially when it becomes the vehicle by which popular themes and airs, culled from the programme of the concert-room, are forced on the unwilling ear of the devout, and made doubly seductive by the beauty of their treatment, and the consummate witchery imparted to them by the fancy-stops. An organist who can descend to this—who can so far vulgarize his feelings as to cater solely for the gratification of the people's ear, and that, too, under circumstances the most solemn and subduing—very widely mistakes his office, and abuses his privilege. Much more to his honor would it be—both as a man and an artiste—to cast off at the Church door all secular ideas and recollections, secular phrases, forms of melody, modes of expression and ornament, and popular artifice in the rounding of cadences, and then go seriously and manfully to his instrument, as in the sight of God, and sensible that his office is as a kind of lower ministry in sacred things, to be employed for the awakening of great and holy feelings in the congregation, and for the drawing forth of high laud and praise—angel-like—before the throne of the King of kings.

But we do not intend to ascribe these misdemeanors of the gallery to the organist *alone*. For there are others who merit even deeper rebuke, inasmuch as, with fewer temptations, they are at least as ready to offend against every law of decorum and propriety. We may safely assert that, as a general rule, a congregation of one thousand persons will offer fewer occasions of disturbance, in the form of whispering, and other noises, than the half dozen who occupy the place assigned to the singers of God's praise. It may be true that in many choirs perfect order prevails. This we may thankfully concede. Nay, we have even heard of some composed entirely of religious persons, whose conduct was in every sense exemplary. But the infrequency of such cases serves only to prove that choirs usually embrace other and very different elements. No annoyance is more common to a clergyman than the rustling of papers and book-leaves, and the dropping of the books themselves on the floor or into the pews—the murmuring sound of conversation—the passing to

and fro of restless persons—the ill-suppressed fit of laughter—the low humming of tunes just selected—the sharp crashing of nut-shells—the moving of chairs and benches, and such like indefensible causes of distraction during the most solemn acts of divine worship. It would be easy to extend this catalogue of existing evils; and we can testify that more than once we have known both professional and non-professional ladies to appear in the choir, with heads uncovered, as if resolved to identify the temple of God with the parlor or the concert-hall. We have seen music-galleries in country churches, whose filthy condition betrayed the indevout feelings of their occupants. We have seen the floors of such places strewn with torn leaves, and ragged manuscripts, and fragments of newspapers; here and there a wooden spittoon, foul with tobacco and the remnants of nuts and other fruits; on the desks, benches, and floor, large spots of oil and accumulations of candle-grease; under the seats, heaps of rubbish, broken glass, pieces of cakes and biscuits, candle-ends, old music-books, and occasionally a *New-York Herald*, or some facetious weekly, twisted up and lodged in a snug corner. We have seen music-galleries, in which disorder and dirt set at defiance all the efforts of an industrious sexton. We have been in such places, where the wood-work had been cut and hacked with pocket-knives, and names, initials, and rude figures carved out, or scratched in broad outline on the surface. We have seen the blank leaves and margins of books literally covered with pencillings, consisting of witticisms, caricatures, and village gossip; messages about sleigh-rides, &c., which had been passed along the seats, and returned with their answers; coarse criticisms on sermons and the preacher, and even profane alterations and erasures of words and phrases in Prayer-books, to convert them into food for ridicule, merriment, and laughter. We could point to cases, in which the space in the rear of the organ has been the common place of resort for idle and unprincipled boys, whose shameless conduct has been tolerated by the choir, and left its memorial in the most foul and licentious language, inscribed on the walls and on the back-boards of the instrument.

But we forbear; though it were to be wished that the evil practices thus feebly sketched were laid before the public eye in letters of fire, and with such appeals to the consciences of those to whom is committed the care of the Lord's sanctuary, as might issue in a general and righteous crusade against corruptions so sickening, and immoralities so revolting and sacrilegious.

Dr. Sterling, as we have already intimated, was not ignorant of these abuses; and none but a sciolist could err in tracing their cause—their *fons et origo*—to deep-seated irreverence. He knew, by experience, that all improvements in Church-music would rest on a very precarious foundation, and maintain but a

transient existence, or be liable to changes, drawbacks, and ruptures innumerable, if right *principles* were not first inculcated, and right *conduct* imperatively enjoined. To these he now resolved to draw attention; and in concert with Larigot and the chorister, some plans were formed and digested for carrying out the system proposed. As a primary step, the Doctor recommended the adoption of some mild and judicious, but yet resolute, measures for the banishment of those party feelings and jealousies which were now distracting and enfeebling the choir. In this department Mr. Bullfinch's counsel and promised aid were invaluable; for, with so glorious a future in musical development now opening before him, the chorister's animation was at its climax; and indeed, had not the Doctor exhorted him to enter on his mission with all suitable coolness and discretion, we know not whether the anti-Larigots would have been very secure against a sudden visitation of "corporal pains and penalties." However, these preliminary matters were soon arranged. The Doctor and Larigot were thoroughly reconciled—*iræ amantium, amoris redintegratio*—and, with Bullfinch, they formed a three-fold cord, which it was hoped would not easily be broken.

"And now, gentlemen," said the Doctor, "it will be my duty, as the Rector of this parish, to bring before your minds several points which may have escaped your notice—points on which so much depends, that you must not be surprised if I urge them with all possible seriousness and decision."

The Doctor paused; but nothing being said by the other parties, he added: "I shall lay down as a first principle, admitting of no controversy, that Church-music is an act of homage to God—an act in which Christians adore and praise the Lord of heaven—an act which is the outward expression of devout gratitude, thankfulness, submission, and holy confidence. And therefore, I shall look for the recognition of this fundamental truth as an indispensable qualification for membership in the choir. And should any one, after admission, declare as his opinion that Church-music, whether vocal or otherwise, is designed chiefly for the amusement of the congregation and choir, or for mere sensual recreation during certain intervals of the service, or for the public display of talent on the part of the performers, such assertion must be considered as a sufficient reason for admonition in the first instance; and for expulsion, in case that such an opinion is not renounced. This is the first point, gentlemen, on which I must insist. Are you prepared for it?"

Mr. Bullfinch replied at once, that though this was rather stiff, and might frighten some of the singers, yet he did not see anything very objectionable in it; "for surely," said he, "we ought to sing 'to the praise and glory of God,' and not trouble our-

selves too much about pleasing the congregation, for that is commonly a very hard business, and a thankless one, too."

The organist, who found himself obliged to admit the correctness of Dr. Sterling's principle, expressed his fears, however, in regard to the policy of annexing to it so stringent a rule of discipline. He was of opinion that the gallery would be depopulated at once, and that it would be exceedingly difficult to fill the vacant seats, if the test should be rigorously applied. To this the Doctor calmly answered, that he was not to be moved from his position, by the fear of any such consequences. "Much rather," said he, "would I see every seat forsaken, than to connive at such awful trifling with God, as would be implied in the admission of a number of thoughtless, time-serving, and perhaps immoral persons, to utter those pure and heavenly songs of praise, which it is an honor even to a saint to offer, as it would be the joy of an angel to sing."

"But suppose, sir," continued the organist, "that when we come to an actual trial of your principle, we should find that it would really exclude our best voices, and thus take away the support on which the poorer ones we retain had been accustomed to depend?"

"Never mind that, Mr. Larigot," was the Doctor's reply. "We shall be well rid of those who, by the very fact of their going, declare themselves strangers to right motives. And, most certainly, the few who are left will offer to God the sacrifice of thanksgiving not less acceptably than before. But I do not think that a little strictness, at the beginning of our enterprise, will be productive of such consequences as you apprehend. I have more confidence in the honesty and good sense of our singers, than to suppose them capable of deserting the gallery on a pretext which must carry its condemnation with it. And, even granting the worst, I have reason to believe that, in such an event, there are persons in the congregation possessing good voices and good principles, who would instantly offer their services, and thus repair all our losses. Indeed, I could name several, who would already have placed themselves in the choir, had they not been deterred by witnessing some abuses which I wish now to rectify. And, to go yet further, I will say that, even on the supposition of the retirement of *every member* of the choir, there would still be voices enough in the congregation to insure a loud and hearty chorus of praise, which, if not as refined and scientific as the performance of a good choir, would yet blend well with the powerful tones of the organ, and perhaps yield us some important lessons on the real nature and province of Church-music."

"I do not exactly understand your last remark, sir," said

Bullfinch. "Do you mean to say that the congregation *ought to sing*?"

"Undoubtedly I do," answered the Doctor; "and, indeed, this was the second point which I wished to bring before you."

"But what, then, is the use of a choir?"

"To lead the congregation, and insure a steady, vigorous, and correct performance of those parts of the service which are rendered in music. It is also the office of a choir,—as I understand it,—to take charge of those higher exercises of praise which go beyond the vocal ability of the congregation, but notwithstanding, leave upon them the most salutary and enduring impression. I speak of anthems, motetts, choruses, and other compositions, requiring for their execution higher qualities of voice, skill, and discipline, than can be found in the congregation at large."

"But if we have a choir, I don't see why the people need to sing at all," said Bullfinch; "especially considering that they almost always spoil the music."

"You must remember, my friend," replied the Doctor, "that it is the *duty* of every one in the congregation to praise God; and this should be done *vocally*, where there is sufficient ability. It is a law of our Creator that we should not only honor Him in our hearts, but endeavor to give utterance to our feelings by the employment of the voice. Thus, holy David says: 'O come let us *sing* unto the Lord;' not merely 'let us be grateful to Him.' He invites us not only to rejoice in the Lord, but also 'to come before His presence with a *song*.' The Bible abounds with passages similar to these, and the Church Liturgy has been so framed as to embody the Scriptural idea, and afford the worshipper every facility for the use of his voice in acts of homage to God. To join in the simple chant, response, and hymn of praise, is the duty of every one. And it is not merely a duty, but a high and sacred privilege, of which no choir is authorized to deprive him. The choir is not to be viewed as a body of persons whose office it is to sing *for*, or *instead of*, the congregation. A Christian man desires not either to offer prayers or sing praises by the agency of a proxy. It is his personal duty—a duty which he ought not to transfer to another. And therefore, though it may be true, as you have hinted, that the musical efforts of persons in the congregation are often rude and discordant, yet the blame must generally be charged to the choir itself. For, in the greater number of choirs, there is so restless a craving for the introduction of new music, and such an unbounded liberty is taken in the gratification of this craving, that there is nothing fixed and permanent; the finest melodies are cast aside long before they have grown familiar to the people, and the music of the Church—however beautiful in itself—becomes as changeable

and unsteady as the figures in a kaleidoscope. This leads inevitably to premature attempts, on the part of the congregation, to join in the chants and tunes which are brought forward by the choir; and if they fail, or commit many errors, it is because new melodies have been introduced before the people have had time to master the old. And more than this, choirs are not sufficiently careful to discriminate between those parts of the service in which the voices of the congregation should always be heard, and such other portions as fall more exclusively within their own province. Instead of making this important and fundamental distinction, the whole range of the music is taken by the choir under their jurisdiction; and, in consequence, the rights of the people are forgotten, and instead of the simple, grand, and soul-stirring chant, which should call forth a volume of loud and familiar praise from the whole body of worshippers, there is nothing heard but a cold, artificial performance of compositions, frequently very unsuitable to the occasion, and florid, abstruse, and ornate enough to demand the fullest ability of the choir. I say, then, that the choir must always have respect to the vocal powers of the congregation, when performing the ordinary chants, responses, and doxologies. But the restriction ceases in respect to that higher class of compositions which ought to adorn our worship, and which the choir alone will be competent to execute."

"I must confess," remarked Mr. Larigot, who by this time began to think that the Doctor was no novice, "I must confess that your observations have contributed very much to my instruction, by throwing light on a subject which has always appeared to me difficult to understand. But yet, I must be permitted to say, that your conceptions of the musical capabilities of a mixed congregation are much higher than any which my own experience would lead me to entertain."

"You have formed your judgment, I suppose," replied the Doctor, "on what you have commonly witnessed in congregations of Churchmen?"

"Principally, sir; though not exclusively."

"Did you ever go into a Dutch or a Methodist meeting, Mr. Larigot?" asked the Rector.

"Yes, sir; but not very often."

"Did you notice their singing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, how did it strike you?"

"As somewhat rough and boisterous; though, at times, calm, expressive, correct in point of time and intonation, and on the whole quite creditable."

"Just so; and if your observation should extend further, you would find that the same judgment might be formed of the con-

gregational music of several other bodies of Christians. But how do you account for the fact?"

"I would rather hear your own explanation of it," said the organist.

"So should I, too," interposed Mr. Bullfinch, who, all the while, had been watching the progress of opinion with indefatigable attention and interest.

"Well, gentlemen," continued the Doctor, "the riddle is not a difficult one to solve. We must not suppose that the *physical* powers of musical dissenters differ in any respect from those of dumb Churchmen, except in point of cultivation and development. But we have fallen, almost unconsciously, into the bad habit of trusting everything to the choir. Our congregations, in the mass, feel no responsibility in the case. They do not think or reason about the matter, but take for granted that their only concern with the music is to *hear* it. They are not taught and trained to sing. The duty is not pressed upon them; and, consequently, they do not recognize it *as* a duty. A few only are heard even making the *attempt* to sing, though the very words before them imply and demand one unanimous and animated shout of praise. The whole thing is unreal. It is an evil,—a great, inexcusable, and deep-rooted evil. It strips the Liturgy of one half of its impressiveness,—quenches its glowing spirit,—palsies its life and movement, and makes not a few of its words unmeaning and fruitless. My very heart is stirred within me, oftentimes, when I stand in the desk, and there flashes upon my mind the dread contrast between our frigid, unimpassioned, nerveless treatment of the Liturgy, and the rich, harmonious outburst and swell of human voices, which should entrance all hearts, and make the very streets echo with holy songs and overjoying acclamations. We are all drooping and fainting under this dearth of spiritual energy. We need faith, courage, manliness, and prayer, to meet, as Christians ought, the pestilential miasm which floats in upon us from the world without, consuming our vigor and poisoning the springs of our better life. The time has come when we ought to do something for the restoration of what we have lost. The Church, in her theory, remains unchanged. Her services, in the letter, are as they were in better days; and my only ambition is, to see them offered in a manner more consonant with their pristine form, and the expectations of those devout men who arranged them. And I believe that there is no obstacle in the way, which will be insuperable, if we cheerfully unite our efforts, and trust to the grace of God to help us."

On hearing this, and perceiving the Doctor's unaffected earnestness, as revealed in every word, look, and gesture, Larigot and his companion felt little inclination to mar the imaginative

picture, by casting on it fresh lines and shadows of controversy. Nor could they, with much credit to their own principles and information, contest the chief points on which the good Rector had rested his appeal in behalf of immediate, united, and unwearying efforts for the restoration of congregational singing. But still, as may be supposed, they were not without those secret, half-bewildering throbs of hesitation, which accompany the ingress of new theoretical persuasions ; for their whole system of thought and conviction, on a question of deep interest, was now undergoing a novel and sweeping revolution, such as would inevitably involve practical issues of great breadth and equal importance. Hypotheses and speculations which call forth no consequent action, are easily managed, and may be safely disposed of, like so many brilliant bubbles, which carry no weight, and are borne off by the wafting of the next breeze. But quite otherwise was it with the deep, energizing principles which were now brought out, as if to challenge scrutiny, and to demand the obedience in which alone their very life must stand enshrined. That they had long lain dormant, or been practically disregarded, as things that were not, could be no valid reason why they should *continue* so, now that a field was open for their beneficial exercise. Holy things do not become *unholy* because they have been condemned by the thoughtless, or overridden by the unfaithful, or trampled upon by the rough heel of a spiteful world. For then, all that is good might be desecrated forever by a breath of reproach ; and the instrumentalities of piety be left defenceless against the attacks of those who choose to dishonor them. On the contrary, the Church is ever on the watch to defend her own, and to recover what an enemy may have temporarily wrenched from her possession. It may take time in some cases to do this ; but if there only be life in that which she has lost, it will eventually return into her own bosom. In the belief of this, the Church must hope and act, though dark days may come, and evils seem to thicken and spread. For every gift of which the world has robbed her, she will surely, in God's time, receive double. This she must never doubt, and so will she never fear. Her treasures will flow back upon her with increase. Not a breach in her walls, nor a fracture in her towers, but will some time be restored. Not a disfiguration, which shall not be beautified ;—not an empty niche which shall not be filled, if only faith, confidence, and the ardor of true Christian heroism pervade the Church, and draw out the inherent forces with which God has supplied her for the day of trial.

WE can only truly enjoy our mercies as we see in them the hand of a God of love.

BLESSED EFFECTS OF FAITHFUL REPROOF.

In the autumn of 1829 I met with an accident of so serious a nature, that, had not surgical assistance been rendered almost instantaneously, I should not have lived an hour. This happened on Sabbath morning. When the necessary operation had been performed, and I was able to speak, my first exclamation was, "Doctor, I thought I was off!" which I accompanied with an oath.

The worthy surgeon, who was a very young man, replied, "You were indeed nearly off this world's stage; but may I take the liberty of asking you, were you prepared to meet that great Being whose name you so lightly treated?"

I cannot describe the confusion I felt at this merited reproof, any more than the astonishment it occasioned. I confessed that I feared I was not in a state to meet my Maker in judgment.

"Pardon my observation, sir," said he. "You may perhaps think that I am stepping out of my province in interposing in spiritual matters; but, sir, I should consider myself an unworthy member of the mystical body of our Lord Jesus Christ, if I suffered you, or any one I may be called upon to attend, to imagine that I felt anything short of deep sorrow when I hear the name of my Maker irreverently treated."

I apologized for my unbecoming levity, assuring him that I used the expression most unthinkingly, and with no intention of disrespect to my Creator.

"Believe me, my dear sir," he replied, "I do not accuse you of any intentional disrespect to your Creator, much less to me; but allow me to observe, that I should have thought the most natural sentiment of your heart would have been to have returned your sincere thanks to God for your preservation; for no man was ever nearer death that did not die. I was merely the instrument of rescuing you from so sudden an end;—the success of my endeavors belonged to God, and to Him are your praises and thanksgiving due. May I request you to consider seriously the events of the last hour? Think that, in that short period of time, you were perfectly well, and on the verge of eternity, and again restored; think what might have been your fate, had it pleased the great Dispenser of events to have called you into his presence. I will say no more at present, as I am sure when you reflect on these matters you will not wonder at my rebuke."

I was left without a reply. He took his leave, promising to call on me the following day. Perhaps at no period of my life did I ever feel more ashamed of myself, or a greater degree of admiration and respect for an utter stranger; for he was not our family surgeon, but was called in as the nearest at hand. In this

apparently incidental circumstance I traced the finger of Divine Providence. Another practitioner might, no doubt, have been equally successful in his operation ; but I might have used the same observation unnoticed, and have been left equally unthankful to my Maker as I was at the moment I used the expression. This providential accident afforded me an opportunity of contracting an intimate acquaintance with this pious, humble-minded Christian, who was a man of intelligent mind, and capable of giving instructions in the great truths of Christianity. He first opened my eyes to the real beauties of the Gospel, though I knew them perfectly well at the time. He was born of Socinian parents, and educated in that unfortunate system until he arrived at the age of eighteen, at which period he was walking the hospitals in London, and was the gayest among the gay and thoughtless. His conversion was brought about in rather a singular manner.

Having one evening gone out with some licentious object in view, his attention was attracted by the sound of music and singing. He drew near to the house whence the sound proceeded. There were a number of respectable people singing a hymn. The singing was so good, that, instead of setting up a laugh at "swaddlers," as he termed them, he remained stationary until it was ended, when one of the men, who must have observed him while the hymn was singing, came out and asked him to walk in. He did so, though merely in order to furnish himself with a subject on which to exercise his powers of ridicule. A chair was placed for him, and then one of the men read a chapter from Corinthians, which he afterwards commented on ; and then followed a sort of conversational disquisition, in which several took a part. "I liked," said he to me, "all that I heard so much, that I felt gratified by being invited to meet the same parties on the following Wednesday." After a very short acquaintance, he made known his sentiments, or rather those in which he had been educated, and which he entirely renounced in less than a month, and from that time became a steady Christian.

As I have already stated, I owe to him, under God, a change of ideas, which I sincerely believe will tend to my eternal benefit. I feel their grateful effects at this moment. I know and feel an inward assurance of my Redeemer's love that enables me to bear misfortunes, at least with resignation—conscious that "all things will work together for good to them that love God."—*A Sailor's Retrospect.*

A WITTY WORD FROM PUNCH.—The Rothschilds having accepted the loan of two millions against the GREEK CROSS for the CRESCENT, may now be justified in taking their "jews-harps" from the willows, and playing, "Rise, gentle moon."

A HEAD WITHOUT A BODY IN TRINITY CHURCHYARD.

ONE day, not a hundred years ago, Mr. Andrew McFlint, a wholesale dealer in iron, appointed himself all at once general assignee of the bodies lying in Trinity Churchyard. He had come to the conclusion, by a commercial process of reasoning peculiar to himself, that the Trustees of that ancient Corporation had charged themselves with their custody already too long, and that, in a spirit of charity, which no one but a wholesale dealer in iron could thoroughly appreciate, he would take the great care off their hands, just as he would have engaged to receive a cargo of the best wrought twist or pig from a newly-arrived vessel at the wharf.

Now it so happened that, by a perversity of feeling or logic, or whatever crotchet it might be, the Trustees of Trinity were not of a mind with Mr. Andrew McFlint. They ventured humbly to suggest that Mr. McFlint, as a dealer in iron, had no proper business with the safe and decent keeping of mortuary remains. He was a metallic undertaker, they suggested, whose vocation it might be to furnish the track to railroad living bodies, up the North River or elsewhere, whithersoever the route might lie; but they did not understand that it was any proper branch of his calling to establish a trunk line to convey the dead from Trinity Churchyard to Greenwood Cemetery. Whereupon, Andrew McFlint, Esquire, rejoined, that he was not a dealer, by no means, in bodies; that they, the worthy Trustees, greatly mistook him when they supposed for a moment even that he had any regard for these remains, as the individual relics of departed fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters, or even grandfathers and grandmothers, of persons now surviving. As for coffins with a body in each, the idea was perfectly absurd and not to be entertained, as far as he was concerned. He, for himself, wasn't used to deal in a small way, by parcel; he, he would have them understand, was a wholesale man. He regarded the whole speculation—the entire graveyard, by the rood or acre—so many square yards of earth, to be carried off by the cart. To sustain these admirable and original, but strictly business views, it is understood that Mr. A. McFlint immediately invested the sum of three shillings and sixpence, Scotch currency, in the purchase of a yard measure, or foot-rule (the authorities differ as to the exact investment, but the general opinion inclines to the belief that it was a yard measure, which would allow Mr. McFlint to get over the ground in less time, and more in accordance with his comprehensive and wholesaling disposition.) With the yard measure, then, Mr. McF. forthwith went over the graveyard, calculated it with dispatch into so many square yards, then into

so many cubic yards, then into so many loads; and by summary process concluded, very happily, at so much per load, and so many loads per day, just how much it would cost, to a farthing, and how long time, to a second, it would take to empty the entire precincts, and to be rid of fathers, mothers, sons and daughters, old soldiers and patriots, grandfathers and grandmothers, and the whole "heap," at once and forever. "These good-for-nothing old dead people," said Andrew, "what are they but so much 'cold obstruction' between the North River and Broadway? Away with them!"

To the utter and undisguised astonishment of our wholesale dealer in dust and iron, nobody could be found to take exactly his view of the business, except, perhaps—if it is worth while to stop to consider trifles—one or two smart mercantile lawyers in the collecting business; although so assured was Andrew that everybody *must* look at it in the same light—in fact, there was no other light in which it could be regarded—that he took it for granted that everybody would sign a paper-statement to that effect. Accordingly, the paper-statement was signed; but, to the further indefinite astonishment of Mr. McFlint, every man whose name appeared thereto attached came out and denied that he had signed or authorized any other person to sign the same. By this time the town was up in arms. Every voice was on the other side. Every argument was on the other side. Every feeling of every man, woman, and child in the city was arrayed against the beautiful reasoning and the noble commercial views of Andrew McFlint, Esquire. Andrew was reasoned down, argued down, paragraphed down, reported down, and voted "down among the dead men." And now he would have had the entire field to himself, and nobody to trouble their heads further about him; but, as he still kept up a mighty pother with his great commercial improved windmills, beating the air with no grist to grind, (for no grist was coming to his mills,) and as all rational people had given him up long ago, he would have utterly lacked any further antagonist and counter-controversialist, had not an excellent old lady appeared in the lists, who—being demented, not by greed for gain, but by an absurd attachment to the remains of certain dead relatives lying in Trinity ground—passed by the name of Crazy Kate. Now, it happened about this time that Crazy Kate, on a certain moonlight night, when the Church spire was beautifully lit up with silver, and the graves all lying in rich shadow—merely in the indulgence of that grief and retrospection natural and proper only to foolish and weak-minded old people—had gone down to Trinity burying-ground, and was treading gently about among the graves, when all at once there came stealthily around the corner of the Church—a body. She started at first, it came upon her so suddenly. She might

have thought it was a newly-risen ghost ; but when it came nearer, and she discovered that it was a stout figure some two hundred in weight, and that it carried a long stick in its hand, she was satisfied in her own crazy way that this was no spirit from the other world. It might have been a goblin from below, somewhere ; but she was clear on the point, at least, that it had not arrived from the spiritual regions above. The stout figure crept along, and, stooping down, proceeded to apply the long stick to the ground. It had done this two or three times, when Crazy Kate, advancing, begged to know " Who was to be buried now ? "

The stout figure paid no heed to the question, until it was repeated two or three times. Partly turning about and raising up its head, the stout figure asked in return, and in an exceedingly gruff voice, " Who are you ? "

" Crazy Kate ! "

Upon this announcement the stout figure rose immediately to its legs ; and as it rose it brought the face that belonged to the stout figure into the moonlight, so that it could be plainly seen ; and as the body was in shadow of the Church roof, which cut it off just at the neck, it seemed like a head without a body, or any place for a heart and other conveniences of that sort. It was a head alone, as it were, a mere calculating knob or cast-iron machine toying above the churchyard—a hard head, as Crazy Kate got a full view of it ; a sort of cannon-ball, without much emotion to trouble its steady surface.

" Andrew McFlint ! " said Crazy Kate, as she regarded the head and the tip-end of the staff, which stuck out over his shoulder as he held it under his arm.

" Yes, ma'am, at your service, I am gude Andrew McFlint." The head retired a little from Crazy Kate, as it made this declaration. " I ha' mad' one slight mis-reckoning, which I would fain set right."

" Give me your hand, Andrew. I was sure you would come right at last. You repent you, then, of the course you have taken ? "

" I do, muckle, indeed, Madam. I find in gauging over the grounds agin, I allowed na' for the sunken stanes."

" And now you will. Ah ! that is right, Andrew McFlint ; be a good man, and respect these holy stones."

" I will, you may be assured of that. I will allow for every one of them."

" Those are precious stones, Mr. McFlint."

" I canna' tell ye how much they are worth. Worked in wi' ithers, they might bring a value."

" You don't understand me, sir. Those stones, as covering the remains of our dear friends and relatives, are sacred in our eyes."

"Ye dinna understan' me. I would na' allow the clipping of ane bawbee for the whole of them. But do ye not see that, so much sunken stane—so much less dirt to be carted away—"

"Dirt!—dirt!—what do you mean by dirt, sir? If you are talking of the sacred dust which lies down here in that fashion, it is you, living man as you are, that are dirt. Ay, shake your stick as you will. It is not they down there that the worms are troubling. With you, old man, they are busy. They have already eaten away your heart—avarice, and lucre, and worldly self-seeking—and if you look not sharp, they will have their coils about your soul; and then, when you come to be buried, who will care where your body rests? Answer me that, Andrew McFlint. Will you not speak? Perhaps you think I am mad, and you will not change words with me. Answer me that!"

As she spoke she raised her arm and advanced upon the stout figure. There was something in her voice or manner which was not altogether pleasant to Mr. McFlint. He looked a moment at Crazy Kate, glanced hastily about the churchyard, and, turning upon his heel, sped away. As he passed out at the gate, Crazy Kate heard a snap as of the discharge of a pistol. It was, perhaps, the cracking of the measure-stick of Mr. McFlint, as two fragments of that kind were found next morning lying near the street wall. It is reported that the consideration so closely pressed upon him by the lunatical old lady, as to the final disposition of his own body, has so wrought on Mr. McFlint, that for the present he has fallen back to his own original business in iron, and that he has left off entirely dealing in graveyards. Crazy Kate, it is said, however, will keep an eye upon him; and should a relapse appear at any time to be approaching, she will no doubt do her best to restore him to usefulness and health of mind, by administering to him a few shovelful of his own dust.

REMEMBRANCES.

"The touching tones of minstrel art,
The breathings of the mournful flute,
Which we have heard with list'ning heart,
Are not extinct when mute;
The language of some household song,
The perfume of some cherish'd flower,
Though gone from outward sense, belong
To memory's after hour."

From "*Nothing is Lost*," a Poem by J. E. PRINCE.

Not lost,—they endure, though the hastening years
May bring, in their course, to us gladness and tears.
The deeds and the sounds that with pleasure or pain
Have marked us, the mind will their impress retain,

Though hush'd be the voice that had power to charm,
With its gush of abounding affection warm ;
Though never again may the sealed ear thrill,
In depths of the mind are they echoing still.

The roar of the ocean, the organ's swell,
The tales that the darkening forests tell,
The peal of the thunder, the murmur'ing rill,
The winds that have whistled their wild tunes shrill,
The accents of grief, or of pity, or fear,
The shout of the merry ones ringing clear,
And thoughts that awoke with the free bird's strain,
Though silent awhile, yet return again.

They come when the spirit is weary and lone,
And whisper of moments forever gone ;
When joy with her brightness illumines the eye,
Unseen, but resistless, they hover nigh ;
In the dell's still seclusion,—the hour of prayer,
In busiest mart, 'mid the gloom of care ;
And oft to the mind will an odor, a flow'r,
The scenes that had long been unheeded restore.

They come o'er the soul in those favor'd hours,
Like breezes that roam among orange bow'rs,
Reviving the sense, or the zephyr bland,
Whose wings have the summer evening fann'd ;
They come like the notes of the wind-harp's lay,
That plaintively sigheth the hours away ;
So sweetly and sadly we feel their pow'r,
And dreary were life, did they come no more.

As hues of the morning, at daylight's decline,
Again on the face of the broad heavens shine,
So cheering the eve of our life's day appears,
The gleam that enliven'd our earliest years ;*
And words that have dropp'd like seed on the soil,
In moments of pleasure or worldly turmoil,
May spring up and grow, like the gourd, in a night,
To shed o'er our future their blessing or blight.

O Memory ! strong for our joy or our woe,
Shall we evermore thy ministry know ?
With us will thy presence mysterious abide,
In the land to whose shores we unceasingly glide ?
To heighten the bliss of the heavenly rest,
To deepen the pangs of the spirits unblest !—
Oh ! would that thy breathings might o'er to us tell
Of those things whereon the soul loveth to dwell !

1853.

ILA.

* The power of the memory in old age to recall the scenes of youth, which is so often observed, is seldom more pleasingly exhibited than in the case of Niebuhr, the traveller, of whom it is related that, "when old and blind, and so feeble that he had barely strength to be borne from his bed to his chair, the dim remembrance of his early adventures thronged before his memory with such vividness, that they painted themselves upon his sightless eyeballs, * * * * * and he discoursed with strange and thrilling eloquence upon those scenes which thus, in the hours of stillness and darkness, were reflected upon his inmost soul."

Editor's Table.

A VOICE FROM ROME!—ANOTHER BOOK!—Alban, and Uncle Tom's Cabin, and Hot Corn, and the Lamplighter! Surely, they seemed sufficient for our time! Why must so many books be written? Why must so many men write books? It is a Sphinx-problem. Bishop Ives abdicates his Episcopate; and submits his body, soul, and spirit, to the yoke of Rome. It was known that he would perform just such an act as soon as he had sailed from our shores. It grieved every one to hear that the act was performed; but it surprised no one. It had not even the attachment of a nine days' wonder. The Pervert has sent to us, from his new home, a book of explanation, and of invitation. The explanation we are not satisfied with; the invitation we must respectfully decline. We do not intend to criticise here the new book. It has been printed—been sold—been read. In a few weeks it will be forgotten. When its writer was a Bishop, he was remarkable not so much for intellectual vigor, as for heart-earnestness. He was a sincere man—but sincere in a wrong way. He preached solemnly and eloquently. Now he is a Layman. A vow, that is upon him, to "love and cherish" another, will, so he says, obstruct his ever preaching again. It rejoices us that he still feels bound to pay this vow. O! that he had felt bound to pay five other vows—his Baptismal vow, his Confirmation vow, his Deacon's vow, his Priest's vow, his Bishop's vow. His is an extremely sad case. Loving hearts have wept for him. Good men have prayed for him. If he is still prayed for perseveringly and unitedly, he may yet repent, and return. Looked at simply as the production of a learned Layman, the book does him no credit. It is very tame, and very shallow. As an exposition of Romish fallacy, it is very commendable. It strengthens every stand-point—Scriptural, historical, doctrinal, practical, logical—that the Church in America has yet made. If Rome rests her claims to catholicity on the grounds put forth by him, her resting-place has not the quicksand's stability. For our own sake we do not regret the publication of the book. For the distinguished writer's sake, we do greatly regret it. *Such a step taken! and only such a book written!* May he, when in his right mind, read his own book.

Book Table.

SURENNE'S FRENCH AND ENGLISH AND ENGLISH AND FRENCH DICTIONARY. 12mo.

SEOANE'S, NEUMAN AND BARETTI'S SPANISH AND ENGLISH AND ENGLISH AND SPANISH DICTIONARY, abridged by Prof. Velasquez. 12mo.

These very valuable volumes are from the press of Messrs. Appleton, and in every way sustain the high reputation, which they have acquired,

for issuing works of the first utility. Surenne's Dictionary is very considerably enlarged and improved, and is most excellently gotten up. Velasquez's Spanish Dictionary fully equals it in typographical neatness and accuracy, and in being carefully prepared to suit the wants of travellers and scholars of the present day. We know of no better and more valuable works than these, in their respective departments, which one can add to his library.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF JOSEPH ADDISON. In five volumes. New-York: G. P. Putnam & Co.

The publication of the fourth and fifth volumes of this very choice edition completes the collection of the works of the illustrious author. We cannot find terms in which too highly to praise the admirable style and getting up of this edition of Addison's works. It is a feast to the eye, equally with the feast of good things which the volumes contain, from the pen of the first writer in the English language. Prof. Greene has edited the volumes with commendable and appreciative care, and we have no hesitation in placing this edition above any which is in existence. It must take rank of all others. We submit to our readers how much better it is to add such standard works as these to their library, than to spend money over the popular literature of the day. What more fitting present, too, could one make than a copy of Addison's works, to show his regard for a dear friend or companion?

CAT AND DOG: Memoirs of Puss and the Captain; NATURAL HISTORY, in Stories; PRETTY POLL: A Parrot's own History. New-York: Evans & Dickerson. 1854.

Three very pretty juveniles, got up in the excellent taste for which Mr. Evans is noted. We wish him every success in issuing works for youth, as well for his own sake as because we take a special interest in this description of literature.

THE CATACOMBS OF ROME, as Illustrating the Church of the First Three Centuries. By the Rt. Rev. W. I. Kip, D. D. New-York: Redfield. 1854. 12mo.

In this very interesting volume, from the pen of Bishop Kip, we are favored with an insight into those curious and highly instructive remains of the early Roman Christians, which still exist in the Catacombs. It is a work of very considerable research, and evidences the scholarship of the accomplished author. As a work of value, helping to show decisively that modern Rome claims for itself what the early Roman Christians knew nothing of, the present volume must take high rank. For the general reader, it will be found equally interesting and instructive. The Illustrations, which are numerous, contribute materially to the interest as well as the worth of the book.

BOYS AT HOME. By C. Adams. With Illustrations by Gilbert. New-York: Appletons.

Another capital story for boys, by the author of "Edgar Clifton." It will well repay perusal by any or all our young friends and readers.

UNCLE SAM'S FARM FENCE. By A. D. Milne. New-York: C. Shepard & Co.

A very highly wrought temperance story, good in the main, well told suggestively, but in some respects extravagant. We cannot commend, without caution, an out and out temperance tale; for we know too well that

bad as drinking rum is, in every point of view, it requires something more than to leave it off in order to reform mankind.

A YEAR WITH THE TURKS; or, Sketches of Travel in the European and Asiatic Dominions of the Sultan. By W. W. Smyth, M. A. New-York: Redfield. 12mo.

Mr. Smyth, in rather a slovenly style, gives the reader a fair and intelligible insight into the domestic life of the Turks, and other inhabitants of the empire. He is a great admirer of the Turks, much more so than we are, we confess; and he hates the Russians with a highly concentrated hatred. The volume contains a great deal of information well worth having just at this time, and making some allowances for matters wherein we differ from Mr. Smyth, we are quite ready to commend it to our readers. The map prefixed is of very great value and utility.

Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

ORDINATIONS.

Priests.

Kentucky—April 17. Rev. Francis H. Bushnell.
Michigan—March 5. Rev. William Munroe.
Western New-York—April 23. Rev. George T. Rider.—3.

Deacons.

Connecticut—March 12. James R. Coe.
Western New-York—April 23. Robert Harwood.—2.

CONSECRATION OF CHURCHES.

Virginia—April 3. Immanuel Church, Hanover County.
 April 9. Trinity Church, Brunswick County.—2.

CONFIRMATIONS.

Alabama—Lately. Trinity Church, Florence, 2.
 St. John's, Tusculumbia, 15.
 Church of the Nativity, Huntsville, 10.
 Bellefonte, 8.
 Guntersville, 6.

Alabama—Lately. St. Mark's Chapel, Limestone County, 3.
 St. Mark's, Madison County, 3.—47.

Connecticut—March 5—26. Trinity Church, Portland, 13.
 Grace Church, Hamden, 9.

Trinity, Newtown, 25.
 St. James's, Zoar, 3.
 April 9. St. Paul's, New-Haven, 14.

Mission Chapel, do., 38.
 — 13. St. James's, Westville, 1.

— 14. Trinity, New-Haven, 11.

St. James's, Fair Haven, 7.

— 15. Trinity, Branford, 6.

— 16. St. John's, Hartford, 14.
 St. Mark's, New Britain, 6.

— 17. St. Peter's, Milford, 4.
 — 18. Christ Church, Stratford, 6.

— 20. Christ Church, Westport, 14.

— 21. Emmanuel, Weston, 11.

— 22. St. Matthew's, Wilton, 8.—190.

Florida—February 12. St. Luke's Parish, Marianna, 7.

- Florida**—March 8. Trinity Church, St. Augustine, 4.
 — 12. Ocoola, 3.—14.
- Indiana**—March 5. St. James's Ch'ch, Vincennes, 5.
 — 19. Christ Church, Madison, 9.
 — 26. St. Stephen's, Terre Haute, 10.
 April 2. St. John's Church, Lafayette, 4.
 — 6. St. John's, Bristol, 3.
 — 7. St. Paul's Church, La Porte, 1.
 — 9. Trinity Church, Michigan City, 8.—40.
- Kentucky**—April 16. Christ Church, Louisville, 20.
 St. John's, do., 23.
 St. Paul's, do., 11.—54.
- Maryland**—March 19. St. James's Church, Baltimore, 10.
 April 12. St. Paul's Church, do., 24.
 — 14. St. Peter's Church, do., 25.
 — 23. St. Stephen's Church, do., 18.—77.
- Michigan**—February 12. Trinity Church, Monroe, 2.
 — 13. St. Luke's Parish, Coldwater, 3.
 — 14. Grace Ch., Janesville, 3.
 — 15. Christ Ch'ch, Addison, 3.
 — 16. St. John's Church, Clinton, 1.
 March 12. Mariners' Church, Detroit, 14.
 — 27. Trinity, Niles, 10.
 — 28. St. Luke's, Kalamazoo, 10.
 — 29. Trinity Ch'ch, Marshall, 5.
 — 30. St. Paul's, Jackson, 5.—56.
- Missouri**—April 9. St. John's Ch'ch, St. Louis, 16.
 — 14. Christ Church, do., 18.—34.
- New-Jersey**—March 30. Christ Ch., Bordentown, 7.
 April 2. Temporary Chapel, Pemberton, 1.
 St. Andrew's Church, Mount Holly, 1.
- New-Jersey**—April 4. St. Stephen's Ch'rch, Beverly, 1.
 — 9. St. John's Church, Camden, 20.
 Church of the Ascension, Gloucester, 5.
 — 10. Grace Church, Haddonfield, 1.
 — 11. St. Peter's Church, Berkley, at Clarksborough, 1.
 Trinity Ch., Swedesborough, 1.
 — 18. St. Peter's Church, Freehold, 1.
 — 19. Christ Church, Middletown, 2.
 Macedonia, 8.
 — 20. Christ Ch., Shrewsbury, 2.
 Trinity Church, Red Bank, 4.—55.
- New-York**—March 22. St. Luke's Church, Brooklyn, 12.
 — 23. Church of the Messiah, Greenbush, Rensselaer County, 13.
 — 24. Grace Church, Albany, 23.
 — 25. Trinity Church, do., 23.
 — 26. St. Peter's Church do., 24.
 Church of the Holy Innocents, do., 10.
 St. Paul's Church, do., 28.
 — 27. Christ Ch'ch, Hampton, Washington County, 3.
 — 29. St. Mark's Church, Hoosick Falls, Rensselaer County, 2.
 — 30. Grace Church, Waterford, Saratoga County, 9.
 St. John's Church, Cohoes, Albany County, 22.
 — 31. Trinity Church, Lansingburgh, Rensselaer County, 29.

- New-York*—March 31. Trinity Ch., West Troy, Albany County, 14.
- April 1. St. Luke's Church, Mechanicville, Saratoga County, 6.
- 2. Church of the Holy Cross, Troy, 18.
St. Paul's Church, do., 29.
- 3. St. George's Church, Schenectady, 13.
- 4. Calvary Ch., Burnt Hills, Saratoga Co., 5.
St. Paul's Ch., Charlton, do., 2.
Christ Church, Ballston Spa, do., 17.
- 5. Bethesda Church, Saratoga Springs, do., 24.
- 6. Church of the Messiah, Glen's Falls, Warren County, 6.
St. James's Church, Ft. Edward, Washington County, 11.
Zion Church, Sandy Hill, do., 5.
- 7. Church of the Epiphany, New-York, 20.
- 9. French Church du St. Esprit, do., 22.
St. George's Church, do., 54.
Church of the Holy Apostles, do., 14.
- 10. St. Peter's Church, Brooklyn, 9.
Church of the Transfiguration, New-York, 29.
- 11. Chapel of the General Theological Seminary, do., 7.
- 20. St. John's Church, Clifton, Richmond County, 12.
St. Paul's Church, Castleton, do., 9.
- 21. Christ Church, New Brighton, do., 4.
- 22. St. Mary's Church, Castleton, do., 7.
- New-York*—April 23. St. Andrew's Ch'ch, Richmond, do., 13.
St. Luke's Church, Rossville, do., 17.
- 25. Grace Church, Jamaica, Queens Co., 17.
St. George's Church, Hempstead, do., 4.
- 26. Trinity Ch., Rockaway, do., 9.
- 28. St. Thomas's Ch'ch, Ravenswood, do., 2.
- 30. St. Luke's Church, New-York, 30.
- April. Church of the Advent, New-York, 12.
St. Clement's Church, do., 17.
St. Paul's Chapel, do., 41.
Church of the Holy Communion, do., 33.
St. John's Chapel, do., 27.
St. Mark's Church, do., 9.
All Saints' Church, do., 25.
Christ Church, Brooklyn, 13.
Grace Church, do., 26.
St. Matthew's Church, New-York, 9.
St. James's Church, do., 9.
St. Mary's Church, do., 9.—857.
- North Carolina*—April 2. Christ Ch., Elizabeth City, 12.
- Ohio*—Lately. St. Philip's, Circleville, 9.
St. Paul's, Chillicothe, 20.
Christ Church, Dayton, 8.—37.
- Pennsylvania*—April 1—22. Grace Church, Philadelphia, 19.
St. Luke's, do., 25.
Trinity, Westchester, 8.
St. Paul's, Philadelphia, 26.
Nativity, do., 24.

Penn.—April 1—22. St. James's, do., 14.
 St. David's, Manayunk, 20.
 St. Mark's, Philadelphia, 29.
 St. Andrew's, do., 21.
 Emanuel, do., 19.
 Church of our Saviour, do., 13.—218.

Tennessee—March. Trinity Parish, Clarksville, 34.

Virginia—April 2. St. John's Church, Richmond, 11.

Monumental Church, do., 17.

— 5. St. George's, Fredericksburgh, 17.

— 8. Saponay, 3.

— 9. St. Paul's, Norfolk, 16.
 Christ Church, do. 50.

— 10. Brunswick C. H., 3.

— 12. Grace Church, Greensville, 2.

— 12. Hicksford, 18.

— 16. Grace Church, Petersburg, 23.—160.

Western New-York—April 9. Trinity Church, Seneca Falls, 7.

St. Paul's Church, Waterloo, 9.

— 14. Trinity Church, Geneva, 22.

— 23. St. John's, Canandaigua, 33.—71.—1,956.

CLERICAL CHANGES.

Rev. James Adams, to New-York.

Rev. Joseph Brewster, to New-Haven, Connecticut.

Rev. George Bridgeman, to Medina, Orleans County, Western New-York.

Rev. William F. Bryant, to St. Stephen's Church, Mullica Hill, New-Jersey.

Rev. Alexander Burgess, to the charge of St. Luke's Church, Portland, Maine.

Rev. Asa S. Colton, to Wilmington, Delaware.

Rev. Edmund Embury, to the charge of St. Saviour's Church, Maspeth, Queens County, New-York.

Rev. Rees C. Evans, to the Rectorship of St. Paul's Church, Doylestown, and Trinity Church, Centreville, (Post-office Doylestown,) Bucks County, Pennsylvania.

Rev. Israel Foote, to Trinity Church, Fredonia, Chautauque County, Western New-York.

Rev. Hannibal Goodwin, to Newark, New-Jersey.

Rev. Charles W. Hayes, to the Rectorship of St. Thomas's Church, Hamilton, Madison County, Western New-York.

Rev. Andrew Mackie, to New Bedford, Massachusetts.

Rev. John L. M'Kim, to Georgetown, Delaware.

Rev. Rodolphus K. Nash, to St. James's Church, Wooster, Ohio.

Rev. Beardsley Northrup, to New Hartford, Oneida County, Western New-York.

Rev. John J. Robertson, D. D., to Middlebury, Vermont.

Rev. George Sheets, to St. James's Church, Staunton: address, Wilmington, Delaware.

Rev. Henry Townsend, to Christ Church, Bethany, Connecticut.

Rev. E. A. Washburn, to the Rectorship of St. John's Church, Hartford, Connecticut.

Rev. Homer Wheeler, to the Rectorship of St. Peter's, Ashtabula, Ohio.

Died.

April 5. Rev. David Huntington, Harpersville, Western New-York, aged 66.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO CHURCH INSTITUTIONS AND OBJECTS IN THE UNITED STATES, AND IN THE DIOCESE OF NEW-YORK.

Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States:		
Domestic Committee	\$2,185 24	
Foreign Committee.....	6,470 97	
		\$8,664 21
General Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union and Church Book Society		
Diocesan Missionary Committee.....		146 64
Diocesan Fund for the Relief of Aged and Infirm Clergymen.....		419 06
Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society for Seamen, in the City and Port of New-York.....		71 03
New-York Bible and Common Prayer-Book Society		943 39
Protestant Episcopal Tract Society		2,430 53
		2,438 80

Calendar for June.

4. WHITSUNDAY. [Proper Psalms instead of the Psalms for the Day of the Month.]
 5. Monday in Whitsun Week.
 6. Tuesday in Whitsun Week.
 7. Ember Day.
 9. Ember Day.
 10. Ember Day.
 11. TRINITY SUNDAY.
St. Barnabas the Apostle.
 18. First Sunday after Trinity.
 24. The Nativity of St John the Baptist.
 25. Second Sunday after Trinity.
 29. St. Peter the Apostle.
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THE "Postscript" to the article of "O," in our present number, was received in due course of mail, and will be printed in our next.



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Trinity Church was the first edifice of that name, greatly en-
VOL. I.—NO. VII.

RETRIEV. SAMUEL PROVDOST. D.D.

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THE
Churchman's Monthly Magazine.

Vol. I.

JULY, 1854.

No. 7.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF BISHOP PROVOOST.

SAMUEL, son of John and Eve Provoost, the first Bishop of the Diocese of New-York, was born in the City of New-York, of Huguenot extraction, February 26, 1742, O. S. He was one of the first students of King's (now Columbia) College, in that city, then occupying a frame building in Trinity Church-yard; and received the degree of A. B. at its first Commencement, being in his seventeenth year. In the summer of 1761, he went to England, and entered fellow-commoner of St. Peter's College, Cambridge. There he determined upon the ministry as his profession. He was ordained Deacon at the stated Ember-time of ordination, second Sunday in Lent, February 23, 1766, in the Chapel Royal of St. James's Palace, Westminster, by Dr. Richard Terrick, Bishop of London; and Priest, on Tuesday before Easter, being also the Feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, March 25, 1766, in King's Chapel, Whitehall, by Dr. Edmund Keene, Bishop of Chester.

While at Cambridge, Mr. Provoost became an intimate friend of his fellow-student, Benjamin Bousfield, of a wealthy Irish family, who afterwards became a somewhat celebrated member of the Irish House of Commons, and was otherwise distinguished in political and social life. On a visit of his widowed mother and her daughter, Maria, to Cambridge, while the two friends were there, a mutual affection was formed between this young lady, and Mr. Provoost, and they were married, June 8, 1766, in St. Mary's Church, Cambridge, by one of the Senior Fellows of Trinity College.

Soon after his marriage, Mr. Provoost returned to New-York with his bride, and in December, 1766, accepted a call to be an Assistant Minister of Trinity Church, comprising the Parish Church, and St. George's and St. Paul's Chapels; the Rev. Samuel Auchmuty being Rector, and the Rev. John Ogilvie and the Rev. Charles Inglis (afterwards Bishop of Nova Scotia—the first English colonial Bishop) Assistant Ministers.

Trinity Church was the first edifice of that name, greatly en-

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larged beyond its original size. It was burned down at the commencement of the Revolutionary war, and succeeded, after the peace, by what is now remembered as Old Trinity; which again, on being taken down, was succeeded, a few years ago, by the present building. St. George's Chapel, in Beekman street, built in 1752, is the original St. George's, as far as the stone walls are concerned; the rest of the building, including a lofty steeple, having been destroyed by fire in 1814. The present St. Paul's is, with little alteration, the original Chapel, erected 1766; except the steeple, which was added after the Revolution.

In 1768, Mr. Provoost visited his wife's relations in Ireland. For reasons not now well understood, considerable disaffection towards him had begun to prevail in the parish; and this absence seems to have been embraced as an occasion for bringing it to a point. On his return, the following year, difficulties arose between him and the Vestry; the result of which was a dissolution of his connection with Trinity Church. The causes of this difficulty were probably various. Mr. Provoost himself attributed it to his not being considered sufficiently evangelical; an idea to which strength was probably added by the fact of Mr. Whitefield's officiating in New-York, having produced much excitement on the subject of what was called evangelical preaching. Mr. Provoost, in a letter written by him, refers the circumstance to "the bigotry and enthusiasm that generally prevail among the people here of all denominations. Even the Church, particularly the lower members of it," he observes, "is not free from the general infection." He says of himself, "I made it a point to preach the plain doctrines of religion and morality in the manner I found them enforced by the most eminent divines of the Church of England. This brought an accusation against me by these people, that I was endeavoring to sap the foundations of Christianity, which they imagined to consist in the doctrines of absolute predestination and reprobation; placing such unbounded confidence in the merits of Christ, as to think their own endeavors quite unnecessary, and not in the least available to salvation; and consigning to everlasting destruction all who happen to differ from them in the most trivial matters. I was, however, happy enough to be supported by many of the principal persons of New-York."^{*}

It is not probable, however, that the circumstance here adverted to was the *only*, perhaps it was not the *chief*, cause of the difficulty. There were those living, not many years ago, who remembered that although Bishop Provoost was a good scholar, a man of extensive reading, and amiable and benevolent properties

^{*} For this and other extracts, and for most of the facts in this sketch, the writer is indebted to a Memoir of Bishop Provoost in the *Evergreen* for July, 1844, "written chiefly by the late Hon. Cadwallader D. Colden, the Bishop's son-in-law, with compilations by George B. Rapelye."

of character, remarkable for exactness and punctuality in his duties, and for gentlemanly dignity and courtesy of demeanor, and solemn and impressive in the performance of the various offices of the Liturgy, yet his pulpit manner was far from being popular. A native diffidence, sometimes producing painful embarrassment, often affected it unfavorably; while a somewhat cold constitutional temperament repressed much that might have been more interesting in the writing and delivering of his sermons; while it also could not but have been unfavorable to that zeal and energy of general character and ministration which might have prevented the difficulties into which he was brought.

There was still another circumstance, however, that was probably far from being without effect in aggravating difficulties arising from other causes. Agitating and irritating questions were already beginning to arise on points connected with the differences between the mother country and the colonies, which, in a few years, produced the Revolution. On these points, Mr. Provoost differed from probably the most influential portion of the parish, by what they would construe as disaffection towards the government, and a tendency towards rebellion.

Suffice it to say, that under all the circumstances of the case, Mr. Provoost quit the parish, and soon after, the city; removing to a small farm which he purchased at East Camp, then in Dutchess County, New-York. He settled here with his family in the latter part of 1770, or the beginning of 1771; from which time, until after the Revolutionary war, a period of more than twelve years, he "seems to have lived in perfect retirement, occupying himself with literary pursuits, for which he had a great taste."

The politics, however, which operated to his disadvantage in New-York, favored him elsewhere, in conjunction with the estimate entertained of his character and talents. "His name was put, by the leading politicians of the day, at the head of a list of persons who were to be delegates to the Provincial Congress, but he declined accepting this office." He had also offers of eligible clerical settlements in parts of the Church, where his politics would be rather a recommendation. The reason assigned by himself for declining these ought certainly to be attributed to an honorable principle. It was, in brief, an unwillingness to put on the appearance of availing himself of his politics for acting towards his brethren who differed from him in a manner that "might be imputed to mercenary views, and an ungenerous desire of rising on their ruin." He also declined accepting an election to the office of Chaplain of the Convention which formed the first Constitution of the State of New-York, and met at Kingston in 1777. Indubitable evidence of disinterestedness, and

of a sincere conviction that he was right in these things, is afforded by the fact that his pecuniary circumstances were then in a very straitened and embarrassed condition.

After the British had burnt Esopus, in September, 1777, Mr. Provoost and a number of his neighbors, hearing that a detachment of English soldiers had landed on their side of the river, armed themselves for the defence of their property, and set out in search of the enemy. Unexpected difficulties, however, presented themselves, and placed them in a predicament which rendered the concealment of their persons essential to the safety of their lives, or at least their security from capture. The alternative was adopted, and proved successful. The invading detachment seem to have left the neighborhood without doing material injury.

The termination of the Revolutionary war brought a happy change upon Mr. Provoost's condition and prospects.

During the greater part of that seven years' war, and at its close, the Rev. Mr. Inglis, as successor to the Rev. Dr. Auchmuty, who died March 4, 1777, was Rector of Trinity Church. Being unwilling to transfer his civil allegiance from England to America, he resigned his rectorship, November 1, 1783. The resignation was accepted by the Vestry, who immediately appointed as his successor the Rev. Benjamin Moore, who had been chosen assistant minister soon after his return from England, whither he had gone for orders, in 1774.

A new scene soon opened upon the parish. On the memorable November 25, 1783, the independence of our country having been acknowledged by England, the British troops evacuated this city. Those friendly to the American cause, who had long been exiled from their homes here, returned. An entirely new state of society was introduced. Those in whose hands affairs in the several civil and ecclesiastical departments had been, were diminished in number by the removal to the British dominions of many who had opposed the Revolution, and continued to own allegiance to the mother country. Between those of this class who remained, and those favorable to the Revolution, who returned to their old homes in the city after years of suffering exile, and finding great injury done to their property here during what they regarded as its unjust possession by an enemy, it of course is naturally to be supposed, that there could not, as a general thing, be any very cordial feeling of confidence and esteem. Vexed questions might be expected to arise between them on a variety of issues hard to be settled. Things requiring mutual co-operation between parties thus related, would be very likely to be injuriously neglected, or entangled with fictitious difficulties. It was natural for the Legislature, as guardian of the public welfare, to feel anxious as to the faithful holding and use of *trusts*, if left in the hands of those who might, not unreasonably, until

time was allowed to prove them, he supposed capable of feeling an hostility to the then present state of things, not an unnatural product of the view taken by some, that the Revolution was but a successful rebellion.*

The fact is, that under the then existing circumstances, the Legislature of the State had deemed it their duty to appoint a "Council for the temporary government of the southern parts of the State, whenever the enemy shall abandon or be dispossessed of the same, until the Legislature can be convened." "This Council," says the Documentary History of the State of New York, "had been vested with almost dictatorial power"—a very reasonable alternative, considering the confused and anomalous state of things in which it was to act, and the promptness with which it must, in many cases, have been necessary for action to be had. The members of the Church who had continued true to the American cause, and now returned to their old homes in New-York, were not satisfied with the then recent appointment, as Rector, of a gentleman who had been unfriendly to that cause; or to the continuance in office of wardens and vestrymen, of whom it could hardly be expected, with any certainty, that they would manage the affairs of the corporation, considered in its civil capacity, as true-hearted American citizens. After an unsuccessful appeal to the Vestry "to endeavor to induce them to adopt such measures as might produce an amicable arrangement," they appealed to the above-mentioned "Council." This body was addressed by eminent lawyers on both sides. The result was such an exercise of the powers granted them by the Legislature, as led them to vest the temporalities of Trinity Church in nine trustees—St. George's and St. Paul's Chapels, (the parish Church being in ruins,) as well as all other property; which trustees invited Mr. Provoost to officiate in those Chapels. The invitation was accepted. The Council also ordered a new election of wardens and vestrymen, which resulted in the choice of gentlemen friendly to the newly established order of things. This Vestry unanimously elected Mr. Provoost Rector of the parish; acting upon the principle, avowed by the Council, that the late election of Mr. Moore was, under the circumstances of the case, null and void.

The justly reverential and affectionate remembrance of Mr.—afterwards so eminent for excellence and usefulness as Bishop—Moore, is full of thoughts on this subject, which ought not to sway the recorder of facts. Many of the wisest and best of

* The "time allowed to prove them" was successful in very many, perhaps most, cases. Large numbers who had continued loyal to their king were as loyal to the Republic, when the king had acknowledged its independence, and are still remembered as among our best and truest citizens. Such was the Rev. Benjamin Moore, whose case is now particularly before us. He probably acted on the principle of another member of the same family, who, having been a good *tory* during the war, had his consistency questioned, when he took the oath of allegiance necessary to admit him to the privileges of an American citizen, and replied: "*I never have been a rebel against my country, and I never will be.*"

those who cherish such thoughts will grant that it is a dictate of ordinary justice, that weight be allowed in favor of those who then controlled the doings of the Parish, to the principles and feelings which had regard to the long years of privation and suffering in the cause which they deemed right and good, of them who now came into the management of the concerns of the parochial corporation. It is no disparagement of the superior claims of BENJAMIN MOORE to the love, confidence, and respect of the Church, that there be cherished the persuasion of the propriety, under existing circumstances, of the measures which kept him back a few years from the honor of the Rectorship of Trinity, and the Episcopate of the Diocese, which he so richly deserved, and so faithfully improved to the best interests of the Gospel and the Church.

The Legislature, April 17, 1784, passed "An Act for making such alterations in the Charter of the Corporation of Trinity Church, so as to render it more conformable to the Constitution of the State." This act confirmed the election of wardens and vestrymen which had been made by order of the Council. The Council also restored the property of the corporation to the Vestry thus chosen.

It appears from Dr. Berrian's "Historical Sketch of Trinity Church," that, soon after this, the Rev. Benjamin Moore was recognized as an Assistant Minister of the Parish; but whether this was by virtue of an appointment then made, or from an understanding that his former pastoral connection with the parish continued, although his election to the Rectorship had been annulled, the present writer has not at hand the means of ascertaining.

Bishop Provoost's life being now brought down to the renewal of his pastoral duties, and the commencement of his relations to an independent American branch of the Catholic Church, the further prosecution of the biographical sketch is postponed.

DISCOVERY OF COVERDALE'S BIBLE.—A copy of the first complete edition of the English Bible, printed by Miles Coverdale, bearing date 1435, was accidentally discovered, a short time since, in the false bottom of an old oak chest, at Holkham Hall, Norfolk, England, the seat of the Earl of Leicester. There are numerous imperfect copies of this edition of the Holy Scriptures in existence, two being deposited in the library of the British Museum, one in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, one in the Cambridge University library, and, in fact, most of the great libraries and public institutions in England, as well as many private individuals, possess a volume. The copy now brought to light is the most valuable specimen of Miles Coverdale's labors hitherto known, being in every respect perfect, whereas all the other volumes enumerated are deficient of many leaves, both at the beginning and at the end.

INTERPRETING PROVIDENCES.

POSTSCRIPT.

IN my late article on this subject, the intimation was offered, that "sins visited with a peculiar providential stroke," as recorded in the Bible, "were ordinarily of a peculiar kind,—not properly works of depravity in the distinctive category of morals, but of another sort,—offences positive or instituted, ceremonial offences, theo-political offences, theo-contumacy or contumely, or the like." The object of this Postscript is to illustrate and confirm that remark. There can be no sin without a moral departure, less or greater; every command of God, not superficially but profoundly viewed, is of moral validity: but in some transgressions, the larger amount of disobedience lies apparently in a different direction.

When the man blind from his birth was to be cured, the twelve inquired of their Master, "Who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind?" and our Lord answered, "Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents," but the defect was ordered, not penally or judicially, but "that the works of God should be made manifest in him:" your notion that "the desolate are reprobate" is unfounded. That was one lesson for even discipular ignorance. But we gain a further and deeper truth. For it need not be proved that our Saviour meant not that the man and his parents were free from the universal moral guilt of our fallen race; three adults, the former "of age," the latter not above an equivocal ignoring of a fact when they feared the Jewish enmity and excommunication: so flagrant an untruth, contradicting palpably both Scripture and common sense, never could have been uttered by Him who "knew what was in man," and who was to "taste death for every man," without an exception. In what view, then, had neither of these persons offended? The only possible reply is, that they had avoided certain peculiar misdeeds, iniquity not in the decalogue, the second table, all acts of disobedience, contradistinct from moral in the prominent bad feature. Such transgressions there have ever been; and they were numerous under the Levitical economy; ruled, or canonical, or *ceremonial* sins, abounding when multiplied ceremonies and precepts were expressly ordered by Jehovah. These, and others relating to the sacraments proper, and to all divine worship, other than that naturally due, (and not even natural worship is commonly ranged with moral duty,) were *positive* sins, or infringements of what is deemed supervenient or *instituted* obligation. Under the Mosaic theocracy, likewise, there were theo-political sins, breaches of duty to God, as the supreme civil ruler of that people. And to these we add, for all men, of any nation, and

under any religion, *theo-contumacy* and *theo-contumely*, daring defiance or insult to the Holy One, when known, whether perfectly or imperfectly. These all, though reconditely immoral in a degree, are, in a much greater degree, extra-moral violations of the heavenly prerogative. Their immorality lies in their contravening a good divine enactment and inherent divine right. But as these are seldom ranked with morals, either popularly or by philosophers, we now treat them as, in their larger aspect, exterior to the general moral code. The various kinds of culpability we have enumerated might often be blended in the same act.

Korah, Dathan, and Abiram may, in the usual acceptation, have been correct and mainly pious men, but fanatically mistaken: we read not to the contrary; fanaticism often appears demi-angelic, and these persons were thus regarded by not a few among the multitude—"ye have killed the people of the Lord." They bearded Moses, and intruded on the priesthood. And, for this ceremonial and positive and also theo-political crime, they and their company were swallowed up by the opening ground, all "going down alive into the pit." And thousands also of the people were destroyed for abetting or excusing their sacrilege and sacrilegious rebellion.—(Numb. xvi.) No offence currently reputed moral is intimated throughout the narrative. The iniquity was peculiar, and the retributive providence a miraculous one; neither of them affording an analogy for applying the case to the crushing woe that may naturally follow vice and wickedness of the common sort.*

Nadab and Abihu offended ceremonially and positively, when they "offered strange [unconsecrated] fire before the Lord;" and they were burnt up by "fire from the Lord," probably from the flame of the shekinah.—(Lev. x.) They may have been as moral in general deportment as the most exemplary of their brethren; on those who argue otherwise lies the burden of proof. But they preferred their own opinion, or their own caprice, before a revealed ordinance of Jehovah. And the judicial anger they braved fell upon them with exterminating vengeance. Again we have a peculiar offence not distinctively moral, and a miraculous providence, from which no interpretation of natural providences can be drawn.

So, in the case of Miriam, an admirable mother in Israel, yet punished with leprosy for invading the representative theocracy of Moses.—(Numb. xii.) So with the *theo-contumely* of the Philistines, in making a spoil and a degraded spectacle of the holy

* As miracles are intended to ratify some divine message or instruction, a miraculous providence, whether vindictory or recuperative, must contain and develop the key to its own solution; while ordinary providences, bright or gloomy, not sealing a revelation, require no definite key, and of course have none.

ark. So with the theo-contumacy of David, in numbering the people, though God had virtually forbidden it, by demanding supreme faith in His infallible covenant protection: the penal retribution, an extraordinary one, was political, deeply affecting him as the monarch. So with Uzzah, not a priest, for touching the ark of God, and struck dead for that presumptuous act. So with the heaven-prompted lapidation for Achan's sacrilegious embezzlement of devoted spoil.* We need not exhaust the catalogue, or more than advert to the "consumption, pestilence, fever, barrenness, sword, defeat," and to the "seven times more" if Israel proved yet indomitable, (Lev. xxvi. 15, &c.; Deut. xxviii.)—all punitively threatened. Examples enough can be found to verify largely the fact that there were extra-moral offences among the Jews. The cases of Zimri and Gehazi were mixed.

And there were like transgressions in the patriarchal age, sins positive, before the Levitical code of ceremony was enacted. Hence the avowal of Job (xxxi.): "If I have made gold my hope . . . rejoiced because my wealth was great . . . if I beheld the sun when it shined, or the moon walking in brightness; and my heart hath been secretly enticed, or my mouth hath [adoringly] kissed my hand; this also were an iniquity to be punished by the [divine] Judge:† for I should have denied the God that is above." The idolatry of mammon, and idolatry to the sun and moon, are not deemed immoral; yet are they fatal wickedness.—Ascending yet earlier,—omitting, however, the deluge as a mixtion, punishing both vice and irreligion,—we read that Cain's merely donative oblation of the produce of the ground was rejected, while Abel's typically atoning sacrifice of the blood of animals, denoting "faith" in the promised Redeemer, was accepted. And the first and most dreadful of all human misdeeds, bringing "death" and depravity "into the world, and all our woe," was the violation only of the positive interdict of a particular tree. Neither offence involved more than a latent and obscure tinge of a definable want of morality in the ordinary sense.

With so much revealed endoctrinement of this tenor, it would seem puerile to deny that extra-moral delinquencies may occur among Christians. Consider the Judaism and idolatry lingering in the first converts. Consider the world and the sloth lingering in every mind and heart. We have positive duties in the sacraments, in worship, in the Lord's day,—and also concerning the Church and the ministry: nor are violations of these duties regarded as immoral acts. Our completed faith, moreover, is ripe in all particulars; for once exuberant ceremony, we now are favored with abounding truth; and each particular truth of the

* See 1 Sam. v. vi.—? Sam. xxiv.—Deut. x. 22. xxviii. 10.—2 Sam. vi.—Josh. vii.

† Not human "judges," as in verse 11.

Gospel faith demands our broad and accurate recognition, in both the understanding and the affections: while yet it would be accounted malevolent and cruel to infer moral turpitude in the unheedful errors of reputable believers.—To a positive aberration among the brethren, St. Paul directed a rebuke, when he blamed the Corinthians (xi.) for not “discerning [discriminating] the Lord’s body,” *i. e.*, for not regarding its noble difference from ordinary food, or (see Lightfoot) for not ranking the heavenly entertainment as more than the old paschal commemoration, degrading the real new “passover” to the level of the umbratic ancient rite. And the chastisement of the positive desecratory offence, though paternally designed to avert “condemnation along with the world,” runs fearfully parallel with that of the moral as well as spiritual sacrilege of Ananias and Sapphira, besides bearing an analogy with the maladies threatened and inflicted, and the severance from God’s people, for ceremonial faults, under the Mosaic economy: “for this cause, many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep,” are dead. The correction was extraordinary, and therefore no key to ordinary afflictive providences. Let no Christian, however, trifle with institutional obligations. Peculiar also in culpability, we may well judge, was the “erring from the truth” mentioned by St. James, and followed by sickness, yet not precluding the hope of a miraculous recovery through the prayer and unction of the elders: we think it was some Judaic or heathen deforming of a pure Gospel doctrine, by mixture with wrong former opinions, as yet imperfectly eradicated,—with, no doubt, a degree of corresponding obliquity of life. So that the gloomy trait of theo-contumacy was primary and greater, and that of moral deviation secondary and less. The language, “if (or though) he have committed sins,” cognate with the averment of our Lord concerning the blind-born man and his parents, appears to settle the point that the defection was not of an ordinary kind, concerning which there is no “if” or though,—notwithstanding that it went through intellectual opinion to the heart and the conduct. Moreover, the rod was fatherly, not maledictive. Not a shadow of authority does the case afford for judging men by their providential fortunes.

In every form, therefore, of the true religion, patriarchal, Levitical, evangelical, there have been offences lying beyond the recognized sphere of morals, or only intersecting it unobviously. And to these, principally if not wholly, pertained the few remarkable providences *known* to be actually and penally retributive. All other providences are left uninterpreted, and are of course uninterpretable by man,—except under the broad canon, “we are chastened by the Lord, that we should not be condemned with the world,” in the day of the final consummation,—“if ye endure chastisement, God dealeth with you as with sons,”—“as

many as I love I rebuke and chasten." Benign castigation differs totally from magistral doom. Scripture declares the former to be the divine motive in dark providences generally : to predicate of them the latter, is an infirm interpretation, void of scriptural authority.—"Judge not, that ye be not judged"

PHILADELPHIA, *April*, 1854.

O.

QUEEN ANNE BULLEN.

ANNE BULLEN, it will be recollected, was one of the maids of honor to Catherine, Queen of Henry VIII., and it was during her residence at the palace that King Henry's passion for her was awakened. An attachment already subsisted between Anne and Lord Percy, son to the Earl of Northumberland ; and to his interruption of their hopes Cardinal Wolsey's downfall may be in a great measure attributed.

For the purpose of marrying Anne Bullen, Henry divorced his wife, Catherine ; and Anne afterwards became his queen. She had only enjoyed her elevation about three years, when the beauty of Jane Seymour kindled a new flame in the bosom of the King. The queen was arrested by his command, as she was coming up to London in her barge from Greenwich, and carried to the Tower, about five o'clock in the afternoon of the second of May. The following letter to the king was written by her during her imprisonment. It is well known she was afterwards beheaded.

Mr. D'Israeli relates a very affecting incident, which occurred in her last hours. When on the scaffold, she would not consent to have her eyes covered with a bandage, saying she had no fear of death. All that the divine who assisted at her execution could obtain from her was that she would shut her eyes. But as she was opening them every moment, the executioner, being fearful of missing his aim, was obliged to invent an expedient to behead the queen. He drew off his shoes and approached her silently ; while he was at her left hand, another person advanced at her right who made a great noise in walking, so that this circumstance drawing the attention of Anne, she turned her face away from the executioner, who was enabled by this artifice to strike the fatal blow without being disarmed by that affecting resignation which shone in the eyes of the sufferer.

In another letter to the King, written after her condemnation, she stated that she was under many obligations to him ; that from a private gentlewoman she was raised to the station of a maid of honor ; that he then raised her to the station of a queen ; and now that he could raise her no higher on earth, he was about to elevate her to be a saint in heaven.

“LETTER FROM QUEEN ANNE BULLEN, WHILST IN PRISON, TO KING
HENRY VIII.

“SIR:—Your grace’s displeasure and my imprisonment are things so strange unto me, as what to write, or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant. Whereas you sent unto me, (willing me to confess a truth, and so obtain your favor,) by such an one whom you know to be mine ancient professed enemy; I no sooner received this message from him, than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a truth, indeed, may procure my safety, I shall with all willingness and duty perform your command. But let not your grace ever imagine that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault where not so much as a thought thereof preceded. And to speak a truth, never prince had wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than you have found in Anne Bullen; with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your grace’s pleasure had so pleased. Never did I at any time so far forget myself in my exaltation, or received queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration as now I find; for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your grace’s fancy, the least alteration, I knew, was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other subject. You have chosen me from low estate to be your queen and companion far beyond my desert and desire. If, then, you have found me worthy of such honor, good your grace, let not any light fancy, or bad counsel of mine enemies, withdraw your princely favor from me; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain, of a disloyal heart towards your grace, ever cast so foul a blot upon your most dutiful wife, and the infant princess, your daughter. Try me, good king; but let me have a lawful trial; and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges. Yea, let me receive an open trial, for my truth shall fear no open shame; then shall you see either mine innocence cleared, your suspicion and confidence satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So that, whatever God or you may determine of me, your grace may be freed from an open censure, and mine offence being so lawfully proved, your grace is at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment upon me, as an unlawful wife, but to follow your affection, already settled on that party for whose sake I am now as I am; whose name I could, some good while since, have pointed out unto your grace, being not ignorant of my suspicion therein. But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander, must bring you the enjoying the desired happiness, then I desire of God that He will pardon your sin therein, and likewise

mine enemies, the instruments thereof ; and that He will not call you to a strict account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me, at His general judgment-seat, where both you and I must shortly appear, and in whose judgment I doubt not, whatever the world may think of me, mine innocence shall be openly known and cleared. My last and only request shall be, that myself may only bear the burden of your grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen, who, as I understand, are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake. If ever I found favor in your sight, if ever the name of Anne Bullen hath been pleasing in your ears, then let me obtain this request ; and I will so leave to trouble your grace any further, with my earnest prayers to the Trinity to have your grace in his good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions. From my doleful prison in the Tower, the 6th of May. Your most loyal and ever-faithful wife,
ANNE BULLEN."

THE HUMAN EYE.—The ever-mastering effect of the human eye over the lion has been frequently mentioned, though much doubted, by travellers ; but, from my own inquiries among lion-hunters, I am perfectly satisfied of the fact ; and an anecdote which was related to me by Major Mackintosh, proves that this fascinating effect is not confined exclusively to the lion. An officer in India having once rambled into a jungle adjoining the British encampment, suddenly encountered a royal tiger ; the rencounter seemed equally unexpected on both sides, and both parties made a dead halt, earnestly gazing on each other. The gentleman had no fire-arms, and was perfectly aware that a sword would be no effectual defence in a struggle for life with such an antagonist. But he had heard that even the Bengal tiger might be sometimes checked by looking him firmly in the face. He did this : in a few minutes the tiger, which seemed preparing to take his fatal spring, grew disturbed, shrunk aside, and attempted to creep round upon him behind. The officer turned constantly upon the tiger, which still continued to shrink from his glance ; but, darting into the thicket, and again issuing forth at a different quarter, it persevered for above an hour in this attempt to catch him by surprise, till at last it fairly yielded the contest, and left the gentleman to pursue his pleasure walk. It may be easily believed he went straight to his tent at double-quick time.—*Thompson's Southern Africa.*

PALESTINE.—It is rumored that the land of Palestine has been mortgaged by the Sultan to the house of Rothschild for a loan to aid in the Turkish war. Among other things it is hinted that it is possible that it will be set apart as a Jewish kingdom, under the dynasty of the Rothschilds.

THE COBBLER OF HAMBURGH.

ON a fine summer's evening, as crowds of artisans were passing along the streets of Hamburg, to drink coffee and to hear the music at Elb Ernholung, or Altona, a shoemaker was busy cobbling his shoes beneath an awning near his door. Above his head was a starling, which sang and chattered, and seemed to keep up a busy talk with its kind possessor,—now turning his head, and looking down upon his bald pate with a most curious eye, as a master would watch and examine an apprentice at his work; and then, as if quite satisfied, would ruffle his feathers, fly up to his perch, and pour forth every note, and bit of song, and witty saying which he had learned, to the great delight of old Hans, the cobbler. "*Ach! du leiber Voged!*" Hans would say, half aloud—"thou art a happy bird, and well provided for; and why should not I be a happy Christian with such mercies?"—and he would begin to sing one of his fine old German psalm-tunes.

While thus engaged on the said evening, a young man stopped, and addressed him: "Well, friend, you seem a merry fellow!" The person who thus spoke had the look and dress of a student. His features denoted a descendant of Abraham. Hans looked up to him, and replied, "Merry!—to be sure, I am right merry, my brother; and why should I not be so?" "All are not so!" replied the student, with a sigh and a shrug of the shoulders. "Why should you not? you asked. I would reply, that your poverty might afford a sufficient cause for sadness. But you have no living thing, I suppose, to take care of but the bird up there, who seems, by the way, to be as jolly as yourself." "And why should he not be merry? my little speckled-breast!" said Hans, chirruping to his starling. "But he is not all my family, young man; I have a wife and seven children, yet you see I can sing at my work."

The student was silent; he thought of the sorrow he had experienced in the midst of books and literature. In spite of having youth and health on his side, with fair prospects of success in the world, a sadness, like the pall of the dead, often rested on his spirit; and questionings from the endless future came to him in his solitary hours, to which he could give no answer; and he had no peace from thoughts of God, when he had any thoughts of Him at all; and he knew not Jesus Christ! *He was a Jew*; and felt that for his soul all old things had passed away, but nothing had as yet become new! And so, his attention arrested by the busy and happy cobbler, he addressed him, to discover from what source one so poor drew his happiness.

Again he said, "I confess, friend, I am surprised to see a poor

artisan like you so cheerful." "Poor!" exclaimed Hans; "how knowest thou, friend, how my account stands with the bank? Poor! I am richer than thou knowest." "It may be—it may be," said the student, with a smile; "I must have heard of, though I have forgot, thy name in the exchange, or heard of the sailings of thy ships, or when in the bank—" "Enough," said Hans, "thou hast confessed thy ignorance of me!"—and then stopping his work, laying his hand on the student's arm, and looking at him with an expression of countenance from which all fun was banished, he said, calmly and solemnly: "Stranger, I am not poor. I am a *King's son*!"

The student made a low bow, and departed.

A week passed, the student traversed the same street; and there, in the old place, was Hans, busy as ever. The student took off his cap, and addressed him: "Good evening to your royal highness!" "Halt, friend!" cried Hans. "I am glad I have seen you again. You left me abruptly t'other evening. I suppose you thought me mad. I am not so; but in sober earnest. I tell you again I am a *King's son*; and when you interrupted me, I was singing a song about my kingdom. Would you like to hear it?" "Surely, if it pleases your royal highness," replied the Jew, anxious to gratify his strange acquaintance, whose insanity he never doubted.

Hans began to sing a hymn on "*Thy Kingdom come*;" and when it was finished, perceiving it was listened to with apparently deep interest, he asked if he understood its meaning. The Jew shook his head. Upon which Hans proceeded to explain all he knew—and it was much—about the kingdom of Jesus Christ, and the glory of its King. Beginning with the promise uttered in Eden, of One who should be a conqueror, and bruise the serpent's head, he pointed out the growth of prophecy, from age to age, regarding the Kingdom of the Redeemer—showing how "all things must be fulfilled which are written in the law of Moses, and the Prophets, and the Psalms, concerning Christ;" how it behooved the Messiah "to suffer these things, and to enter into His glory;" how all power was now given Him; how He was now establishing on earth a universal kingdom, "never to be moved," which embraced Jew and Gentile in one citizenship; and how every subject in His kingdom was a son and heir: yes, a "joint-heir" with Christ the King, and would "reign with Him forever and ever!"

The Jew sat as a child at his feet, gazing up to him with his full black eye, and so absorbed by all he heard, for the first time in his life, of the promise made of old unto his fathers, that he was roused from his waking dream only by Hans taking him by the hand, and saying: "Now thou seest how I am a *King's son*, and why I am happy; for I know and love this Jesus, and

all things are mine, whether life or death, things present or things to come; and, young man," he asked, with emphasis, "believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest! For, unless I mistake thy countenance greatly, thy fathers did; and thou, my son, believing in them, must also believe in Him Whom they have foretold, and Whom God hath sent to perform the mercy promised to thy fathers, and to remember His holy covenant, the oath which He swore to thy father Abraham."

The Jew was silent. Unutterable thoughts passed through his mind. "Where," he asked, meekly, "can I learn more of this? for I see that thou believest, and hast peace!" "From this Book," said Hans, handing him a Bible. "Go home, and read there about the kingdom, and return to me when thou hast studied the passages I shall point out to thee. I shall, like Moses, pray for thee on the Mount, and ask One to pray for thee, Whom as yet thou knowest not, but Who knoweth thee, and Who is greater than Moses!" The young Jew grasped Hans' hand, made a respectful bow, and departed.

The young Jew is now Mr. N——, for many years an eminent and successful Missionary to his brethren in Silesia.—*Edinburgh Christian Magazine.*

INCENSE AT THE FOOT OF THE ALTAR.

Beneath the chancel of a country Church, near Washington, D. C., repose the remains of one of its former Rectors. A marble slab, at the side of the chancel, records his name and virtues. A daughter remains, to pay devotion to his memory. At every ministration of the Holy Eucharist, that daughter is found kneeling at the foot of that marble tablet, and receiving the bread of life from his successor, which his priestly hand administered to others, whose eyes, like his, are now closed in death. At the request of a clergyman, whose heart was touched with the facts, I have arranged a few thoughts in metre, fully aware of my inability to do justice to the daughter's devotion, or the clergyman's feelings, yet thinking that in the beauty of the incidents the "CHURCHMAN'S MONTHLY" might find excuse for giving me room which it usually occupies with better matter.

Who has not felt, when soul and sense
In revery deep are lost,
Strange visions rush, with power intense,

His fever'd brow across?
Familiar things and scenes of earth,
Dim with strange hues and dyes,
Seem fading from their place of birth,
And floating to the skies;
While things unreal, truthful seem,
And blend with things that are,
Like forms and fancies in a dream,
Ethereal, strange, and fair.

I saw a lovely maiden kneel
Beside the chancel rail,—
A tremor slight she seemed to feel,
Her saintly cheek was pale;
The consecrated bread she ate,
And sipp'd the sacred wine;
She rose, but ling'ring, fain would wait
Beside her father's shrine;

And there, for years, on every day
That holy feast was given,
She came to weep, and watch, and pray,
And win her way to Heaven.

Oh! if the sainted souls above,
From their bright world of bliss,
Can view the objects of their love,
And visit them in this,—
Then surely as the wandering dove
Brought home the olive leaf,
That father brings a Saviour's love,
To soothe a daughter's grief.

Like fragrant incense, acts like these
"Perfume the courts of Heaven,"
And borne by each returning breeze,
Celestial sweets are given;
And who shall say no angel's voice,
Or sinless seraph's smile,
Bids not that sorrowing soul rejoice,
Through tears that flow the while?

T.

WORDS TO WEEPING ONES.

BY THE REV. ANDREW MACKIE, A. M.

CHAPTER V.

The Burial.

"Softly rest all thy VIRGIN CRUMBS!
Lapt in the sweets of thy young breath,
Expecting, till thy Saviour comes,
To dress them, and unsowle death."

HENRY VAUGHAN.

THE stillness is broken by the voice of the surpliced priest. Never, to weeping ones, were more comforting words spoken. They mind us of that morning when the angels told good tidings, and showed the empty sepulchre. We almost fancy that we see around the black-draped coffin a halo of silver light. What exulting—what triumphant words they are!—"I am **THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE.**" And quick he follows them with words, that are our confidence, that we shall see our dear loved one again—"I know that my **REDEEMER LIVETH**; and in my **FLESH** shall I **SEE GOD.**" And then he adds words that make more bearable our bereavement, and that set limit to our grief,—"**THE LORD** gave, and **THE LORD** hath taken away;" and we find ourselves whispering what he is saying—"BLESSED be **THE NAME OF THE LORD.**"

The priest ascends into the Chancel—the organ all the while playing soft and low, in keeping with our feelings, and in reverence to the dead. The funeral anthem is chanted by the choir. Plaintive is its appeal to the pity of God. Profound is its acknowledgment of God's eternal greatness. Penitential, like heart of him by whom it was written, is its spirit. Long, long after it has died to earth, it lingers in our ear, and repeats itself in solemn note to us, that we be also ready when it shall come our turn to lie down in the still grave.

The appointed lesson is read out of the Sacred Book. We listen eagerly, and will not let one sentence escape our minds. St. Paul is preaching to us about **THE RESURRECTION**—St. Paul, who saw the Lord, after His **ASCENSION**, in **THE RISEN BODY** of our **FLESH**. O, who will ask for funeral sermons from living preachers, when St. Paul comes back from Paradise, and repeats to us that sermon which he preached with never such glow and height of eloquence, to the Corinthians! No—no—we say; let the living preacher keep silence. There is enough to cheer the darkest hour of deepest affliction in what St. Paul is saying. Let us hear only him, that **FAITH** may be strengthened by his revelations; that what is now more than **HOPE**, may be kindled

into what shall not be less than CERTAINTY. "Christ is risen from the dead, in Him shall all be made alive. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death, for He hath put all things under His feet. There is the resurrection of the dead—it is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption. As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly—we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed. The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written—death is swallowed up in victory." We catch the faith of St. Paul the Apostle; we glow with the fervor of St. Paul the preacher; we are bold with the bravery of St. Paul the martyr. Death has borne away the darling of our heart; but Christ is risen! The little one, when Christ calls, shall come back to life. O death! where is thy sting? The open grave shall be filled up, and it shall hide for a little while our darling from our sight. But the sealed sepulchre did not long hold Christ. When the trumpet sounds Christ's glorious coming, the corruptible shall put on incorruption—the buried shall return to life. O grave! where is thy victory? And we have courage to follow the dead one from the Church to the grave.

All have assembled around the grave. The grave looks dark and dismal. Eyes are dropping tears, and hearts are throbbing painfully. But St. Paul's words are sounding in our ears; and beyond the darkness we see light, and already we picture the green grass, and the beautiful flowers, growing and blooming in type of future resurrection.

Fervently the priest prays for the living, whilst pious hands are lowering slowly and carefully down the casket in which is contained all that is mortal of our jewel. "O, holy and merciful Saviour, suffer us not at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from Thee." Let such be our prayer as often as we visit the grave; for if we fall from Christ, we are forever parted from our dear child.

And all wait for the last sad office. The priest stands at the head of the little grave, and bending humbly, in acknowledgment of ALMIGHTY GOD'S GOOD PROVIDENCE, in having taken out of this world the SOUL of our DECEASED BROTHER—our *brother*, though he is our *child*—and brother to all the saints on earth, and in Paradise, and brother also to Christ. The humble priest commits the little body of our brother to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, and three times is heard the heavy fall of earth upon the coffin;—minding us again of our last hour, when friends must cease their friendly offices; when we shall have gone hence, away from the brilliant sunshine; away

from the merriment of earth ; away from the warmth of hearth-stone ; away from the sweet delights of home.

Again is heard the voice of song. All is not dreary. There is music around the grave. The sublimely solemn strains soar upward, upward, until it seems as though we heard from the blue sky that voice which exiled JOHN heard whilst he was worshipping, one Lord's Day, upon lone Patmos ; that voice which has, many times, wiped away many tears from many mourners' eyes ; that voice celestial, at sound of which in Heaven, the harpers cease their harping, and the Angels poise themselves that they may listen—"Blessed are the DEAD who die in the Lord ; even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors." We say Amen to the prayer of the Priest, that we, with all those who are departed in the true faith of THE HOLY NAME, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in God's eternal and everlasting glory ; and we leave the little one to sleep on placidly in his little grave, until the morning of the Resurrection.

THE SHELLS.—A father returned from the sea-side, and brought home for his son some pretty shells, which he had gathered on the beach. The boy's delight was inexpressible, when he received the beautiful and many-colored productions of the sea ; he arranged them with care and attention in a neat little box, and exhibited them to his playmates ; so that there was much talk among the children of the village about the beautiful shells and the treasure-box of the boy. He counted them every morning, discovered daily some new beauty, and gave to each shell a name. For the love and delight of childish simplicity are ingenious, and rich in pleasant words.

After some months his father thought, I will prepare for him a greater pleasure and delight. And he said to him : "We will go to the sea-side ; there you will admire the number of beautiful shells, and may collect as many as you desire for yourself."

When they went to the beach at the ebb of the tide, the boy was surprised at the abundance of shells, of divers colors, which lay scattered about ; and he went up and down collecting them. But each appeared to him more beautiful than the last ; and he continued picking up new ones, and exchanging those which he had for those which he found. Thus he went on, choosing, changing, and doubting, and afterwards became confused. Tired, at length, with stooping, and examining, and comparing, he threw away all the shells he had collected ; and when he returned home, empty-handed and out of humor, he gave away all those which had before afforded him so much pleasure.

Then his father was very sorry, and said : "I have not acted wisely ; but my foolishness has taken from my child his simplicity, and from both of us our joy."—*Krummacher's Parables.*

WHITSUNTIDE.

LETTER TO AN ABSENT SISTER.

Elmwood, June 10, 18—.

DEAR BESSIE—Once more at home, and once more seated, to engage in that most pleasing duty, writing to you, my own dear sister. You probably know that I have been away from home ever since Easter Week, enjoying our kind friend Maria's hospitality, and participating in many of the pleasant varieties of a city life. But the holy season of Whitsuntide drawing near, I could no longer stay away from home. It is there only that I can fully enjoy the high and holy festivals, as I like to keep them. Perhaps this is only a fancy of mine, but to me it is a real fancy; and it has, to increase it, the force of long association; and I often think, should I live to be an old woman, and perhaps even solitary in my old age, with what added joy these days will come, when memory can recall bright, strong pictures of a real home, where parents and children lived in the beautiful paths of our holy Church, and where the sweet charities of life were tenfold, aye, a hundred-fold dearer, because they acknowledged, while "members one of another," they were also "members of His body, of His flesh and of His bones."

Whitsuntide! What emotions does the name awaken! How the heart loves to dwell upon the awful mystery! How the mind wonders at that strange "gift of tongues!" With what awe do we ponder on those mysterious words: "If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you!" How reverently do we think of the prayer that suffering saints and sorrowing men have ever since been sending up, in earnest supplication, from the depths of broken hearts: "We beseech Thee leave us not comfortless; but send to us Thine Holy Ghost to comfort us, and exalt us unto the same place whither our Saviour Christ has gone before!" A prayer, we know, ever answered: for He Who died to save, said the blessed words: "I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever; even the Spirit of truth, Whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him; but ye know Him, for He dwelleth in you, and shall be in you. I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you." So then we know, while we think on these things—and God forbid we should ever cease to do so—we know that we are blessed—blessed of His wondrous love—blessed that He, in mercy, dwelt a man among men, suffered and died, arose from the darksome prison-house, and ascended on high. O mysterious

love ! Can you understand the hardness of heart of that man, who says he believes in no mysteries ; that all these, and kindred sacred truths, are easily to be comprehended by us all ? The thought of such a belief is shocking.

Well, Bessie, your eye and heart, so alive as they are to the beautiful, in every work of nature or of art, would have rejoiced, could they have seen the sight that met my enraptured gaze, as I returned last week to our dear country home. When I left at Easter, the delicate young leaves, just peeping out, only faintly tinged with green the dreary brown boughs, the merry birds were just then beginning their busy consultations where they should locate their new homes : but on my return, this all had given place to the full glories of the opening summer. The forests stand in richest dress of glowing green, the grass in the meadows and upon the hill-side is thick and long, the grain is waving in the summer breeze, and shadows come and go over it, as billows play upon the smiling ocean. The myriads of flowers that are adorning trees and shrubs, that cluster upon the vines, or hide their heads among the grass by the road-side, or in the deep shade of the woods, are all adding their rich fragrance, brilliant colors, and fairy forms to the luxuriance of this gay, glad time. But the birds ! What a merry noise they are making ! I almost thought they must be celebrating a jubilee, to welcome me home once more. But if so, it is a "protracted meeting," for it has not yet ceased, and ten days have now elapsed. Our old friend, the brilliant oriole, has not deserted us, but in the same waving willow, where she so many years has hung her nest, it is now swinging. The merry, joyous bob-o-links are flitting even now, with their liquid notes swelling out, across the meadows. Mother robin, sitting among the thick foliage of the maple, seems to be earnestly expostulating with her husband upon some branch of domestic economy, or else imparting some maternal counsel to her young. While upon the swaying branches of our graceful old elm sits a flock of those naughty black-birds, whose mischievous pranks are so obnoxious to the thrifty farmer, and whose saucy chattering always amuses me. And upon the porch, pretty, cheerful little wren has again made her nest, and sits close by, singing away as if her heart were so full of joy, she must pour out her sweet notes upon the fragrant air, quite heedless of a listener. And here comes the tiny humming-bird, to flutter around our climbing honeysuckle. Yonder, upon the hill-side, is a party of children, whose joyous shouts of laughter are borne upon the breeze, picking the strawberries, that peep so brightly from out the grass. Oh, there's beauty all around our path ; and we cannot but wonder, sister, with honest old Izaak Walton, if God has prepared such de-

lights for man on earth, what must He not have for His saints in Heaven !

The day after my return, I went to see poor old Nancy. Poor then, but not so now. I had not seen her since that Easter visit of which I wrote to you ; but I was not surprised, when again we met, to see that her race was just ending. I saw many signs of speedily approaching dissolution ; she knew them, too, and was glad. I could not leave her side, for she so earnestly preferred her request for me to remain ; and had I been so thoughtless as to turn away, the memory of her unceasing care for us all in our childish days, and of her love for our sainted mother, would have arisen to shame my selfishness. When papa had administered to her the strengthening food, she lay down in silence and calm repose, and ere the morning dawned, she "fell asleep." O blissful change ! O holy awakening ! to find the thousand pains of dull humanity, the long-drawn sighs of a life of poverty, the struggles of a rebellious heart and will, are all over, and the soul is "safe upon the eternal shore." I could not but feel the loss she was among us ; such an example as hers must exert a holy influence upon the place in which she dwelt, shining all the brighter for the lowliness and poverty in which she lived and died. But now she has triumphed, and now, we believe, those eyes, so long closed to the light of earth's sunshine, are opened to a far brighter blaze of glory, amid the blissful repose of Paradise. Papa planted a willow over the spot where we laid her down to sleep till the morning dawns ; and he said it would remind us that there was beneath, one who was a tree planted in the courts of the house of our God, and when the spring-time came, and clad its boughs with new, bright foliage, it would teach us that from that long decay, and cold, she would rise a glorious creature, bearing "the image of the heavenly."

We participated in a very interesting service in the afternoon of Whitsunday. Our school-mate in days past by, and sweet young friend, Annie Gray, and her bright baby boy, were both baptized. I know you, who so dearly loved Annie, will indeed be rejoiced to hear this, and to learn how this blessing, for which you so often have wished, was brought about. You know how easily her heart was won by Henry Gray, whom so many regarded as a stern, reserved man, all unfitted for a companion to the gentle, gifted girl. But the wonderers soon saw that he seemed the very support the dependent, clinging nature of Annie needed ; the stately oak to support the loving, graceful vine, to use the true but hackneyed figure. But with all this apparent sternness there was a gentle heart, beating in unison with the songs of love echoing from the glad creation of God. Captain Gray is a sincere, earnest-minded Christian, and while he loved

his trusting wife with all the fondness of earth's holiest affection, he began to teach her by word and in life, where alone her trust could be safely placed. He was at home for six months after their marriage, and never was absent, in all that time, from our daily morning and evening service; and as Annie would have gone by his side to any place he chose to lead her, she, of course, was there too. But all the while he was gently leading her to go there, not from love to him and to please his wish, but from the right motives which should tend to such a course; to think that she must go, when she could, to swell the exultant songs of praise ever ascending as grateful incense to the gracious Father, and to ask those things needful for us all. So when he went away, the seed, though sometimes oppressed with weeds, was not choked, but at last grew into beauty and fragrance. His letters did much to keep alive the kindling spark. His prayers, no doubt, did more. When he returned from his long voyage, and saw the new treasure sent to bless his earthly lot, and heard the words his dearly loved wife said, his cup of happiness was full. It was the simple, earnest desire to become "a child of God" at the same time her darling was to be made so. Last Sunday, in penitence and faith, she knelt at the sacred font, her beautiful face lighted up with such holy joy as it had never known before. With trembling eagerness she repeated the promises undertaken in the fear and love of God for herself and her now thrice dearer boy. It was a sight for angels with joy to behold. We could almost catch the fragrance of the fruits and flowers that border Paradise, as we saw those bright drops glistening on their heads, and thought how they were working there such wondrous things, "earth's charmers never knew." Will any of those there ever forget this holy Whitsuntide, when their garments were made white, when the little one was laid in his Saviour's arms, when the angels rejoiced in the presence of God, that one more immortal being, in all the flush and holiday time of youth, had laid aside the glittering pomp and alluring vanity of the world, and put on in sincerity and truth the armor of God, resolved henceforth to fight manfully under the blood-stained banner of the Cross?

We are expecting to have a pleasant holiday to-morrow, and many have been the wistful glances at to-day's bright sky to see what promise it bore for the morrow. The school children are to have their annual festival then. Whitsun-Monday being a rainy day, it was of course postponed, and now they are eagerly preparing for their long-talked-of pleasures. Your little favorite, Minnie Lee, who, by the way, has grown much taller and even prettier since you went away, has been chosen queen of the feast, and the throne is already erected on which she is to receive the homage of her dutiful subjects. There never was

seen such a beautiful garland as they intend to weave for Minnie's fair brow, and they are sure there never was known such a festival day as they are going to have. Prayers to-morrow morning will be at nine o'clock; the children are going to chant that jubilant selection, so fitting for this holy season, the tenth. From Church they are going directly to the grove. May all the bright anticipations of these little ones be realized! Our mother gives us not a faith which takes all mirth and gladness from our hearts; her teaching is in perfect harmony with the voice of nature, and through all its various changes, she brings her holy festivals, that there may be no time unsanctified by her presence. She checks not the gleeful voice of childhood, but while she bids the child rejoice, she teaches him to do so because his many good and perfect gifts are sent by "our Father who is in Heaven." And where is the child who was ever known to doubt this truth? It is the very instinct of nature reverently to receive it, but alas!

"Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy."

I believe the memory of this holiday, begun in the refining influence of our holy service, spent joyfully in the shade of the grand old woods, by the side of the sparkling lake, will linger through all their lives with a holier, stronger impression, than many a lesson learned from books or sermons. Not that I would undervalue books, or neglect the Church's direction that her little ones be called "upon to hear sermons," but I would have them see "sermons in stones" even, and learn to feel the sweet influence of the creation of their Father, and finding "good in everything," begin now to sing loud anthems of praise, that shall float on with every smile or sigh till "life's fitful fever is ended."

What a short time ago it was, dearest Bessie, since we were in the place of these little ones, with our young hearts as full of gay imaginings as now are theirs; and yet how many changes have taken place in that quickly fleeting space! But amid all the varied scenes, we are still unchanged. For the blessings, that then made life so sweet, may have faded, even as the bright garlands these joyous ones are now twining will soon wither before their eyes. But amid the clouds Hope sits, and paints them with rainbow tints; and Faith, too, is with us, and points with steady finger to the coming dawn, when, Phoenix-like, new life shall spring from the ashes. Love with unceasing vigilance and ever-increasing beauty keeps singing to our hearts of the joys in store for those that endure to the end, and so amid all, we are little children still, abiding in our Father's lower house, waiting obediently, patiently, and securely, for the voice of the Bridegroom to bid us come to the marriage-feast.

Now, dearest sister, I have done as you requested, giving you a lengthy account of our Whitsuntide pleasures, duties, and hopes. I trust my long letter will not be as tedious to you as it would to any but one so interested as you are in our home and our quiet village. I have a tale to tell you about some of our new neighbors, but that I must reserve until my next. With sincerest love for Walter and yourself, I am, most truly,

Your affectionate Sister,

M. M.

[The above, from a valued correspondent, whose communications are always welcome, was ordered for insertion in our last, that it might be before the reader during Whitsuntide. This was unexpectedly prevented by reasons more unfortunate than blameworthy. Although, however, somewhat after the Calendar-time, at which it was due to the authoress that it should appear, it can certainly never be unseasonable.—EDITOR.]

SINGULAR EFFECTS OF A DRUG.—A traveller in Arabia thus writes:—"I had one very remarkable experience. There is a drug in the East whose effect is like opium, that which is prepared from the Indian hemp. It was much used by the Saracen warriors, when about to enter battle, as a stimulus. It produces on the imagination a double consciousness; one part of the mind seems to study while the other looks on. From motives of curiosity, I was persuaded to try the effects of it upon my system. I was in Damascus at the time. Soon after taking the drug the effect began to appear. I saw the furniture in the room, talked with the company, and yet I seemed to be near the pyramid of Cheops, whose blocks of stone appeared to me like huge squares of Virginia tobacco.

"The scene changed, and I was in the desert in a boat made of the mother of pearl. The sand seemed to be grains of lustrous gold, through which my boat ran as on the waves of the sea; the air seemed filled with harmonies of the sweetest music; the atmosphere was filled with light, with odors and music. Before me there seemed to be constant series of arcades and rainbows, through which for fifteen years I seemed to glide. The finer senses were developed, and all gratification was single harmonious sensation. Hence we can easily conceive the origin of the Arabian Nights."

THE following little gem we clip from Dickens's *David Copperfield*:—

"She died," said Polly, "and was never seen again; for she was buried in the ground where the trees grow."

"The cold ground!" said the child, shuddering.

"No, the warm ground," returned Polly, "where the ugly little seeds are turned into beautiful flowers, and where good people turn into angels, and fly away to Heaven."

EXPERIENCES OF LIFE.

BY REV. JOSEPH J. NICHOLSON.

(Continued.)

VIII.

WE are scarcely seated in Mr. Lovegood's study, when a little colored boy comes up the gravel walk. He pauses at the door, standing, hat in hand, on one side, and leaning in around the casement of the door.

"Come in, Jim."

Jim was the grand-child of old Aunt Judy, and was a sort of pet with Mr. Lovegood, and now filled to him the important and dignified post of "right-hand man;" blackened his boots, brought him water, watched the mails,—this last office Jim especially delighted in. It had a biggish look about it, and it was really amusing to see him swagger about the door of the post-office, arms akimbo, and putting on all the airs that so dignified a position required and warranted!

"Come in, Jim. What news have you to-day?"

Jim came up smiling, and handed him a letter.

It proved to be the aforesaid epistle of Mr. Blemmerton.

"John Blemmerton!" ejaculated he—"John Blemmerton!—St. —'s Church, —. Well, that is soon answered."

So turning to his desk, he wrote the following reply:—

"HEARTFULVILLE, Nov. —, 18—.

"My Dear Sir—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your kind favor. Entertaining the views, on the subject-matter of your letter, that I do, and which an experience of eighteen years has confirmed me in, I beg, most respectfully, to decline a compliance with your request.

"Yours very faithfully, &c.

"JOHN BLEMMERTON, Esq."

"There, Jim, you are a smart boy—negatively smart, that is—run with that letter to the office, mail it, and then go home to Grandmamma Judy. I shall not want you again to-night."

And away went Jim, whistling, down the gravel walk.

Mr. Blemmerton will soon know that, whether he understands human nature better than Mr. Heartful or not, Mr. Lovegood will not gratify him with a display of his powers in a trial sermon!

Mr. Lovegood calls after Jim, as he passes out at the gate:—

"Mind, Jim, that the horns and the hounds do not keep you away so late again in the morning!"

And then turning to us, he explains that there was a fox-hunt yesterday morning, in which some gentlemen of the village took part, and as they rode out in the morning, Jim followed them so far down the road that he did not get back until late in the day.

Our friend from the city is very much interested—his curiosity is at once excited.

"Do tell me something about a fox-hunt?"

"Well, when I was a boy, like all other boys, I was fond of fun. But I was not given to cruelty. And yet I was exceedingly fond of the fox-chase, which would indeed have been cruel, had there not have been an inducement more rational and proper than the mere pleasurable excitement attending it. We must reflect, then, that foxes are very destructive to poultry and young stock; especially are they prone to prowl about at night, stealing and killing lambs and pigs. In my father's neighborhood they had a custom of hunting the fox, and this not simply for sport—and yet I must acknowledge that to us boys it was a great treat in that line—but to rid the neighborhood of a dangerous foe. The moment a lamb or pig was stolen, the alarm was given to all the neighboring gentry. A fox was about, and there must be no rest till he is ferreted out! A party is arranged, and early on the following morning, while the dew scents the air, or the frost glitters in the rays of the rising sun, you hear the blast of the huntsman's horn—the hounds howl and bark—and here we go, each from his home, mounted on a swift steed, eager for the chase—for he understands what is going on as well as the rider or the dogs, and takes as much delight in it—the hounds run helter-skelter to the horn, and the riders follow on. When all have arrived at the place of rendezvous by appointment, the hounds, a full pack, and well trained, are sent out into the thickets and forests; they scatter about, hither and thither, scenting the air—and so away we go, scouring through the forests, mounting fences, leaping ditches, in full glee, encouraging the hounds!—Presently, away off in the distance, you hear an opening note. 'Hark—hark!' says the huntsman—and riders and hounds all dash off in the direction of that opening note—'Blixen' has struck the scent—has roused old Reynard from his den, or hiding-place. All the hounds gather around, and each, as he catches the scent, gives out his answering note. Old 'Blazer' is the leader. Hurra for Blazer! Go on, Blazer! 'Bow-ow!' he says, and, with his head set out, away he dashes, the pack fall in behind in a row, and then commences the music. Ever and anon you hear old 'Blazer's' bow-ow—he drawls it out, and it rings over the hills, far away—and then they are in full chase and full cry, high notes and low, tenor and

bass, all seem to fall into time, and the welkin rings with hound-music! And so away they dash. The steeds prick their ears, away we press—now whooping—now cheering. The riders, perchance, separate and scatter, here and there, to get the best opportunity to witness the chase, or rise to thwart old Reynard in his wily tricks. . . . We will spur up to the top of yonder hill, there we shall have a view for miles around. Hark! see! there goes Reynard, stretching across yon open field. ‘Bow-ow!’ says old Blazer, some mile or two behind, but coming on the track—and he is answered by the full pack—‘Bow-ow, Bow-ow!’—and the notes run up and down, and zig-zag, but all seeming to fall into the right key and the right time. You have heard the saying, ‘As cunning as a fox?’ It is one of our proverbialisms. Now watch! Reynard deliberately squats on his haunches—pricks up his ears—turns his head—looks back—listens attentively. You had supposed that he was about to clear the open field for the next forest. Not so. He turns short upon his heel—makes a right angle, and comes back to the same forest!

“Now you say ‘Call Blazer, and put him right after him!’ No, no; Blazer knows what to do better than you! Watch on. Here he comes, dashing on over the field. ‘Bow-ow’—another and another behind him answers, ‘Bow-ow.’ Reynard is now out of sight, and down far into the next valley. Blazer dashes on. ‘Ah!’ you exclaim, ‘he has passed the point where Reynard paused and turned!’ Never mind—watch Blazer—his head is erect, snuffing the air. He has lost the trail. Here is a trouble! Reynard is going for his life, we know not whither.

“Blazer whirls about, takes a compass—runs a circle, and presently ‘Bow-ow,’ he says—away he goes, and there is a fresh outcry from the whole pack.

“‘Now,’ you say, ‘dash on, follow on—let’s keep up with them!’

“No, we will remain here, and see more of the chase.

“‘But Reynard,’ you say, ‘has made a clean track. He will not come this way again.’

“We will wait. The ‘Bow-ow’ dies off, away in the distance! ‘They are miles off,’ you say. Very well, we shall see the chase. Presently you hear a fresh outcry. Reynard has been at his old trick of doubling again. Be patient—listen! There is a rustling, as of a light foot in the leaves, away above you. There he goes—and he dashes right on to the same track that he passed over at first. But instead of running in the same direction, he dashes on in the opposite, runs back on his old track. Again he is out of sight! You grow very impatient!—But here come the pack. You hear them ring out, ever and anon, away down the forest. The notes are nearer and nearer.

They dash out of the forest on Reynard's track. Dash on—dash on! Hold, there is a break! Which way, now? 'Can't you direct them?'—No; go on, Blazer. Hark!—Dash on—heigh-ho! And away Blazer goes on the back-track, and Blixen in the former direction, each followed by a posse! Watch on, they'll soon let you know (if you did not already) which way Reynard has gone. They are both silent, both intent on their task, giving out an occasional half-note. Presently you hear the exultant announcement from Blazer—'Bow-ow! bow-ow!' He is satisfied that he has it. Reynard is at a trick again. Blixen, with his posse, hurries back, and they bring up the rear, and away they go again! And Reynard dodges and quibbles in this way sometimes a whole day before he is taken—sometimes he eludes all attempts, and escapes—sometimes, instead of forming an angle, he will run around a hill in a circle, and run back on his old track. Sometimes he will mount a fence, scramble along on it a piece, and then spring off as far as he can. Sometimes he will run into a den, run directly out, retrace his a little way, and then bolt off in another direction. Any manœuvre to gain time, and puzzle the hounds!

"But an expert, well-trained leader in a pack understands Reynard's cunning, and soon ferrets out his movements.

"'As cunning as a fox,' is a very expressive saying. As used among us, it has the signification of *low cunning, trickiness, underhand dealing*, and is used generally in a bad sense. And you see its prototype in the quibblings, pretences, and wiles of Reynard, whose every effort is to take an advantage. But in his case, we opine that this is not dishonorable, nor to his discredit—but a stroke of sound wisdom and good policy. Indeed, I highly applaud him as a wise master, for he is managing and manœuvring for his life! But it is widely different in its application to men, who are said to be 'as cunning as a fox'—for in that case it bears the sense of secret, crafty cunningness and shrewdness, by which a dishonorable, unlawful advantage is taken of another!"

"Hence," continued Mr. Lovegood, "we learn a lesson, from all this, simple, childlike as it may appear. From the simplest things in nature, the commonplaces of life, the wild beasts of the forest, may man learn wisdom. Our Lord in His teachings turned all these to account. He commanded His Apostles to be 'wise as serpents and harmless as doves,' (Matt., x. 16)—wherein He sets forth the serpent as an emblem of prudence, and the dove of harmlessness. The Apostles were sent forth 'as sheep in the midst of wolves,' in an employment full of peril; they were, therefore, cautioned to be as wary as the serpent in preserving themselves from danger, and as harmless as the dove in giving offence. Now if the simplicity of doves be

enjoined on us, what hath the wisdom of the serpent to do in the simplicity of the dove? This in the dove I love, that she has no gall; this I fear in the serpent, that he has poison. But now do not fear the serpent altogether; something he has for thee to hate, and something for thee to imitate. For when the serpent is weighed down with age, and he feels the burden of his many years, he contracts and forces himself into a hole, and lays aside his old coat of skin, that he may spring forth into new life. Imitate him in this, thou Christian, who dost hear Christ saying: *Enter ye in at the strait gate.* And the Apostle Paul saith to thee: *Put ye off the old man, with his deeds, and put ye on the new man.* Thou hast, then, something to imitate in the serpent. . . . Imitate him in this again, *Keep thy head safe.* Keep Christ with thee. Have not some of you, it may be, observed, on occasions when you have wished to kill an adder, how to save his head he will expose his whole body to the strokes of his assailant? He would not that that part of him should be struck where he knows that his life resides. And our life is Christ, for He hath said Himself: *I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life.* Hear the Apostle also: *The Head of the man is Christ.* Whoso, then, keepeth Christ in him, keepeth his head for his protection.

"Now what need is there to commend to you in many words the simplicity of the dove? For the serpent's poison had need to be guarded against: then, there was a danger in imitation; then, there was something to be feared; but the dove you may imitate securely. Mark how the doves rejoice in society; everywhere do they fly and feed together; they do not love to be alone; they delight in communion, they preserve affection; their cooings are the plaintive cries of love. Yea, even when doves, as we have often noticed, dispute about their holes, it is as it were but a peaceful strife. Do they separate because of their contentions? Nay, still do they fly and feed together, and their very strife is peaceful. See this strife of doves in what the Apostle saith, (2 Thess., iii., 14)—*If any man obey not our word by this Epistle, mark that man, and have no company with him.* Behold the strife! but observe now how it is the strife of doves, not of wolves. He subjoined immediately: *Yet count him not as an enemy, but admonish him as a brother.* The dove loves, even when she is in strife; and the wolf, even when he caresses, hates; therefore, having the simplicity of doves and the wisdom of serpents . . . sing lauds to God. . . . He it is who will crown us!"*

So beautifully writes S. Augustine.

And the fox our Lord has set forth as an emblem of treachery

* St. Augustine, Hom. 14.

and double-dealing. "Go and tell that fox, (Herod,) behold, I cast out devils, and do cures to-day and to-morrow, and the third day I shall be perfected."—*Luke* xiii. 32. To impose this ignominious, but agreeable name on Herod, is not contrary to the command, "not to speak evil of the ruler of thy people;" it being the office of the prophet not to spare kings when they reprove their offences—(*Jer.* i. 10.) Our Lord, therefore, here uses his prophetic power in giving this tyrant a name suitable to his actions.* And you have only to ponder the history of the man,† as you will find it portrayed in Josephus and Tacitus, to discover the aptness of the title appropriated to him by our Lord.

"He was a cruel and despotic man," full of all subtlety and guile—one "who had waded through blood to the seat of power" that he filled. And I know of no point from which to view his character and continue my moral, so appropriate as that afforded by Scripture, when the wise men brought to Jerusalem the news of the Saviour's birth. "When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled."—(*Mat.* ii., 3.) The fox feared for his safety, and began to cast about for means to avoid a catastrophe! Did he quake and tremble at the thought that his sins would find him out? Ah, no: he was filled with terror, not that he had sinned—not that his conscience, black and guilty as it was, had smitten him with grief and shame—not that he feared the terrors of a judgment to come—but *he trembled and was filled with trouble because a KING was born*. He looked to his crown—for this he feared. "Where is He that is born King of the Jews?" rang in his ears as the death-knell of his departing power. He felt already (or fancied that he did) his throne tottering beneath him; fear seized upon his coward heart; he felt as though there was no time to be lost, and that at all hazards he must maintain his seat of honor and power. And now behold how sin *begets* sin. Like Pharaoh, he was wholly given up to his base lusts and passions. He had reached the height of power through intrigue and blood, and through the same means he determined to maintain it. And now craft, subtlety, and deceit are brought into full exercise, to enable him to accomplish his unholy purposes. He cares only for himself—he has certain aims and ends to accomplish. His own base heart urged him on to baser deeds, and the blood of the Holy Innocents flows to fill the measure of his iniquity! His ruling sin was a lust of power. That passion chafed and goaded his heart until it produced a brood of sins of another character. Flattery, deception, and cruelty had marked his steps, and woe and misery followed in his wake to power. And now we find him filled with false apprehensions and groundless fears. Out of these grew bitter jealousies and animosities.

* Whitby.

† Author's article, entitled "Epiphany," in the Feb. No. of the *Evergreen*, 1849.

He had, in short, become a prey to the basest and most tormenting passions. The bare mention that a "king was born" filled him with ire, and without pausing to inquire into the nature of the Kingdom that Christ would establish, he "was troubled," lest he should be forced to yield his usurped power into other hands. And this led to a still baser jealousy of, and animosity against the unknown child whom the wise men sought, and urged him on to the effort that he made to destroy "The Babe of Bethlehem." But little knew he of the kingdom that Messiah would establish. Had he paused awhile, he might have learned that his fears were groundless, and been spared from that great crime which filled all Bethlehem and the regions round about with lamentation.*

Herod had doubtless laid some secret plot for our Lord's destruction. Hence the warning of some of the Pharisees, "Get thee out, and depart hence, for Herod will kill thee." They knew his disposition; that like the cunning fox, he was full of stealth and intrigue. Hence our Lord appropriates to him the title—"That fox."

The Prophet Ezekiel compares the false, treacherous prophets of Israel to foxes. "O Israel, thy prophets are like the foxes in the deserts." (*Ezek.*, xiii., 4.)—"Deceitful workers," (2 *Cor.*, xi., 13,) as the Apostle styles such persons, who craftily insinuate false doctrines into weak and unstable minds, and withal hungry and ravenous, and such as catch greedily at any appearance of advantage.†—"There is a conspiracy of her prophets in the midst thereof, like a roaring lion ravening the prey; they have devoured souls, they have taken the treasure and precious things; they have made her many widows in the midst thereof."—(*Eze.*, xxii., 25.) And Solomon (*Song*, ii., 15) has these words: "Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes." And since, as we have seen, the Prophet Ezekiel compares false prophets to foxes, may it not be that the wise man, in his song of loves, in the words just quoted, alludes to false teachers in his Spouse the Church? It is so understood by the commentators. False teachers appeared very early in the Church, and are therefore compared to *young foxes*, in regard to their known craft and subtlety, windings and turnings, shiftings and evasions, whereby the more simple sort especially, and such as were newly converted, (compared here to *tender grapes*, as the Church itself is to a *vine*,) were in danger of being undone, unless a timely care was taken to prevent it. And therefore this verse seems to be an answer to the Church's prayers, flying to her Lord for refuge, who, see-

* Author's article, entitled "Epiphany," in the February No. of the *Evergreen*, 1849.

† I have blended the two characters, as it were, into one—for there is no great difference between them. He of St. Matt., ii., 3, &c., is Herod the Great, while he of St. Luke, xiii., 32, is Herod Antipas.

ing her danger not to be greater from tyranny than from false teachers, calls upon the Apostles, Bishops, and Pastors of the Church to look after them, and to take them, or expose them, in their craftiness. And that while they were *young*—before they had gained strength and power—otherwise their “vain babblings” would “increase unto more ungodliness,” and their words “eat as doth a canker.”—(2 Tim., ii., 16.) Especially, when the Church was but newly planted, and those seducers applied themselves chiefly to such as but recently received the Faith, or to weak and unsettled people, who were easily caught by them, unless great care were taken to discover their frauds and to confute their sophistry, which was the taking of these *foxes*, as Theodoret expounds it, and S. Bernard also; who observes that he saith, “Take to us the foxes”—*i. e.* Sibi et Spousa—unto Himself and to His Spouse. As much as to say, If it be possible, let them be reconciled to the Holy Church, and brought back to the true faith. If that could not be, then other methods succeeded; and the Apostle *delivered up* such dangerous deceivers unto *Satan*, which was a punishment that included in it bodily affliction, that they might learn not to blaspheme.—(1 Tim., i., &c.)

“All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.”—(2 Tim., iii., 16.)

“And a certain scribe came, and said unto Him: Master, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest. And Jesus saith unto him: The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head.”—(Matt., viii., 19, 20.) He, the Lord and Creator, had so humbled Himself for man’s sake, as to become poorer than the foxes and the birds of the air!—He, Who “openeth His hand, and filleth all things living with plenteousness;” Who “feedeth the young ravens that cry unto Him,” had not whereon to lay His head, in the world of His own creation! O wondrous humility! O transcendent love! that thus, through poverty, shame, and suffering, hath opened up to man, lost and ruined, the glories of Heaven, and the reconciled countenance of his Creator in His eternal dwelling-place!

THE persons who now think you to be a wonder, will one day, perhaps, deny your being a Christian: many admit this, but few believe it; therefore it need be repeated, that you may be prepared. “Lord, what is man?”

DR. STERLING AND HIS CHOIR.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM STAUNTON.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Rev. WILLIAM STAUNTON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S. for the Southern District of New-York.

CHAPTER IX.

*Singers should be Baptized Persons, and of Good Moral Character—
Objections and Answers.*

THE reader has probably noticed that, in consequence of a question proposed by Mr. Bullfinch, Dr. Sterling was drawn rather prematurely and abruptly into the statement which we have just given, of his mind respecting congregational singing; for he had by no means said all that was necessary on the previous subject, of the moral and religious qualifications of members of the choir. As yet, he had required only the acknowledgment of one plain and most obvious truth,—a kind of creed, with one article only,—a mere testimony that churches were not places of public amusement, but types of heaven, with its all-holy worship. The Doctor now felt himself at liberty to return to that former question of qualifications, and to relieve himself from all further solicitude in defending the right of the people to “make a joyful noise unto the God of their salvation.”

In common with many others, Dr. Sterling honestly believed that, if the full design of the Church is to be met, choirs should always consist of *baptized* persons, at least; and, if possible, of *communicants*. The reasons for this seemed many: and it was not easy to parry their force, without admitting that agencies need not share the purity of their objects; or, in other words, that if the end in view be good, it is immaterial whether the means of reaching it are so or not. True Christian praise manifestly implies true Christian hearts to give it utterance; and the words in which the Church sets forth her joys, and celebrates the wonders of her Lord's Incarnation, life, sufferings, death, and resurrection; His matchless love; His deep compassion; His intercession in the most holy place above; the manifold gifts of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter; the merciful goodness of the Eternal Father; the never-waning glory of the Undivided Three in One; and the rapturous words of hope and faith, which glow with anticipations of the world to come;—all these presuppose a certain *fitness*, or correspondence of religious station and character, in those who, more prominently than all others, take part

in offering such praise to God. *That* fitness cannot be said to exist, when the holy sentiments which pervade the songs of the Church find no counterpart in the inward affections or the outward life of the persons who use them. But it is certainly presumable that, *cæteris paribus*, communicants will possess more fitness for the duties of a choir, than those who are *not* communicants. It is supposed, at least, that between them and the spirit which dwells in the songs of the Church, there will be some reasonable degree of sympathy and concord. At any rate, it must be admitted that the Church never contemplated the existence of a contradiction so gross, and a practice so reprehensible, as appears in the committal of the most inspiring portions of her services to the charge of those who neither believe, feel, nor regard, the purport of the solemn words which fall from their lips; and who, even in external position, are frequently beyond the circle of the Church's jurisdiction and influence. It is an anomaly peculiar to our own times, and one which—even for honesty and truth's sake—should meet a deserved rebuke, and give way before the demands of consistency and conscientiousness.

Originally, all the members of the Church, i. e., all the baptized, were communicants, either in fact or intention,—and, consequently, all were of this grade who took such part in the public service as is assigned to singers. The list of the baptized was, in fact, the list also of those who partook of the Lord's Table,—none being excepted, but those of very tender age, or such as were under ecclesiastical discipline and censure, or in a state of preparation for their first participation. In the New Testament we read of no Christians who failed to look for their "spiritual food and sustenance" in the holy Eucharist. There was no such class. And hence we never find the Apostles admonishing the baptized, or any portion of them, to prepare for admission to the Communion at some coming time. All were communicants, by virtue of their baptism. And from the Apostles' times down to our own, it has ever been so—in theory, at least. And thus, singers, instead of being "strangers and foreigners," were, like the brethren from whom they were selected, members "of the household of faith," and under the obligations of the same vows, and in the enjoyment of the same privileges, which belonged to those who knelt with them before the altar of their Lord. And this being so, the incongruity—to use no harsher word—which now so often strikes the mind, between the language of the Church,—especially in the Communion Office, with its hymns,—and the avowed absence of religious character and position in many whose office it is to employ that language, could have but an accidental and very limited existence;—the *song* and the *singer* were not at variance, i. e. in points to which

human judgment might extend, or over which the Church could hold supervision and exercise her discipline.

But, desirable as all this may be, and easy of defence when abstractedly considered, still, the existing state of the Church must now be taken into account ; and it is unhappily such as to present very formidable obstacles in the way of an immediate return, even to customs whose propriety admits of no controversy. It is so with large portions of the ancient discipline, as is confessed by the Anglican Church in her Communion Office. It is so with numerous points of order and usage, right and most beneficial in themselves, and in all their tendencies, but to which we can only work up by gradual steps of approximation,—hoping, longing, and laboring for the elevation of practice to the superior level of principle. Such was the opinion of Dr. Sterling on the question at which we have just glanced. While he was thoroughly convinced that the qualifications of a Christian choir should embrace the qualifications of communicants, he did not feel justified in exacting, at the threshold, the terms which, nevertheless, were the ultimate standard of his aims. Imperfection cannot be banished at once, or converted into unblemished obedience. Saints do not grow to full stature in a day. God is patient, and man must not expect in spring-time the kindly fruits of autumn. Thus the Doctor had often reasoned ; and the propositions he was now making to his visitors were the result of deliberate, earnest, and discriminating thought. In establishing moral tests for a choir, there were some things, certainly, which, from every point of view in which they could be examined, seemed of such fundamental importance as to require immediate adoption, even at the risk of a revolution in the organ-loft, or of consequences still more unpleasant. For surely those consequences could never become so grievous and mischievous as to equal, for instance, the known toleration and virtual encouragement of dissimulation, irreverence, and the perversion of sacred words and things to uses at variance with the first elements of piety. Of these radical points, out of the reach of compromise or concession, one—the simplest of all—had been already advanced by the Rector, as we have stated in its place. Another, equally necessary, and highly practical, required that the moral habits and character of the singers should be—humanly speaking—irreproachable ; or, at least, not inferior to the grade of moral standing usually exhibited by a Christian congregation. By the enforcement of a stipulation like this, a lever would be applied at once to the root of all such improprieties of conduct in the gallery, as would be considered disreputable and censurable if occurring in the pews. It would banish disorder, and effectually exclude those who were inclined to levity and irregularity in their behavior. It would lead to the dis-

countenancing, and the final extirpation, of every such abuse and trait of ill conduct, as we have already enumerated among choral misdemeanors; and would indirectly serve to bring into clearer view the *religious*, rather than the merely *professional*, aspect of Church-music.

These points were indispensable, though they formed but the lower degrees on the scale of qualifications. The Doctor had one more requirement to make—that of *membership in the Christian Church by baptism*,—and his reasoning on this, as bearing on the case in hand, may be thus stated:—In the sight of God, the offering of praise must be one of two things,—a reality, or a mockery;—a truth, or an abomination. In the Christian Church, can those officiate acceptably, as singers of God's praise, who are not *in the unity* of that Church? Can those who deny, or will not confess, the faith, as proclaimed in the ancient Creeds, be fit persons to bring before God's throne the Church's sacrifice of thanksgiving? Can those who have never yet renounced the devil and all his works, "the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the same, and the sinful desires of the flesh;"—can those who have never promised to "keep God's holy will and commandments, and to walk in the same all the days of their life;"—who have never been baptized "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;"—who are consequently still "the children of wrath;" aliens from the commonwealth of Israel; neither "members of Christ," nor "children of God;" nor "inheritors of the Kingdom of Heaven;"—can *these*, however praiseworthy in their social relations, be thought qualified to stand foremost among those who ascribe glory and honor, blessing and power, to Him who hath redeemed the world by His blood? Can they, who have not the sign of the Son of Man on their foreheads, and have never been enrolled in the army of Christ, be, in any true sense, representatives on earth of the choirs of saints in the Church celestial? Now, to answer all this affirmatively, would seem impossible on any just principles of reasoning. Every song of the Church presupposes that the person uttering it is, at least, a member of the Church. If *not* such, his tongue becomes the instrument of untruth, or of such thoughtless unreality, as should mantle the cheek with shame. Admit the principle that a choir, in a Christian Church, need not be restricted to those who in baptism have "put on Christ,"—admit that Christian praises may be acceptable to God, though they come not from Christian lips, and where shall the license find its bounds? What shall exclude a company of full-voiced *heathen* from engagement as a choir, except the *mere* external feature of the singularity and disreputableness of such a contract? Would the Church in the Apostles' days have availed itself of voices, called in from the idola-

trous assemblies of the Roman, or the temples of the Greek ? Would the Church, in any age, not borne down with corruption, so far overlook her own sanctity, and trample on her heavenly charter, as to invite and take within her gates minstrels from the enemy's camp, and count them equal or superior to her own loyal sons ? No, we would not believe it—we *will* not believe it. The line of right and truth,—clear, boldly marked, shining like the perfect day, with no deflections hitherward and thitherward,—has been the path on which the Church has ever, instinctively, sought to move ; nor has she yielded yet, in principle, though, here and there, the numerous side-influences of an evil age have made aggressions on the severity of her discipline, and temporarily affected the high and stern majesty of her accustomed walk.

With impressions like these,—most true, though unfortunately most unpopular,—Dr. Sterling saw his duty clearly marked ;—and, without a thought of indulging in any temporizing policy, he now proceeded to lay down, as a settled point, that no *unbaptized* person, whatever might be his qualifications as a singer, should be considered eligible to a place in the choir of St. Michael's.

There is, doubtless, a way of stating things, which communicates to them a tinge of arbitrary and despotic coloring, thereby investing them with a kind of repulsiveness, not belonging, naturally and essentially, to the things themselves. This, the Doctor, though firm as a rock, was most careful to avoid, in announcing to his visitors that members of the choir ought, in the nature of things, to be members of the Church of Christ. But, simple and reasonable as was the requirement, it nevertheless took the organist and the chorister very much by surprise. Nor could they recall an involuntary exclamation which escaped them, and which could hardly have been surpassed in its tone of disapproval, had the Rector really proposed some extravagant, fanatical, and most impracticable measure. In truth, the idea had scarcely crossed their minds at any previous moment, that more could reasonably be required in singers, than sufficient musical ability, regularity in attendance, and propriety of behavior when within the walls of the Church. The introduction of *religion*, or even its earliest sacrament, was to them not unlike the intrusion of a new and foreign element, for which there was not the least demand. They could not, at the moment, understand it, or appreciate its bearings, or see its relevancy to the case. Though baptism, as they were ready to allow, could do no *harm*, yet its necessity, among the qualifications of a singer, was very unapparent, and bore all the marks of a novelty. They knew not, nor could they imagine, to what the Doctor might come next. And it was exceedingly natural that men so pressed with a throng of new truths and facts, should be somewhat cast

down, and ill at ease in their ruminations on this last unthought-of restriction ; especially, as the probability was that the existing choir would resent, in no very quiet manner, the adoption of a rule to which they had never yet been subject. And truly, had Dr. Sterling been able to trace their thoughts, and read their depressing fears, he would have been furnished with fresh evidence of the extent to which sacred things have been perverted, when custom takes such alarm at the first effort of religion to Christianize a church choir.

However, this we must say, in justice to Larigot and Bullfinch, that if their adverse feelings admitted of any apology or palliation, it might perhaps be allowed on the ground that they were not intentionally, but rather ignorantly, aside from the acknowledgment of right principle. They were by no means more blameworthy than thousands of others. They had grown up under the reign of that most pernicious opinion on which we have just dilated. Its falsehood, and its necessary evil consequences, had never occurred to them ; for they had not been led to a direct and distinct consideration of its nature. But the objections which they now advanced, and for which Dr. Sterling was fully prepared, became the means of gaining for them, not only such information as they most needed, but also a torrent of startling appeal, and a vindication of holy things from abuse, which ultimately ran into a close and searching exposure of the mass of deceit and self-will which lies deep in the human heart, — a secret fire, ever struggling to upheave to the surface its consuming elements, and to spread out its desolating forces.

"Tell me," said the Doctor, "is not your argument for unbaptized singers an argument in the face of the Bible, in the face of reason, and in the face of the very first maxim of honesty ? Would not your objections, if admitted, give to irreligion the upper hand ? Would not the result be, that persons who will not 'repent, and be baptized,' must, nevertheless, sing penitential hymns, and counterfeit the joys and hopes, the faith and union with Christ, which exist only among the soldiers of the Cross ? They serve the world, knowingly, deliberately, and of set purpose ; and then, in the hearing of God, and of angels, and men, sing the anthems of those who make spiritual war against that very world. They will not have the Redeemer of men to reign over them ; and yet, from their lips is to break forth the triumphal song of Heaven's most loyal subjects. They know not, because they have not, the indwelling Spirit of the Holy One ; but yet, again and again, do words, implying the holiest interior affections and desires, become the burden of their song. To my mind, it is as evident as demonstration can make it, that the toleration of such things is equivalent to the breaking down of the wall which separates the Church from the world. It is

as contrary to every law of sacredness, as if the sons of Aaron had called in a troop of Philistines to watch over the Ark ; or as if they had thrown their silver trumpets into the hands of the Moabites and Hagarenes. Better would it be to hush into silence the songs of the Church, than to fill the air with richest harmony, if it must needs come from feigned lips. Sooner would I, like the Jews of old, sit down and weep, with every harp hung on the willows. But deeper still would be my grief, if our degradation should so far surpass theirs, as to compel us to call on the Baylonians themselves to 'sing the Lord's song.'

"Call me not unreasonable, I beg of you ; nor think me severe and hypocritical. I am simply indignant, under the estimate which just judgment must give of the demerits of a practice which has nothing but popular consent to excuse it. You cannot feel all that *I* feel ; for your avocations and habits of thought are not such as to bring daily before you the contrasts between the unbending standard of right, and the low measures of obedience which are ever revealing themselves to the eye of a minister of God. But, even at the ordinary tribunal of *reason*,—if you will but let reason speak, and passion sleep,—must you not coincide with me, substantially, in opinion ? Forget, for a moment, if you can, all that you have ever known and witnessed respecting choirs, and the qualifications of those composing them. Then consider what the Christian Church is,—the family of God,—the body of Christ,—the household of faith,—the temple of the Holy Ghost,—the congregation of faithful men,—the type of the Jerusalem above,—the assembly of the first-born, whose names are written in Heaven,—the holy and ever-living kingdom of the Redeemer, with all its high gifts, and fountains of grace ; its pure worship, and near communion with God, and its irreconcilable antagonism to a world in the midst of which it rears its unearthly walls and towers. Then bear in mind that all who become members of this august body, must make their entrance by the new birth 'of water and of the Spirit,'—by the holy sacrament of Baptism ; for, says an Apostle, 'by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free ; and have been all made to drink into one Spirit.' And when you have mastered this great thought, tell me, what should *they* be, who are selected to stand before the very front ranks, as it were, of the assembly of the saints, and there offer to the Eternal Father, with the Co-Eternal Son, and Spirit, the tribute of high praise and gratitude,—the uplifting chorus of song and jubilant love, in imitation of those pure spirits who cease not, day and night, to give glory to God ? Do you not see how unfit, in all moral respects, for such an office he must be, who is not yet *within the inclosure* of Christ's fold ?—who has no spiritual kindred with God's fam-

ily, and has never been washed in the laver of regeneration? Is it for such an one to come, with garments all spotted with sin, with no armor of righteousness upon him; with no vows of allegiance to the Heavenly King; and thus—a foreigner, an alien, a citizen of another kingdom—boldly enter the gates of the Holy City; set his feet on consecrated ground, and affect to chant the very songs of the Lord's chosen ones; and, in all the hollowness of insincerity, pretend to celebrate the height and depth of that mercy, which it is neither his ambition to seek, nor his joy to reverence? O! miserable delusion! profane, reckless time-serving! Would that I had a pen of iron, that I might engrave on a rock forever that sterling maxim of the ancient Church—*ἅγια ἀγίων, Holy things for holy men!* Would that those words, as of old, might be proclaimed aloud in the Church, not only to guard the purity of the Eucharist, but also to warn away the dissembling from rash interference with acts of worship which none but the faithful are competent to offer!"

When the Doctor had ceased, Mr. Larigot, who had been no inattentive listener, brought up an objection, which he thought would damage to some considerable extent the soundness of the Rector's argument. It was, in substance, an application to the case in hand of the principle affirmed in the 26th Article of Religion.

"If," said Mr. Larigot, "a deficiency, or even an absence, of piety does not render ineffectual the acts of a minister, why may it not be that members of the choir, though under similar disqualifications, may yet be as useful in their place as others?"

"The cases," answered the Doctor, "are not quite parallel, sir; but I will reply to you as if they were. The acts of a minister are acts performed not in his own name, but in Christ's; and therefore, though the minister himself may be unworthy, yet his acts are valid; and the grace of God is not withdrawn from the people in consequence of his unworthiness. And so with a choir; if the members of it were under a commission from the Head of the Church, (which they are not,) their acts, in the offering of public praise, would be considered proper and regular, even though each chorister might be personally unworthy. This I am willing to grant. But——"

"Then what great difference does it make, in point of fact?" said Larigot, rather hastily.

"You will admit, I suppose," answered Dr. Sterling, "that holiness of character is of high consequence to those who hold the sacred office, notwithstanding that in the ministration of the Word of God, and of the sacraments, the people lose nothing by the faults of the agent. Is it nothing that the man who authoritatively reads God's Word in the congregation, reads at the same time the denunciations of the Almighty against himself?"

Is it nothing, that in administering the Holy Communion to the faithful, he also eats and drinks to his own condemnation? Is it a light thing, that in guiding and warning the flock, and in dealing with those who are troubled in conscience, or bowed down under trials, or embarrassed with dim and variable perceptions of duty, he is without that broad and deep view of the interior life of the soul, which experience alone can give? Just so, according to its measure, must be the evil attending those who heartlessly—though with never so much talent and science—offer the public anthems of praise in the Church. They gather no benefit to themselves, nor will God accept their songs as acts of homage done to Him. Their own consciences are against them; and, to every devout mind, the spectacle of insincerity which they exhibit, is painful enough to cast into oblivion all the impressiveness of their efforts.”

“But,” added the organist, “might it not be best to tolerate the irregularities of which you speak, for the sake of the good which, you allow, may be obtained, even though it should be only as a collateral result?”

“As you were the first,” answered the Doctor, “to start this parallel between unworthy ministers and unworthy choirs, I need only continue it through, to find a proper and equitable answer to your question. In regard to the former, the Church directs, in one of her Articles, that inquiry shall be made concerning evil ministers, and ‘that they be accused by those who have knowledge of their offences;’ and, if ‘found guilty, by just judgment,’ they are to ‘be deposed.’ This, you observe, is to be done, notwithstanding that the ministerial acts of such men are confessedly valid and efficacious. Now, though the scandal may not be so great in the other case, yet I do not see why the ascertained unworthiness of a member of a Christian choir should not be followed by *his* displacement, even though his services, in a professional view, may have been of use to the congregation.”

“But it still seems to me that the cases are widely different,” continued Larigot, “inasmuch as unworthiness in a clergyman unfits him for the care of souls; whereas, moral defects in a singer do not incapacitate him for service in the choir.”

“But,” said the Doctor, “an unworthy minister is deposed, on conviction, whether he have the care of souls or not. He is deprived of office because he is *unworthy*. He may be learned, eloquent, active, and accomplished; but all this will not atone for his moral unfitness. Suppose him free from the *actual* care of souls, and that his only employment is the public reading of the Liturgy. Still, the discipline of the Church will not allow him to do even that. Now, as for his unworthiness, he may take no part as a clergyman in the public service, so should simi-

lar unworthiness in a singer unfit *him* also for the privilege of offering the hymns and anthems of that same Liturgy. The impediment in both cases, as I conceive, lies in the fact of unworthiness; though in the case of a clergyman, the test will doubtless be more rigorously applied than in that of a mere layman."

"And you suppose," said Larigot, "that if a person has not received baptism, he is to be accounted unfit for a place in the choir?"

"Unfit, I certainly think, to be intrusted with large portions of a service which, from the first word to the last, is a system of worship framed for baptized persons only."

"But am I to understand you as saying that baptism, without anything further, is sufficient to remove the disqualification?"

"By no means; for I have already required correct moral conduct, together with right principles respecting the object of worship, as indispensably requisite. And when I find these things coexisting with baptism, I have some reasonable ground on which to build my hopes of a gradual development or formation of Christian character in those who aid me in the public services. But without baptism, and some recognition of its obligations and privileges,—which the Church so often sets forth that no man can be ignorant of them,—I see nothing but unfitness and inconsistency, and all the unconquered temptations which link themselves to indifference, in those who assume one of the most important offices in the sanctuary of God. I know that there are many baptized persons who live very far below the demands of their profession; but still, more hope may be indulged concerning them, than of others, who, with similar defects of character, are also beyond the pale and the influence of Christ's holy Church. I would call neither one nor the other to a station higher than that of penitents within the walls of God's house, whatever might be their merits as persons skilled and accomplished in the department of choral music. I plead only for consistency, and for such arrangements in the temple of the Lord, as will not conflict with first principles, offend the majesty of Heaven, and reduce the sublime work of praise to a fictitious exhibition, or a low and revolting mockery of things in heavenly places."

With these words, Dr. Sterling closed up what he had to say on a topic which he foresaw would be likely to create some stir in the choir, as it was then constituted.

The evening was now fast drawing on, and the rich crimson and gold of the western sky, surmounting the dark masses of cloud which were slowly bearing their forms above the horizon, admonished Mr. Larigot, at least, of the flight of hours since he had glided so spirit-like into the Doctor's presence.

But before this singular conference broke up, some further plans were adopted, in reference to the remodelling of the choir, and its future discipline. It was thought best to confide all matters of order to Mr. Bullfinch, inasmuch as implicit dependence might be placed on his general good sense, discretion, and activity. The new choir was therefore to be gathered, organized, and the voices distributed and located, under the chorister's inspection. Regular seasons for practice and rehearsal were to be appointed; and at the first meeting, a few simple rules of order and discipline were to be framed, and adopted by vote, with an understanding that they were afterwards to be very strictly observed.

To Mr. Larigot's judgment was confided the selection of the music, subject, however, to Dr. Sterling's approbation; and he was also to have, *ex officio*, the chief direction in all meetings for drilling and rehearsals.

As the primary act, on which so much depended, viz., the formation of a choir under the restrictions which had been proposed, would probably be attended by more difficulty than would be agreeable to Mr. Bullfinch, it was recommended to the Rector to appoint a time for this purpose, and to give notice of it in the church, on Sunday morning, with such explanatory remarks as would both apprise the singers of the principles to be adopted, and relieve Mr. Bullfinch of the responsibility which might otherwise fall upon him as their originator. This the Doctor promised to do, and also to be present at the meeting for organization, in order to fortify the chorister, if necessary, but chiefly for the purpose of assisting by his advice, and of repressing any disorderly conduct which might occur in the course of the proceedings.

The parties separated, we are sorry to confess, with less unity of feeling than was desirable, in relation to the point on which the Doctor had insisted as a *sine qua non* in every future member of the choir. But it was hoped that time, reflection, and especially the results of experience, would bring about entire harmony, and demonstrate the soundness of the measures which, for the honour of God and His Church, the Rector had no alternative but to institute. Aside from this, the organist and Mr. Bullfinch were gratified far beyond their expectations with their visit to the Doctor; for they had found him conciliating, frank, judicious in advice, well informed respecting Church-music, and so zealous for its improvement, that his aims and wishes were quite equal to their own. They had ascertained one great point, at least, viz., that in the main, the Rector was on what they esteemed the right side; that he was not a foe to the choir, but its warm friend; and this, of itself, gave a buoyancy to their spirits, and a wide range to their hopes, which could not be

permanently affected by incidental differences of opinion on collateral points; more especially as these would be viewed with the Doctor's unfailing candor, and his decision always come in association with the evidences from which it had sprung.

PARENTAL AFFECTIONS.—A good father is ever humane, tender, and affectionate to his children; he treats them, therefore, with lenity and kindness, corrects with prudence, rebukes with temper, and chastises with reluctance. He never suffers his indulgence to degenerate into weakness, nor his affections to be biased by partiality. As he rejoices in their joy, and participates in their afflictions, he never suffers them to want a blessing which he can bestow, or lament an evil which he can prevent. Whilst he continueth with them he administers to their present happiness, and provides for their future felicity when he shall be removed from them. He is doubly cautious in preserving his own character, because theirs depend upon it. He is prudent, therefore, that they may be happy; industrious, that they may be rich; good and virtuous, that they may be respected; he instructs by his life, and teaches by his example; and, after having done everything in his power to make them happy here, he points out to them the means of securing eternal bliss hereafter.

THE WORLD.—The opinions of the world, as to virtue or vice, are not only ruinously false, but they are as changeable as false. What in one age of the world would have branded a man with infamy as long as he breathed, becomes not only pardonable, but reputable, in another. The customs of the world, and the fashionable crimes of society, are shifting from age to age. For one instance out of a hundred: some time ago there existed a nation where theft was honored, as a proof of skill and dexterity; while in that very same nation, drunkenness and debauchery—intemperance of any kind—would have ruined a man's reputation forever. Now look at the change! In our days, the one is stigmatized with punishment and dishonor, while men often boast of their achievements in the other. How is a man to be guided by this childish and despicable world, that has not yet learnt, in six thousand years, to guide and regulate itself?—that calls a thing virtue at one time, and vice at another; that calls evil good, and good evil; that puts bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter? Let him put it aside from him with contempt, and let him "remember his Creator." He will not shift and change with times and seasons. The fashions and opinions of the world may turn round and round with the world itself; but the law of God stands unchanged and unchangeable as the God that endureth forever and ever.—*Rev. C. Wolfe.*

THE CHRISTIAN ART OF THE CATACOMBS.

THE paintings and sculptures which formerly adorned the walls and the sarcophagi of the Catacombs under Rome and its vicinity exhibit many striking peculiarities; and this more especially when they are contrasted with the works of the Christian Artists of the following century.

The *interior life* of the sadly persecuted Christians of the third century is more fully written out upon the walls of the Catacombs than upon the page of History. For this reason, rather than for any interest they may possess as specimens of art, we would now briefly examine a few of these paintings and sculptures.

Knowing the circumstances under which the Catacombs were occupied by the early Christians, we are prepared to discover in their rude attempts at art, a character in some good degree corresponding with the wretched and forlorn condition of the occupants, and with the dismal gloom of their underground abode. But here we are most agreeably disappointed at the outset. The first glance at the collected Art of the Catacombs reveals a marked character of *cheerfulness and hope*, which at once puts to flight our preconceived images of gloom and despondency. Here is no counterpart of the shadows that darkened their course of life. This happy inconsistency, as we may term it, is the first peculiarity of this early Christian Art to be illustrated by a reference to the subjects represented.

The subject most frequently represented in the Catacombs was the "Good Shepherd." Regarding this, the researches of antiquarians have led to the opinion that it is an adaptation from Paganism.* However that may be, none will deny the fitness of the emblem for the important place assigned it amongst the Catacomb paintings.

It was most often the centre-piece of the painted domes; while around it, and upon the adjacent walls, were represented various subjects, all alike expressive of the prevailing sentiments of confidence and hope. The "Good Shepherd" was a type much valued by the early Church, and the character in which they most delighted to represent our Lord.† The author of the "Poesy of Christianity"‡ remarks upon the frequency with which this subject was chosen by the Artists of the Catacombs, and would explain it by the natural supposition that this was selected for the peculiar consolation it afforded them. We can readily imagine how comforting it was to those disciples of the despised Nazarene, who were the constant prey of men scarcely

* See Rochette's Essay upon the Catacombs (Memoirs, French Institute).—Lord Lindsay's Hist. of Christ. Art.—Dr. Maitland's "Church in the Catacombs."

† Dr. Maitland.

‡ M. Rio.

more merciful than wolves in a sheepfold, to contemplate the image of their Good Shepherd carefully guarding His little flock, or carrying upon His shoulders the sick and weary, or, it may be, the restless wanderer from the fold. Such contemplation was indeed calculated to inspire their trembling hearts with confidence in the superintending love and care of their blessed Lord, whose suffering flock they were. Wherever in the Catacombs these early Christians traced the rude outline of a Good Shepherd, the Christian Artists of the succeeding century would, in all probability, have represented a *martyrdom*. The fact is instructive, and will repay further attention. But that presently.

Another interesting illustration of the remarkable character of this branch of Christian Art, is afforded by the features of Christ, as they appear in the various compositions of which He forms a part. In these the artists have embodied *their own* conceptions, and, probably, their own traditions. Christ is represented in the Catacomb paintings as a *beardless youth*, with a boyish countenance, that exhibits no trace whatever of that sadness of expression, so marked in those later representations of Him produced under circumstances apparently the most favorable to the development of such feelings as usually impress Art with a joyful expression.* This cheerful image may be, as some affirm,† a mere abstraction intended to "typify the everlasting prime of eternity;" or it may be an attempt to represent the risen, the *spiritual* Christ. Of the two suppositions, we would offer the last, as the one best agreeing with the general scope and spirit of the Art of the Catacombs. We would not imply that the "everlasting prime of eternity," the perpetual freshness of the heavenly joys secured by Christ's resurrection, was not a favorite subject of thought with these early Christians, for the contrary is undoubtedly true. Their comforting reflections on this point soon afterwards took the form of a legend; and we are told of one, "on whose heart the benumbing thought had settled—'must not the bliss of eternity pall at last?—shall we not weary of Heaven?'—and who, after having been beguiled into a wood by the song of a bird, and having passed, as it seemed, an *hour* there listening to it, returned, to find that a *whole generation* had passed away during his absence, and to learn by this experience that *an eternity will not suffice to exhaust the bliss of Paradise*." Singular as this peculiarity in the earliest representations of Christ appears, when we consider how naturally the griefs of those persecuted disciples might have found expression in their works of Art, yet, when we trace the same characteristics throughout their paintings and sculptures, it needs no other explanation than that they always worked in the true spirit of their Holy Religion, casting out fear with hope, and dispersing

* See Illustrations in D'Agincourt's Hist. of Art by its Monuments. † E.g. Lord Lindsay.

the thick gloom about them by the radiance of their constant cheerfulness. And is there no need that Christians of the present day should study such a lesson as this? Where is our "joy in believing?" We live too comfortably in the world, have too flowery a path to walk in, ever to develop in our lives a Christian faith in all its strength and beauty. St. Paul's declaration concerning the Hebrews is both literally and figuratively true of us — "*Ye have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin.*"

The frequency with which the Resurrection was typified in the works of the Catacombs is a pleasing proof of the hopeful and cheerful cast of the Art of this period. The thought of death and futurity must have been more familiar than any other to those whose abode was with the dead. The manner of the death of very many of those who there slept in Jesus, the hosts of martyrs there resting from persecution, could not have escaped the recollection of the Christian Artists. But another glance at the painted walls and sculptured tomb-stones will assure us that they forgot the Cross in their joyful anticipations of the Crown.* The type of the Resurrection most frequently employed was derived from the history of Jonah, "the most popular object of representation employed in the Catacombs."† Jonah's deliverance from the whale's belly was peculiarly suggestive of the saints' escape from the "jaws of death;"—his repose under the gourd, of the departed Christian's rest in Paradise. Those gloomy caverns abounded in the types and symbols of this joyful event. Everything that could with any propriety be used as a sign of it was pressed into the service of the Artists. The story of Lazarus, the dove returning to the Ark with the olive-branch, the water changed into wine, the Last Judgment, and even the fable of the Phoenix, typified to their strong faith the blissful reality of the Resurrection. "As the triumphal event of the sad drama enacted by the Christian on earth, the Resurrection was figured forth by everything in the Old or New Testament which could make allusion to it."‡ We might in like manner pass in review before us other equally interesting specimens of the Art of the Catacombs, and derive from each and all of them the same beautiful lesson, but our limits will not allow it. These will suffice to indicate the character of that Art. What but such far-seeing hope, and such realizing faith as these rude works discover, could keep in sight, through all the dark changes of this life, the unchanging brightness of a better life beyond?

If we turn now to the Christian Art of Byzantium, the contrast will help us to appreciate the peculiar character of that of the Catacombs. In the latter we have seen that amidst the most cruel persecutions, during the darkest days of Christianity, there was expressed the cheerfulness of a lively faith, the joy of

* "*Post Crucem Corona.*"

† Dr. Maidland.

‡ M. Rio.

a sure hope. In the Art of Byzantium, under Constantine the Great, at a time when Christianity stands erect before the world arrayed in the robes of imperial power, and wearing the garments of rejoicing, we discover throughout a marked expression of sadness. The Byzantine Artists, although in the quiet enjoyment of peace and prosperity, seem ever to turn their thoughts back to the troublous times of their Faith. Instead of rejoicing in its present prosperity, they recur with constant regret to its past depression. Hence we find in Byzantine Art a frequent repetition of martyrdoms, and other death-scenes, instead of the pleasing recurrence of the Good Shepherd, and the class of types representing the Resurrection. The simple monogram found in the Catacombs in every variety of position, sometimes also united with the Alpha and Omega, at first gives place to the Cross, and at last to the *Crucifix*, with its bold representation of the suffering Son of God.* The best illustration of this change of expression in Christian Art is afforded us in the Byzantine head of Christ. The different circumstances under which these distinct representations of the Saviour's features, as observed in the Catacombs and in Byzantine Art, first came into use, have already been noticed. The one is cheerful in the midst of adversity, the other sad in the midst of prosperity. The Byzantine head of our Saviour, like most of the other traditional compositions of that period, is pictured in exact accordance with the feeling of sadness which then imbued the Christian spirit. This type of features is specially interesting to Christians of the present day, for being the same with that almost invariably used by the later Artists of Italy and Germany; that which is so familiar to the eyes, and dear to the hearts of modern Christians, as a beautiful and precious memento of their truest Friend. Although there is no probability that this is an authentic likeness, it will always be regarded by many with respect and affection; and that both for the dignity attached to it as a relic of great antiquity, and for its own intrinsic beauty. Full fifteen hundred years has this traditional likeness been transmitted from one generation of painters and sculptors to another; and this with so little change, that the early description of Christ's person often attributed to the Proconsul Lentulus, but which is more probably a *legend suggested by this Byzantine type*, suits well the features of the Saviour's countenance as delivered to us in the works of modern Artists. In that early legend we read that He was "a man of tall, well-proportioned stature; the appearance of his countenance severe and impressive, such as to make beholders at once love and fear him. His hair down to his shoulders, the color of wine, curling and bright, hanging

* It is not a little remarkable that no reference to Christ's sufferings and death can be found in the Catacomb paintings and sculptures. Even the figure of the Cross is wanting. The monogram of His name is constantly used.

downward from his shoulders, and parted on the crown of the head in the manner of the Nazarenes. His forehead is smooth and fair; his face without a spot, and beautified with a tinge of red. His look frank and pleasing. His nose and mouth faultless. His beard thick, forked, and the color of his hair; his eyes blue, and very bright. In reproving and rebuking, dreadful; in pleading and exhorting, gentle and amiable. There is a wonderful grace and majesty in his countenance. No one has seen him laughing, but weeping, often. The fairest among the children of men.*

Who will not join in hearty thanks to those reverent artists of old, who so carefully represented in their works this beautiful Byzantine type of His features Who was "fairer than the sons of men," and thus preserved it for our enjoyment? The earliest professed portrait of Christ extant† agrees in its main features with this type.

Whether the Byzantine portrait may not be founded on the earliest and most authentic traditions respecting our Lord's person, it would be beyond our present purpose to inquire. It was generally received as early as the fifth century, and has come down to us almost unchanged. It would be equally beyond our purpose, and presumptuous, perhaps, to attempt to trace out the cause of the remarkable change that thus suddenly came over the face of Christian art. One would account for it by the supposition, that it arose from the gradual saddening of the spirit of Christendom, until it becomes enveloped in the gloom of the Middle Ages.‡ Another would consider it only the consequence of the passage of Christianity from the buoyancy of youth to the more serious and subjective spirit of maturity.§ However that may be, the fact itself remains equally interesting; and it seems to me to be one of those few facts of history which, like some delicate flowers we wot of, are beautiful in their place, but quickly lose all their peculiar beauty in the hand of the analyst.

We might follow out the comparison between these two periods of Christian art, placing side by side the monuments of each; but it would only serve to render the contrast still more impressive. Throughout Byzantine art, we should notice the continued expression of a subdued and saddened spirit, even in those subjects which came to the hand of the artist wearing a lively and joyous face.

In the Catacomb paintings and sculptures is recorded the story

* Epistle of Lentulus to the Roman Senate in the "Codex Apocryphus Novi Testamenti" of J. A. Fabricius.

† That found in the Chapel of the Cemetery of St. Callistus, at Rome, supposed to belong to the end of the 4th century. There is an engraving of it in Maitland's *Work on the Catacombs*.

‡ M. Raoul Rochette.—(*Memoires de l'Acad. de Belles-Lettres*, Tome XIII.)

§ Lord Lindsay.—(*Sketches of Hist. of Christ. Art.*)

of the internal life of those early Christians. It is not like that of their external life, one of bitter sufferings and miserable gloom, but a pleasing record of the workings of that spirit which never curses, but ever prays—"Father, forgive them." Not one of dark forebodings and chilling distrust, but rather the expression of that cheerful hope which keeps in view the prepared seats in the Father's house of many mansions, and the golden crowns and harps there awaiting the faithful on earth ; and of a hearty confidence in Him Who has promised these blessings. We would not lightly esteem the art of the Catacombs, but regard it as, in its degree, a religious teacher of hearts ; discoursing to them with winning sweetness of the beauty of godliness, and of the transforming power of Faith, Hope, and Charity.

W. S. S.

WHAT FAMILY GOVERNMENT IS.—It is not to watch children with a suspicious eye ; to frown at their merry outbursts of innocent hilarity ; to suppress their joyous laughter, and to mould them into melancholy little models of octogenarian gravity.

And when they have been in fault, it is not to punish them simply on account of the personal injury that you may have chanced to suffer, in consequence of their fault ; while disobedience, unattended by inconvenience to yourself, passes without rebuke.

Nor is it to overwhelm the little culprit with a flood of angry words ; to stun him with a deafening noise ; to call him by hard names, which do not express his misdeeds ; to load him with epithets, which would be extravagant if applied to a fault of ten-fold enormity ; or to declare, with passionate vehemence, that he is the worst in the village, and destined to the gallows.

But it is to watch anxiously for the first risings of sin, and to repress them ; to counteract the earliest workings of selfishness ; to teach an implicit and unquestioning obedience to the will of the parent, as the best preparation for a future allegiance to the requirements of a civil magistrate, and to the laws of the Great Ruler and Father in Heaven.

It is to punish a fault because it is a fault ; because it is sinful, and contrary to the commands of God ; without reference to whether it may or not have been productive of immediate injury to the parent or to others.

SWEDENBORG, in his long stay in Spirit Land, has forgotten *exactly* how he spelt his name while on this mundane sphere. He used to spell it with a single *e* ; his ghost, however, spells it double. This is not an uncommon result of the action of *Spirits*, and is but a small mistake even for a learned ghost.

SUMMER RAMBLES IN SCOTLAND.

BY REV. J. A. SPENCER, D. D.

CHAPTER IV.

Callandar—The Trosachs—Loch Katrine—Sail on the Lake—Experiences of Travel—Loch Lomond—Tarbet—Inverary—Ride to Oban—Highland Scenery.

CALLANDAR is a neat village, only sixteen miles from Stirling, and not properly within the Highlands : nevertheless, as Christopher North says : " Having been so long in the near neighborhood, it has caught much of the very best part of the Highland character. Few hills, out of the Highlands, (if these indeed be out of it,) exhibit bolder bosoms of wooded crag and pastoral inclosure than those which overhang the village, securing it from the blasts of the east and north, and receding in grand perspective far back in the sky." We stopped at the "McGregor Inn," which is only a so-so sort of a house, and early the next morning mounted the coach, or rather large wagon, for the Trosachs and Loch Katrine. The morning was pleasant, somewhat cloudy, and warm, with occasional showers, and a good supply of mist. Quite a merry company were collected, and though the speeches may not have been any more witty than usual, there was certainly more than ordinary amount of laughing, which, as the good Vicar of Wakefield says, answered the purpose just as well. Every mile or two brought us to some spot immortalized by the poet's lay. Snowdoun's Knight, James-Fitz-James, Roderick Dhu, Clan Alpine's pibroch, the lovely Lady of the Lake, fair Ellen, and her sire the Douglas, " stalwart remnant of the Bleeding-Heart," Coir-nan-Uriskin, " the Goblin Cave," the mortal combat, and a hundred other things connected with that most admirable poem of Scott, "*The Lady of the Lake*," seemed to be almost things of real life. Here was "Coilantogle Ford," the scene of the combat between Fitz-James and the Black Sir Roderick ; there was "Lanrick Mead," the mustering-place appointed by the chief for Clan Alpine's host ; here was the Brigg of Turk, where Fitz-James, " the headmost horseman, rode alone" across the little stream which connects Lochs Vennachar and Achray ; there, on our left, was

———"Lovely Loch Achray—
Where shall we find, in foreign land,
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand !"

Farther on were "the Trosachs' rugged jaws ;" and still farther, in the defile or pass of Beal-an-Duine, where Snowdoun's Knight lost his "gallant grey," we are in the heart of the great gorge of the "bristled territory," (*troschen*, from whence the

word Trosachs.) A little while, ere we recover from the varied emotions produced by this wild scenery, we reach a point

"Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnish'd sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath us rolled;
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted laud."

The ride was delightful, and we felt the full force of the poet's beautiful lines. We made a short stay at the inn with the tremendously hard name, *Ardchinchrochdhan Inn*. It is situate in full view of the lovely little Lake Achray, and so great is the influx of visitors at this season, that it often happens that rooms cannot be obtained. Shortly after, we entered the Trosachs, which is a wild region indeed; trees and bushes, rocks, hills, ravines, streamlets, dark and dreary passes, and such like, are the features of the scene; the road, winding through, now up and now down, narrow, with declivities on either side, sometimes steep, at others less declivitous; sometimes affording a glimpse of the mountain ranges ahead, at others apparently shut in without possibility of outlet, was admirably fitted to keep the imagination awake, and afford that most pleasurable of all excitement, expectation mingled with fear and hope. It is not too much to say, that we all, without exception, enjoyed to a high degree the beauty and grandeur of this rugged pass.

But what shall I say of that beautiful lake, on which we came so suddenly and unexpectedly? How shall I dare to attempt to do justice to a scene which Scott has touched with his magic pencil? How shall I hope to express the beauty of Loch Katrine without the poet's help; and how shall I begin to quote what the reader already knows so well, without wearying him beyond measure? It is no easy matter, I can safely assert, under any circumstances, to venture to describe such scenes as the lakes of Scotland usually present; much less easy is it here, where the scene is so rich in all that is attractive, and so admirably and accurately described, by the poet, that one cannot do it justice without quoting nearly the whole of the "Lady of the Lake." My reader must indulge me, then, with a quotation here and there, or I shall fail utterly of conveying any adequate idea of Loch Katrine.

We found a little steamboat in waiting to convey passengers to the other end of the lake, and were consequently soon moving over the waters of "Katrine, in her mirror blue." It was a glorious sight from the spot where we stood—

"High on the south, huge Benvenue
Down on the lake in masses threw
Crag, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurl'd,
The fragments of an earlier world."

Stretching away in the distance on either hand, the hills rose high, but not so high as to be deprived of their verdant hue, or in anywise dispute the palm with Ben Venue; now they were steep, now sloping down to the water's edge, now formed into knolls or elevations with little valleys intervening, now cragged and uneven, and intersected by little streams which trickle down from the heights above, and leaping gayly from rock to rock, throw an air of animation and beauty inexpressible over the landscape.

———"On the north, thro' middle air,
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare."

At one moment it would be covered with mist, and almost enveloped in it; at another it would stand out clear against the bright blue sky, and seemed not unlike a monarch proudly erect amid his surrounding vassals. Wildly grand and impressive was the scene, as we stood on the little steamer's deck and gazed at it; and most beautiful did the clear sheet of water appear on whose bosom we were riding, so still was it and so transparent, as to reflect from its surface the surrounding objects in all their variety and beauty: the rocky islets, too, scattered around, and specially that one near the eastern extremity, and now called "Ellen's Isle," added to the loveliness of the landscape, which, taken as a whole, I have never seen surpassed, and hardly equalled.

As we sailed down the lake (which is about ten miles in length), and noted the new views which new positions gave us, and wound our way through its serpentine course, there were constant exclamations from nearly every mouth: How beautiful, how fine, how grand, how lovely! "The Lady of the Lake" was in almost every hand, and one of us, with a keen sensibility of the time and place, read aloud that inspiriting and martial boat-song of Clan Alpine's host:—

"Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!
Honored and blest be the evergreen pine," &c., &c.

I assure you, dear reader, the effect of it, as read, was very fine indeed, and an additional charm seemed to be attached to a piece of poetry with which from childhood we had been familiar.

An hour's sail brought us to the landing-place, and introduced us to a scene of a far different description. I must here tell you that a rugged path or road, over which a four-wheeled vehicle makes its way with toil and difficulty, affords communication with Loch Lomond, on which a steamboat daily plies, and at Inversnaid takes in passengers from Loch Katrine. The distance across is something better than five miles. On landing, you see a hovel before you, in which it is said whisky can be obtained, and several carts, a drosky or two, with some shaggy Shetland ponies, all attended by a set of wild, hard-looking, and

hard-spoken fellows, who seem to live by extortion, and to take as much delight in it as it gives pain to those who suffer from it. Their charges are of the following description : for a drosky, which carries four persons, \$2.00 ; for a cart to convey luggage in, \$2.00 ; for a pony to ride across on, 75 cents. The charges for the drosky and cart have no reference to the number of passengers ; one or two will have to pay just as much as a full complement ; it is so much for the conveyances, whether one or four go in them ; whether there is one or a dozen bags or trunks. This, they say, is the rule, but they forget to tell you what imposition they will attempt before they are done with you.

Now it so happened the day we were landed, that there was a sufficient number of passengers to fill the vehicles, both droskies and cart, so that the charge for a person and his luggage was brought down to a dollar, which, all things considered, is not very dear for this region of the world. As for myself, I preferred a white shaggy pony, which by dint of well switching I succeeded in getting up to such a rate of velocity as to outstrip the pedestrians ; I came near, however, paying dearly for my equestrian propensities, for just as I got to the point where the road goes down a very steep descent to Inversnaid Inn, on the banks of Loch Lomond, my pony stumbled, and poor I went clean over his head. I just saved my own head by grasping firmly the pony's shaggy front, and escaped with no further injury than a scratch or two and a nice shaking. It was providential that I fared no worse, for being weak and far from well, a fall of this nature might have resulted in very serious consequences. When our party arrived at Inversnaid, the imposition began : the luggage cart was unladen some fifty rods from the steamboat landing, and we were to get it on board in the best way we could ; our *catheran* attempted to get pay a second time, and tried, too, to bully a gentleman into paying for a whole drosky, when his wife only rode in it in company with others. Well, here we were, the steamboat was waiting, the Inversnaid Inn people refused to touch the luggage, the fellows who brought it over from Loch Katrine would not carry it a step further, the steamboat had no hands for this business, and, as you will suppose, we had to hire whom we could to shoulder bags and boxes and put them on board. But here, too, was another charge ; they would not let us go over the road to the boat, down the declivity, without paying two pence, and when we landed at Tarbet, we could not get ashore without paying three pence ! Truly, as Mr. Black says, " these practices, it must be admitted, are calculated in a high degree to uphold the ancient reputation of Loch Katrine, or, with more correctness of etymology, Loch Kateran, which being interpreted, signifies *the Lock of Robbers*."

A large and commodious steamer sails regularly every day

from one end to the other of Loch Lomond, and enables tourists to see some of the most beautiful lake scenery in the world, at a trifling expense of time and trouble. We were desirous of extending our route to the westward and northward; consequently we landed at Tarbet, which is only a few miles from Inversnaid, but on the other side of the lake; and having dined there, we took the coach for Inverary, at the head of Loch Fyne. I shall not weary the reader by attempting to depict the grandeur with which Ben Lomond is invested, as viewed from the various points where it is visible to those who, like us, spend only an hour in examining scenery which requires weeks fully to take in and appreciate; neither shall I venture to describe in detail the many objects of attraction which we saw on the road between Tarbet and Inverary. It will, I doubt not, be wiser for my own sake, and far more satisfactory to others, if I simply state in outline the nature and character of the scenes through which we passed.

We rode for some miles along the western shore of Loch Long, one of the many arms of the sea which stretch so far inland on this coast. A turn in the road brought us to the vale of Glencroe, which is about six miles in length, has an air of almost grand desolation, (if these words convey my idea at all,) and is guarded on the right by the bold and fantastic peak of Ben Arthur, which those fancifully inclined term "The Cobbler," from its rather curious and grotesque resemblance to a shoemaker on his bench. As is frequently the case in the Highlands, we were requested by the driver to walk up that part of the road which is steep, and hard for the poor horses to drag a carriage over; we did so, and on the highest point found a stone seat, with the inscription, "Rest, and be thankful." There are few, I am sure, who do not here feel the value of rest, and respond to the invitation with grateful emotions. Passing by a gradually descending road, near another small lake, and through the lonely valley of Glenkinglas, we arrived in sight of Loch Fyne, also an arm of the sea. We skirted the northern end of the loch, and after a ride of about ten miles, which was somewhat enlivened by pretty water views, we arrived at Inverary. Here we spent a night at the "Argyle Head Inn," a large and comfortable house.

The next morning, after a cursory view of the town, and the castle of the Duke of Argyle, the former of which is prettily situated, and does much business in the herring fishery line, and the latter of which is a rather plain, commonplace-looking building, of bluish gray stone, we again took the coach for Oban, on the western coast of Scotland. It was a long ride of forty-two miles, but had a number of interesting localities scattered here and there, which relieved its tediousness and fatigue. Riding through a lovely glen, not far from Inverary Castle, and

in the grounds of the noble proprietor, we came in an hour and a half to Loch Awe, a beautiful sheet of water, between twenty and thirty miles in length, and averaging less than two in breadth. It is surrounded by lofty mountains and hills, of a rude and forbidding aspect. Ben Cruachan, the highest, towers up 3,400 feet, and has a base which covers an area of twenty square miles. Passing through Dalmally, the road turns to the westward, through the district once possessed by the Clan Gregor, but in later times by the Campbells, whose slogan was the well-known "it's a far cry to Lochow," indicating the almost impossibility of reaching them in these remote fastnesses. Leaving the lake, we rode along the northern side of the rapid river Awe, surrounded by rocks and precipices, which threw a wild grandeur over the scene, and exposed to the searching mist and rain, which comes down without warning, and as suddenly takes its departure. As we came near Oban, we were gratified by a sight of the ruins of Dunstaffnage Castle and of the mountainous district of the islands of Mull, Morven, &c.; but, though fine scenery, and places historically interesting, are among the most agreeable enjoyments afforded by travel, still I confess that even these may tire, and one may be so unromantic as to wish for the more prosaic and more vulgar enjoyment of rest, food, and sleep. I cannot speak for others, but for myself I must declare that, after riding forty-two miles on the top of a coach, amid Scotch mists and rain, and raw winds and breezes, I was right glad to be set down in Oban, even though Oban has no special attractions to boast of. If we did not sleep well that night, it was not from want of fatigue; and though the remark may not seem specially fitting in this place, yet I cannot but make it, because I felt its truth, viz.: that the Lord's Day, even as a matter of physical rest and recreation to the jaded bodily powers, has a high claim, and an admirable adaptation to our wants; how much more when not only rest, but the hallowed rest of the Christian, is taken and enjoyed on this holy day! It was Saturday night when we arrived; the next day was a day of sacred repose, and I lay down to sleep with a deeper feeling of thankfulness, that God had so wisely ordered events for our good, both of body and soul; and I anticipated the morning of the next day with, I trust, devout gratitude to Almighty God, for His preservation of us through so many dangers, and His love, in redeeming us by the blood and sacrifice of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

THE Established Church of England has, within the last twenty years, without the assistance of the State, built 2,000 churches, at a cost of £5,500,000, or \$27,000,000.

Editor's Table.

KENTUCKY.—We have not received the Journal of the Annual Convention of this Diocese, which was held May 11th. We learn, however, from the Church papers, of one item in its proceedings of much general interest to our whole Church. The Rev. Dr. Waller, a Presbyterian of the Diocese, offered to lay before the Convention charges and specifications against the Bishop, with the view of having that functionary presented by the Convention, according to the Canons, for trial by his peers. The Convention, declining to take measures in reference to a presentment, adopted the following preamble and resolutions :—

"Whereas the Rev. William J. Waller, M. D., has preferred charges against the Bishop of the Diocese, before this Convention, and asked of the Convention an investigation of the same; and whereas a Diocesan Convention, from the nature of its Constitution, from the circumstances under which its sessions are held, and from the relation of its members to the Bishop, who is the constituted Head and spiritual Father of his people, is utterly unfitted for the discharge of the high, solemn, and responsible judicial function involved in such an investigation, therefore resolved :—

"1. That the complainant in this case be referred to the alternative mode of preferring his said charges, provided by the Canons of the General Convention.

"2. Resolved, as the sense of this Convention, That it is expedient that the General Convention should provide some other, and less objectionable mode, for the presentment and trial of a Bishop, than either of those now provided."

Much and rightly as the Canon of the General Convention on the Trial of Bishops has been objected to by many of our wisest and best jurists and divines, as not fitted for answering the ends of justice, this, we believe, is the first time that a Diocesan Convention has spoken out on the subject. It is an honor to this Convention to have done so. The subject is one in which all orders of men in the Church have a deep interest: no portion of it more than this Diocese.

We had intended enlarging upon the subject, but must postpone this.

The papers inform us that Bishop Smith requested a full investigation.

WE cannot allow this number to go to press without doing an act of justice to our friends, and our own feelings. Since the commencement of our now successful enterprise, we have received from almost all sections of the country showers of letters, containing the most substantial evidences of the good wishes of their writers. Many of these were of such a character as to require more than a formal acknowledgment, and some, we fear, owing to the pressure of business, have failed to receive that attention which they deserved. Lest, therefore, any of our numerous friends should consider themselves neglected, we take this opportunity of recording our thanks to all who have interested themselves in our behalf.

Could our arms extend as far as our heart reaches, we might give to each

the right hand of fellowship, in assurance of our full appreciation of all their words and deeds of kindness; as it is, we must trust to our little *monthly messenger* the expression of those emotions we would have breathed into each individual ear.

As the voiceless flower, just sprinkled by some fair hand, gives out its answering gratitude by glowing in fresher beauty, and perfuming the air with a richer fragrance, so may our Magazine, cherished by you with as kind a care, speak to your hearts in silent eloquence gladden your hours of weariness, shed around your hearths and homes a grateful odor, and find you, on each returning visit, walking in paths of pleasantness, where all is love and peace.

A WORD TO SUBSCRIBERS.—We have not yet issued our bills for the current year, but would esteem it a favor if those indebted would remit by mail, at our risk, the amount due.

In our efforts to furnish a Magazine for Churchmen, the cheapest and best ever offered in this country, very much of our success depends upon *their* prompt and good-natured response to our calls.

Without the *oil* which they furnish, the whole machinery of our work must fail to perform with that sure and clock-like regularity and satisfaction, which we so earnestly desire, on their account as well as our own; and as it is but a few *drops* from each which is required to send us smoothly, and rapidly, and joyously "onward," we ask, with trustful confidence of a cheerful and cheering answer—Shall we not have it?

UNAVOIDABLE circumstances (such as will sometimes happen to those most desirous of doing their duty, and satisfying the just expectation of their friends) render necessary a material curtailment, in this number, of the space we had hoped to give to our editorial department. We trust, however, that the contributions of our good friends, to say nothing of our own selections, will plead for us with our worthy readers.

Our subscribers, especially those who were so well pleased with "Letters from Jerusalem," will be happy to learn that we shall commence in our next a series of "Sketches," by the *Rev. Prof. Ingraham*.

Book Table.

AFRICA AND THE AMERICAN FLAG. By Commander Andrew H. Foote, U. S. Navy. New-York: Appletons.

This is one of the most interesting volumes which has issued from the press during the past year. The tone of it is genial and wholesome, the style agreeable, and the information conveyed in its pages both valuable and suggestive. There can be no doubt that the question of slavery and emancipation, the right and the wrong, the expediency and the necessity, in the case, *must*, ere long, be considered and settled on some fixed basis. Capt. Foote's very beautifully illustrated and printed volume well deserves to be consulted by every intelligent patriot and philanthropist.

LIFE IN ABYSSINIA; Being Notes Collected during Three Years' Residence and Travels in that Country. By Mansfield Parkyns. In Two Volumes. New-York: Appletons.

Mr. Parkyns seems to have been one of that class of travellers from England who, having nothing better to do, take it into their heads to see what they can see in and among the Abyssinians, and people of that ilk. He has certainly produced two volumes of more than average interest, and probably quite as reliable as the books of travellers in Africa generally are. His style we do not admire, and the occasional vulgarity of tone and thought is not pleasing; apart from this, the volumes are well worth looking into. The illustrations, though not very well executed, are of decided value in a work of this kind.

THE KNOUT AND THE RUSSIANS. By Germain de Laquy. New-York: Harpers. 1854.

There is a vivacity about this volume which no one but a French writer could sustain; it is, in fact, a *very* French book; and though we have no means of testing its accuracy, we doubt not it is quite as reliable as any book on the same subject recently issued from the press. The illustrations are striking and effective.

THE HIVE OF THE BEE-HUNTER. By T. B. Thorpe. New-York: Appletons. 1854.

The present volume is a pleasant repository of sketches of peculiar American character, scenery, and rural sports, and is illustrated by sketches from nature. Mr. Thorpe is an agreeable writer, and we think, excepting some extravagances, and here and there bad taste, has succeeded in the end which he had in view, viz.: "To give to those personally unacquainted with the scenery of the Southwest, some idea of the country, its surface and vegetation." The volume is very tastefully gotten up.

NARRATIVE OF A VOYAGE TO THE NORTHWEST COAST OF AMERICA, in the Years 1811, '12, '13, and '14; or the First American Settlement on the Pacific. By Gabriel Franchere. New-York: Redfield.

Mr. J. V. Huntington—who once attained a short-lived notoriety—has translated and edited the work of Mr. Franchere, a French gentleman, who resides in Canada. It is really a curious book, and is vouched for by Senator Benton as worthy of confidence. The readers of Irving's "Astoria" will be interested in examining the narrative of an eye-witness, and the public generally will find the volume repay perusal.

THE RUSSO-TURKISH CAMPAIGNS OF 1828 and 1829. By Colonel Chesney. New-York: Redfield.

The publication of this volume is very opportune just at this time, when the result of the contest between Russia and the Western Powers is altogether uncertain. Colonel Chesney furnishes accurate information of the countries which form the theatre of war, looking at them from a military and scientific point of view. Besides several excellent maps, and a chapter giving a view of the present state of affairs in the East, the volume before us is supplied with an Appendix, containing the Diplomatic Correspondence between the Four Powers, and the Secret Correspondence between the Russian and English Governments. It is a volume of note at the present juncture.

A HISTORY OF GREECE. By William Smith, LL.D. New-York: Harpers.

After a careful examination of this new contribution to the historical works in our language, we have no hesitation in pronouncing it one of the best written and most accurate volumes which we have ever met with on this topic. Not only is the historical narrative clear, distinct, and sufficiently full for all ordinary readers, but the supplementary chapters on the History of Literature and Art give Dr. Smith's work a value peculiar to it.

self. With excellent judgment, Dr. S. has based his work upon the elaborate researches of Mr. Grote, whose history ranks so high in the estimation of all scholars. Prof. G. W. Greene has also appended some useful matter to the volume.

FARMINGDALE. By Caroline Thomas. New-York: D. Appleton & Co., 346 and 348 Broadway, and 16 Little Britain, London. 1854.

A history of two orphan children, a brother and sister, who lost their only remaining parent in early childhood, and were thenceforth cast upon the world, to be tossed about, and roughly handled, as they passed on to manhood and womanhood. The style is remarkable for being more than ordinarily true to nature, and to every-day life—free from any affectation, and interesting from its perfect simplicity. The book contains no evil, and can be laid upon parlor or nursery table with a clear conscience, and with attractions for both circles.

A YEAR AFTER MARRIAGE. By T. S. Arthur, author of the "Iron Rule," "Lady at Home," "Two Merchants," &c., &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, No. 102 Chesnut-street.

Mr. Arthur's books are certainly superior, in various ways, to the mass of cheap publications with which the world abounds. He has a correct knowledge of character and of the human heart; clear ideas of right and wrong, and always writes *to the purpose* and *for a purpose*. The present volume is one of his best, consisting of two good stories, *both of which we cheerfully recommend*.

THE DESERTED WIFE. By Emma D. E. N. Southworth, author of "The Curse of Clifton," &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, No. 102 Chesnut-street.

This is a republication of a novel by Mrs. Southworth, which was originally published some few years ago. It evinces the talent, and possesses the interest, which mark all the productions of this gifted author.

We have received from Leonard Scott & Co. their reprints of the **LONDON QUARTERLY**, and of **BLACKWOOD**. The subscription price of these Magazines is \$3 00 each, or for both of them \$5 00. The publication office is No. 79 Fulton-street.

Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

ORDINATIONS.

Priests.

Connecticut—May 17. Rev. John Godfrey, Jr.

Illinois—May 17. Rev. Joseph W. Pierson.

Massachusetts—May 25. Rev. William B. Calhoun.—3.

Deacons.

Indiana—May 11. John Trimble, Jr.

South Carolina—April 5. Thomas J. Girardeau.—2.

INSTITUTION.

New-Jersey—May 11. St. Peter's Church, Morristown, Rev. Robert Norris Merritt, Rector.—1.

CONSECRATION OF CHURCHES.

Kentucky—May 10. St. John's Ch., Versailles.

Maine—May 11. St. Anne's Church, Calais.

Pennsylvania—May 3. Christ Ch'ch, Greensburgh, Westmoreland Co.

May 5. St. Paul's Ch., Mount Braddock,

Fayette County.—2.

- South Carolina*—February 26. St. James's Chapel, Clarendon.
 April 2. Edmundsburg Chapel, St. Bartholomew Parish.
Western New-York—May 25. Trinity Church, Warsaw.—7.

CONFIRMATIONS.

- California*—April 9. Trinity Church, San Francisco, 19.—19.
Connecticut—April 23. St. Paul's, Norwalk, 17.
 St. John's, Stamford, 7.
 — 25. St. Mark's, New Canaan, 3.
 — 26. Christ Ch., Greenwich, 10.
 — 30. St. John's, Bridgeport, 19.
 May 1. Trinity Church, Nichols' Farms, 1.
 — 2. St. Peter's, Monroe, 5.
 — 3. Christ Ch., Reading, 2.
 — 4. St. Thomas's, Bethel, 19.
 — 5. St. Stephen's Ch., Ridgefield, 13.
 — 6. St. James's, Danbury, 2.
 — 7. Do. do., 1. St. Paul's, Brookfield, 2.
 — 10. St. Andrew's, Meriden, 5.
 — 14. Christ Ch., Norwich, 25. Trinity, do., 17. Chapel at Yantic, 8.
 — 17. St. James's, Birmingham, 2.
 — 19. Union Ch., Seymour, 7.
 — 20. St. Michael's Ch., Naugatuck, 16. St. John's, Waterbury, 29.—210.
Georgia—March 19. Mission to the Negroes, on Ogeechee River, 20.
- Georgia*—April 20. Christ Church, Macon, 14.
 May 4. St. Stephen's Church, Milledgeville, 6.—40.
Illinois—April 30. Trinity Church, Chicago, 10. St. Ansgarius's (Swedes) Ch., 8.
 May 16. Christ Church, Waukegan, 7.—25.
Indiana—April 16. Christ Church, Indianapolis, 18.
 — 23. Trinity Ch., Logansport, 3.
 — 25. St. James's Church, Peru, 1.
 — 26. Trinity Church, Fort Wayne, 3.
 — 30. St. Mark's Church, Lima, 5.
 May 10. St. Paul's Church, New Albany, 1.—31.
Kentucky—May 7. Ascension Ch., Frankfort, 15.
 — 10. Christ Church, Lexington, 10.—25.
Maine—April 14. St. Mark's Church, Augusta, 6.
 May 11. St. Anne's Church, Calais, 11.—17.
Maryland—May 21. St. Alban's Ch., near Georgetown, 8. Christ Church, Washington, 28. Trinity Ch. ch, do., 34.—70.
Massachusetts—Lately. Church of the Ascension, Fall River, 4. Grace Church, New-Bedford, 8. St. Thomas's, Taunton, 13. Church of the Messiah, Boston, 10.
 May 9. St. John's Ch., Northampton, 12.—47.
Minnesota—May 14. Christ Church, St. Paul, 3.—3.
Mississippi—April 9. Chapel of the Cross, Madison County, 8.

- Mississippi**—April 30. Christ Ch'rch, Vicksburgh. 10.—18.
- New-Jersey**—May 10. Christ Ch'ch, New-Brunswick, 18.
- May 20. St. John's Church, Salem, 6.
- 23. St. Paul's Church, Trenton, 4.
St. Michael's Church, do., 3.
- 24. Trinity Ch'ch, Princeton, 5.
- 27. Chapel of the Holy Innocents, St. Mary's Hall, Burlington, 1.—37.
- New-York**—May 7. St. Bartholomew's Church, New-York, 26.
Calvary Church, do., 30.
Church of the Messiah, do., 3.
- May 9. Grace Church, Port Jervis, Orange County, 10.—69.
- Ohio**—Lately. St. James's, Pequa, 8.
St. Luke's, Marietta, 13.
All Saints', Portsmouth, 23.
St. John's, Cincinnati, 16.
Christ Church, do., 22.
St. James's Church, Zanesville, 31.
St. John's, Ohio City, 18.
St. Paul's, Cleveland, 9.
St. Paul's, Euclid, 2.—142.
- Pennsylvania**—April 17. Christ Ch., Reading, 17.
- April 18. St. Mark's, Mauch Chunk, 6.
- 20. St. Philip's, Summit, 4.
- 21. Trinity, Pottsville, 18.
- 22. St. James's, Schuylkill Haven, 4.
- 27. St. John's, York, 3.
- 28. St. Paul's, Columbia, 2.
- 30. St. Martin's, Marcus Hook, 4.
- Pennsylvania**—April 30. St. James's, Kingsessing, 5.
- May 5. St. Peter's, Uniontown, 5.
- 6. Christ Ch., Brownsville, 2.
- 7. Christ Church, Alleghany City, 6.
St. Paul's Ch., Pittsburgh, 4.
Trinity Church, do., 19.—99.
- Virginia**—April 30. St. James's Ch., Richmond, 42.
St. Paul's, do., 10.—52.
- Western New-York**—May 14. Trinity Church, Fredonia, Chautauque County, 10.
St. John's Chapel, Dunkirk, do., 5.
- 15. St. Peter's Church, Westfield, do., 9.
- 16. St. Paul's Church, Mayville, do., 1.
- 17. St. Luke's Church, Jamestown, do., 20.
- 19. St. John's Church, Ellicottville, 14.
- 21. St. Stephen's Ch., Olean, 8.
- 22. Phillipsville, 3.
- 23. St. Paul's Church, Angelica, 13.
- 24. Christ Ch'ch, Hornellsville, 7.
- 25. Trinity Ch., Warsaw, 6.—96.—1,000.

CLERICAL CHANGES.

Right Rev. John Williams, D. D., Assistant Bishop of Connecticut, to Middletown, Connecticut.

Rev. Beverly Robinson Betts, as Assistant Minister to St. Thomas's Church, New-Windsor, (Post-office, Newburgh,) Orange County, New-York.

- Rev. William L. Bostwick, to Grace Church, Long Hill, and Christ Church, Tashua, (Post-office, Bridgeport,) Connecticut.
- Rev. Arthur C. Cox, to the Rectorship of Grace Church, Baltimore.
- Rev. Erastus F. Dashiell, to Port Republic, Calvert County, Maryland.
- Rev. George C. V. Eastman, to the temporary charge of St. John's Church, Troy, New-York.
- Rev. Henry V. Gardner, as Missionary to North Canaan and Falls Village, (Post-office, North Canaan,) Connecticut.
- Rev. Daniel Henshaw, to the Rectorship of St. Andrew's Church, Providence, Rhode Island.
- Rev. Meyer Lewin, to Baltimore.
- Rev. Thomas A. Morris, to the Missionary Station, Guntersville, Alabama.
- Rev. G. Huntington Nichols, to the Rectorship of Grace Church, Cherry Valley, Otsego County, New-York.
- Rev. William Herbert Norris, to Woodbury, New-Jersey.
- Rev. John W. Nott, to Taylor's Island, Dorchester County, Maryland.
- Rev. George S. Porter, to Zion Church, Providence, Bureau County, Illinois.
- Rev. Hiram Stone, to St. John's Parish, Essex, Connecticut.
- Rev. George Herbert Walsh, to the Rectorship of the Church of the Messiah, Rhinebeck, Dutchess County, New-York.

—
Died.

May 8. Rev. Abel Ogden, Missionary at Canton, St. Lawrence County, New-York.

May 21. Rev. John Elliott Thompson, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Paterson, New-Jersey; aged 36.
—2.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO CHURCH INSTITUTIONS AND OBJECTS IN THE UNITED STATES, AND IN THE DIOCESE OF NEW-YORK.

Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States:

Domestic Committee \$1,762 00
Foreign Committee..... 3,969 37

Diocesan Missionary Committee..... \$5,731 37
Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society for Seamen, in the City and Port of New-York..... 2,252 32
New-York Bible and Common Prayer-Book Society 2,647 21
Protestant Episcopal Tract Society 190 15
Protestant Episcopal Tract Society 46 97

Calendar for July.

2. Third Sunday after Trinity
9. Fourth Sunday after Trinity.
16. Fifth Sunday after Trinity.
23. Sixth Sunday after Trinity.
25. St. James the Apostle.
30. Seventh Sunday after Trinity.

THE
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Vol. I.

AUGUST, 1854.

No. 8.

MONSTERS OF FAITH.

We people in this western world have, in our time, not less than those who went before us, been witnesses of many acts of eccentric and exaggerated faith. We have seen this virtue dressed in many a guise, tricked out in many a hue. We have seen it in the meanest and the highest.

But what is cold, dwarfed, European faith, when compared with the huge monstrous faith of the barbarous land of the sun? The two will no more bear comparison than will the Surrey Hills compare with the Himalayas, or the Thames and the Garonne bear being mentioned beside the Ganges and the Burrumpootra. The scenes I am about to relate are not selected for their rarity, or for any peculiarity about them; they may be met with at any of the many festivals, or Poojahs, throughout India proper.

The village at which the festival I witnessed was held, was not very far distant from one of the leading cities of Bengal, a city numbering possibly half a million of inhabitants, with a highly populous country round about it for many a league. The reader will, therefore, readily imagine the crowding and rushing which took place from all sides, to witness the festival of a deity in whom all believed, for, away from the south, there are comparatively but few of any other faith than Hindooism.

It was high noon when I arrived on the ground in my palanquin; and by favor of the friendship of the British collector of Howdahpore, I was admitted within the most privileged circle, and took up my stand beneath the pleasant shade of a wide-spreading Jambo tree. I had time and opportunity to note the place and the people; for the sacred operations had not as yet commenced. The spot we were assembled in was an extensive valley lightly wooded at intervals, and commanding a picturesque view of a rather wide river which flowed on to Howdahpore, and was now busy with many boats loaded with passengers. On the river bank nearest to us, a number of bamboo and leaf sheds had been hastily erected, in which carousals and amuse-

- ments of various kinds were in progress or preparation. Flowers decorated the ample doorways, and hung festooned from many a roof; while high above, wooing in vain a passing breeze, and brightly glaring in the noon-day tropic sun, gay streamers drooped in burning listlessness. From the topmost summits of some of the loftiest trees—and they *are* lofty here—long tapering poles extended other flags and strips of colored cloth. In cool, shady nooks, where clumps of spreading jungle kindly grew, at other times the haunts of fiercest tigers, or worse, of cruel Thugs, small knots of Hindoo families of rank were grouped in silent watchfulness. The lordly Zemindar of the district; the exacting Tulukdhar, the terror of village ryots; the grinding
- Putindhar: all these were there in eastern feudal pomp.

Far as the eye could reach, the rich green valley teemed with human life. Thousands on thousands flocked from many a point, and pressed to where the gaudy flags and beating drums told of the approaching Poojah. The steady hum of the vast multitude seemed like the ocean's fall on some far distant shore. Grief, joy, pain, pleasure, prayers, and songs, blended with howling madness, or cries of devotees, in one strange, stormy discord; the heat and glare, the many new and striking garbs, the sea of dusky visages and brightly glaring eyes, mixed with the varied gorgeous foliage, and flinging into contrast the lovely gentleness of distant hills and woods, made up a whole not easy to forget, yet difficult to paint.

But my attention was before long directed to some preparations in progress not far from where I stood. I had observed several huge poles standing at a great height, with ropes and some apparatus attached to them, the use of which I knew from report alone. Here I now remarked a great deal of bustling activity; a number of attendants were beating back the crowd in order to clear a space around one of the loftiest of the poles I have mentioned. This was a work of much difficulty, for the mob was both excited and dense. At length, however, they succeeded in the task, and finding the ground before me pretty clear, I advanced close to the scene of action. Round about the pole were a number of Fakirs or Ascetics, a sort of self-mutilated hermits, who hope, and firmly believe, that by distorting their limbs into all sorts of impossible positions and shapes, they have insured the favor of some unpronounceable divinity, and with that a steady and certain passport to some future state, about which they have not the most remote idea, which renders their devotion the more praiseworthy.

There was one miserable object, with his long matted locks of dirty red streaming over his shoulders, and one withered arm and hand held blighted high above his head, immovable. It had been forced into that unnatural position years ago, and what was

then an act of free will, was now a matter of necessity; the arm would no longer return to its true position, but pointed in its thin and bony haggardness to heaven. Another dark-eyed, dark-haired ascetic had held his hands for years so firmly clasped together, that the long talon-like nails were to be seen growing through the palms of his hands and appearing at the back. Some I saw with thick rope actually threaded through their flesh quite round their bodies, many times in bleeding coils; more than one young woman was there with her neck and shoulders thickly studded over with sharp, short needles stuck firmly in the flesh. One man, a young man, too, had forced a sort of spear right through the fleshy part of his foot, with the thick wooden handle downward, on which he walked, quite indifferent to any sort of inconvenience. There was no lack of others, all self-tortured, maimed, and trussed, and skewered, as though about to be spitted and put down to the fire.

The object which all by one consent agreed to gaze at, was a young and pretty-looking girl, almost a child in manner, who sat upon the ground so sadly, yet so calm and almost happy, that I could not persuade myself one so young and gentle was about to be barbarously tortured. Yet so it was. It appeared that her husband had, months since, gone upon some distant, dangerous journey; that being long absent, and rumors raised in the native bazaar of his death, she, the anxious wife, had vowed to Siva, the protector of life, to undergo self-torture on his next festival if her loved husband's life should be spared. He had returned, and now, mighty in faith and love, this simple-minded, single-hearted creature gave up herself to pain such as the stoutest of our sex or race might shrink from. She sat looking fondly on her little infant as it lay asleep in the arms of an old nurse, all unconscious of the mother's sacrifice, and turning her eyes from that to her husband, who stood near in a wild, excited state, she gave the signal that she was ready. The stout-limbed, burly-bodied husband rushed like a tiger at such of the crowd as attempted to press too near the sacrificial girl: he had a staff in his hand, and with it played such a tune on bare and turbaned heads and ebony shoulders, as brought down many an angry malediction on the player. The nurse with the infant moved further away among the crowd of admiring spectators. Two or three persons, men and women, pressed forward to adjust the horrid-looking hooks. Was it possible, I thought, that those huge instruments of torture, heavy enough to hold an elephant, were to be forced into the flesh of that gentle girl! I felt sick as I saw the poor child stretched upon her face, and first one and then the other of those ugly, crooked pieces of iron forced slowly through the flesh and below the muscles of her back. They lifted her up, and as I watched her I saw big drops of per-

spiration starting from her forehead; her small eyes seemed closed at first, and, for the moment, I fancied she had fainted; but as they raised her to her feet, and then quickly drew her up in the air high above us, hanging by those two horrid hooks, I saw her looking down quite placidly. She sought her husband out, and seeing him watching her eagerly, gave him a smile, and, waving her little hands, drew from her bosom small pieces of the sacred cocoa-nut and flung them amid the gazing crowd. To scramble for and obtain one of these precious fragments was deemed a fortunate thing, for they were supposed to contain all sorts of charmed powers.

And now the Poojah was fairly commenced. The ropes which carried the iron hooks were so arranged, that by pulling one end—which passed over the top of the pole—it swung round a plate of iron which set in motion the other rope holding the hooks and the living operator. Two men seized on this rope, and soon the poor girl was in rapid flight over the heads of the crowd, who cheered her on by a variety of wild cries, and shouts, and songs. Not that she seemed to need encouragement; her eyes were still bent towards her husband; I almost fancied she smiled as she caught his eye. There was no sign of pain, or shrinking, or yielding: she bore it as many a hero of the old world would have been proud to have done, scattering beneath her flowers and fruit among the busy throng.

I felt as though a heavy weight were off my mind when I perceived the whirling motion of the ropes first to slacken, and then to cease; and finally, the girl, all bleeding, relieved from the cruel torture. They laid her on a mat beneath some shady trees; the women gave her a draught of cool water in a cocoa-nut shell. But her thoughts were not upon herself: she looked anxiously around, and could not be satisfied until her husband sat beside her, and their little swarthy infant was placed within her arms. The only care her deep and open wounds received was to have them rubbed with a little turmeric powder, and covered with the fresh tender leaf of a banana.

Leaving this family group, I turned back to watch the further proceedings around the huge pole, where there was once more a great bustle and pressing among the crowd. This time the operator, or sufferer, whichever would be the most fitting term, was a man of middle age, and of the lowest ranks of the laboring class. He appeared to be perfectly indifferent to anything like suffering, as the two operators seized the flesh of his back, and another roughly thrust through it two hooks. In another minute he was whirling through the air as rapidly as the attendants could force him; still he seemed anxious to travel faster; and by signs and cries urged them to increased speed. The mob was delighted with this exhibition of perfect endurance and en-

thusiasm, and testified their approbation in a variety of modes. This man remained swinging for fully twenty minutes, at the end of which time he was released : somewhat less excited, I fancied, than when he was first hoisted in the air. I failed to learn his story, but it had reference, beyond a doubt, to some escape from danger, real or imaginary, and, of course, imputed to the direct interposition of the powerful Siva, or some equally efficacious deputy. The medical treatment of this devotee was on the ruder scale, and would have shocked the feelings and science of some of our army surgeons, to say nothing of civil practitioners. The root of turmeric was again employed, in fine powder, but placed in the wounds most hastily, and, by way of forcing it thoroughly in, some one stood on his back, and trod in the powder with his heel.

I saw one other man hoisted up. He had taken the vow in order to save the life of a much-loved sister's child ; and as he swung round and round in stoical indifference, the sister, a young creature with her little infant, sat looking at him as if she would willingly have borne the suffering in his stead. Doubtless there was a love linking these poor creatures together in their ignorance, which, mighty as it was, would have done honor to any highly-gifted dwellers in the west. And, it must be remembered, their sacrifice was for the past ; it was one of gratitude, and not of hope or fear for the future. Their prayers had been heard ; and, although they knew not of that undying Providence which had listened to their voice and spared the young child's life, they turned to such stone and wooden deities as their forefathers had set up, and devoutly kept their vow.

There were other victims yet to be self-offered ; but I had had enough, and the heat, and the noise, and the many strange effluvia were growing so rank and overpowering, that I prepared to retreat. As I returned through the dense crowd which made way for me, I perceived an aged woman preparing for a swing as stoically as any of the younger devotees who had gone before her. A tall, powerful-looking man was standing by her side watching the preparations with considerable interest. He was her son ; and, as I learnt, the cause of her present appearance in public. It had been some seven or eight years previously that the vow had been made to the stone deity ; which, as they believed, had acted as a miracle and saved his life. It would have been fulfilled at once, but first poverty, and then ill-health, had stood in the way of its performance ; and now, after this long lapse being able to pay the necessary fees to the priests, she had left her distant home to carry out the never-to-be-forgotten vow. As I moved away in the distance, I heard the shouts of the enraptured multitude raised in honor of the old lady's fortitude ; cry after cry floated on the breeze, and died away in the din of drums, and pipes, and bells.

For miles the country round about was covered with festivity and uproar. Hundreds of fanatic companies were revelling in religious festive rites. In one leaf and bamboo shed, larger than the rest, I noticed, as I looked in unperceived, the young self-offered wife of that day, as gay and unconcerned by pain as any of the party; I might have fancied she had but just been married, instead of hanging in the air upon cruel hooks.

A LITTLE CHILD AMONG LUNATICS.—A day or two ago, a gentleman whose official duties required him to visit a large Asylum near this city, devoted to the indigent insane, took with him a little boy some three years old, and it was an interesting study to watch the effect which the presence of the young visitor produced among the lunatics of every grade. An unusual degree of quiet and order prevailed in every hall, and touching manifestations of the softening and subduing influence of childhood were exhibited by those who were ordinarily most intractable. This was particularly the case with those who had passed the season of youth. One man, incurably insane, approached the little boy with a countenance for the moment full of gentleness and kindness, and with a polite gesture handed him a *straw*—being all that he had to give—and showed great satisfaction when it was accepted, and borne as if it had been of value. Almost all approached and shook hands with the infant, and so mild was their bearing that he did not for a moment hesitate, and although abashed at what was to him an unusual crowd, he cheerfully yielded his little hand to their caresses. But the most interesting scene was in the women's apartments. They were ready to devour the child with their caresses, and yet when they observed that their crowding and volubility annoyed him, instinctively withdrew a little and modulated their voices to tones of tenderness, to which many of them had long been strangers. One of the women, herself a mother, inquired with tearful eyes—"Dear little fellow, is his mother living?" An affirmative reply seemed to relieve her apprehensions, and her expression of interest assumed a more cheerful tone. The most violent, closely confined in cells, watched every movement of the boy with intense interest, and some begged, by all the affection for their own offspring—which insanity in its worst form had not eradicated—to be permitted to embrace him. The whole scene was calculated to deepen the sympathy felt for the most unfortunate class who were the object of the visit, and to show how strongly the society of children is calculated to win back to gentleness those who, from any cause, have passed that indefinable line which separates the sane from the insane. Such soothing effects are of course transient, but it was something to obtain for those poor vexed souls even a moment of calm delight.—*New-York Courier and Enquirer.*

WORDS TO WEEPING ONES.

BY THE REV. ANDREW MACKIE, A. M.

CHAPTER VI

HOME.

"—— And that name
In sacred silence buried, which was still
At morn and eve the never-wearying theme
Of dear discourse——"

SOUTHEY.

WE have left him behind us. His absence makes HOME desolate. We wander from room to room, as if in search of something that is lost. Here is the bed in which he slept. His head will not again press the smooth pillow. We open some drawer. There are the little shoes he wore; the many frocks, in which he looked so lovely. We have not heart to stay longer in the room. We hasten into some other. A picture-book, the leaves of which were torn by his cunning hands, we see. All around in the closet are the toys, just in the confusion in which he left them—the little wagon, with its load of pictured blocks—the doll that the darling nursed and cared for, as though it were alive—the sword and drum, with which he marched so soldier-like about the house. Tears come too fast. We miss him so, that we have not strength to stay where he is not. We seek another room. Here is the little chair in which he sat. It was scarcely a week ago when he was sitting by our side, and asking his queer, puzzling questions, and was looking so delighted, whilst we were telling him, for the fiftieth time, the old, old nursery stories. Now the chair is vacant. He has gone from our side. It seems as if there was nothing for us to do but to sit still, and fold our hands, and count our tears. O! how HOME is desolated by the death of a child! A grown person is missed at morning and evening, and at meal times. But a child is missed every minute of the long, long day. He is missed from the mother's arms; he is missed from the father's knee. The sunlight is not more missed, when cloudy day succeeds to cloudy day. The vacant cradle, the vacated crib, the vacated nursery, are *constant*. The vacated bed, the vacated parlor, are *occasional*. Indeed, that little grave has left home dreary. We would not have courage to sleep beneath home's roof; we would exchange its hearth-stone for a stranger's hospitality; we would forsake its quiet table for the crowded hall; the roof-tree we would leave, and find another shelter; if it were not that we still loved the places which our baby-child was once familiar with; and if was not still heard the PRIEST saying: "I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE;" and if was not still heard, lin-

gering in the air—of softer note than wild-bird's song at sunset hour ; and of more soothing sound than murmur of summer sea on sandy shore—that song of sympathizing choir, around the grave ; which was the repeated voice of what, in years long gone, was heard from Heaven : “ BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHO DIE IN THE LORD.” We catch the echo of the strains ; and we cheer ourselves, in our lonesome wanderings from room to room, by softly singing, as we heard it sung—“ BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHO DIE IN THE LORD, FOR THEY REST FROM THEIR LABORS.” Still, we cannot so cheer ourselves but what tears will flow ; and tears in such distress are comforters ; we cannot so dispel all clouds, that there shall be only bright sunshine. There will be a darkening of home's windows, now that the Loved-One has departed. Death always desolates.

But, be not over-sorrowful. Weep not over-much. There is what will comfort. There is what will wipe tears away. Let us visit the dear child in his PARADISAIC REST.

(To be continued.)

ORIGIN OF WORDS AND PHRASES.—*Windfall*.—The origin of this term is said to be the following :—Some of the nobility of England, by the tenure of their estates, were forbidden selling any of the trees upon them, the timber being reserved for the use of the royal navy. Such trees as fell without cutting were the property of the occupants. A tornado, therefore, was a perfect God-send, in every sense of the term, to those who had the occupancy of the extensive forests, and the *windfall* was sometimes of a very great value.

Robbing Peter to Pay Paul.—In the time of Edward VI., much of the lands of St. Peter, at Westminster, were seized by his Majesty's ministers and courtiers, but in order to reconcile the people to that robbery, they always allowed a portion of the lands to be appropriated towards the repairs of St. Paul's Church ; hence the phrase, “ Robbing Peter to pay Paul.”

He's caught a Tartar.—In some battle between the Russians and Tartars, who are a wild sort of people in the north of Asia, a private soldier called out :—“ Captain, hallo there, I've caught a Tartar.” “ Fetch him along, then,” said the captain. “ Ay, but he won't let me,” said the man. The fact was, that the Tartar had caught him. So when a man thinks to get another in, and gets bit himself, they say : “ He's caught a Tartar.”

THE child of God, if in the way, and in the place which the Lord's providence has allotted him, is well employed, though he should have no higher service than to sweep the streets ; provided he does it humbly, thankfully, heartily, as to the Lord. An angel so placed could do no more.

DR. STERLING AND HIS CHOIR.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM STAUNTON.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Rev. WILLIAM STAUNTON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S. for the Southern District of New-York.

CHAPTER X.

Review of Steps gained by the Doctor—Anticipated Opposition from the People—Organization of a new Choir—A frightful Explosion—Daniel Hopson's Report of the Catastrophe—The Malcontents withdraw.

THE Doctor had now laid down a pretty extensive scheme of operations, as will be confessed by all who marked well the extent of ground which his propositions were designed to cover; and, to the credit of the worthy Rector, we must say that his zeal and expectations had fairly kept pace with the progressive development of his plans. But still, though he loved to encourage the brightest anticipations, yet a saddening thought would now and then break in upon his mind, when he considered what months of prudent and persevering labor would be required for the attainment of the objects on which he had set his heart; and the high probability that offences, and fears, and misunderstandings would arise, even among those to whom the chief benefit would accrue. It is difficult, if not impossible, to impress a congregation with a clear idea of the *end* which is in contemplation, when improvements are only in their incipient stage. The present, and the acts of the present, engross all their attention. First efforts are viewed without reference to future progress, and judged with as much severity as if the ultimate step had been already reached; and, unfortunately, every successive advance receives the same premature, and often condemnatory judgment. Nothing can be more annoying and discouraging than this, to the persons who are patiently, gradually, and successfully working out a plan which, in its very nature, cannot be realized *per saltum*, but demands time, resolution, steady application, and far-reaching vision, to make the experiment and the conclusion perfect. And the annoyance becomes still more disheartening when the right to rule and decide is not only claimed, but stoutly and pertinaciously pressed by the *οἱ πολλοί*, in spite of the glaring fact of their entire incompetency to utter one wise word on the matter in controversy. Such errors they seldom commit, except on two subjects, viz., religion and music; but on either of these, three-fourths of mankind hold themselves qualified to judge by the mere exercise of a natural instinct. A house half built, and surrounded by scaffolding, is never mis-

taken by the crowd for a finished edifice ; nor do they blame the architect for the uncouth and unsymmetrical-looking form which the masses of wood and stone, the gaping windows, and jagged walls seem to have assumed. They never mistake the skeleton of a ship on the stocks, with its huge ribs and timbers all bare and grim, for the stately vessel which will by and bye float in beauty on the sea. But those who labor assiduously, and on right principles, for a gradual elevation of the standard of church-music, are not unfrequently exposed to the assaults of just such rash criticism, as, on those and other subjects, would appear immeasurably absurd and ill-timed. Men assume to be judges of music, who are not only ignorant of the very first elements of the science, but absolutely unqualified for the forming of an opinion on the matter, by reason of a natural and insuperable imperfection of the ear. They have not the means of distinguishing between the true and the false—between pure harmony and the jargon of corrupt counterpoint. We have known those who—distinguished for their censoriousness—were yet unable to detect the difference between “Old Hundred” and “Auld Lang Syne.” We have noticed the grimaces and shrugs of other sage critics, under the performance of music which, for beauty and richness of modulation, seemed almost inspired. We have heard them inquire, with unfeigned simplicity, whether the organ was not surprisingly *out of tune*, after listening to compositions whose unsurpassable grandeur would thrill every fibre of a musician’s nature, and seem almost to entrance the soul. And it is to the rude and barbarous judgment of such persons that choirs of high standing are often subjected ; while the modesty of others, far better qualified, stands at the widest point of contrast, and keeps them silent.

But, setting aside these extreme cases, it must be granted that a congregation, in the mass, will seldom be able to comprehend *all* that is aimed at by a well-instructed choir. Before such a choir, there is an image of perfection, a refined model, a true and immaculate standard, to which every advance has a distinct reference. On the other side, there is no such image—no mental conception or ideal, which shall serve to interpret and explain the drift and final purpose of present effort. To them, all is darkness and mist at the very next step forward. Hence arises impatience, then doubtfulness, and then censure. The choir make progress ; but it takes time to know what the progress means ; and many are unwilling to suspend their judgment long enough to gain the correction of their misapprehensions. They are in haste to judge ; and, like the rustic who would have his opinion of an oration of Demosthenes, they need some acquaintance with elementary principles, at least, as a primary qualification for those who aspire to the office of the critic. We would

not place arbitrary limits on what men denominate their inalienable rights. It would be needless to do so; for reason and good sense have already established landmarks, beyond which judgment must not be exercised. The ignorant man is not competent to judge the wise; nor could his opinion, however peremptorily delivered, claim that consideration to which a decision founded on learning and experience would be entitled. And thus, both prudence and modesty should dictate to a congregation the propriety of abstaining from the expression of opinions prejudicial to a choir, until such opinions can trace their rise to other grounds than prejudice, bad taste, an uncultivated ear, ambition to rule, and ignorance of the true standard of ecclesiastical music. If a mixed body of men, subject more or less to these disqualifications, insist on the privilege of embarrassing and retarding the progress of a choir, by the frequent intrusion of ill-formed objections, the result cannot be otherwise than painful to those who must bear this petty species of guerrilla warfare, and disastrous in every respect to the orderly and peaceful maintenance of the proprieties of divine worship. Let the incompetent, *first of all*, go seriously and earnestly into the study of the science or art in which others have made themselves proficient; and in the mean time, not disturb the course which things are taking under the direction of experienced minds. Let them seek after high models, and take ample care that those models, in all their beautiful and perfect lineaments, are vividly impressed on their imaginations and affections. While this process is going on, they will see many points of attractiveness in music which once repelled them; and, at all events, will gain such an insight into the feelings of those who have preceded them in the field of research, as will thoroughly cure them of the indefensible habit of pronouncing judgment on things which lie beyond the range of their knowledge.

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"Hey-day! here comes Dan Hopson, as sure as my name's Jabez!" exclaimed our worthy friend the miller, as he withdrew his head and shoulders from a window of the cottage, which commanded a fine view along the ravine, including a bend or two of the road as it dipped, here and there in its course, towards the margin of the stream, in order to avoid the masses of rock which jutted out from the hill-side. "Cheer up, my boy!" he continued, addressing his sick son: "now we'll hear all about Aunt Bessie, and Tim, and young Frank, and the blow-up t'other night at the powder-mill—though I hope nobody got hurt;—and Dan can give us, I guess, the right end of the story about the rumpus at Squire Evans's, that Jerry was a-tellin' on yesterday. Pluck up spirits, lad; for it's a comfort to have

good friends about us here, besides the better ones that we're sure of above. Aint it so, Eddy? Come now, let me raise thee up a little before Dan gets in. There. Now we'll stick the big pillow a bit higher, and help thee to a spoonful of the consarve. It aint every sick body, my lad, that's got thy comforts, after all. God be thanked for all He gives us; and for remembering us in all our troubles. Say amen to that, Eddy, and keep thy heart right; then thou'lt do well, and need not fear, come what will."

By this time, Hopson's wagon was at the gate, and the good man was speedily welcomed into the miller's cottage—little thinking of the harmless simplicity with which Jabez expected him to discharge some of the important offices of a Daily Advertiser. Of Dan's personal characteristics and qualities, it will be sufficient for the reader's purpose to know that he was a man of forty or forty-five years of age,—somewhat tall, straight, bony, and thin-visaged;—with black hair, black whiskers, and black eyes;—quick and angular in his movements;—having a look betokening decision as well as benevolence; and a tongue that did no discredit to the loquaciousness for which his family had long been renowned.

Dan had scarcely entered the door before he made his way, by a few long strides, to the bedside of young Warner; and having ascertained,—without any one's intervention,—the state of the invalid's health, and soothed him with some well-chosen words of encouragement, he took a seat near Jabez, and began,—as was his custom,—to communicate to the miller a stock of village news, and details of events which had occurred in all the country around, with a volubility and closeness of concatenation, which effectually limited the gift of speech, on Jabez's part, to the narrow privilege of giving utterance to an occasional monosyllabic interjection.

We pass over, of course, as irrelevant to our story, all that was said on family affairs, politics, the state of the markets, improvements in horse-shoeing, the influence of the moon on vegetation, and the causes of explosions in powder-mills; though it is proper to say, that this last topic became suggestive to the mind of Mr. Hopson of occurrences in which we are, just now, somewhat interested. What these were we shall now inform the reader, as particularly as Jabez was informed by Dan; nor shall we, on any account, forbid that gentleman to relate them in his own words, and with all the ornament belonging to his own style.

"Talking of blow-ups," said this intelligent friend of Jabez, "did you hear what a fracas we've had about the choir?"

"Only an inkling of it," replied the miller.

"Of course you couldn't know all that's going on; for you

haint been to church within two or three weeks; though that's quite excusable when there's sickness in the house. I don't think the Doctor can blame you, though; and I'm sure I wouldn't; for I should do the very same thing, likely, if I was in your situation. Well, as I was saying, there's been the awfulest break-up that you ever heard of among our singers. I suppose it's likely that some of them got a little up, when they found that the Doctor had come over Bullfinch, and guessed that Bullfinch was a-going to come over them. For, before the thing came to a head, one or two of them got wind of a plot, as they called it, that was made in a kind of underhand way, between Larigot and James, with Dr. Sterling's knowledge, for the up-setting of the choir, and the putting in of a new lot of singers. I don't think, though, that they had much to complain of, if the truth was told about them; and it was mean in them to kind o' slander the Doctor; for he came right out with it on Sunday before last, and, for anything I can see, the plan was as reasonable as an honest man could wish it to be. Howsomever, on the Wednesday night after, the most of them went down to Squire Evans's, to see what was going to be done. I ought to tell you that the Doctor took tea there that day; and so he was right on the spot, and concluded to stay, and see how they would behave. Well, when the most of 'em had got in, what should Bullfinch do but try to make a speech, and explain the plan to them. And while he was at it, some of 'em began to groan and shuffle about, and to look so wrathly, that James got kind o' frightened, and at last the words stuck in his throat, so that he had to give up, 'This is what the Patent-Noters tell; but I don't believe it, exactly.'

"Neither do I," said Jabez.

"In my opinion," continued Hopson, "Bullfinch aint that sort of a man; and they know it, too; but they owe him a spite for not taking sides with them. At any rate, the Doctor thought best to say something in a pleasant way, after Bullfinch got through, meaning to take out the snarl, and make things go straight. But it warn't of much use; for the opposition had the majority, and wouldn't hear to sense or reason. You have no idea how mad they've been ever since, and how they go on slanderin' the Doctor, and looking swords and pikes at Bullfinch. As to Mr. Larigot, they'd pack him off to the everglades of Florida, if they knew how to do it; for they've got a notion that he's deeper in the plot than anybody else, though he kept as quiet as a woodchuck all the time. I tell you, Jabez, we ought to have got rid of them troublesome chaps a year or two ago, and then we might have had better ones in their places. But they're fairly out now, by their own doings, thank fortune, and that's some comfort. Howsomever, what do you think they

went on to do at the Squire's, when they found that they couldn't help themselves, nor make the Doctor give in to them?"

"Let's hear, Dan," answered Jabez.

"Why, they just stuck their heads together for a minute or two, as if to agree on something; and then Dick Colton wheels round, with his face all in a heat, and says he, 'I wish you all to know that, if there are *some* singers who are mean enough to be the tools of a priest and his friends, there are others *who aint*; and if you want our services any *môre*, you'll have to wait till you've got enough of self-respect to make it no disgrace for us to belong to the choir.' And when this was said, they just picked up their hats, and marched off, without even saying 'Good bye' to the Squire, or to a soul in the room."

"That was short, warn't it?" said Jabez.

"Short, indeed?" answered Dan, interrogatively; "why, I never heard anything so spiteful in all my born days. But, no matter for that, the Doctor took it very quietly. And the best of it was, that they hadn't been gone five minutes before Samuel Redman and Peter Jones came back, and made a handsome apology for going off with the others, saying that they had been coaxed and threatened by them, till they were overcome; but that they held with the Doctor, after all, and would go into the new plan, if he would pardon their ill behavior, for which they were now mighty sorry. So when they came to count up who was left after the crooked ones had quit, there was Robert Wilson, and his brother Tom; and James Eaton, and Aleck Sylvester, besides Redman and Jones. Then there was also three of the girls——"

"Which of 'em, Dan?" asked the miller.

"Well, one was my Julia, of course; for she always stands up for the Doctor. And there was Ellen Hutchinson, and 'Gusta Brown; and Robert Wilson's wife was there, too; so that there were four of the women folks, at any rate."

"Good," said Jabez. "But what 'came of the others?"

"Why, you see, none but the right sort of them went down to the Squire's at all; for they guessed there'd be a fuss, and that they'd have the worst of it; and so they backed out, by staying at home. My sakes! it takes the girls to slide off, when they see trouble ahead!"

"Don't it!" observed Jabez, as if in ratification of so profound a sentiment.

"Well, after they'd all got seated again," continued Hopson, "the Doctor gave 'em a real solemn talking to about singers' duties, and their behavior in church, and the kind of people that choirs ought to be made up of. I heard Eaton say that the Doctor let out as if he'd been a musicianer with a surplice on; and there was nothing about music matters that he didn't seem

to know. It's likely that they all took it kindly ; for Julia says that ne'er a one o' them said a word on the off-side, but all fell in with the Doctor, and some of them thanked him to boot. And then Bullfinch went to work, when the Doctor got done, to muster them all into a new choir ; for he's the very man for *that* business, you know. But when it came to the putting of their names down, Aleck Sylvester told Bullfinch that he must be left out, because the Doctor was unwilling to have people in the choir who hadn't been christened ; and Aleck himself allowed that the rule was a good one, though it would keep him out of the choir for the present. Just then Mr. Larigot came in from the Squire's office, across the entry, and said that he was allowed to nominate Mary Evans, the Squire's daughter, and Jane Wilder, for seats in the choir ; and that Marmaduke, the Postmaster, had told him in the afternoon that he would be glad to serve, if they wanted him."

"I like that," said Jabez ; "for Marmaduke can sing equal to a trombone."

"I know it ; he's a capital hand. But what do you think of Mary Evans' going into the gallery ?"

"That's what I didn't expect," said Warner.

"Why, she aint proud, Jabez—no more nor my Julia."

"That warn't what I was thinking of, Dan. But I didn't know as she'd care to go up there just now, considering that Mr. Larigot has taken such a kind o' liking to her, and it might set people a-talking more than ever."

"Well, let 'em talk, if they want to," said Hopson ; "and may be the parson will wind it up one of these days, by giving them a chance either to find 'just cause and impediment' about something, or else be good enough to hold their tongues. But, as I was going to say, when Bullfinch had got all things regulated about the choir, they took it into their heads to top off the evening with some music. So the Squire went and opened the forty-piano, and fixed the candles on it, while Mr. Larigot slid off into the other part of the house to hunt up Mary. By-and-by in he comes, with her leaning on his arm, and fetched her along to the piano, without tellin' on her a word about playing afore company. That warn't just the thing, in my opinion, nor in Mary's either ; and so she got a kind o' nervous like, as a body might naturally expect ; and Larigot had to let her off, when she said that she warn't quite handy in the sort of music they were going to sing. Howsoméver, before they got through, she and Larigot went at the piano, to play some variations, both at once ; and Julia says that it was the very best of all to see the capering of their fingers, and to hear the comical sounds they made at the beginning of the tune, and the hops and jumps, and shakings, and little snarls of young notes, all twisted up, and

then a dash and a bang, and after that a great long run of demi-semies, that put her in mind of the string of beads that I promised to give her next Christmas. Then, just as they got through, in comes Mrs. Evans, as full of smiles as an apple-tree in May, and right after her came the black girl, with a whole lot of cake and oranges, on a tea-tray, just as if there was a party. But, good fortune, it aint for me to tell all they said and did, only I'll give my opinion that the Patent-Noters are done up complete, and the new choir has got such a start that the Doctor is likely to be well paid for all the trouble he has had in getting things to rights. Of course, Jabez, it made a good deal of noise in the parish, as you'd have found out if you hadn't been kept at home so much. For, one of the first things the opposition did was to go into the gallery the next day, and carry off more of the music-books than people think they had a right to. And they hid Mr. Larigot's organ-stool in the steeple, just for mischief, because some of them had subscribed a couple of shillings apiece to pay for it; and for the same reason they smashed three or four pounds of sperm candles. But they did something worse yet; for they got a picter painted as like Mr. Larigot as they could, with a rope round his neck; and at the bottom of it they put the letters F. L., and then glued it fast on the outside of the big organ-book."

"Did ever man on earth hear the like o' that!" said Jabez.

"No, nor see it, either," answered Hopson. "But they missed the game, after all; for when the people heard of what they had done, they were so much riled about it that the Patent-Noters durst hardly show their faces. And then, after the first Sunday was over, some o' the ladies got together, and sent twenty dollars to Mr. Bullfinch to spend in new music-books, or anything else the choir wanted."

"Warn't that capital, Dan?" exclaimed the delighted miller.

"It's just like 'em, Jabez; for, you know, our women folks have a knack at doing that sort of thing, and it aint the first time that they've levied a tax on purses that it isn't easy to open; and, what's more, have *collected* it, too."

"That's sartin," said Jabez. "But do you think, Dan, that the Doctor will make it all work right in the gallery?"

"I haint had the least doubt of it since last Sunday; for, instead of making a bungle, and breaking down, they went on for all the world as if nothing had happened. And I believe that if they stick to the practising, there's no danger but they'll go ahead of all the music we've had in the Church for many a long year. But we shall see by-and-by, after they've had a fair chance; only I hope that the people down stairs won't meddle too much, as some of 'em have been in the habit of doing, and

kind o' discourage the choir before they've had time to show what they can do."

"That's just what I was thinking about, too," responded Jabez.

And here Mr. Hopson rose up to take his departure. But the miller, to whom these neighborly visits were like so many bright chapters in the tale of a rather solitary life, stoutly opposed his progress towards the door, throwing out at the same time a series of inquiries, which were sure to operate very promptly in drawing Dan into fresh trains of discourse about the concerns of the parish, and the events of the village. And thus, Jabez, greatly to his satisfaction, received a tolerably correct outline of the measures which Dr. Sterling had been pursuing, in alliance with Larigot and Bullfinch, relative to the principles and discipline, which were now not only to prevail in the choral department of the church, but to have more or less influence in bringing the congregation to view with interest a duty too long neglected on their own part. But it is needless to set down all that Mr. Hopson took occasion to dilate upon in this portion of his interview with the miller, as it would be but a repetition of facts already known to the reader. We have gained from him, however, a sketch—somewhat rustic in form, but not the less trustworthy—of the annals of the choir since the memorable conference which took place at the Parsonage, and of the stirring throng of events of which that conference was the origin and the prelude; and for all this, it certainly becomes us to express our obligations to honest Daniel, in terms not less grateful than those which Jabez Warner showered upon him, as he left the cottage.

THE LOST.—One of the sands in the hour-glass of time is, beyond comparison, more precious than gold. In nothing is waste more ruinous, or more sure to bring unavailing regrets. Better to throw away money than moments; for time is much more valuable than money. As we lose our days, we incur an increasing risk of losing our souls. "The life-blood of the soul runs out in wasted time." The years which have winged their flight have gone to the recording angels; and what is the "report they have borne to Heaven?" Will the record testify for us or against us, when the throne of the Son of Man shall be set, and the books shall be opened?

When "the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat," amid the terrible realities of approaching judgment, how shall each moment that we have wasted appear to haunt us, while we seek in vain to recall its precious opportunities! Too late! too late! What heart, unmoved, can contemplate the uttering of such a cry at such a time? "Be ye therefore wise, redeeming the time." "For in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh."

"MYSTERIES IN MY PARISH:"**OR, THE PENCILLED FLY-LEAVES FROM THE PRIVATE DIARY OF A CLERGYMAN****BY J. H. I.**

IT has been my custom since I took charge of my present Parish, which comprises a populous, but not the aristocratic portion, of a southern city, to record in a journal any unusual incidents that come within the daily path of my parochial visits. A clergyman in a city, and indeed wherever his lot is cast, of necessity becomes the confidant of many an invalid's sorrows, and of many a poor sufferer's wrongs. As the sick of body pour into their patient physician's ears the minute details of their bodily ills, so the sick at heart, the moral and guilty sufferer, finds a strange relief in unburdening a long-laden conscience to a Christian minister; while the wronged and crushed heart casts itself upon him for sympathy and consolation. Involuntarily, while bending over the couch of a dying sinner, or even of a dying Christian penitent, the parish priest finds himself the recipient of startling and appalling revelations of the past, which conscience flings from itself as if they were burning coals. Secrets, long sealed within the closed lips, are breathed forth to him with the outgoing breath of the departing. Diaries of physicians have often been written, and their thrilling pages unfold many a history of horror and of crime, of which medical men become cognizant; but were the diaries of many clergymen, who have "poor parishes" in large cities, written faithfully, their touching and amazing records would put to silence the inventions of romance, and cast a veil over all the splendors of fiction. It was the knowledge of this fact which led me, upon entering upon my present interesting and responsible charge, to keep a journal of any events and circumstances, of unusual interest, that might fall under my notice; for more than one extraordinary history, which I had become acquainted with during my ministry, had faded from my recollection in its chiefest details, and could not, for want of recording at the time, any more be recalled; in particular one remarkable history, the recovery of the facts of which became afterwards of the highest importance to the surviving relations of the guilty, dying man, from whom I had received them.

I shall take for publication from my diary the incidents which they contain, not in the journalized and fragmentary order in which they are day by day therein recorded, but arranging all the entries into a whole, present from these materials the complete history of each event, in one entire narration, as being a more readable and attractive, as well as satisfactory, style of writing than the abrupt form of the diary.

The Midnight Death-bed.

It was Christmas morning—not sunshine—but morning with stars and moonlight; morning still arrayed the blue and span-gled robe of night. The east would not begin to lighten up for yet an hour. The streets of the city were as silent as the grave-yard, past the brick wall of which I was walking slowly and thoughtfully, towards my home. I had been watching since half past twelve o'clock by the dying bedside of a young woman, who had sent for me in great haste at midnight. I was thinking upon her fate. She was, as I supposed when summoned to go to her, a stranger to me, and I was conducted to the house by an old French Creole woman. The dying girl was in bed in a wretched room, which I reached by ascending a flight of narrow stairs. As I entered she raised herself in bed, and fixed her large gray eyes upon me with searching eagerness. Her face struck me with its unearthly beauty—impressed me with that sensation with which flowers blooming in a grove touch the heart. The splendor of her eyes, the roseate red of her lips, the rich carnation of her cheeks, were flowers blooming in the body of death. Her hands were transparent as amber; her fragile form attenuated to a skeleton; and her whole appearance showed me at a glance that death held her in his icy embrace. Yet with supernatural strength she raised herself up as I entered.

"*Sayez tranquille, manizell!*" said the old Creole gently: "*Le prôte est chevous. Le bon Dieu et—the good prôte makee all right. You makee confession—good priest givee absolution. Le bon Dieu takee you to the bosom of the bonne mother de Dieu. Soyez tranquille,—reposez vous le tête.*"

The young female shook her head impatiently, and still fixed her eyes upon me in a wild manner, that forced me to drop my own, as I approached her bed.

"You do not know me, sir!" she inquired with tones that seemed to come from a sepulchre, for their depth and mellowness.

"No, only as a sufferer. You have sent for me. Can I—"

"No—you can nothing—nothing," she interrupted me impetuously, and sinking back upon the pillow which the old French-woman had placed behind her, she for a moment buried her face in her hands. I stood regarding her in silence and wonder, and with painful interest. I was certain that I had seen the face before, but whether as a reality, a pretence, or in a dream, I could form no conjecture; but clearly the features, wasted as they were, were not new to me.

She removed her thin hands from her eyes and gazed up into my face.

"Sir, I have sent for you. I am dying. I have no hope—none! I shall be lost—lost—lost—forever lost!"

The emphasis upon this last repetition thrilled to my heart with a vibration of horror. It was the emphasis of despair that *would* hope if it dared, but which has abandoned hope evermore.

"No child of earth need despair while life holds out, my child," I answered, deeply moved. "Repent, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved."

"Repent? Oh, sir! I cannot repent! I know not how! I do not believe in Christ! I do not believe the Bible! I believe in nothing but those everlasting burnings!"

Here she shuddered, and drawing the pillow over her head, she seemed to wish to hide herself from herself. The next moment she wildly cast the pillow upon the floor, and catching me by both hands, interrogated me with imploring accents,

"Is there a God? Tell me, if *you* believe it? Is there a Christ? Is He the Redeemer of the world? Tell me if this be true? Is it necessary to believe in Him, and to be saved by Him, to escape the eternal horrors of the second death that hangs over me? Oh, I fear not this death of the body—it is that of the soul—of *the soul*—the *death* of the soul! Oh, that I ever was born! Oh, that God could not have let His sun shine on the earth without me, as it had done for ages! Twenty years ago I was *not*. Twenty years has created an eternity—*myself*—that existed not before—an eternity for my soul! Oh, why was I necessary to God's universe—to be created and lost forever! The world rolled on without me twenty years ago—to-morrow I shall be gone, and it will roll on still without me, while I still exist, I know not *where*, enveloped by an eternity of suffering, of which my soul will be the everlasting centre! Oh, God, why was this needful? why hast Thou created me?"

As she ceased speaking, she threw her hands upward towards Heaven, with a gesture of despair, and sank back insensible. By placing water to her lips, and sprinkling her forehead, she revived. She caught me wildly by the hand:

"Sir, is there any hope? In a few moments I shall be no more! Can I be saved by Christ?"

"There is no other name, and His name is mighty to save all who come unto Him," I answered her. "Be calm. Listen to me! I will give you all the hope and consolation which the brief minutes will permit. You are unknown to me! I know nothing of your past life! but you have confessed yourself an infidel—in all that relates to the great atonement of Christ. You are, therefore, a great sinner. Your first duty is to repent of all sin, to repent of your unbelief, and believe with all your heart in the Saviour you have rejected." Here I proceeded to lay before her the most prominent and simple truths of the Gospel; and when I said, "If you truly repent and believe in Jesus, I will baptize you into His name," she said, eagerly, "Baptism—can I be *cleansed from all sin past?*"

"All of which you truly repent and ask God's forgiveness for," I answered.

"Ah, sir, I am willing to repent—I desire to believe—I must save my soul, if it can be saved! Hasten—water—bring water!" she called to the attendant.

"Do you truly repent of your past life and all its sins, and especially of your open infidelity?" I solemnly asked her, opening my Prayer-Book, as the Creole placed a white broken pitcher of water upon an old chair by the bedside.

"If repentance is regretting what I ever did wrong, I *repent*," she answered, in a tone suppressed by some deep inward emotion. Then she added, almost fiercely, with flashing eyes, "I *will* repent!—anything and everything, if it is to save me!"

I did not much like this spirit of mind, but "hoping all things," I asked her if she could add to her repentance, which I hoped was serious, faith?

"Faith? What is faith?" she demanded quickly.

"Trust in the Lord Jesus Christ for pardon and final salvation, looking to His merits for the blotting out of the sins you have repented of, and to His intercession for your reconciliation with God."

"I do not comprehend you. This is all mysterious jargon! Faith! intercession—merits—reconciliation! I do not know the meaning of all this! Speak plainly, sir. I am growing weaker! I am exhausting myself! But I must *save my soul*!" she thrillingly cried. "Be earnest—be speedy! Simplify your dogmas! I wish to know what I must do in order to be baptized? See! here is water! My burning soul waits!"

There was an expression in her eyes—a tone in her voice, that at once led me to exclaim:

"Are you not Isabel Southmayd?"

"I *was*. I am now a *lost* soul!" she answered with a trembling voice. "You recognize me! I knew you were the Rector in the new parish. I sent for you when I found I was about to die—to launch into that emptiness of eternity where the wings of the soul find no place of rest!"

I gazed upon her with tearful emotion! I now knew her whole history! The knowledge made me almost cease to hope, united as it was with her present condition.

"Do you truly repent before God, and by faith in His dear Son?" I asked firmly.

"Yes—yes—I must at all events be saved, if safety lies in the Church's baptism—in a few drops of water! Ah, can a little water quench the flames of hell! Haste, sir! my pulse is gone! Haste and baptize me! It is my only hope, if hope I may in anything now!"

"You shall have baptism," I answered, "if you truly repent

you of your sins—without faith and repentance there is no salvation. Can you say after me the Christian's Creed?"

"Creed?" she interrogated sharply.

"Yes. That which it is necessary all men should believe, in order to receive baptism, and attain salvation."

"Read it! Let me hear it!" she said peremptorily. Her eyes seemed to pierce my soul.

I began to read aloud, desiring her to repeat after me:

"I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord, ——"

At the last sentence she hesitated, and at length said, "Go on—I believe in Jesus Christ."

"Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost," I continued, and so on read until I reached the words, "Third day He rose from the dead," when she stopped full and said—

"I cannot believe this! I do not understand the resurrection! How can the dead body rise again? I pray mine may never rise more! I have done evil too much in it. Go on! I cannot understand the resurrection of Christ! I do not believe it!"

"Then it is impossible for me to give you baptism," I answered.

"Read all your creed! Let me know what else!"

I continued to read. When I had said the words, "The forgiveness of sins," she stopped me short.

"No; it is false—there is no forgiveness of sins! The soul that sinneth must die forever! I feel it! I feel it! There is no forgiveness!"

"Yes; if Jesus rose *not* from the dead," I replied. "But He has risen, and is at the right hand of God, to make intercession for sinners."

"Enough!" and she waved her white, thin hand impatiently. "It is all incomprehensible. I cannot comprehend—I cannot, therefore, believe. If my baptism is to depend on believing the Christian's Creed, then farewell waters and welcome fires! I have hated God, and despised His Son living! I will not die with a lie in my mouth. I hate God dying, and dying depise His Son! Sir, you can do me no good! It's I have reaped, and I must sow!"

After uttering these words of despair, a sudden change came over her, and she struggled a few moments with death! I knelt by her pillow and prayed for the departing soul of the unhappy infidel, but my prayers seemed to be repelled from iron heavens, and to return into my own bosom.

With fixed eyes of horror and gasping mouth, she gradually sank into the insensibility of death.

The Creole placed the fingers of one hand upon the yet quivering eyelids, to close them, while with the other she gently compressed the falling jaws together.

Beautiful as a statue the dead now lay before me. I shed tears freely. Remembrance of the past crowded upon the present, and filled my heart with deep emotion.

"*Il est finis*," said the woman softly, looking at me.

"The end is not yet," I answered sadly, as I thought of the eternity before that soul just fled.

It was, therefore, with a sorrowful heart and painful meditation I took my way homeward before early dawn, thinking of her whose fearful end, without God either in life or in death, I had just witnessed.

But I defer to another number reference to her history.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's.—1 Cor. vi. 20.

BEAR with all men, even as the Lord with thee. Support all in love. "Pray without ceasing." Ask more understanding than what thou already hast. Be watchful, having thy spirit always awake. Bear the infirmities of all as a perfect combatant. Let all things be done to the honor of God. Please Him under whom ye war; and from whom ye receive your wages. Let none of you be found a deserter; but let your baptism remain as your arms,—your faith, as your helmet,—your charity, as your spear,—your patience, as your whole armor.—*St. Ignatius*.

If I believe in the name of Jesus Christ, I must acknowledge His precepts as my rule of life. I must be poor in spirit. I must be pure in heart. I must be meek and forgiving. I must be temperate and self-denying. A different society must be lived in; new habits formed; old habits abandoned. There is one proof that must be evident in every man, who has a Christian hope in him: namely, that the flesh is subdued to the Spirit. It is a sure mark of a Christian, that "he walks not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."—*Abp. J. B. Sumner*.

He that will deserve the name of a Christian, must be such a man as excelleth through the knowledge of Christ and His doctrine, in modesty and righteousness of mind, in constancy of life, in virtuous fortitude, and in maintaining sincere piety towards the one, and the only God, who is all in all.—*Eusebius*.

He walks on earth, but converses in heaven; having his eyes fixed on the invisible, and enjoying a sweet communion with his God and Saviour.—*Bp. Hall*.

THERE is no man that is altogether free from temptations while he liveth on earth; for in ourselves is the root thereof, being born with inclination to evil.

A PAINFUL REMINISCENCE.

Few men in their professional capacity have greater opportunities for being taught by experience than the ministers of Christ. To learn in this way is a part of their calling, and every day adds to their store of experimental knowledge. How can it be otherwise? They are brought in contact with all classes—the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, the high and the low, with every variety of disposition and temperament; and with men who have different prejudices to contend with, different motives to influence their minds, and different objects which they are anxious to secure. Under such circumstances, if they are not men of large experience, who have learned many valuable and many painful lessons from this source, the fault must be their own.

Whether the minister of Christ keeps a journal, to note down the facts which the checkered scenes of life bring before his mind, or whether he adverts to the images which have been daguerreotyped on the tablet of his memory, he can, if disposed, bring to light events of almost every shade and complexion, which in by-gone years have been pleasing or painful realities to those that are, or have been, actors on the busy stage of life. Around many of these events the dimness of obscurity and the most profound secrecy must be cast. They cannot be brought to light without a manifest breach of propriety, and without violating that confidence which ought always to exist between the pastor and his people. In other cases, however, it may be proper, we trust profitable, to give an outline of facts which have occurred, have been topics of notoriety and conversation, and are perhaps fast passing from the treacherous memory of man. An instance of this kind was brought to my notice in the early part of my ministry, nearly twenty years ago, time enough to carry all the immediate relatives of the parties concerned to eternity, but not to obliterate the scenes from the mind. While sitting in my study one Monday morning in the month of January, resting from the labors of the Lord's day, and occasionally trying to think of a subject for the next sermon, a friend called and stated that Mr. A., a neighbor of his, was extremely ill, and might be called away at any moment,—intimating that a pastoral visit would be acceptable to the family. Nothing was said of the nature of the disease with which the person was suffering, and it was only by a hint or two that I was able to form the least conjecture of its nature. He said: "Poor fellow, you will find him in much suffering of mind and body, without any right conceptions of his responsibilities to God, and I am sorry to add without any sympathy from community, as it is generally believed that he has been the author of his own misfortune and misery." I asked not how this

had been done ; but from what was said and the manner of saying it, I was led to conjecture that intemperance had been the cause of his ruin : that sin which has carried thousands to an untimely grave, and entailed poverty and disgrace on many families that otherwise might have been comfortable and respectable. With this painful impression resting on my mind, I resolved to embrace an early opportunity to see Mr. A., and to give such godly advice and consolation as his circumstances needed. Towards evening I started on my journey, having three miles to go from the parsonage, and after considerable difficulty, as the snow, which had fallen a day or two before in considerable quantities, had drifted as high as the fences in several places, I reached the abode of the sick man. The weather was extremely cold, the wind blustering, and the snow flying in every direction ; but the agitation without was not near as trying as what was witnessed within. The house, which contained two rooms and a garret, stood at the end of a lane which passed through a thicket, where everything was desolate and uninviting. It never had been painted. The door, which had been broken perhaps in a night's debauch, was patched with small pieces of board, and swung on wooden hinges ; the windows contained but few glass, their places having been supplied by newspapers, rags, and old hats, to keep out the cold ; the snow blew through the roof, and every gust of wind made the weather-boards rattle with a continual clatter, so that it did not require any great stretch of the imagination to create the impression that the house was haunted. As I stood without tying my horse and looking round, I involuntarily said, " Who can live in such a habitation as this ? It is hardly fit to shelter a dumb beast, and yet immortal beings stay in it ! But why ? "

My impressions were not changed on entering the house. I found a wife, care-worn and of a slender constitution, and four children, all thinly and poorly clad, in the first room ; a cooking stove, with a little fire in it, three chairs, and an old table (which must have been made, judging from its style, when the country was first settled) constituted its entire furniture. After a few brief inquiries respecting the sick, a word of sympathy and encouragement to warm the hearts of the family, (for it was extremely cold in the room where I was, as might be perceived from the freezing water in a basin on the table,) and a small donation in money, I went into the apartment where the sufferer lay. This was, if possible, more forlorn and uncomfortable, and exhibited marks of the most extreme poverty and wretchedness. The fire on the hearth was nearly out, the wood was all consumed ; a few live coals yet remained in the ashes. It was no difficult task to take an inventory of the furniture of this room. It consisted of the bed, on which the sick lay, and a cot, standing

in the corner, each covered with thin and ragged spreads ; a small stand, upon which some medicine was placed, and two broken chairs. The face of the sick man was flushed, his skin dry, pulse rapid and irregular; and he seemed to lay as if he was unconscious of suffering, breathing with great apparent difficulty. It was next to impossible to arouse him, and afterwards he gazed round the room with a vacant stare, occasionally throwing his arms about with great rapidity, and uttering a word now and then without the least connection, and from which it was impossible to get a single clear idea. His wife said : " For a day or two he has appeared to be lost, most of the time, and I am fearful, unless he gets relief before long, that his mind will be gone." Poor woman ! I was already convinced that he was on the very borders of that dreadful vortex, "*delirium tremens*," into which the intemperate so often fall, from which they seldom recover, and if they do, it is apt to be with impaired faculties and a broken constitution for life. I expressed my fears ; and after prayers, took leave of the family, with the assurance that I would call again in a day or two. Two days after I was informed by the physician that the disease of Mr. A. had taken an unfavorable turn, and that opium had no more effect than so much water in quieting the nerves and producing sleep. I hastened to his house, found him raving like a maniac, with three strong men by his side to keep him in subjection ; and the window near the bed on which he lay all boarded up on the inside, to prevent him from cutting himself with the few glass which it yet had in it. When I had visited him before, he was calm and could with difficulty be roused, but now all was agitation, excitement of the wildest kind, and confusion. He threw himself from side to side, reached after the images which floated before his eyes, and exclaimed : " There he goes—I have got him—see the snakes with two heads—the devil comes—fish—spiders—they are putting me in prison—take me away—don't chain my hands—begone." Expressions of this kind were constantly used. What can a minister do at such a time ? Scarcely anything. With a sad heart, after prayers in the kitchen with the family, and a gift from the Communion offerings, I gladly left the abode of misery. Mr. A. continued in this state for eight or ten days, and then, by the blessing of God on the efforts of an attentive physician, he by degrees regained his reason, but only in part—for afterwards he was a different person from what he had been. I concluded, after he had sufficiently regained his health, that I would make a strong effort to reclaim this wanderer from the fold of Christ, and if possible, produce, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, an entire reformation in his life and habits, and make him a devout and conscientious Christian. I called for that purpose at a suitable time, and used my utmost endeavors.

I felt it my duty to speak plainly, and to come to the point without many preliminary remarks. I observed: "I regret that you have been so very ill, am glad to find you better, and hope you may never have a return of the same complaint; for if you should, I am fearful you would not live through it. Can you tell what was the cause of your late sickness? Remove it, and you will be safe." He said: "Different opinions might be entertained as to its cause; probably there were several causes." I answered: "I think not, and I am confirmed in my opinion by the statement which I have learned Dr. B. has made." He said quickly, being evidently considerably excited: "I suppose you think it is drinking too much; I wonder how you know. That may be one cause, but I am well convinced not the only one." "I fear it is," was immediately added. I then entered into a long argument for the purpose of pointing out the evils under which he was laboring from a ruinous habit. I reminded him of the actual loss it had been to him, as his business had dwindled down to nothing; as he was sick and unable to do anything a considerable portion of his time; as the actual outlay of money was considerable from year to year. I informed him of the disgrace which he had brought on himself and his family; and plainly told him if he continued to live as he had done, his days would soon be brought to a close. I then reminded him of his duty to God, which had been neglected entirely; of his baptismal obligations; for his mother, then on the borders of the grave and considerably advanced in life, was an excellent Churchwoman, and had him baptized in infancy in the name of the blessed Trinity; and concluded by saying: "Besides the evils which you are bringing on yourself in this life, in the loss of reputation, property, health, influence, and respectability, think, I entreat you, of what the Bible says of the condition of those in the world to come, who by their own acts disqualify themselves for the duties of religion." He said in reply: "About the world to come, respecting which so much is said, or the condition of the soul after death, we know very little, not enough to build any argument upon." Mr. A. had, unfortunately, read infidel works in his younger days, and had become skeptical, so that the most weighty motives of the Gospel were lost upon him. He questioned the immortality of the soul, and doubted whether man would be punished hereafter; and consequently he became a ready victim to his own inclinations, and seemed to think that death would put an end to his misery. How often is this the case! How frequently do we see, where there is no religious principle—no proper sense of the duties we owe to God—no certain belief in His doctrines—no compliance with His commandments and ordinances—no respect for His Church and ministry—that men can easily be tempted to become vicious, intemperate; and im-

moral, till habits are formed which carry them onward and downward, and ultimately lead to their own destruction ! It is to be feared that most of those who fall into such snares first doubt the truth of our holy religion. When this is done, man has nothing to which he can cling, and he becomes the creature of circumstances, and is carried about on the ocean of life by his passions, just as a ship is which has lost her rudder and is at the mercy of the waves on a tempestuous sea. Through my earnest entreaties, seconded by the silent arguments of a family and a wife in tears, Mr. A. promised me, as a minister of Christ, that he would drink no more than what was given him (it being the opinion of the physician that abstaining entirely at once might lead to a relapse) by his broken-hearted companion, with the distinct understanding that the quantity was to be decreased daily, till in the course of four or five weeks it would be reduced to nothing, after which no more would be taken. This promise, like many others made under similar circumstances, was broken. It, was literally and strictly complied with for several days ; then a craving appetite demanded more, argument followed, then abuse, then threats ; the point was yielded, more was given, and we need hardly speak of the consequences. One fit of *delirium tremens* followed another, each of which, it was feared, might be the last. The remnant of property, which had been accumulated in early years by industry, was swept away ; reputation was entirely gone ; and an interesting and worthy family were thrown on the charities of the Church and the neighborhood. Still the drunkard lived. Many thought, and some said : " It would be a mercy to his family if Providence should see fit to remove him from the world." Still he remained to mortify his family, and, it is to be feared, increase his misery in the world to come. His vicious course undermined the constitution and destroyed the health of his wife, whom he had solemnly, at the marriage altar, promised " to love and to cherish," and brought her to an untimely grave. As she had been a devoted member of the Church for years, having had her children baptized in the name of the blessed Trinity, the humble hope was indulged by her minister and other friends, that she was prepared to meet her God ; and perhaps she had been in mercy removed first, that she might be spared the mortification of following such a husband as she had had to an untimely and dishonorable grave. Her funeral was attended by a large concourse of friends, some of whom, no doubt, went for the express purpose of showing their respect to her memory, and to her fortitude and Christian integrity, in doing her duty so faithfully, in the circumstances in which she had been placed. It was a very painful sight, however, to all, to witness in the chief mourner, who naturally possessed talents of a high order, and an amiable disposition, such a complete wreck

of one of the noblest and highest works of God. Two months passed, and the minister of Christ was called to attend another funeral, that of Mr. A. from the poor-house, and commit the remains of an immortal being to the ground, there to remain till the resurrection morn. The only mourner present was a child ten years old; the other children had been sent away too far to be there, and after the procession (if the minister going before, and a wagon, containing two persons and a lad, following the hearse, could be so called) reached the grave, it was necessary to send and obtain assistance before the remains of the departed could be deposited in their final resting-place. After reading the beautiful burial service, while standing beside the newly made graves of a husband and a wife, whose characters had been so different, and whose prospects of happiness in the eternal world were so opposite, the following passages of holy writ presented themselves to the mind, and led to what, under the circumstances, was regarded as a profitable train of thought: "I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, from henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: even so, saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labors." "Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. At last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

THOMAS AQUINAS.

VALLEY OF SWEET WATERS.

KYAT KHANA, called by the Franks, the "Valley of Sweet Waters," is a lovely glen, nestled at the base of a chain of hills, and situated between Eyoub and Hassa Kui, the quarter of the Jews. It is entirely shut in on all sides, and looks from the heights above like a huge emerald. Through the grass of the valley, and its magnificent trees, flows the Barbyzes, a limpid stream, upon whose banks rise two of the most fairy-like edifices that ever sheltered prince or peasant. The larger building is a summer palace, where the favorite wives of the Sultan lounge away many of the long sunshiny days of the warm season, in comparative freedom, and exchange the closely latticed apartments of the imperial harem for the shady groves and grassy paths of the palace gardens, dreaming through the hot hours, in gilded Kiosques (pavilions), on the river bank, or driving amid the tall plain-trees, in Arabas (Turkish carriages), bright with gilding, drawn by cream-colored oxen.

The valley itself is delicious; the green-sward is bright and rich to a degree unknown in any other environ of the ctiy. In spring, it forms a rich grazing ground, and in summer it is the resort

of all ranks, who on Friday (the Turkish Sabbath) resort thither to enjoy—what none know better how to appreciate than the Orientals—a bright sky, a running stream, flowers, leaves, and sunshine. Bullock carriages, covered with gay-colored awnings of silken shag, fringed with gold; gilded Arabas, drawn by swift horses and Caiques, the number of whose elegantly clad towers denote the rank or wealth of their owners, pour forth their tenants every moment; while the thick branches of the noble trees protect from the glare of the sun parties of white-veiled women, who, squatted on their mats or carpets, and attended by their slaves, sit for hours listening to the Wallachian and Bulgarian musicians, who collect *paras* (the smallest actual coin known), purchasing the prettily arranged bouquets of the dark-eyed Bohemian girls, or watching the ungainly dances of Slavonians, who, with their discordant bagpipes under their arms, perform evolutions which resemble the salutary attempts of half-educated bears. Here and there, a little apart from the crowd, may be seen a party of Greeks, while groups of lovely children, and water venders, and sweetmeat merchants, wander up and down the green-sward, and are greeted with smiles and welcome on all sides. It is indeed a spirit-stirring scene.

The Valley of Kyat Khana is a favorite resort of the present Sultan, who has expended large sums in beautifying the palace, and in ornamenting the fountains and kiosques which appertain to it; but only a short time since, it was entirely abandoned for two years, owing to the death of a favorite Odalique, who expired suddenly, in the very zenith of her youth and beauty, during a visit which she made there with her imperial master. A handsome headstone, lettered with gold, and overshadowed by a weeping willow, stands beneath the windows of the saloon occupied by the Sultan, and as the breeze sweeps through its flexible branches, it almost carries them into his apartment.—*Christian Diadem*.

TIME WILL END.—Who is the man living that shall not see death? "Mortal men dwell in houses of clay; their foundation is in the dust, and they are crushed before the moth." Neither they who trust in wealth, nor the man of poverty, can redeem life from the grave. It is the place appointed for all living. There the oppressor and the oppressed sleep together. The servant and his master will lie side by side. There the indolent and the voluptuous find a couch, and the weary and heavy-laden a resting-place. Rulers and ruled, lofty and low, exalted and humble, rich and poor, bond and free, holy and vile, all are there. They lie down alike, and the worm shall cover them. Age, sex, beauty, wealth, entreaty, prayer, piety, or blasphemy, are alike unavailing to Him who treads the nations in the dust.

EXPERIENCES OF LIFE.

BY REV. JOSEPH J. NICHOLSON.

IX.

A FEW days after the sayings and doings at Mrs. Blemmerton's party, heretofore recited, and the day before that on which the remnant of the household effects of the deceased William Wallace were to have been sold at vendue, to satisfy the rent due to Mr. Blemmerton, occurred two remarkable episodes in the history of the aforesaid Blemmertons—episodes trivial apparently in themselves, but in the sequel of considerable importance.

Seated at his desk in his counting-room, ere yet the day's business was fairly under way, Mr. Blemmerton, at the hands of the penny post, received Mr. Lovegood's letter.

"Now we shall see!" ejaculated he, with a chuckle.

He tore open the seal, and lo, as the reader is aware, there was a curt refusal, and that very curtness was, if anything, its most disagreeable point. He dropped the letter, knit his brow, and would have muttered and murmured a good many hard things about preachers in general and Mr. Lovegood in particular—such as, they are a set of conceited asses, with more brass than brains, &c.—but at that moment, be it said for the good of the clergy in general, his attention was called in another direction; and your heads were spared, you often buffeted and abused race, that a portion of that ire might fall on one who had already borne the rude blast, and shivered beneath its breath as the ship dismantled in the storm, lashed and driven by the waves and winds.

"Ah, it's you, is it?" said he, addressing little Agnes Wallace, who stood mute and tremulous at the threshold of the counting-room. "And what do you want now? It's useless to trouble me any more on that subject. The rent must be paid. I can't afford to lose anything more, nor can I grant any indulgence. And if you are poor, it's your own faults. No one in this flourishing country need be poor if they are industrious and economical. Besides, there is an alms-house. You can go to that. I am taxed enough for its support, and that's all I am willing to do."

"But," said Agnes, brushing the tears from her eyes; and assured by the confidence which her present mission inspired, "I did not come a-begging, sir, or to ask any indulgence; I came to pay you your rent!"

"Pay me my rent! I should like to know where you got the money, since you are so poor?"

"I have the money here, sir, all ready to pay the debt."

"Ah, ha, I see. There is some trick. Some one has been made to suffer for this. I'll be after seeing into this affair!"

Come, now, tell me how you raised the money? for I fear it's not all right, and I won't be a party to it!"

"I have been directed not to do that, sir."

"Ah, ha! I see. Did your father tell you that?"

"No, sir," replied the little girl, bursting into a flood of tears, "my poor father is dead and buried."

"Dead, is he? Well, well, alackaday, so the world goes! Let me see, what is it? Yes, 'Dust thou art.' And he is dead! Come, now, my child," said he in a softer tone—for death has a cold grasp and icy hand, and brings a pallor even in the breath of his name—"come, now, my child, tell me all about this; how did you get the money?"

It was the first soft word or tone Agnes had ever heard in that quarter; and it well nigh robbed her of her good resolutions not to betray her trust and secret! "A soft answer turneth away wrath;" much more does a soft, gentle word of tenderness, pry open and tear asunder the heart, when it comes from one of whom we did not anticipate it, and from whom we have been accustomed to hear only words of keen reproach and harshness! Forgive that little girl, then, if her childish heart melted, and she wavered for a moment between duty and the promptings of the inner fountains of her being, which had been touched.

"A kind gentleman gave it to my poor sick mother the night my dear father died. That is all that I can tell you. And here is a paper which he wrote, and told me to take it to you and get your signature to it before I gave you the money." This was uttered in childish simplicity. Agnes did not comprehend the cutting rebuke, the terrible reproach conveyed in these words. This, even the obdurate Blemmerton did not fail to see; and it was not without its effect. He changed countenance; and there in the presence of an innocent, simple-minded little child, he felt cowed, awe-stricken, abashed! But it was not that his conscience was stirred or smitten. He saw that there was a guiding hand superior to that little child, which was to him like the handwriting on the wall at the impious feast of Belshazzar! That hand troubled him—it seemed to reveal those awful words, "Mene, mene, tekel upharsin!"

"Who was the gentleman? Did he tell you his name?"

"He did, sir. But he told me not to divulge it to you!"

"And won't you tell me, my child?"

"No, sir. I can only say that he was a kind, good gentleman, who met me accidentally, and learned of me that my poor father was dying, and went home with me and took pity on us."

Here Mr. Blemmerton read the paper handed to him by Agnes. It was a receipt, and read as follows:

“——, Nov. ——, 18—.

“\$30. Received of Sarah Wallace, relict of William Wallace, deceased, the sum of thirty dollars, in full of all demands for rent due me to this date; and I hereby discontinue the proceedings under which the household effects of the aforesaid Wallace were to have been sold on the —— day of ——, to satisfy the claim as aforesaid.”

“And I am to sign that paper, am I?”

“Yes, sir, or sell the furniture that remains to us; for so the gentleman directed me to say.”

Mr. Blemmerton made a tremulous, nervous signature, and received the money; whereupon Agnes handed him the following paper, written by the same unknown hand:

“SIR: Take notice, that the wife and daughter of William Wallace, deceased, will no longer occupy that wretched tenement of yours in —— street. After to-morrow it will be at your disposal. But I pray you to have bowels enough to make it tenantable before you attach the furniture of another dying man, whose death, too, was caused by devotion to your interests.

“Yours,

“ONE WHO KNOWS.”

Agnes took her departure, and Mr. Blemmerton is left alone to his reflections; and for humanity's sake, we also will leave him alone. He has his money. If the knife that cut the pound of flesh reeked with blood when it was drawn out, it must rest upon his own head. But there is an impenetrable mystery veiling the whole transaction, which annoys him. Who could the stranger have been? Did he know him? He would have given the pitiful sum of dollars and cents he had just received to have that mysterious veil lifted! Would that transaction come to light? Would it face him outside of the secret walls of that counting-room? Guess on, Mr. Blemmerton; time reveals secrets, and time, perchance, will reveal this.

Once more we pass that rickety, woe-begone old house in —— street. The winds sigh through the crevices; the old stairway by which we ascended at the gable rocks and rattles as it did on that dark, shivering night; but now it is tenantless, the troubled and sorrowing are gone. The winds of heaven no longer respond to the sighs of the broken-hearted, the wounded and the bruised. Sweep on, ye winds of heaven, ye blessed voices from the courts of God, ye bring but mementoes of a Father's love! Play on in your gleesome frolicking through the paneless sashes and glaring cracks—shake the old tenement in your mirth or sadness, ye no longer disturb the living or the dead! The dead sleeps with his fathers, the mourner has gone home; that history is written up in the records on high!

"But the living," you say, "where are they?"

Go with me, and I will show you. We must take an omnibus, for our destination is in the northern part of the city. Away we rattle up a great broad street, which is all whirl and commotion. We roll along now slowly, now we spur up; presently we pause to pick up a passenger, now to let one out. There, now pull up. We get out here. Now this way. Now we go down this street; we will soon be there. We enter a neat, sweet, and cleanly street, and here before us is a block of tidy buildings—small, but comfortable. These dwellings have an humble look, in contrast with many of the imposing buildings in the neighborhood, but still there is an air of snugness and tidiness about them, cheering to behold, after leaving that barren, desolate, cheerless-looking tenement which we have just noted. This block of buildings has been erected by Mr. Friendly for the accommodation of the mechanics in his employ, and those whose means are limited, but to whom comfort and convenience are as necessary and welcome as they are to the more affluent. Mr. Friendly is a true philanthropist, one of your considerate, good-hearted men, who in the investment of his money has more at heart than the mere per centage. He considers that while he is building and renting houses, it is his duty to consult the well-being of his tenants, and it is his delight and pleasure to do so. Therefore, in all his houses you will find due and scrupulous regard paid to convenience. And he builds such tenements for the accommodation of the hands in his employ and others who may seek them, not valuing the trifling additional costs, nor increasing the rent on that account. Year by year is he investing in this way his surplus funds, thus ameliorating the condition of the laboring man, contributing to his health and happiness, and affording him a pleasant and convenient home at moderate rates. And many are the blessings that are invoked on his head. Go on, Mr. Friendly, in your quiet, unpretending way. The Lord beholds and marks. You are doing more for the real benefit of your race than many who make more noise in the world about their love of the dear people!

Here, walk in. It is, indeed, the abode of poverty, but not of wretchedness. A kind hand has added a plain carpet and some other articles of comfort to the meagre stock of Mrs. Wallace's furniture. Everything about the room is clean and tidy—the stove is bright, and the cheerful fire imparts a cheerful, home-feeling to the inmates; an old walnut table stands against the wall on one side, over which hangs a small, poor man's mirror, which has seen better days, and a few old chairs, scattered here and there in order; and a cupboard, half open, reveals a small lot of plain, old-fashioned china—these make complete the humble apartment into which we are ushered. As you cast your eye

casually into the cupboard, you behold a silver cup, of antique style, heavily wrought. This you would like to examine, for it is really a curiosity; it bears the initials F. G., and seems like a relic of other and better days. There is a mystery about that old silver cup—it has a story and a moral, you fancy, which you would like to have revealed, but a sense of propriety silences your curiosity.

And now cast your eyes around. The walls are neatly papered; throughout the house there are pipes conveying water to all the apartments; in the attic there is a bathing-room, fitted with pipes for warm and cold baths; there are two neat chambers above, each with its wardrobe attached; on the first and second floor, each, there is a hall communicating with the front door; on the first floor are two neat parlors, and a convenient kitchen, with its bake-oven, wash-room, cistern, and pantries; a warm, dry, tight cellar, completes the internal arrangements. Everything here bears inspection, and wears the appearance of comfort and convenience.

Mrs. Wallace bears the marks of sore trials and disease. The destroyer, we fear, has but too surely set his seal upon her. She is not long for earth. Her heavy afflictions of mind and body have been too much for her fragile constitution, and she is yielding fast to the stroke. Little Agnes is stitching collars, and her mother sits by a lamp reading to her from the Bible. Her Prayer-Book lies by her on the little stand. It is early yet for a lamp, but Mrs. Wallace's eyes have grown weak under disease and long vigils. She is now barely able to sit up and read a few lines for her own and her daughter's consolation from that treasure-book of the divine love. It is good for us to be here, to behold the calm, holy resignation of that uncomplaining spirit, which seems already to be clothed, or clothing itself, for the spirit-world! We seem to catch whispers, as if angels were passing about the room and discoursing of heavenly things! Speak on, ye glorious messengers! tell us of our Father's home and love! Win us from the earth, and bear our afflictions upwards! Catch the tear of gratitude from that humble, thankful woman, and bear it up to God; it will turn to a gem, and be set in a crown for the head of him who hath mercy on the widow and the orphan!

A ring at the bell! Little Agnes runs to the door; a small, spare man, with quick, sparkling eyes, and sedate countenance, enters. "How do you do to-night? I hope you are better, Mrs. Wallace. And this is your little daughter Agnes? And these friends? Well, never mind—I've seen this gentleman before. If there is anything more needed in this house for your comfort, Mrs. Wallace, let me know, it shall be provided. A friend paid me your rent to day six months in advance. But—but—well, well, it matters not. I know all. Please receive that,

madam," handing her, or rather placing on the stand at her side, a small package. "There, please say nothing; it's all right. Good-night—good-night. I can't stay longer. Hope you will do well. God bless you and your little daughter." And Mr. Friendly was off, after giving into the widow's hand a good portion of the rent he had received.

Go, happy man, and God Almighty bless you! The gift that fell from thy hands was seen and counted by an angel, who flew overjoyed to heaven, and his companions pressed around him and caught his words as he told them out to the recording angel! Thou shalt be remembered! "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for after many days thou shalt find it." And ah, couldst thou have seen that stricken mother press to her bosom, with her full mother's heart, the little daughter at her side, and bathe her fair cheeks in tears of joy and gratitude—couldst thou have heard that benediction and seen those streaming eyes, methinks thou wouldst have been carried nearer heaven, and have sympathized in the joy of angels and redeemed spirits. But go on, thou shalt not be forgotten! "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."—Matt. xxv., 34, 40.

AN HONEST BOY.

"THAT is right, my boy," said the merchant, smiling approvingly upon the bright face of his little shop-boy. He had brought him a dollar that lay amongst the dust and paper of the sweepings.

"That is right," he said again: "always be honest, it is the best policy."

"Should you say that?" asked the lad, timidly.

"Should I say what? that honesty is the best policy? Why, it's a time-honored old saying—I don't know about the elevating tendency of the thing—the spirit is rather narrow, I'll allow."

"So grandmother taught me," replied the boy; "she said we should do right, because God approved it, without thinking what man would say."

The merchant turned abruptly towards the desk, and the thoughtful-faced little lad resumed his duties.

In the course of the morning a rich and influential citizen called in the store. While conversing, he said, "I have no children of my own, and I fear to adopt one. My experience is, that a boy of twelve (the age I should prefer) is fixed in his habits, and if they are bad—"

"Stop," said the merchant, "do you see that lad yonder?"

With that noble brow!—yes, what of him?"

"He is remarkable—"

"Yes, yes—that's what everybody tells me who have boys to dispose of—no doubt he'll do well enough before your face. I've tried a good many, and have been deceived more than once."

"I was going to say," replied the merchant calmly, "that he is remarkable for principle. Never have I known him to deviate from the right, sir—never. He would restore a pin—indeed, (the merchant colored) he's a little too honest for my employ. He points out flaws on goods, and I cannot teach him prudence in that respect. Common prudence, you know, is—is—common—common prudence—a-hem!"

The stranger made no assent, and the merchant hurried on to say—

"He was a parish orphan—taken by an old woman out of pity, when yet a babe. Poverty has been his lot—no doubt he has suffered from hunger and cold uncounted times—his hands have been frozen, so have his feet. Sir, that boy would have died rather than been dishonest. I can't account for it, upon my word I can't."

"Have you any claim upon him?"

"Not the least in the world, except what common benevolence offers. Indeed, the boy is entirely too good for me."

"Then I will adopt him: and if I have found one really honest boy, thank God."

The little fellow rode home in a carriage, and was ushered into a luxurious home; and he who sat shivering in a cold corner, listening to the words of a poor old pious creature who had been taught of the Spirit, became one of the best and greatest divines that England ever produced.

"They that honor me, I will honor."

TRUE FEMALE NOBILITY.—The woman, poor and homely clad as she may be, who balances her income and expenditure—who toils unrepiningly among her well-trained children, and presents them, morning and evening, in rosy health and cheerfulness, as offerings of love to her husband—who seeks the improvement of their minds rather than the adornment of their bodies—is the most exalted of her sex. If there is one prospect more dear to the soul of a man than another, it is that of meeting at the door his smiling wife and group of happy children. How it stirs up the tired blood of an exhausted man, when he hears the patter of many feet on the stairs—when young voices mix in glad confusion, and the youngest springs to his arms with a mirthful shout! Father Almighty—

Thy glory shines around the group!
Thy smile and blessing hover there!

There is no heart so utterly hardened, that it cannot be touched and melted by woman's love and tenderness.

THE REV. HENRY MELVILL.*

THE REV. HENRY MELVILL, of Camden Chapel, Camberwell, is the most popular preacher in London. I am doing no injustice to other ministers, whether in the Church or out of it, in saying this. The fact is not only susceptible of proof, but is often proved in a manner which all must admit to be conclusive. When a sermon is advertised to be preached by Mr. Melvill in any church or chapel in the metropolis, the number of strangers attracted to the particular place is invariably greater than is ever drawn together in the same church or chapel when any of the other popular ministers in London are appointed to preach on a precisely similar occasion.

Nor need any one feel surprised at the circumstance of the reverend gentleman surpassing all his clerical brethren and all our Dissenting ministers, in the article of popularity; for, first of all, while all our other evangelical preachers are in the habit of delivering two sermons every Sabbath, and one in the course of the week, he only preaches one sermon on the Sunday, and does not preach at all during the week. That his discourses should therefore be much more labored, and of a higher order of excellence than those of other preachers, need not surprise any one. And not only does Mr. Melvill thus secure to himself as much time to prepare one sermon as others have to prepare three, but he actually expends *more* time in the preparation of every discourse he delivers, than the generality of his brethren in the ministry do in preparing their three sermons. His discourses ought to be finished compositions; for I am assured by those who know him, that on an average he devotes from seven to eight hours each day, during six days of the week, to the preparation of the sermon which he delivers on the Sabbath evening. He shuts himself up in his study, refusing to be seen by any visitors, except in very peculiar circumstances, for the above length of time every day, from Monday till Saturday, and when thus as completely shut out from the world as if buried in one of the cloisters of some monastery, he presses all the powers of his mind, and all his varied reading into his service, while preparing for his pulpit exhibition on the following Sunday evening. He displays as much solicitude about the composition of each successive sermon, as if that sermon, instead of being heard by only two thousand five hundred persons, were to be preached to the entire population of the kingdom. Virgil bestowed infinite pains on his style, assigning as a reason that he wrote for eternity. In so far as mere style and illustration go, Mr. Melvill, of course, dreams of no such protracted existence for his discourses:

* Abridged from the *Metropolitan Pulpit*.

and yet he could not expend more care in their preparation, nor display greater fastidiousness as to his diction, though every sentence he writes were penned under a perfect persuasion that his sermons, as sermons, were to be co-enduring with the world itself. Not only does he most anxiously and patiently turn the matter of his discourses over in his own mind before putting pen to paper, but he always writes them twice, in many instances three times, before he is satisfied with them. And after he himself has done with them, they are usually transcribed in a legible and beautiful hand by a female relative of his own; and from this lady-manuscript, which is remarkable from not having a single break in it from beginning to end, he generally addresses his admiring audience.

That Mr. Melvill's preaching should attract a large intellectual audience, so far from being a circumstance of surprise, is just what I should have expected; but that he should be, as I know he is, run after and almost idolized as a minister, by hundreds of the humbler and least intelligent classes of society, is, I confess, a matter which does occasion me no little astonishment. To follow him closely, usually requires the greatest and most continued attention of persons of cultivated mind. That he should, therefore, be so popular among individuals who are but indifferently informed, is one of those facts which laugh my philosophy to scorn. His matter is often abstruse; it is for the most part of a highly speculative character. There is a marked union of the imaginative with the argumentative in every sermon he delivers. With the workings of a highly intellectual mind, he blends superior powers of reasoning; and the combined result is the production of a greater or less number of splendid passages in every discourse he preaches. Mr. Melvill's eloquence is, it is true, of a very artificial kind. Every one must at once perceive that it is entirely the result of intense and continuous study; but still there is no denying, if the true test of eloquence lie in the impression produced, that it is eloquence of a high order; for the minds of the audience are frequently worked up into so wrapt a state as to render them for the time insensible to everything around them. They appear as if they were afraid even to breathe—a fact which is made more apparent by the sort of commotion which takes place in the congregation, when the preacher has reached the conclusion of one of his more eloquent and spirit-stirring passages.

Mr. Melvill is partial to the use of figurative phraseology. He is certainly the greatest rhetorician among our metropolitan preachers. His figures are often bold and happy, and give an effect to his matter which it would not otherwise produce. He clothes the most commonplace ideas in language which is so rich in the ornaments of rhetoric, that they are often mistaken

for conceptions of the most brilliant character. He is much too ample as well as too labored in his illustrations. If he hit on a striking idea, the chance is that in the plenitude of his anxiety to exhibit that idea in every possible light, he will so far overwork it as to weaken the impression which a less ample illustration could not fail to have made. He is exceedingly partial to the use of analogy in addressing his hearers. He illustrates and enforces the truths of religion by the incidents and occurrences of ordinary life. And his analogies are often exceedingly happy; at times they are particularly striking.

Mr. Melvill seldom makes any formal division of his subject. You seldom hear of first, second, or third places in his discourses. His arrangement has much of the essay form in it. His exordiums are much longer than is common among the clergy of the Church of England. They usually occupy from five to seven minutes in the delivery. His sermons altogether do not occupy more than three-quarters of an hour; but such is the rapidity of his utterance, that he speaks as much in that time as another preacher, speaking at the average rate, would do in a full hour.

Mr. Melvill is often charged with plagiarism; and the party whose matter he is represented as chiefly borrowing is Dr. Chalmers. I have read most of Dr. Chalmers' more popular works with some care; but I have not been able to detect any plagiarisms from them on the part of Mr. Melvill. That the reverend gentleman has chosen the Scotch Doctor as the model of his pulpit ministrations, no one who knows the two divines can for a moment doubt. Neither is it to be denied that Mr. Melvill is a most successful imitator of Dr. Chalmers in the character of his illustrations and the construction of his phraseology. The difference between the two is this—that while the conceptions of Dr. Chalmers are more striking, and his eloquence more sustained, than those of Mr. Melvill, the diction of the latter, artificial though it be, is far more correct than that of the northern theological giant. I can conceive it quite possible that the minister of Camden Chapel may be an imitator of the theological professor of the University of Edinburgh, without committing a felony on his ideas. Others, however, assure me that they have detected numerous plagiarisms on the part of Mr. Melvill from the works of Dr. Chalmers.

The reverend gentleman's manner is as artificial as his language. His delivery is a species of acting throughout; but it is a most impressive delivery. He arrests the hearer's attention the instant he commences, and carries him with him, a willing captive, to the close of his sermon. So far, indeed, from the audience being pleased at their restoration to liberty, that is, at Mr. Melvill's concluding his discourse, they are sorry he does

not continue longer. They would willingly listen to him for another three-quarters of an hour, or even for twice that time, were it not that they would know the effort must be physically exhausting to himself. They would even most cheerfully—a thing which can be said of few preachers and few sermons—sit to hear the same discourse delivered to them a second time. There is a sustained earnestness and animation of manner in Mr. Melvill's pulpit-ministrations, which are not to be found in that of any other metropolitan preacher which can be named; and yet the fervor of his manner does not consist in anything peculiar in his gesticulation.

Of gesticulation, indeed, in the sense in which the term is usually understood, he is very sparing. During the exordium of his discourse, his hands hang as motionless by his side as if they had never been in any other position. When he advances a little into his subject, he moves his right hand, not from his shoulder, or even from his elbow, but from his wrist. The motion is very rapid and continuous; but from the circumstance of his never raising his hand to a level with the breast of the pulpit, no one in the area of the chapel would ever imagine he was making any motion at all. By the time he has got half through his sermon, he raises his hand sufficiently high to be seen by all the congregation; but not higher than his breast. His head and body are also pressed into his service in the way of gesture, when he has got fairly into the heart of his subject. Their motions, like those of his hand, are rapid and continuous; but they are not, by any means, violent. The only instance of extravagance, in the shape of gesticulation, of which the reverend gentleman is guilty in the course of his sermon, is when he concludes one of his most highly-wrought passages. He then makes a quick and violent flourish with both his hands, and a vehement though momentary motion with his body which I cannot well describe, accompanied by a peculiar shake of the head. It is chiefly the tones of his clear and flexible though not powerful voice; the emphasis of his pronunciation; and the hurried manner of his speaking, that impress the hearer with a conviction of his earnestness and fervor. To understand what impression may be produced, or how earnest a minister may appear in the pulpit without having recourse to anything like preposterous or even liberal gesticulation, it is only necessary to hear Mr. Melvill. And here I may be allowed to remark, that to hear the reverend gentleman to the greatest advantage, it will be necessary to go to his own chapel. He has always appeared to me to be far more at home, and far more impressive there, as a preacher, than in any other church or chapel in which he may chance to deliver a particular sermon.

I have heard a great variety of opinion expressed as to wheth-

er or not Mr. Melvill is in the habit of visiting his people, in the capacity of their minister. Some affirm that he is most indefatigable in visiting his flock; others maintain that he only visits a select portion of them; while a third party assert with equal confidence that he pays no pastoral visits at all. The real fact of the case is, that the reverend gentleman's people being so numerous and scattered, he does not profess to pay ministerial visits at all, in the ordinary sense in which the words are understood; but it affords me pleasure to state, that he is most exemplary and indefatigable in his visits to the sick and dying, and that in such cases he is as prompt in visiting the poor as the rich. I have reason to believe that he has been eminently useful in this way. It is highly to his credit, that in order that he may have the more time to devote to his visits to the sick and dying, he declines innumerable invitations of a most pressing nature, to dinner and other parties.

One circumstance has been mentioned to me respecting the reverend gentleman, which, though it may seem to some of a very trifling kind, appears to me to be of no small importance, inasmuch as it bespeaks the possession of much kindness of feeling. Some time ago, while the passages of his chapel were most densely crowded by strangers anxious to hear him preach, he observed an old and frail man among the number. He immediately opened the door of his own pew, in which there was just room for one more person, and desired the aged and infirm man to step into it and take a seat. What made the act more kind and condescending, was the circumstance of there being so many ladies and gentlemen in the crowded passages. The reading of the service had just commenced, and Mr. Melvill turned up the various parts of the Prayer-Book which the clerk referred to, and shared the book with the old man. The latter was so overcome with a sense of Mr. Melvill's condescending kindness, that he could not refrain from shedding tears while he thought of it.

His place of worship is not, as some persons imagine, a Chapel of Ease; it is private property. It belongs either to his brother-in-law or father-in-law; but I am not sure which. His income has been for some years £1,000 per annum; but one of his members has stated to me within the last few weeks, that it will be henceforth raised to £1,200.

I never saw a more crowded place of worship than that in which Mr. Melvill preaches. It is only seated to contain about two thousand persons; but from four hundred to five hundred are always to be seen standing in the passages. It is often impossible to effect an entrance at the door after the service has begun. Were the chapel sufficiently large to accommodate four thousand individuals, I have no doubt it would be constantly filled.

The personal appearance of the reverend gentleman is far from being striking. He has a small, thin face, with features which are by no means calculated to inspire the spectator with an impression of his being a man of superior intellect. His eyes are less than the average size, and are of a light blue. His forehead is straight, but not very high. His complexion is of a darkish hue, and would at times lead to the conclusion that his ardor in the discharge of his ministerial duties, or some other cause, had to some extent affected his health. He wears small, dark whiskers. His hair is abundant, especially on his brow, and, at a distance, looks of a darkish color; but on a nearer view, there are symptoms not to be mistaken of coming grayness. His age cannot exceed forty-two or forty-three.

THE MINISTRY.

"Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."—*St. Matt. xxviii. 20.*

It is evident unto all men, diligently reading Holy Scripture and ancient authors, that from the Apostles' time there have been these orders of Ministers in Christ's Church—Bishops, Priests, and Deacons.—*The Ordinal.*

Continue inseparable from Jesus Christ our God, from your Bishop, and from the commands of the Apostles.—*St. Ignatius.*

Unless the ministers of the Gospel are sent by Christ, what right have they to act in His name? If we were passing through a foreign land, we might be perfectly *competent* to act as ambassador for the Queen of England; but would any foreign potentate receive us as such unless we could produce our *credentials*? Many a lawyer may be as well qualified to perform the duties of the Lord Chancellor as the Chancellor himself, but is he able to act as Chancellor? No, certainly not, unless he has first received a commission from his sovereign. And so with respect to religion. What right has a man to take upon himself to act as God's ambassador, unless God has *commissioned* him to act? An eloquent man he may be, and one mighty in the Scriptures, but he has no authority to speak in God's name, until God has given him that authority. How, asks St. Paul, shall they preach, *i. e.*, preach lawfully, unless they be sent—*i. e.*, sent by God? "No man," says Scripture, "taketh this honor to himself, but he that is called of God." Nay, "even Christ," says the Apostle, "glorified not himself to be made a high-priest, but He that said unto him, 'Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee'—even He entered not on his ministerial office until He was externally appointed thereto.—*Dr. Hook.*

ENDEAVOR to be patient in bearing with the defects and infirmities of others, of what sort soever they be; for that thyself also hast many failings which must be borne with by others.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF BISHOP PROVOOST.*(Continued from page 390.)*

MR. PROVOOST, having returned to his native city, and to the enjoyment of his property therein, which had been for some years "in the hands of the enemy," and having entered on his duties as Rector of Trinity Church, soon became prominent in the measures adopted for organizing the Church in the State of New-York, and in the United States.

The first movement towards the full organization of an American branch of the Catholic Church was made by the clergy of Connecticut. Immediately after the declaration of peace, and before the British troops had left the city of New-York, and only two days after a formal proclamation of a cessation of hostilities throughout the army had been made, they held a meeting in New-York, and elected the Rev. Jeremiah Leaming, D.D., as their Bishop; the action being concurred in by the New-York clergy. Bodily infirmity compelled Dr. Leaming to decline; when, April 21, 1783, the Rev. Samuel Seabury, D.D., a Presbyter of the Province, and a resident of the city, of New-York, was unanimously chosen. The clergy of that city, the Rev. Jeremiah Leaming, D.D., the Rev. Charles Inglis, Rector of Trinity Church, the Rev. Benjamin Moore, Assistant Minister of Trinity Church, and others, united in testimonials of Dr. Seabury's fitness for the Episcopate, and in requesting his consecration by English Bishops. The happy result of these proceedings is given in a biographical sketch of Bishop Seabury in the first number of this volume.

About eleven months after Dr. Seabury's election, and while he was abroad waiting the issue of the application which had been made to the English Bishops for his consecration, measures began to be adopted for organizing the Church in the States south of Connecticut. They originated with the Rev. Dr. William White, Rector of Christ Church and St. Peter's, Philadelphia. He first conferred on the subject with the Rev. Robert Blackwell, his assistant minister, and the Rev. Dr. Samuel Magaw, Rector of St. Paul's Church in the same city. The result of this conference was a meeting of these clergymen, and of lay-deputies from the respective vestries of those churches, at the residence of Dr. White, March 29, 1784. Two other similar meetings were held in the course of the next two months, the last comprising also clergymen and laymen from other parts of Pennsylvania.

There had been, for several years before the Revolution, a Corporation for the Relief of the Widows and Children of Deceased Clergymen of the Church of England in the Provinces of New-York, New-Jersey, and Pennsylvania; the same that

was afterwards divided into the three separate corporations for the same purpose, now existing in the three States formed out of those Provinces. A meeting of this corporation was held in New-Brunswick, New-Jersey, in May, 1784. It had been agreed on by clergymen of the three States, that the meeting should be made the occasion of mutual conference on the subject of the organization of the Church. New-York was represented by the Rev. Messrs. Joshua Bloomer, Benjamin Moore, and Thomas L. Moore. The action of the above-mentioned meetings in Philadelphia was reported to this meeting. Fraternal conference was held on matters connected with measures for organizing the Church, but nothing definite done. As the next meeting of the above-mentioned corporation was to be held in New-York, the following October, it was agreed to procure, there and then, as general a meeting as might be of representatives of clergy and laity of the different States.

Such a meeting was accordingly held, October 6 and 7, 1784. Delegates were present from Massachusetts, Connecticut,* New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia. New-York was represented by the Rev. Messrs. Samuel Provoost, Abraham Beach, Benjamin Moore, Joshua Bloomer, Leonard Cutting, and Thomas L. Moore; and by Messrs. James Duane, Marinus Willett, and John Alsop.

This meeting led to the assembling of the first Convention of the Diocese of New-York, which was held in this city on Wednesday, June 22, 1785, and was composed of five clergymen and eleven laymen, representing eight parishes. Mr. Provoost was elected President, and was also appointed one of the deputies to "the General Convention which is to be held at Philadelphia on the Tuesday before the Feast of St. Michael next." He accordingly attended the said Convention,† and was a member of a committee appointed on the subjects of a Constitution for the American Church; of alterations proper to be made in the Liturgy; of a plan for obtaining the consecration of Bishops in England; and of corresponding with the English Bishops on this subject. He was also a member of the two next following Conventions of Deputies from the Church in various States, viz., June and October, 1786; being the President of the latter.

He presided in the second and third Conventions of this Diocese, May (continued by adjournment until June) and September,

* The representative of Connecticut, the Rev. John R. Marshall, declined taking any part in the proceedings, regarding himself only as a visiting brother, sent to express the good feelings of the Connecticut brethren, and inform the meeting of the measures which Connecticut had taken for having a Bishop; and also to say, that when the Church there shall have its Bishop, it will gladly co-operate, with him at its head, in measures for the general interests of the American Church.

† Neither this nor any other Convention, until that of October 3, 1789, could, strictly speaking, be rightly termed a *General* Convention; Connecticut, and the other Eastern States, not having, till then, come into full union.

1786; at the first of which, composed of six clergymen and fifteen lay-deputies, representing six parishes, he was elected Bishop, as appears by the following laconic entry on the printed Journal of June 14th: "In compliance with the directions of the General Convention, *Resolved*, That the Rev. Mr. Provoost be recommended for Episcopal consecration." In the Journal of the second of these Conventions, September 21, it is recorded, "A certificate, recommending the Rev. Dr. Provoost for Episcopal consecration, was signed by all the members present." This election having been reported to the Convention of the Church in several States, October, 11, 1786, the members of that Convention, agreeably to a requirement of the English Archbishops, signed proper testimonials in behalf of the Bishop-elect.

Three weeks after the election of Mr. Provoost as Bishop of New-York, he was honored by the University of Pennsylvania with the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

On November 2d, 1786, Dr. Provoost and Dr. William White, Bishop-elect of Pennsylvania, sailed from New-York for Falmouth, England, where they arrived on the 20th. Circumstances occasioned a delay of the consecration until Septuagesima Sunday, February 4, 1787. Meanwhile, they were presented to his Majesty, George III., who gave them a very kind reception; and expressed his gratification, that in giving, by his sign-manual, the leave which the Act of Parliament required for their consecration, he had had an opportunity of serving the interests of religion.

On the aforesaid 4th of February, Drs. White and Provoost were consecrated in the chapel of the Archiepiscopal Palace, at Lambeth, by John Moore, Archbishop of Canterbury, William Markham, Archbishop of York, Charles Moss, Bishop of Bath and Wells, and John Hinchliffe, Bishop of Peterborough.

In the memoir of Bishop Provoost, in *The Evergreen*, before referred to, the writer, the Bishop's son-in-law, states, on the authority of the Bishop himself, that the hands of the English Bishops at the consecration were first laid on him, he being the senior in years and in the ministry. His election, also, it may be added, was prior to that of Dr. White. It is a singular fact, however, that Bishop White was always considered as Bishop Provoost's official senior. From what he heard many years ago, he thinks in conversation with Bishop White, and is very certain with his authority, the present writer feels justified in saying that the point of practical seniority was settled between the two Bishops, neither of whom had any strong personal feelings on the subject, by the expressed opinion of the Archbishop of Canterbury, that it should be governed by the dates, in the respective cases, of the reception of the degree of *Doctor of Divinity*. This was probably owing to the importance attached to that degree in England, where it is an *ecclesiastical* as well as a *literary* dis-

tion. Bishop White was the senior Doctor of Divinity. Why this opinion was not acted upon by the laying of Episcopal hands, in the first instance, on Bishop White, it may now be difficult to say. Possibly the assisting Archbishop and Bishops did not agree herein with the Primate, and therefore the opinion of the latter did not influence their joint act; although the newly consecrated Bishops—both of whom probably entertained higher ideas of the value and importance of the D. D. than more modern times would seem to justify, and who appear in all things to have acted like true brethren, each loving and honoring the other, and divesting their mutual intercourse of everything like undue assumption or unwilling concession—determined to adopt the Primate's view.

In connection with this point, the writer would refer to the fact of Bishop White having taken a similar view, when, in 1811, the point of seniority was to be settled between Bishops Hobart and Griswold. The latter was the older man and the older Presbyter, and had been elected before the former. Hobart, however, was a Doctor of Divinity, and Griswold was not. This determined Bishop White, and doubtless his assistants, Bishops Provoost and Jarvis, as to the question of Episcopal seniority between the two. In this case, however, the more consistent course was pursued of laying hands first on the one who was to be the senior. In times gone by, when the opponents of Bishop Hobart were equally the opponents of Bishop White, this thing was made use of by them as indicating an unworthy predilection on the part of Bishop White for Bishop Hobart. The well-known character of the former placed him at an effectual elevation above any evil result of such an unchristian surmise. It is well, however, to have the fact in the case known, lest, in some future party gyrations, it may be again thought expedient to bring Bishop White into discredit.

This question of seniority between Bishops simultaneously consecrated, was definitively settled by the House of Bishops in 1832, in the following order: "Whenever two or more Bishops-elect shall be presented for consecration at the same time, the act of consecration of each, respectively, shall be in the order of the date of his election;* and the same order shall be observed in determining the seniority, respectively, of the Bishops thus consecrated."

On the evening of the day next succeeding their consecration, Bishops White and Provoost left London for Falmouth, which they reached on the 10th of the month. They were there detained by contrary winds, (no steamships then,) until Sunday 18th, when they embarked; and after a voyage of seven weeks,

* This word is wrongly printed "*elevation*" on page 233 of the Journal of the General Convention of 1847.

during which Bishop Provoost was so ill that it was feared he would not live, they arrived in New-York—the Bishop having happily recovered—on Easter-Day, April 8th.*

Bishop Provoost, says the above-mentioned “Memoir” of him, “had every reason to be gratified with his reception on his return, as he was cordially greeted by his fellow-citizens of all denominations.”

The first Convention of his Diocese, after his return, was held in St. Paul's Chapel, New-York, in June, 1787, and consisted, besides himself, of 6 clergymen, and 23 lay-deputies, representing 17 parishes. He was then formally received in his new character by the Diocese, in the following address to him, in the name of the Convention, by its Secretary, the Rev. Abraham Beach :—

“RIGHT REVEREND SIR :

“We, the clergy and laity, representatives of the Protestant Episcopal Church, now assembled in Convention, beg leave to address you on this solemn occasion, with sentiments of duty and unfeigned respect.

“After having successfully accomplished the great object which you had in view, we congratulate you on your return to your native city, safe from the hazards of a long and tempestuous voyage, and in a great measure restored to health from a painful and dangerous illness.

“While we express, in terms of the warmest gratitude, the high obligations we are under to the English Bishops for their paternal interposition in our favor, we beg leave to present to you our hearty thanks for your compliance with our desires ; and thus, through many difficulties and sufferings, rendering our Church complete in all its parts.

“This propitious event, so long and ardently wished for, forms an important era in the history of our Church ! We are now, by Divine Providence, placed in such a situation that a regular succession of the ministry may be continued to us and our posterity, without being reduced to the necessity of applying to a distant land !

“Justly reposing the highest confidence in your integrity and piety, your love of peace and order, and in your unremitting endeavors for the advancement of true religion and virtue, we rejoice that the distinguished honor of filling one of the first Episcopal Chairs in these United States, hath been conferred on a character so truly estimable ; and we trust that we, and those

* In Bishop White's “Memoirs of the Church, Philadelphia, 1820,” the day of sailing from Falmouth is wrongly stated as February 17, and the day of arriving in New-York, as April 7th.

whom we represent, shall never fail to render you all due support, respect, and reverence.

"May it graciously please the Almighty Ruler of the universe so to bless your ministrations, that a firm foundation may be laid for the peace and prosperity of our Church, which shall remain unshaken to the latest ages. And may you, Right Rev. Sir, long continue in the discharge of your sacred office, an example for our imitation, and an ornament to our holy religion; and may we, and all those committed to your pastoral charge, derive from your ministrations a benefit which will be of everlasting duration: so that when we are called to answer for our actions, we may give an account with joy; and remain forever one flock, under one shepherd, Jesus Christ, the Bishop of our souls."

To this the Bishop replied as follows:—

"REVEREND AND MOST DEARLY BELOVED:

"This affectionate address, your obliging congratulations on my return to my native city, and on the recovery of my health, and above all, your assurances of support in my ministrations, I receive with the utmost satisfaction and thankfulness.

"The object of my late mission being the independence of our Church, and a regular succession of the ministry, was of such magnitude, that its happy accomplishment cannot fail of inspiring all its members with the highest gratitude to Almighty God, and to all who, under Him, have by their good offices contributed to its success. To the English Bishops particularly, we are under indelible obligations, and I cordially unite with you in a public testimony of their benevolent and paternal exertions in our favor. Whenever we shall reflect on this important era in the history of our Church, they must be remembered with honor and reverence.

"Let us, my beloved friends, zealously strive to make due improvement of the spiritual privileges which we now enjoy. Let our faith be sincere, and our lives unblemished, as our doctrine and worship are pure and holy, and God will continue to shower down His blessings upon us and our Church with a bountiful hand.

"May you, my Reverend Brethren, aided by His gracious Spirit, continue to be watchful shepherds of the flocks committed to your charge, and maintain the doctrines and discipline of this excellent Church with constancy and zeal; and at the same time with candor towards those who differ from us in religious opinions, that our moderation may be made manifest, and we may joyfully contribute to that peace, and love, and charity, which are so strongly enforced in the Gospel of our blessed Redeemer.

"Deeply sensible of my own imperfections, I feel with solici-

tude the weight of the important office to which I am consecrated. I rely only on the grace of God, to enable me to discharge my pastoral duties with fidelity, to be instrumental in promoting true religion and virtue, in governing this Church in peace and unanimity, and laying a sure foundation for its lasting prosperity ; that thus, through His divine protection, your expectation of my usefulness may not be disappointed.

“And now unto God’s gracious mercy and protection I commit you. The Lord bless you and keep you ! The Lord make His face to shine upon you ! The Lord lift up his countenance upon you, and give you peace both now and evermore !”

(*To be continued.*)

MOUNT VERNON.—We are some 16 miles below Washington. The band is playing solemn music, and now the steamboat bell tolls. Off to the right you see the low white house on the bank, and a little below it a dark spot. Speak lower. The Father of our Country lies sleeping at that dark spot, and the low white house was his home. Old men drop their chins upon their canes, and tears fill their eyes as they look. The young look grave, and speak in whispers. The steamer rounds-to at the wharf, and makes fast. The band precedes, playing a dirge, and by twos the company wind up the bank. In a wild spot, well-shaded with trees, by a fence that protects a simple, unadorned brick vault, the procession halts. It is the tomb of Washington ! There has been no concert about it, but spontaneously almost every head is uncovered.

The front of the vault is open. Behind iron bars, which reach to the wall, are placed two white marble sarcophagi. In one lies all that was mortal of Washington, in the other the remains of Martha Washington. The eagle is cut upon the top of his—that is all. On the end is an inscription, saying that, by permission, the bones of our father were taken from the old tomb and placed in that marble receptacle in 1837. There are monuments near, but they are of other members of the family.

We wind still further up the hill, some stopping to gather flowers springing from the sacred soil ; some to break a sprig of evergreen from the trees that murmur their sorrow to every wind ; some to treasure a pebble as a memento of the spot—and here is the old vault in which Washington was buried. We may enter it, and be inclosed within the same narrow walls that held his precious remains. We may clip off a piece of the sandstone arch that prevented the earth from lying too heavy on his breast. It is utterly a ruin. Trees grow over the spot, but there is no evidence of care for its preservation. It makes us sad to think that such precious relics lie open to all intruders, and that Time is permitted to do his ruthless work on the premises without hindrance.—*Daily Times.*

SUMMER RAMBLES IN SCOTLAND.

BY REV. J. A. SPENCER, D. D.

Author of "The East," &c.

CHAPTER V.

A Sunday in Oban—Loch Leven—Omnibus Experience—Glencoe—Wildness of the Scenery—Weather very Appropriate—Fort William—Rainy Day's Occupation—Steamer for Glasgow—The River Clyde—Greenock—Scenery on the River—Dumbarton Rock.

IT was our privilege—and all the more gratifying because wholly unexpected—to meet with two clergymen of the Church of England in Oban, sojourners for the day, like ourselves, and to see a notice in the hotel of Divine Service to be performed according to the usages of that Church. Accordingly, at the appointed hour, we repaired to a good-sized upper room, which looked out upon the bay, and was very plainly, nay, almost meanly furnished. Nevertheless, quite a large congregation assembled, most of them from the hotel where we were, (the "Caledonian,") and apparently English visitors at Oban, which is a sort of watering-place, and considerably frequented. The elder of the clergymen, a man of middle age and venerable aspect, read the service, and a sermon was delivered by the other, who is quite young, but possessed of great earnestness and some eloquence. His sermon was nearly an hour long, but it was listened to with interest, and contained a number of touching and persuasive passages. In the afternoon, services were held in the same room, and the same clergymen officiated. I esteemed it a privilege, my reader will credit me, to meet with and make the acquaintance of these brethren, with whom, late in the afternoon, I took a walk, and, engaged in pleasant converse respecting the Church in America and religion in general in our country, ascended several of the high hills in the vicinity of Oban, whence a splendid view of mountain, sea, and island scenery was obtained. You will appreciate my feeling of regret, dear reader, that so soon as we got well acquainted we had to separate, probably never to meet again, since on the following morning they went one way and we another.

On Monday morning we left Oban in the steamer Dolphin, an iron boat of good size and respectable accommodations. The day was lowering, damp, showery, and misty, with occasional sunshine and blue sky—just such weather as seems to prevail in the Highlands nearly all summer. It was not the most agreeable to my feelings or my comfort, but, as is the case generally, it had its advantage in throwing a peculiar grandeur about the hills and mountain-tops, and rendering the general aspect of the surrounding scenery gloomy and strikingly impressive.

Our course was northerly, passing, just after leaving the village of Oban, the ruins of Dunolly Castle, which, half clad in ivy-green, stand out before the looker-on with an air of importance which may serve to suggest how mighty was its lordly owner, M'Dougal of Lorn, in the days of his greatness. Further on were visible the remains of Dunstaffnage, Castle Stalker, and various mansions, as Appin House, Ardshiel, &c. In about two hours and a half we reached Loch Leven, and were landed at a place famed for its slate quarry, and called Ballachulish Ferry. It is at this point that the road branches off to the noted Glencoe, well known for the historical incident of the detestable massacre here committed by order of William III., and equally celebrated for its wild and almost savage scenery.

On landing, we had quite a scramble for the omnibus which conveys tourists up to and through the major portion of the glen. In this part of the world, there is none of that deference shown to females which is so marked in our country's habits; here, every one gets a seat that can, and keeps it, too, no matter if ladies are thereby obliged to walk: such was the case to-day; the lumbering vehicle was seated to carry thirty persons; the remaining ten or a dozen had to shift for themselves as they could; either to walk six or eight miles, or sit down quietly on board of the steamboat. We were so ungallant as to do as our neighbors did, and having got a seat, we kept it, despite all the inducements which might and would induce an American in America to resign it to the ladies who were left behind.

The lower portion of the glen is wooded, and in several places bears the marks of cultivation; but after riding about three miles, we came upon a scene which I am wholly unable to describe with clearness or conciseness. I can only beg the reader to imagine a mass of hills, rocks, and vales, thrown together, as it were, by some sudden convulsion, and lying all in wild confusion, and, if I may so speak, in desolate grandeur. There is here no appearance of life, nothing to mar the wildness of the scene, nothing to soften the harshness of its features or relieve its gloom. Dark masses of rock, bare and waste, rise aloft in the midst of deep and awe-inspiring valleys; huge clefts, with summits now covered with mists and rain, now standing out in all their greatness, and black with the storms of ages having beat upon them, occupy one point; another is filled by lower hills sloping off towards the road or towards the foot of some higher eminence; at another, again, is seen the snow of winter even yet remaining in the narrow and shaded ravines, near the top of the mountains; at our feet lie jagged pieces of rock, as if in sport hurled down by giant hand from the stormy summits; now we see a small rapid stream, the Cona of Ossian, and anon we come to the lake, not large, but as wild in its appearance as can

be, called Treachtan : it is here we see the only farm-house or dwelling (and that is miserable enough) in the whole glen.

The weather was, as I have said, of the kind to render the wildness of Glencoe still wilder and more gloomy and impressive, if aught can do that. Every moment we expected the rain to fall ; now the dark and heavy clouds would hang over some sharp peak, or envelop some lofty summit ; now the mist would light down upon some vale or ravine, and now it would float away and develop new views to our eyes, and present the scenes of this noted glen in a succession of aspects ; again it would threaten us with its penetrating moisture, and leaving the higher points partially clear, would settle in the valleys and along the road. Throughout the whole of our visit the day was lowering, and dark, and damp, and though I should have preferred the clear sun-light, yet I am sensible that as it was we saw Glencoe to advantage, and left it with an indelible impression of its wildness, desolateness, and grandeur.

On returning to the steamboat we embarked again and continued our sail to Fort William, which is situated on a bend of Loch Eil, and sixty-one miles southwest from Inverness. The neighboring village of Maryburgh contains a good inn, where we stopped for the night, though it was hard to get accommodation, in consequence of the influx of highlanders, and jobbers in wool from the lowlands. The fort was built in William Third's time, but is now of small use, only about thirty men being on duty here. Its main value was as a check on the irruptions from the highlands in the days of the Stuarts, who so signally failed to keep or recover a throne which they had won and lost.

The next day it rained in good earnest, and all the amusement I had was to look out of the window, or watch the kilted highlander bargaining with the merchant from the southern parts and quaffing his whisky with a gusto perfectly astonishing to those who first make the acquaintance of that fiery liquid. My reader will not be surprised to learn that the most business was done in the latter part of the day, when the whisky had been liberally distributed, and when the tongues of some sixty or seventy persons had been let loose. To me it was a Babel of sounds and something worse of odors, between the hot whisky, the snuff, the pipe, &c., and I was well content to occupy the little attic bed-room by myself. My companion, despite the threatening weather, determined to ascend Ben Nevis, which rises not far from this village to the great height of 4,416 feet ; but I declined attempting the feat while the weather continued so unpleasant. Mr. P., however, not being easily daunted, put himself in charge of a guide, and off he went. Late in the afternoon he arrived again, in a condition rather the worse for exposure, and pretty well wet through and covered with mud up to

his knees. The ascent, it seems, was very difficult, and as there was no prospect to compensate one, they stopped short of the top and returned. I was not sorry that I contented myself with a look at lofty Ben Nevis from the plain below.

At the unseasonable hour of three in the morning, we were roused up for the steamer which takes passengers from Fort William to Glasgow. It rained and blew, and was raw and cold enough to be winter almost. This, added to the unusual hour of rising, came near making me sea-sick, and rendered me uncomfortable for the whole day, so that I did not enjoy the fine scenery along Loch Linnhe, the various islands, and the neighboring main-land, and up the beautiful River Clyde. Towards noon we arrived at the Bay of Crinan, at which point the Crinan Canal takes its beginning and connects the water of Loch Linnhe with that of Loch Fyne. This canal is only nine miles in length, but has nearly double that number of lochs; the object of it is to save the long and tedious, as well as rough and dangerous doubling the Mull of Cantire. A two hours' sail in a canal boat, named euphoniously the "Fair Maid of Perth," brought us to the extremity of the canal, where is the village of Lochgilphead, and whence we embarked again in a steamer for Glasgow.

I shall not venture to speak except in very general terms of the scenery along the Clyde. In many respects it reminded me of that which renders our own Hudson so lovely and attractive; there appeared to be much of the same woodland and hilly prospect, the pleasant mansion and neat farm-house, the cultivated field and verdant meadow, the thriving, pretty village, &c. Few, I imagine, who have seen the two, can have failed to notice this similarity, and to have admired both, without, perhaps, venturing to give the palm to either. We passed the villages of Dunoon and Gourock, the former much frequented for salt-water bathing, and on account of its old castle, which was once a royal residence, the latter presenting a fine sea view, and having pleasant walks along the shore, and arrived at Greenock about five o'clock. This is only one of the many populous and busy towns in the west of Scotland, and as seen from the river appears remarkably well. The custom-house, adjoining the quay, is a handsome and commodious building, and the collection of vessels of various sizes and descriptions, gives the port a lively and prosperous appearance. We next came upon Dumbarton Rock, an exceedingly striking object, and noted in the history of Scotland. It rises suddenly and steeply from the point of junction of the Leven and the Clyde, to the height of 560 feet, and I assure you looks formidable enough: it measures a mile in circumference, and terminates in two sharp points, one higher than the other, and studded over with houses and batteries. It is one

of the four castles which, by the agreement of union between Scotland and England, is to be kept in repair, and is garrisoned with a small number of troops, and a few artillerymen. "Wallace's seat," and that part of the castle called "Wallace's tower," will suggest the connection which you remember to have existed between Scotland's hero and Dumbarton Castle: the great Sir William, after having been betrayed by the infamous traitor, Sir John Menteith, was confined for some time in this stronghold, while the "fause Menteith" was its governor: they show here, too, the huge two-handed sword of Wallace, which is said to be five feet and more in length, straight and double-edged, and quite ponderous. Who of the puny race of the present could wield a weapon of this size and force?

It was rather late in the evening when we arrived at our destination, quite too late for me to think of entering upon a description of so large and flourishing a city as Glasgow. My readers—if I have any—will not, I am sure, be sorry to rest awhile at this point in my ramblings; perhaps, too, they will not be sorry to learn that when next it is my privilege to ask their attention, I purpose to finish all that I have to say respecting my (to myself) pleasant "Summer Rambles in Scotland."

THE SEER.

BY JOHN C. WHITTIER.

I HEAR the far-off voyager's horn,
I hear the Yankee's trail—
His foot on every mountain pass,
On every stream his sail.

He's whistling round St. Mary's Falls,
Upon his loaded train;
He's leaving on the Pictured Rocks
His fresh tobacco stain.

I hear the mattock in the mines,
The axe-stroke in the dell,
The clamor from the Indian lodge,
The Jesuit's chapel bell!

I see the swarthy trappers come
From Mississippi's springs;
And war-chiefs with their painted bows,
And crests of eagle wings.

Behind the squaw's birchen canoe
The steamer smokes and raves;
And city lots are staked for sale
Above old Indian graves.

By forest lake and water-fall,
I see the pedlar's show;

The mighty mingling with the mean,
The lofty with the low.

I hear the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be;
The first low wash of waves where soon
Shall roll a human sea.

The rudiments of empire here
Are plastic yet, and warm;
The chaos of a mighty world
Is rounding into form!

Each rude and jostling fragment soon
Its fitting place shall find—
The raw materials of a State,
Its muscles and its mind!

And westering still the star which leads
The New World in its train,
Has tipped with fire the icy spears
Of many a mountain chain.

The snowy cones of Oregon
Are kindled on its way,
And California's golden sands
Gleam brighter in its ray!

Editor's Table.

ROBERT D. WEEKS.—Seldom is the Church called to mourn the loss of a worthier layman than him named above, who died a few weeks ago. Not having been brought up in the Church, he sought its membership in mature years, as the result of a judgment formed under the advantage of a more than ordinarily sound and judicious intellect, and a heart to which, if to any, we think may be applied our Saviour's commendation of that which rightly receives "the word"—"*an honest and good heart.*" He was ever after a cheerful, conscientious, and good Christian, and a sound and consistent Churchman. There was in him the frank, kind, and genial manner which betokens the true and sincere friend. Beloved and respected in all his secular relations, his benevolent spirit was specially manifested in the interest he took in the Institution in this city for the care and education of the Deaf and Dumb; of which he was for many years a faithful and useful officer. The mute objects of its charity were a most interesting portion of the large congregation present at his obsequies, accompanied, besides the other officers of the Institution, by the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, one of its Professors, and the very worthy Minister of St. Ann's Church, for Deaf Mutes, in this city, who assisted in the funeral service.

As further illustrative of his Christian excellence, we copy from *The Churchman* the proceedings had, on the occasion of his death, by the Vestry of the Church of the Annunciation in this city, of which he was a Warden; adding—what we think meet to be added—that during all the severe trials of the Bishop of this Diocese, and with an intellect capable of understanding, and a heart capable of rightly appreciating, his case, and a character fraught with the love of what is just and right, and true to the purest and best principles of religion and morality, Mr. Weeks was his constant and consistent friend.

At a meeting of the Vestry of the Church of the Annunciation, held at the house of the Rector, June 19th, 1854, on occasion of the decease of their late Senior Warden, **ROBERT D. WEEKS**, the following record was adopted, and ordered to be entered on the Minutes:—

In April, A. D. 1838, within a month after the formation of our parish, Robert D. Weeks was chosen a Vestryman. In every effort that has been made to promote the prosperity of the Parish, or the comfort of the Rector, Mr. Weeks was always prominent. To his noble generosity, his untiring zeal, his cheerful and unremitting labors, the Church of the Annunciation is very largely indebted, under the good providence of God, for the erection of its new edifice, the extinction of its debt, and its present flourishing condition.

After having served as Vestryman for fourteen years, Mr. Weeks was chosen a Warden, and by the death of the lamented Chief-Justice Jones, in 1853, became the Senior Warden of the church. During his connection with the Vestry, Mr. Weeks manifested a soundness of judgment, a benevolence of heart, a cheerfulness of temper, and universal rectitude of opinion and feeling, which rendered his services invaluable, and endeared him inexpressibly to all his associates.

Soon after his connection with our parish, Mr. Weeks was baptized, confirmed, and admitted to the Holy Communion. In his Christian life and character, it is impossible not to accord to him the admiration which he never sought. His unobtrusive piety, his candor and integrity, his compassion for the afflicted, and, above all, his abounding and overflowing charity, proved him to be a Christian indeed.

Bowing submissively to Divine Providence, but desirous also to express their profound grief at the removal of their late brother from the scenes of his earthly labors, and their sincere gratitude for his many benefactions to the Church, and the comfort and encouragement of his truly Christian example, the Vestry hereby resolve, that they will severally wear black crape on their left arm for the space of thirty days, and that a copy of these proceedings be sent to the family of the deceased, in token of our unfeigned sorrow at their heavy and irreparable loss.

It is ordered, also, that copies of these proceedings be sent to *The Churchman* and the *Church Journal*, for publication.

SAMUEL SEABURY, *Rector.*

BENJAMIN A. MUMFORD, *Warden.*

WM. H. WISNER,

C. L. NORTON,

S. P. NASH,

FLOYD SMITH,

WM. P. LEE,

F. A. GUION,

GEO. PLATT,

Vestrymen.

GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.—Being desirous of contributing to the circulation of the following important and valuable notice, we take it from *The Churchman*. The American Church, and the great work it has to do in the cause of religion and of human welfare, are deeply interested in having its Seminary kept true to the maintenance and increase among its clergy of sound theological literature.

[For the *Churchman*.]

GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

Mr. Editor.—You will greatly oblige me, and I think will confer a favor on applicants for admission into the Seminary, by giving the following notice an insertion in your columns.

The Faculty have devolved on me the duty of examining the candidates in Greek; and I am particularly desirous that every individual may know that the amount of preparation stated below shall be strictly insisted on. No one need apply for admission unless he can read, translate, and *parse*, any portions of the Gospels and Acts which may be assigned him. I will except the 27th chapter of the last book, on account of its technical phraseology, but shall expect *grammatical* preparation in every other portion, paying particular attention to the forms and tenses of the verb. Long experience has satisfied me that even some graduates of our most respectable colleges cannot pass creditably such an ordeal; and young men come to us constantly, who are either ignorant of the requisition or indifferent to it, supposing that they can learn the Greek in the Seminary. Now the very design of the requirement is that, being fully prepared in the Gospels and Acts, as a *grammatical* exercise, before they come, they may, during the Seminary course, be able to devote their whole attention to the *exegetical* department. And those who have previously made this preparation can pursue their Biblical studies with satisfaction, while the others are hampered during the whole course.

I send this communication early, to enable all who intend to apply for admission in October next, to make, during the intervening three months, such preparation as may be necessary. Periodicals favorable to the cause of

sound literary preparation in candidates for the sacred ministry, are respectfully solicited to circulate this notice.

SAMUEL H. TURNER,
Dean of the Faculty.

Gen. Theol. Seminary, June 20, 1854.

Terms of Admission into the General Theological Seminary.

Every person producing to the Faculty satisfactory evidence of his having been admitted a candidate for Holy Orders, with full qualifications, according to the Canons of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, will be received as a Student in the Seminary. All others may be admitted, who produce satisfactory evidence of religious and moral character, of classical and scientific attainments, of attachment to the Protestant Episcopal Church, and, in general, of such dispositions and habits as may render them apt and meet to exercise the ministry. All candidates for admission into the Seminary are required to stand a satisfactory examination on the Greek Grammar, and on the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles, in the original, with a view to ascertain their fitness to pursue a critical and exegetical course of study in the New Testament. They must also be able to read and pronounce the Hebrew with facility, according to the Masoretic punctuation, and be acquainted with the paradigm of a regular verb, in all its conjugations. They must also sustain an examination upon the rules and principles of English composition, and present a specimen of their proficiency in that department. The above requisitions will be strictly enforced.

Those who intend entering the Seminary are requested to present themselves for examination during the week immediately preceding the opening of the Seminary, on the first Monday in October.

Every candidate must enter the Junior or lowest Class, at the commencement of the Fall Session, or stand a *satisfactory examination* on the studies which have been pursued by the Class into which he seeks admittance.

The Seminary year begins on the first Monday in October, and ends on the Saturday next succeeding the fourth Tuesday in June.

Book Table.

A POPULAR ACCOUNT OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS. Revised and Abridged from his larger Work. By Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson. 2 vols. New-York: Harpers. 1854.

The great expensiveness of Wilkinson's "Ancient Egyptians," as well as the copiousness of detail and elaborateness of illustration, have hitherto prevented the wide circulation of that very valuable work. This was, on every account, to be regretted, for Sir Gardner Wilkinson is the very highest authority on all matters of the kind; we look, therefore, upon what he has recently done, as a noble benefaction to the great mass of intelligent readers in America as well as England. For now we have the *results*, the *substance*, the *real-gist*, of the whole matter, in the compass of the volumes just issued; and all brought down; too, to the latest point in Egyptological researches. Several hundred illustrations add most materially to the value of the work; in a word, no intelligent man can dispense with Wilkinson's pleasant and valuable volumes.

RUSSIA. Translated from the French of the Marquis de Custine. New-York: Appletons. 1854.

In this volume of over 500 pages, we have one of the most readable books which it has been our lot to meet with, on the subject to which it is devoted. It is written with all the vivacity of a Frenchman of rank and

genius, but is wanting in neither depth nor force. Of the *accuracy* of the information conveyed we have no special means of judging; yet we will not doubt that it is fully as reliable as any other work from a foreigner, respecting Russian affairs, ever can be. We say this, not to find fault with the Marquis's interesting book, but simply to throw out the suggestion to our readers, of the next to impossibility of attaining clear and certain information of the true state of things in a country where so much deception and fraud are practised, from the imperial throne down to the lowest serf in the land. With this suggestion, we beg leave to commend the volume heartily to our readers.

AMENIA AND ERZERROOM. By the Hon. Robert Curzon. With Maps, &c. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1854.

Mr. Curzon's very pleasant volume, entitled the "Monasteries of the Levant," gave him a reputation as an accomplished and sensible writer, which the present volume will in nowise diminish. It is, indeed, a pleasant and interesting book, and we doubt not our readers will enjoy it quite as much as we have done. Beyond this we cannot say that it possesses any great value.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM COWPER. 2 vols., 8vo. Appletons. 1854.

The very beautiful edition of the English poets, which the Appletons are issuing, under Mr. Gilfillan's editorship, continues to maintain the high rank which it once assumed on the appearance of the very first volume. The works of Cowper—the true, noble, manly, yet unhappy Cowper—are the last volumes which have appeared; and we heartily wish that they might find a home in every Christian family in the land. Cowper's is a name that no Christian can ever well forget; his poems, though not of the highest order of genius, are yet dear to all who love truth and righteousness.

THE COURSE OF TIME. By Robert Pollok. With Notes by J. R. Boyd. New-York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1854.

Pollok, we frankly confess, is no special favorite of ours; yet we do not forget his deep-toned, fervid piety, and his love for the true and the good. Looked at in a critical point of view, the "Course of Time" strikes us as below the standard which the Editor, Mr. Boyd, claims for it; it contains fine passages, but as a whole is badly constructed, and, as a consequence, subjects the author to numerous difficulties. Of course, we regard any comparison with Milton as utterly out of the question; nevertheless, considering the end and aim of the youthful author, great allowance should be made, and the good sought to be attained by him should be fostered as much as possible. Mr. Boyd's Preface and Critical Observations are good, and the edition is well printed, and well adapted to family and academic use.

We have received from REDFIELD several of his superior editions of standard American Novels:—viz.: KATHERINE WALTON, by Simms; CALAVAR, or the Knight of the Conquest; and NICK OF THE WOODS, or the Jibbenainosay, both by Dr. R. M. Bird. Of Mr. Simms's stories of Revolutionary days we have already spoken in terms of praise. We are glad to have the opportunity to do the same in respect to Dr. Bird's novels, named above. The style of their getting up, aided by Darley's graphic pencil, render this issue the very best which has ever been made of national works of this kind.

LECTURES ON THE TRUE, THE BEAUTIFUL, THE GOOD. By M. V. Cousin. From the French, by O. W. Wight. New-York: Appletons. 8vo. 1854.

Cousin belongs to an order of philosophers for whom we entertain a sincere respect, and even admiration; for, though *eclecticism* is not capable of

accomplishing what many may and do claim for it, yet it has its decided advantages, and in the hands of a pious and devoted Christian may be used both lawfully and advantageously. Hence we really like Cousin, and wish him the wider success, because his influence, his eloquence, and all he possesses, is in favor of the right, and the true cause of renovated manhood. The present volume will not diminish the regard of his friends and admirers, but the reverse; for we think it surpasses, in some respects, anything which Cousin has ever yet published. The volume is gotten up in the Appletons' usually beautiful style.

THE PLURALITY OF WORLDS. With an Introduction. By Edward Hitchcock, D. D., President of Amherst College, and Professor of Theology and Geology. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 59 Washington-street. 1854.

This new work, which is an anonymous contribution to the literature of the day, appears, upon a brief examination, to be written with much clearness and ability. Its style is forcible and unaffected, and the subjects of which it treats are of unavoidable interest to the thoughtful mind. Much valuable information, upon scientific subjects, is connected with an elaborate discussion of theories which have, from time to time, obtained with various authors. He refers often to Chalmers, and quotes freely from him, and appears properly to appreciate the merits of that master mind. Altogether, the book is fine reading; leading us away from the engrossing and petty cares of every-day life, to higher and more ennobling considerations, and is calculated, whether we coincide with the author or not, to confirm our faith in the truths of the Christian Religion. The object of the book is to oppose the theory, supported by Chalmers, that the other planets are inhabited by intelligent beings. The argument is based upon the facts which Geology has discovered.

THE LORD'S DAY. New-York: Stanford & Swords, 637 Broadway. 1854.

This is the title of a most admirable publication, in the form of a tract, upon a subject of the greatest importance to man, and particularly needed by the neglect and remissness of the times in which we live. Men have ever, in their blindness and perversity, sought to destroy that which is most necessary to their true elevation and happiness, and have always wandered away from the only path which leads them to certain safety and true blessedness. We may grieve to see the Sabbath profaned, and see the proper observation of it daily ceasing from our neighborhood and nation; but we need never wonder; for against this Divine institution, fraught with unspeakable good to the children of men, the powers of evil will ever wage a desperate battle. Is not this the Day, of all others, when the Gospel that saves is preached to the rich and to the poor; when rest, that refreshes the weary, and lengthens life, is offered to all, from the inevitable cares and toils of life, and when leisure from God Himself (which we cannot as well command through the days and hours of the busy week) comes to us, hallowed for purposes of prayer, meditation, and self-examination? The work comprises five chapters—the first, proving that “a Sabbath was appointed by the Almighty;” the second, “proving its obligations;” the third, “showing how often the Sabbath was observed;” the fourth, dwelling at large, and very satisfactorily, on “the change of the Sabbath from the seventh to the first day of the week, and the obligations which make it the duty of all men to keep the Lord's Day;” and the fifth, showing “the spirit and the manner in which the Lord's Day should be kept.” This Tract deserves wide circulation, and the strictest reading and attention, even from those who have ever been accustomed to respect and observe the day. *They* will find instruction, encouragement, and reproof, in all its pages.

THE WORDS OF JESUS. By the author of “The Morning and Night Watches,” “The Faithful Promises,” &c., &c. Taken from the last London Edition. New-York: Stanford & Swords, No. 637 Broadway. 1854.

The title of this little volume is attractive, and promises well for its intention. We find it, upon examination, worthy a welcome to the family collection. It is an excellent book, divided into short chapters, all practical, comforting, and encouraging; suitable to take up when too much occupied for reading of any length, and to raise up the soul above petty cares and annoyances—to *Him Who is the only abiding, true, and faithful Friend.*

SUNLIGHT THROUGH THE MIST. Being Conversations between a Mother and her Children on Luther and the Reformation. By a Lady. With Illustrations. New-York: Stanford & Swords, No. 637 Broadway. 1854.

This is the title of a new volume for the little folks, just received, and which promises entertainment and instruction. It is beautifully got up; the binding, ornamenting, paper and type, are all very tasteful, and perfect in their way. Valuable historical facts are collected, and clothed in just fiction enough to tempt the young to read them. The intention of the author has been exceedingly well carried out, and the volume deserves success.

CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS OF T. NOON TALFOURD, author of "Ion." Third American Edition. With Additional Articles never before Published in this Country. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, and Company. New-York: James C. Derby. 1854.

This interesting work comprises a collection of thirty-two articles, on various subjects, from the pen of this gifted author. His reputation for talent and power, long since earned, will lead many to examine its merits. His style is animated and brilliant.

VIOLET: The Child of the City. A Story of New-York Life. By Robert F. Greeley. New-York: Bunce and Brothers, Publishers, 134 Nassau-street. 1854.

A new romance, written in a lively vein, intended to present a picture of life as it is, in many lights. In the Preface the author seems to promise something that will illustrate the need of the Children's Aid Society. He quotes from the "*Times*" upon this all-important topic; and seems to take a true interest in the improvement and relief of these countless sufferers. The book contains many good things upon the subject of extravagant living, and the dire results to which it leads.

A LAMP TO THE PATH; or, The Bible in the Heart, the Home, and the Market-Place. By the Rev. W. K. Tweedie, D. D., Free Tolbooth Church, Edinburgh, author of "Glad Tidings," "Seed-Time and Harvest." Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 59 Washington-street. 1854.

Another admirable little volume, for practical Christian purposes, from these enterprising publishers. These books are most delightful reading, filled with instruction and wisdom. The exterior is neat and tasteful, and the paper and printing excellent. We welcome it to the religious library.

GUIDO AND JULIUS; or, Sin, and the Propitiator, Exhibited in the True Consecration of the Skeptic. By Frederick Aug. D. Tholuck, D. D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Halle. Translated from the German, by Jonathan Edwards Ryland. With an Introductory Preface, by John Pye Smyth, D. D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 59 Washington-street. 1854.

This appears, upon a first examination, to be a very pleasing little work, in the form of a narrative, and correspondence between two college friends. Its object—that of offering an antidote to skepticism and unbelief, in their many forms—is admirable, and the general appearance of the work altogether in its favor. May the good intentions of the author be realized, through its agency, in recommending pure and undefiled religion to the young.

NEW RECEIPTS FOR COOKING. By Miss Leslie. Comprising all the New and Approved Methods for Preparing all kinds of Soups, Meats, Cakes, &c., &c., &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, No. 102 Chestnut-street.

This is a very handsome edition of a work much valued by housekeepers, and which has already attained such a reputation in its peculiar department, that what we can say in its favor is almost needless. Its descriptions are very attractive, and we hope may prove good for practical purposes.

Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

ORDINATIONS.

Priests.

Ala.—May 14. Rev. Reuben Denton Nevins, Rev. Stephen Uriah Smith.—2.

Md.—June 11. Rev. Julius M. Dashiel. — 21. Rev. Franklin La Fayette Knight, A. M.—2.

New-York—June 11. Rev. Robert Lowry, Rev. Nicholas J. Seely.—2.

N. Carolina—June 4. Rev. A. F. Neville Rolfe.—1.

Penn.—June 4. Rev. Aaron Christman.—1.

Texas—May 28. Rev. Joseph Wood Dunn.—1.

Va.—May 28. Rev. John W. Chevers, Rev. William M. Nelson.—2.

W. New-York—June 18. Rev. Henry A. Neely.—1.—12.

Deacons.

Ala.—May 9. Stephen R. Wright.—1.

Me.—June 11. Charles H. Wheeler.—1.

Md.—June 11. Edward Colburn, A. B.; Joseph H. Coit, A. B.—2.

Mass.—June 13. Benjamin H. Chase.—1.

N. Carolina—May 21. John Beckwith, Jun., B. S. Bronson.—2.

Penn.—June 9. Charles H. Albert.—11. James W. Robins.—2.

S. Carolina—May 16. A. Toomer Porter.—1.

Texas—May 28. Hannibal Pratt, George Rottenstein.—2.

Va.—May 28.—Dabney Davis, Edward Anthon.—2.—14.

CONSECRATION OF CHURCHES.

Ala.—May 16. St. Luke's Church, Cahaba.—1.

La.—May 10. Christ Church, Assumption.—1.

Me.—June 8. St. Peter's Church, Rockland.—1.

Md.—June 6. St. Peter's Church, Ellicott's Mills, Howard County.—1.

New-York—June 1. St. George's Church, Flushing, Queens County.—1.

Penn.—May 3. Christ Church, Greensburg, Westmoreland County. June 23. St. Andrew's Church, Mantua.—2.

W. New-York—June 15. Grace Church, Waterville.—1.—8.

CONFIRMATIONS.

Conn.—May 22. St. Peter's Ch., Plymouth, 8. — 23. Christ Church, Harwinton, 2. — 27. Trinity Church, Milton, 4. — 28. Christ Church, Bethlehem, 3. — 29. St. Paul's Church, Woodbury, 11. — June 4. St. Gabriel's, Windsor, 4; Christ Church, Hartford, 24. — 5. St. John's, Warehouse Point, 11. — Lately. Christ Church, Roxbury, 1; St. Paul's, Bridgewater, 1.—69.

Florida—May 3. Christ Church, Pensacola, 1. — 7. St. John's Church, Warrington, 4. — 8. Christ Church, Pensacola, 1.—6.

Iowa—May 24 to June 1. Trinity Church, Muscatine, 11; St. John's, Keokuk, 9; Trinity, Davenport, 8.—28.

La.—May 14 to 28. Christ Church, New-Orleans, 32; Trinity, 15; Ch. of the Annunciation, 17; St. Peter's, for Seamen, 5.—June 4. Christ Ch., Covington, 3; Madisonville, 1.—73.

Me.—June 4. Christ Church, Gardiner, 12. — 16. St. Luke's Church, Portland, 7. — 17. Trinity Church,

Saco, 1. — 18. St. Stephen's Church, Portland, 14.—34.

Md.—June 4. St. Luke's Church, Baltimore, 36. — 6. St. Peter's Ch., Ellicott's Mills, Howard County, 26. — 15. St. Paul's Church, Sharpsburgh, Washington County, 2. — 16. St. Thomas's Church, Hancock, do., 8. — 17. St. Andrew's Church, Clear Spring, do., 5. — 18. St. John's Ch., Hagerstown, 5; St. Mark's Church, Luppors Cross Roads, Washington County, 1. — 21. St. Stephen's Ch., North Sassafras Parish, Cecil County, 7.—90.

Mich.—April 14. Christ Church, Detroit, 9. — 23. St. Paul's Church, do., 15. — 30. St. Luke's Church, Ypsilanti, 5.—May 21. St. James's Parish, Dexter, 3. — 25. Zion Ch'ch, Pontiac, 1. — 26. St. Paul's Church, Flint, 9. — 28. St. John's Parish, Saginaw City, 6. — 29. Trinity Parish, Lower Saginaw, 7.—55.

Miss.—May 21. Trinity Church, Natchez, 16.—16.

New-Jersey—May 30. Grace Ch., Newark, 14.—14.

New-York—May 28. Church of the Holy Communion, New-York, 2. June 11. Christ Church, Troy, 16.—18.

Ohio—Lately. Dresden, 16; Madison, 3; Strongville, 3; Penfield, 2; Medina, 13; Massillon, 4; Hudson, 8; Cayahoga Falls, 7; Akron, 2; Warren, 7; Boardman, 6; Canfield, 4; St. Paul's, Cincinnati, 19.—94.

Penn.—May 12. St. Peter's, Philadelphia, 4. — 14. Swedes' Church, Upper Marion, 9; St. John's, Norristown, 4. — 20. St. Peter's Church, Philadelphia, (in private.) 1. — 21. St. Matthew's, Francisville, 10. — 28. All Saints', 1. St. Philip's, Philadelphia, 32. — 31. Church of the Mediator, 6.—June 4. St. Gabriel's, Morlatten, 6. — 6. St. Peter's Church, Philadelphia, (in private.) 1. — 9. St. Mark's, Mauch Chunk, 1. — 11. Church of the Evangelist, Philadelphia, 21.—96.

S. Carolina—May 14. Grace Ch., Charleston, 16.—16.

Tenn.—May. St. Luke's Church, Jackson, 13.—13.

W. New-York—May 28. Grace Church, Lockport, 16; Christ Ch., do., 5. — 29. St. Paul's Church, Lewiston, 19. — 30. Royalton, 2. — 31. St. John's Church, Medina, 10.—June 1. Christ Church, Albion, 12.—2. St. Luke's Church, Brockport, 15. — 4. St. James's Church, Batavia, 17; St. John's Church, Stafford, 14. — 5. St. George's Church, Mumford, 1; St. Mark's Church, Le Roy, 10.—12. St. James's Ch., Syracuse, 5. — 15. Grace Church, Waterville, 11; St. Paul's Church, Paris Hill, 1. — 17. St. Stephen's Church, New Hartford, 3. — 18. Grace, Utica, 21. — 21. Whitesboro', 4; St. Peter's Church, Oriskany, 5. — 22. Zion Ch., Rome, 20. — 23. Christ Church, Manlius, 6. — 24. St. Mark's Church, Jamesville, 1. — 25. Christ Church, Jordan, 8. — 206.—828.

CLERICAL CHANGES.

Rev. Henry S. Atwater, to the Rectorship of St. Andrew's Church, Kent, Connecticut.

Rev. William W. Bours, to the temporary charge of St. James's Free Church, Syracuse, Western New-York.

Rev. Gordon M. Bradley, to Quincy, Massachusetts.

Rev. John Brainard, as Assistant to the Rector of Grace Church, Baltimore.

Rev. David Caldwell, to Immanuel, Hanover, and St. Peter's, New Kent, (Post-office, "Old Church, Hanover County,") Virginia.

Rev. Seth Davis, to the temporary charge of the Parish at Woodbury, Connecticut.

Rev. Caleb B. Ellsworth, to Prattsville, Greene County, New-York.

Rev. Alonzo B. Flanders, to St. Paul's Church, Wickford, Rhode Island.

Rev. Edward R. Lycett, to Bangor Church, Churchtown, and St. Thomas's Ch., Morgantown, (Post-office, Churchtown, Lancaster County,) Pennsylvania.

Rev. William Norwood, D. D., to the

- Rectorship of Christ Ch., Georgetown, District of Columbia.
 Rev. Charles M. Parkman, to Elizabeth City, North Carolina.
 Rev. Charles E. Phelps, to the Missionary Station, Roslyn, Queens County, New-York.
 Rev. James Maxwell Pringle, Post-office, Wateree, South Carolina.
 Rev. Frederick W. Shelton, to Montpelier, Vermont.
 Rev. J. Howard Smith, to the Rectorship of the Church of the Intercession, New-York.
 Rev. Abraham J. Warner, to Farm-ridge, La Salle County, Illinois.
- Academic Honor.*
 D. D.
 Rev. Aldert Smedes, by the University of North Carolina.
- Died,*
 June 4. At St. Alban's, Vermont, Rev. Edward F. Putnam, late Rector of Christ Church, Montpelier, Vermont, aged 33.
 — 8. At La Porte, Indiana, Rev. William W. Niles, of the Diocese of New-York, aged 57.
- Deposed,*
 June 20. Rev. William H. Good, of Tennessee.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO CHURCH INSTITUTIONS AND OBJECTS IN THE UNITED STATES, AND IN THE DIOCESE OF NEW-YORK.

Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States:—		
Domestic Committee.....	\$1,848 72	
Foreign Committee.....	6,558 65	
		\$8,407 37
Diocesan Missionary Committee.....		460 76
Diocesan Education Fund.....		34 75
Diocesan Fund for the Relief of Aged and Infirm Clergymen.....		90 37
Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society for Seamen in the City and Port of New-York.....		1,241 63
New-York Bible and Common Prayer-Book Society.....		1,155 78
Protestant Episcopal Tract Society.....		142 90

Calendar for August.

6. Eighth Sunday after Trinity.
 13. Ninth Sunday after Trinity.
 20. Tenth Sunday after Trinity.
 24. St. Bartholomew the Apostle.
 27. Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—“O.” and “K.” are received.

THE
Churchman's Monthly Magazine.

Vol. I.

SEPTEMBER, 1854.

No. 9.

THE SYROPHENICIAN WOMAN.

ZION is God's chief joy: yet the whole earth is His loving care. It is a pointed fact, in the economy of grace, that Abraham—our spiritual ancestor, the spiritual ancestor of the whole elect Church—had “the righteousness of faith” before he obtained the covenant-seal of righteousness and of faith: even at that earlier period, while he was yet uncircumcised, “faith was reckoned, or counted to him for righteousness,” *i. e.*, for justification.—(Rom. iv.) But though he possessed and enjoyed both these graces, the ratifying seal was nevertheless obligatory on him, when that rite was commanded by Jehovah, as the initial covenant ordinance of the chosen people of God. The distinctive introductory sacrament enjoined on one already so prominent in holy character and the heavenly mind, is a broad proof of the high and inevitable claim of the earthly Church. And, by the cogent argument of complemental inference, the same notable fact declares emphatically the magnitude of the error of ignoring the Church, or disregarding or despising it, of declining enrolment in its elected host, be the cause what it may, provided its heavenly demand be known, and there be opportunity to comply with it. To be sacramentally admitted and entered into Christ's holy Church, even though the heart be already newly created and born anew, is to advance from a much inferior to a far loftier spiritual standing: from being strangers to the covenant of promise, to being children of that covenant; from being aliens, to becoming fellow-citizens with the saints, and members of the household of God. Stronger terms of contrast may be applied to these two unlike conditions; as will be found in the narrative of the Syrophenician Woman, recorded in Matt. xv. and Mark vii.: the whole furnishing both evidence and illustration of all the truth now intimated to the reader.

Our Saviour—during the middle period of His earthly ministry—departing for a brief space from the holy land proper, went to the district of Tyre and Sidon, to their neighborhood, where

the inhabitants were heathen. It was denominated Syrophenicia, or the Phenicia included in Syria, and thus distinguished from Lybophenicia, the Lybian Phenician kingdom of Carthage, subjugated by Rome. The early Phenicians had been an extensively colonizing people, so that, by another and wider grouping of the expansive race, they are arranged as—Maritime—Mediterranean—and Syrian, or Syrophenician: the latter having been the root or primal strip of this eminently diffusive branch of the human family.* They were prominent in arts and in idolatry.

In the region mentioned, our Lord was met by a woman of that country, called a "Greek" or Gentile, and also termed "a woman of Canaan," being doubtless (with perhaps a Greek ancestral mixture) a descendant of the old Canaanites; for some of these impure idolist fanatics had been allowed to remain alive, contrary to the divine command for their utter extermination, proclaimed to the Israelites when giving them the promised land. This pagan woman, yet decidedly better than pagan, born and dwelling on the verge of the hallowed light refulgent in Judea, the then Church, had heard of the benevolent miracles of Jesus, even now widely known; and, having in her own family a direful need of heavenly succor, she humbly importuned Him—"Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou Son of David, my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil." Her earnest entreaty afforded opportunity for very important instruction. Silence, however, silence amounting almost in appearance to a negative, was the first intimation of our Saviour's thoughts; which doubtless included a trial and a larger development of her highly honorable faith; and which were afterwards broadly declared; when she continued urgent—"I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel"—my mission is to "the Jew first," not yet to "the Gentile," though his time also is at hand. The afflicted woman then, fearing that this reply amounted to a refusal, "came and worshipped Him," and implored Him with yet more passionate entreaty, "Lord, help me."

Contemplate here, thoughtful reader, the deep and earnest piety of this remarkable woman, who verily was a Gentile only because not distinctively a Jew. She avows the lowly peasant or mechanic prophet to be "Lord" and the "Son of David:" the former compellation, "Lord," meaning at the lowest interpretation a grand personage; or rather an acknowledged chief, though to a Syrophenician no Jew was either magistrate or magnate; and more truly, a supernatural person, to perform the supernatural work requested—her soul honored highmost ability and authority in the humble Nazarene: the other title, "Son of David," acknowledging him to be the Messiah, the hitherto un-

* See Parkhurst: also, Pol. Syn. quoting Lightfoot: also, Calmet.

revealed "Desire of all nations"—it was a common appellative of the Christ among the Jews—and she was evidently more than half a proselyte to the wonderful and sanative truths imparted from above by Moses and the prophets. Not unacquainted with the exalted character of Him she addressed, the yearning mother came nearer and "worshipped" Jesus, with the adoration due to the more than human prophet. Could we ask a loftier or deeper faith, in even the best informed at that early period? "Lord—Son of David—worship—power to cure incurability"—were not empty acknowledgments: such tokens of energetic belief are cumulative, and have the force of cumulative demonstration.

To manifest clearly, to the assemblage about them, her living and potent faith, and to improve it yet more, like other virtues, by a healthful trial, our Saviour, to her prayer, "Lord, help me," replies, "It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to dogs." The Jews were the "children," the Church, and had the first right to the miracles that were to remould it into the Church of the Gospel, then being instated as the final covenant-centre of truth, and the perfected covenant-channel of grace. At that period, likewise, all men who were not Jews were "dogs:" a "hard saying," yet uttered by Him who was gentle and meek beyond what mere human nature *can* be. And, therefore, the harder the saying, the more certain that it was truth, not a casual proverb: the harder the saying, the more certain that it was weighty truth, overawing the very moot of courtesy. It was due to the elective ordainment of God, profoundly wise and benevolent, that the heathen, though even inwardly hallowed, acknowledge their deep spiritual inferiority to His own "Israel," however revolting the personal humiliation. Dogs—children! it was a sternly veritable contrast.

But it is a quality of true faith not to be weary or intractable under discipline; it will ever "pray and not faint," emulating the unfatigued supplication of the poor widow, who, after long deferment, at length happily obtained her request. Though ignorant of the letter of this holy maxim, the Syrophenician woman had the spirit of it in her soul: And He who promised, "Ask, and ye shall receive," suffered not her heart-faith to petition in vain. The "children's bread" must not be thrown to "dogs"—animals deemed execrable in the East—a terribly severe epithet, and one that would be contumelious from any but inspired lips. Yet—"Truth, Lord"—is her meek reply—the Jews are verily God's covenant children, and can best improve the heavenly charities of the Messiah—"yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters* table"—"the dogs under the table eat of the chil-

* The word is plural, *κύριων*, masters', i. e., children's; not Master's, singular, as often misprinted.

dren's crumbs"—the children are indeed masters, nevertheless the lowest creatures obtain food from God, and we half-enlightened heathen cannot be lower than they—"let me have such kindness as the dogs of any family enjoy:" (Macknight :*) and moreover, the benevolence I ask of thee in behalf of my daughter will not be entirely lost, for, besides that the Jews dwelling here and the very heathen may profit by the miracle, my own faith is as ready to be confirmed and improved by the supernatural deed, as my feelings are to derive comfort from the compassionate relief vouchsafed by the Lord, the Son of David. Behold, reader, the faith, the patience, the self-subduing humility, of a most eminent saint not in the kingdom of saints!

Her trial was complete, and honorably borne; and the Redeemer finally responded to her earnest expostulation, "O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt." And the daughter of the triumphantly believing mother was "made whole from that very hour."

WE, of the Gospel and of the Church, are so inured to the fullest light, beholding it so early, and growing in it so continually, that we can hardly comprehend the remarkable and holy and humble energy of the inward man in some of those who fed on the "crumbs" only of saving truth. The scope of intellectual or promptly intelligible faith in many of us may be incomparably larger than in the "woman of Canaan." Contrasting, however, the respective opportunities, her piety, in the new-born gentle will and in hallowed affections, will certainly be "found unto" greater "honor and praise." And when the preferred "children" reflect that there have been contemned "dogs" who vitally excel them, and probably still are, ought they not to be stirred and steadfast to the deepest vigor of the faith that conquers the soul?

Nevertheless, the inferior standing of even the most godly out of the Church is prominently declared in the narrative before us. The more we Christians repugn the loathsome epithet of "dogs" for any human being, the more stringently do we ratify the degradation of heathenism, and indeed of all alienage from Zion, and avow the more implicitly the honor of God's covenant household—be that degradation what it may—be that honor what it may: for where God ordains an advantage or a preference, it matters not whether man comprehend the ground of the divine dilection, or the full nature of the benefit. Understood or not understood the reason for the opprobrium, the term "dogs" was applied by our Lord Himself to the Gentiles, as such, though He might have called them more delicately, "foreigners, or subordinates, or hinds, or bondmen," as compared with "children:" for merely figurative contrast, there needed not the extreme figure; but for truth, it was relevant, appropriate, verily needful. And as the term was

* Family dogs are better known to occidental and modern nations.

current in and about Judea, He could not have employed it loosely, but only with the current meaning, which was entirely reproachful : not even latent pleasantry, nulling the reproach, would be decorous, when a man of dignity argues with a woman in anguish, with a mother broken-hearted by her daughter's calamity. The unvarnished import, therefore, of the metaphorical word is here its one and true sense—the word and the meaning that were proper by usage and for the test and the credit of the godly woman's sterling faith. "Dogs" were unclean by the law of Moses; and are yet so deemed in the wide Levant regions. They were proverbially despicable; "a dead dog" is a disparagement several times recorded; "is thy servant a dog," said the presumptuous Hazeel; and Job complains of revilers "whose fathers I would have disdained to have set with the dogs of my flock;" and only because "a living dog is better than a dead lion," there may be "hope" for any "living" man, though too much degraded for anything but hope: vileness, proverbial vileness, is the stamped meaning of all such language. The word is applied also to the desperately wicked, who are as "a dog returning to his own vomit."* And the gross term, in its gross import, was indiscriminately thrust upon the Gentiles—who very largely merited the scorn, though the Jews as largely were too depraved and arrogant to "cast that stone at them." As common language our Saviour employed the term, making it fruitful of deep and weighty instruction, for the woman, for the twelve, for all believers.

The heavenly nutriment for the soul, provided in the house of God, is intended for the "children" of that house primarily and principally, the bounty issuing from God's covenant grant: and hence, as the ordinary rule, divine truth is but feebly known out of the Christian pale, and far from Christian influence. Yet none are debarred a participation, if Providence allow the welcome opportunity. The Church scheme is not one of narrow favoritism, whether capricious or sovereign, but a wide and diffusive plan of mercy, though, like all progressive earthly melioration, it must begin at some one point, from which to enlarge gradually, till all may partake of the benefit. In the mean time, the magnitude of the moral and the heart-healing benefit measures the advantage of the Church estate, and the disadvantage of the want of that light and comfort for the inward man—a disadvantage often of the greatest gloom and torture; yet to both the

* Further: In Ps. xxii. 16, we have, "dogs have compassed me," i. e., violent men, persecutors: and in v. 20, "power of the Dog" must refer to Satan, being parallel with Luke, xxii. 53, "power of [the Lord of] darkness." Yet again; we retain even now the contempt and the condemnation, in the phrases, "go to the dogs," and "send to the dogs," almost equivalent to—"to the d—l." Mahomedans inflict the disparaging epithet freely and bitterly upon Christians. Viewed any way, every way, the name is sternly opprobrious.

advantage and the disadvantage "the Judge of all the earth will do right," in the day of final retribution.

And our little narrative portrays all this **TWOFOLD** inculcation, in a real occurrence, and in the very strongest colors—that of God's supreme goodness to the Church—and that of His sovereign equity to all men, without exception, according to the opportunities allowed them, "according to that they have, and not according to that they have not." Our Lord's high commendation of the woman's "faith" ranks her with "the [morally new-born] children of God scattered abroad" beyond the limit of the Church, with the "other sheep of his, not of [the covenant] fold:" and her acceptance by the Redeemer is both an earnest and an anticipative actual instance of the Calling of the Gentiles. And yet the best of these, "God's children" out of the realm, are not exempted from the untoward epithet resting on the Gentiles at large: and themselves bow to the grating rebuke. The "dogs" are to humble their spirit to a meek acknowledgment of the higher franchise of the "children"—making thus the revilement a blessing. The "children" of the Church must fraternally rejoice, when unreputable "dogs," aliens of whatever kind, are frankly commended to their imitation, as having "faith" and godliness most lovingly approved by the Judge Himself. Such, in both points, reader, is the Monarch's will: and it is not for man, the vassal, to reject or to controvert either branch of the heavenly ordainment. Be the divine ulterior motive for the discrimination what it may—and on that topic we are not to be overcurious—there is a wide difference between being *in* the Church visible and being *out* of it: while yet God's regal benignity will never reject those, unavoidably out of the happy fold of Zion, who, according to the best light they can obtain, devoutly cultivate Him and His hallowed will, and His atoning redemption, in their ever earnest and ever obedient hearts. o.

PHILADELPHIA, *July*, 1854.

CREATION'S HEART.

I STAND among old Earth's green hills,
The sun is setting slow;
Around me are the length'ning shades,
Above, the purple bow;
I hear a deep and murmuring sound,
Though all the hills are still;
It swells up through the trembling air,
The conscious heaven doth fill;
Great heart of Earth! throb on, throb on!
Each pulse is calm and deep,
That I may sink upon thy breast,
In quiet, trustful sleep.
The stars in shining train come out,
Beyond the depths of blue;
Bright worlds in the wide spaces crowd,
And shut the aching view;
I gaze till sight in soul is lost;
Beyond this burning wall,

Ten thousand rise, far, far withdrawn—
Ten thousand, yet not all;
Each orb is throbbing, strong and lone,
Though of the whole a part;
And all forever throb as one
Creation's mighty Heart.

I hear the sound, a deep, low tone,
From every heart of love,
And from the whole gives answer to
The ONE that throbs above;
A mighty anthem, rolling wide,
And deepening from afar,
The throbbing of Creation's Heart
From every shining star;
Through years and ages, centuries,
The drops of Time's deep river,
Flowing unchanged from sea to sea,
Goes up to God forever!

THE CHURCH AT SHANGHAI.

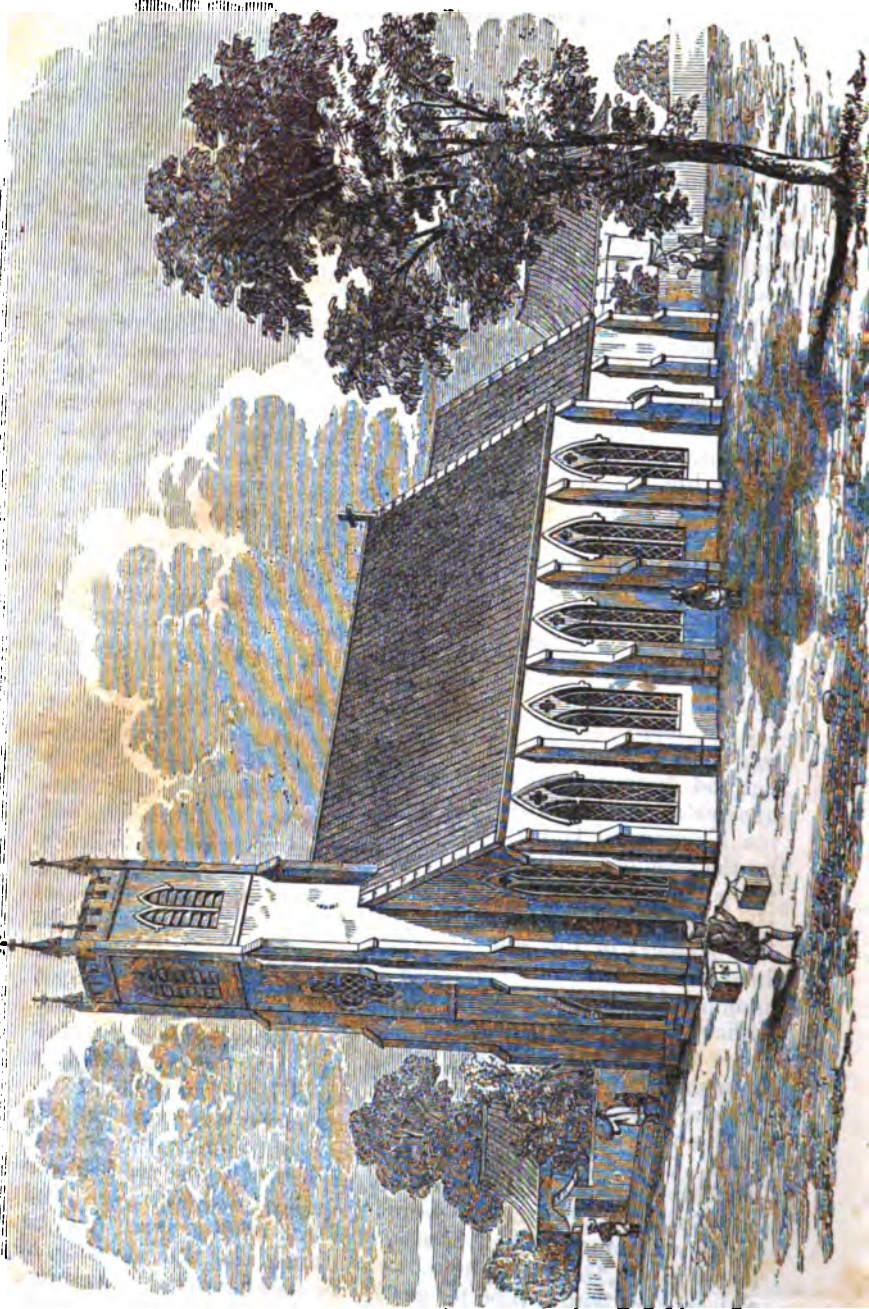
ON a Sunday, not long since, we had the great satisfaction of hearing the Rev. Mr. Syle, (one of the Missionaries of our Church to China,) who in two sermons, (morning and afternoon,) eloquently set forth the condition of the people in that most populous of all countries, containing, as it does, three hundred and sixty millions of inhabitants!

He said this great enterprise of our Mission to China originated in the "heart's thought" of one individual,—a student in our General Theological Seminary, some twenty years ago. He had meditated upon a nation, learned and refined, "wholly given to idolatry;"—from whom we received so many of the elegancies of life, but in return had never sought to "open to them the door of faith." He therefore determined to dedicate himself to the work of the ministry in that far region. Soon after he received Orders he closed a life of rare Christian excellence, and went, as we trust, to his exceeding great reward. The seed, however, he had sown in the minds of others sprang up in the fruit that has since appeared. The name of that individual was Augustus Lyde, a name which should be enshrined in all our hearts!

After many delays, and unsatisfactory attempts, the Mission was *thoroughly established* about nine years ago. The difficulties and discouragements of the Missionaries were shown in an unostentatious, but striking, manner by the preacher. The written language of China, used by the *learned*, is not understood by the *populace*,—and the Missionaries set themselves to learn the popular language as children would learn. In the course of six months they were able to converse with all whom they met. The jealousy of the Mandarins and the dread of suspicion withhold them from communicating freely with foreigners, but the innumerable multitude of other classes are approached without difficulty,—indeed, they seem willing to be instructed. Many there are who make agreement with the Bishop that their children shall be placed under his control for ten years, provided, at the end of that time, they shall be free to return to their homes. In this way they have a flourishing school for boys, and one for girls. Of the boys so educated, there is one admitted to Orders, and three are candidates;—others, of both schools, are believed to be sincere Christians;—some, doubtless, will fall away, and many will return to their homes, of whom nothing more shall be heard;—yet, the strong hope is entertained that the influence, of at least a portion, will be for good. School-houses and dwellings have been erected at a short distance from the city of Shanghai,

EPISCOPAL MISSION CHAPEL, SHANGHAI, CHINA.

W. L. L. 1890



—while the *church* stands in the midst of the *city*, distinctive in its architecture, and attractive in its appearance. Thousands inquire—"What is this building, so different from all others?" They are answered—"This is a temple for the worship of the one true God!" And in this temple the Missionaries "teach and preach Jesus Christ." Here, in the morning, portions of our service are read, and the converts who have been baptized are instructed out of the Scriptures; in the afternoon the heathen congregation assemble,—prayers are offered from our Liturgy in their own language, and a sermon preached; they are then invited to the vestry-room, where a familiar conversation, coupled with instruction, takes place. The results are as in the parable of the sower; some come once, and never again; some for a while, and then cease; others persevere, and are taught. The Missionaries are cautious in admitting converts to baptism, and desire they should well understand the nature of the vows before they assume them. Notwithstanding this, twenty-nine have already been baptized.

The city of Shanghai being a centre of commerce, is very favorably situated. The immense river upon which it stands flows through a most populous and productive region; the climate is good, and the country fertile to excess. Here thousands come from the interior, and with them the Missionaries have daily intercourse. No plan has been found so well suited to a course of instruction as the teaching of the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments. The still ignorant heathen will commit, for instance, the Creed to memory; but when stopped at the commencement, and examined thus—"You say I believe; what do you mean by *I*? what are you?" The reply, probably, will be—"I am a man, with a body, three souls, and six spirits." Such is the darkness of the benighted heathen! And they think that, after death, while two of their souls and their six spirits are disposed of in various ways, one soul (their identity) passes into the body of some animal, or wretched person, until they accomplish a certain number of transmigrations, to fit them for the heaven they believe in. Idolatry pervades every thought, and every action; at almost every step you find a temple, or a shrine, with its *idol*,—to the Queen of Heaven,—to the Earth,—to the Sea,—to any power they wish to propitiate.

Most feelingly did the preacher plead that help might be sent,—not so much in money, although that, too, is needed,—but in Missionaries. Ladies of refinement, education, and good breeding, as well as of piety, and devotion to the Missionary work, are greatly useful. The Chinese, although sunk in gross idolatry, are noted for learning and refinement. Such is the etiquette of Chinese life, that *female* missionaries alone have access to the

women of China ; besides that, they are peculiarly adapted to the instruction of the children. The *immediate* wants of the Mission are, a few more clergymen, a physician, a schoolmaster, and two or three candidates to spend a year before their ordination, on the field to which they will devote themselves. The work is arduous, the field extensive, and the laborers too few. May the Lord of the harvest send forth laborers into His harvest !

K.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.—*St. Matt. xxviii. 19.*

“THE Missionary field is always to be regarded as one, THE WORLD.” The Gospel, which, by the grace of God, is given unto us, is not preached, as it should be, “unto every creature.” The Apostolic ministry with which we are intrusted, is not sent, as it was designed to be, to “make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.” Christianity does not produce in our own country, in our immediate neighborhood, in our respective parishes, in our several families, in our individual hearts, those fruits of holiness and charity which it was given to bear. We are not acting up to the conditions of our constitution, as a Missionary Church ; and therefore God is not with us in the fullest manifestations of His truth and power.

Nothing can be clearer than that God desires the conversion of the World. Nothing can be more obvious than that it must be effected through the preaching of the Gospel of Christ. Nothing can be more certain than that it must be brought about by human means. Nothing can be more evident than that the responsibility of its accomplishment devolves upon the Church. Participation in Christian privilege is thus the first condition of Christian obligation. And the rule of our responsibility is simply this, “According to that a man hath it is accepted of him, and not according to that he hath not.”—*Bishop Doane.*

PRESBYTERIAN SAINTS.—Our Presbyterian brethren having copied our organs, our architecture, and, in some instances, our clerical garments, our Church names, and even our Liturgy—what else could be expected of them than that they should also copy our keeping of Saints’ Days ? We are sorry to see them begin with St. Valentine. He is not in our calendar.

SUMMER RAMBLES IN SCOTLAND.

BY REV. J. A. SPENCER, D. D.
Author of "The East," &c.

CHAPTER VI.

City of Glasgow—the Cathedral—Interior—the Crypt—General Appearance of the City—Prof. Nicol and the University—Pleasant Visit—His Notions as to our Country—Lanark—Falls of the Clyde—New Lanark—Conclusion.

GLASGOW is the first city in size and importance in Scotland, and the third in the United Kingdom in wealth, population, and commercial consequence. We took up our quarters at the "George Hotel," a good inn, situate on George Square, in a central and pleasant part of the town, and spent a few days very agreeably—that is, so far as the weather would permit, in examining various points of interest in and about the city. Allow me to mention briefly one or two things which I hope will interest the reader.

One of our first visits was, as was but natural, to the Cathedral. It is a noble old building, in a style of architecture highly ornamented for the Gothic and the age in which it was built, (A. D. 1133.) It stands on elevated ground, somewhat removed from the busy part of the town; and were it not disfigured by the abortion of gallery and high wooden pews in the choir, it would compare favorably with several of the cathedral edifices which we have seen. A very quiet, unassuming person went through the interior with us, and told us of the times of the "Episcopalian Bishops," as he termed them, who, some of them, have here monuments to their memory. Recently the interior has been undergoing repair and restoration, in accordance with that spirit which now happily prevails through both countries—I mean, the desire to retain in their original state the monuments of the past. The time has passed when it was thought necessary to deface and destroy the houses erected to the worship of Almighty God, because in the dark days of popish domination images and shrines were set up, and the creature received the honor due to the Creator. Would that wisdom had been learned earlier in this land, for nowhere has the furious and misguided zeal of indiscriminate and sweeping reformers left more lamentable evidences of its ruthless and wanton sway than in the church edifices which we have visited in Scotland. It is something that the descendants of the stern old Scotch iconoclasts regret the havoc which their forefathers made, in their hatred of popery; and though I would be far from drawing any unauthorized inferences from this fact, yet I think it is worth noticing, as some-

thing of an indication of better things, and of a better state of feeling towards those who, from the first, have condemned the tumultuous and senseless destruction of some of the noblest efforts of architectural genius and skill which the world ever saw. The reader will credit me for a propensity to hope for the best, and so will not wonder if I find food for that blessed gift of God to man, even in so small a matter as this.

Formerly three congregations of the established Kirk of Scotland—which, as everybody knows, is Presbyterian—occupied the Cathedral for public worship; at present there is only one congregation who use the part which was once the choir. It is arranged in a style wholly incongruous with the beautiful Gothic pillars, and arches, and windows. A gallery has been erected to afford room, and the floor is filled with high, straight-backed, plain-boarded pews, which are as much out of place in an edifice of this description as a tavern bench would be in her Majesty's palace at Windsor. I could not restrain an exclamation against the entire want of taste on the part of those who erected or suffered to be put here these unsightly objects. Passing down several steps into the crypt, which is under the choir, we entered that part where the Old Barony Kirk formerly was. It was here, amid the many massive pillars and low arches, that Rob Roy managed to give Frank Osbaldiston a warning, and escape ere he could be detected. As Sir Walter Scott has given a description of this part of the Cathedral, I gladly use his words, as a relief to anything that I can say:—"Conceive (is his language) an extensive range of low-browed, dark and twilight vaults, such as are used for sepulchres in other countries, and had long been dedicated to the same purpose in this, a portion of which was seated with pews, and used as a church. The part of the vaults thus occupied, though capable of containing a congregation of many hundreds, bore a small proportion to the darker and more extensive caverns which yawned around what may be termed the inhabited space. In those waste regions of oblivion, dusky banners and tattered escutcheons indicated the graves of those who were once, doubtless, 'princes in Israel.' Inscriptions, which could only be read by the painful antiquary, in language as obsolete as the act of devotional charity which they implored, invited the passengers to pray for the souls of those whose bodies rested beneath."

Ultimately, when the work of restoration has in some measure repaired the injuries caused by time and the fanatical zeal of some of the early Protestants, the cathedral of St. Mungo's city will be one of the most interesting remains of antiquity in Scotland. Long may it be preserved from the destroyer's hand, and never again may it be defiled with superstitious vanities and abominations! Though we have seen larger and more splendid

ecclesiastical edifices than this, and though it will not compare with some of those in the southern part of the island, yet I must do it justice to say that I was struck with its grave, dignified, and noble appearance, and that I left its time-honored walls and courts with mingled feelings of admiration and regret.*

At different times we had several walks through the city, and could not but observe the difference which is so marked between one part and another. The contrast is not, I think, quite so striking as that between the old and new town of Edinburgh, but it is so much greater than what we are accustomed to in our cities, that the remark is no more than a natural one for an American to make. In the portion towards the river, much of High street, the locality of the Salt Market, (where Bailie Nicol Jarvie resided,) and other parts of the city, you see miserable houses, crowds of persons generally badly clad, barefoot and bareheaded—the streets are narrow and the filth abundant, reminding one of continental towns, which certainly carry off the palm from the world for dirt, darkness, and depravity. The major part of Glasgow, however, is well built, in good style, with wide streets, parks, elegant residences, fine public buildings, &c. This is the case in the vicinity of our hotel, which fronts on George's Square, and has in sight several rows of handsome buildings, and some public monuments which are creditable to the city. Among these I may mention that erected to Walter Scott, consisting of a fluted column, surmounted by an excellent statue of the poet; the bronze statues of Sir John Moore, a native of Glasgow, of James Watt, &c. Independently of mere external appearances, Glasgow is well furnished with institutions of learning, science and humanity, and will in these respects compare favorably with any city in Scotland, or even England. As I have not had time to examine these, and should hardly be able to speak very precisely—even if I had spent some weeks here instead of days—I shall not weary the reader with a bare recital of names, which, without something more, would convey neither information nor pleasure; but shall finish my discursive remarks on Glasgow by telling of a pleasant visit which, at my suggestion, we made on the day of our departure. The reader will recollect that, not very long since, Prof. J. P. Nicol, in charge of the department of Practical Astronomy in the University of Glasgow, was on a visit to the United States, and lectured on his favorite study in New-York and other cities. At the time of our visit he had just returned home, and resumed his important duties. We were desirous of seeing Professor Nicol, and when in Edinburgh I had been strongly advised by my learned friend, Dr. Leonard

* Glasgow Cathedral is in length from east to west 319 feet; width, 63 feet; height of nave, 90 feet. The great spire (which rises from the junction of the nave and transepts) is 226 feet high. The building is supported by 147 pillars, and lighted by 159 windows.

Schmitz, to call on him, being assured of a hearty welcome. Accordingly, we took a cab and rode out to the observatory, which is situate on a hill of no great height, about two miles northwest of the city. Prof. Nicol resides here with his family, to whom we had the pleasure of being introduced. We found him at home, and kind enough to devote half an hour or so to our entertainment. Apologizing—but quite unnecessarily so—for some confusion in which his rooms were, he showed us several instruments, and briefly explained whatever in their construction and use we did not understand. In one of the rooms was a self-registering barometer, the advantage of which was evident at once; the same apartment contained other scientific apparatus, the most interesting of which was a curious instrument termed an *anemometer*, whose utility the Professor was kind enough to point out. By means of a large vane on the roof of the observatory, which vane was connected by large wire and springs, with an apparatus below, not only the course of the wind, but also its velocity, was registered by pencils moving over a sheet of paper, which was drawn forward, as marked, by means of clock-work. With the same instrument were means of ascertaining the amount of rain which falls in a given time. I do not pretend to say how much falls, but I am certain it is not a little, since I have suffered considerably from the humidity of the atmosphere and the frequent showers. In an adjoining room was a splendid large transit instrument from Munich, placed on solid blocks of granite, with clocks around, and every facility for accurate observation of the heavenly bodies.

Before leaving we went up to the round-top of the observatory: this is movable on its axis; so that the large telescope can be directed to any part of the heavens at the option of the operator. The wind whistled bravely in this dome, from whence, when the day is clear, a lovely view is spread before the eye. I asked the Professor if he had many good nights for observation: he shook his head and laughed, remarking, "We have plenty of time for rest here; we've not your clear skies and brilliant atmosphere, or we might do something more than we do."

I was much gratified to hear Prof. Nicol speak so encouragingly of the United States. He was quite enthusiastic, indeed, and fully appreciated the kindness and courtesy with which he had been treated. Having extended his tour into the South, as far as Charleston, and having had some facilities not open to every one, he had obtained more knowledge of the actual state of society in the slave States than is usual with foreigners; and it was with pleasure that we heard him acknowledge the extreme difficulty of dealing with the question, and of getting rid of that fearful incubus upon the prosperity and happiness of the South. He hinted to us that he was preparing notes of his

tour for publication, which was the more gratifying to us, because, from his frankness, independence, and habits of observation, we were persuaded that he will tell some wholesome truths, which we trust the public on this side of the water will digest and profit by.

It was with regret that we felt compelled to decline an invitation to breakfast with the Professor on the following morning. Our arrangements had been made, and that same afternoon we left Glasgow for Lanark, a name which will no doubt suggest some recollections of a person rather notorious than otherwise in America. Should my readers, too, be as much interested in the life and career of Wallace and the Scottish Chiefs as when we both were younger, he will also call to mind that this old burgh was the region where that great hero began his efforts to free his country from foreign domination.

Our principal object, however, in stopping here was on account of neither the patriot Wallace nor the infidel Owen, but simply to take a hasty view of the much-celebrated Falls of the Clyde. These are about two and a half miles from the "Clydesdale Hotel," and, though not more attractive than many less noted falls in our country, yet they are well worth seeing. The grounds along the bank of the river are finely laid out, and the scenery is in many places very beautiful. The precipices which rise from the bed of the river, the trees and shrubbery on the banks, the hills surrounding, the grottoes, caves, and quiet nooks, are all in keeping with the hum and noise of the waterfall, and impress the looker-on most pleasantly. The finest of falls on the River Clyde is the one which we spent some time in examining from different points. It is called Cora Linn, from an old castle of Cora in the immediate vicinity. The volume of water is large, and the height of the fall about fifty feet in one large sheet, and, added to a partial fall just above, is altogether about eighty feet. We clambered down the steps in the rocks to the bottom of the fall, and had a good view from that position. Further up the river is another fall called Bonnington Linn, of less height, which, after reaching, we did not think repaid us for the labor, though the Guide Books are very enthusiastic in describing its beauties and sublimity. Perhaps the strangely muddy and dirty appearance of the water, produced by the recent heavy rains, interfered more with the beauty of the scene than we were aware of. I am quite certain that this circumstance cannot have added to the loveliness of the prospect. A barefooted little girl went with us hither and thither; and, on my asking about the rain, she seemed not to understand exactly what I wanted to know, and, with the most perfect nonchalance, she showed us into the pavilion whence you see Cora Linn to advantage, preceded us to rustic seats, and into Wallace's Cave,

cut out of the solid rock overhanging the rapids, and pointed to this and to that, which we might look at or not just as we pleased. She was certainly the most taciturn guide we found anywhere, and I should have doubted her having any enthusiasm or spirit at all, had I not observed her eye sparkle when, on leaving, a shilling was put into her hands.

As we returned we rode through the little village of New Lanark, established in 1783, by the benevolent David Dale, of Glasgow. Several large stone factories on the bank of the river are devoted exclusively to cotton-spinning; and the operatives live in neat stone houses—neat, I mean, externally, because I fear, from some glimpses through the open doors and windows, that the interior does not always bear this character. Numbers of young persons, happy and healthy in appearance, were to be seen along the road-side, for it was after working hours; and we were forcibly reminded that there were children here as well as elsewhere, by their shouting at and after us as we rode through in our unique carriage, termed here a “dog-cart,” but exactly wherefore I do not know.

With the Falls of the Clyde ended our sight-seeing in Scotland. It has been a busy time with us, and we have gone over a large tract of country, and passed through a great variety of scenes, some grand, some beautiful, many pleasant, but few the reverse. For myself, I leave this ancient land with none but the most kindly feelings and most agreeable recollections. I shall ever cherish these feelings and these reminiscences, and shall ever wish from my heart the prosperity and happiness of “Auld Reekie” to be as abundant and wide spread as her most devoted sons could desire. In the words of one who loved her well—

“Farewell to the land where the clouds love to rest,
Like the shroud of the dead, on the mountain's cold breast;
To the cataract's roar, where the eagles reply,
And the lake her lone bosom expands to the sky.”

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

How sweet it is, thro' life's dark way,
In Christian fellowship to move,
Guided by one unclouded ray,
And one in faith, and hope, and love!

Sweet is the ever-beaming face
Of friendship, long and freely known:
As in the mirror's orb we trace [own.
Each fleeting thought that marks our

But let the lowly Christian wend,
Lonely along his chequer'd road;
Remove the hand that used to tend
His faltering steps, and share his load.
Shrewsbury, N. J.

His soul can still, triumphant, rise
Above the fate that calls to part;
It has no pow'r to break the ties
Entwin'd around his kindred heart.

How sweet the privilege to feel,
When sev'ring oceans roll between,
Before one radiant throne they kneel,
And mingle in a world unseen!

Spurning the rein of time and space,
To one bright dwelling they repair,
Near to their happy resting-place,
To live forever happy there.

J. C. T.

MYSTERIES IN MY PARISH.

No. II.

THE scenes at the death-bed of Isabel Southmayd have already been recorded. The reader of the first number of these narratives has witnessed, with the writer, her dreadful end. Her previous history will afford material for a portion of the present number.

She was the only daughter of an attorney, who was a skeptic in all matters suggested by Christianity; acute as a lawyer, eminent at the bar, original in wit and talent, with a well-stored intellect, he lacked only recognition of, and submission to, God. He affected to believe that NATURE produced all things, forgetting that God must produce Nature. In his house was no Bible; at his table no blessing asked; at his hearth no morning and evening prayers ascended. He was a man whose home was without God,—who acknowledged no being higher than himself. He believed in nothing *supernatural*! His wife, indeed, recognized Christianity. She had gone so far as to be immersed into a Baptist society. However deep may have been her personal piety, she had no sympathy therewith from her husband. If she prayed, it was alone; read the Scripture, it was in private; went to public worship, it was unaccompanied by him.

They had one daughter, Isabel, whose death we have witnessed. This child was the impersonation of feminine loveliness. Her face was faultless, and seemed to be the index of all that was good and gentle in our nature. Unblessed by baptism—for the father was regardless of Christian obligations, and the mother's stern faith led her to reject infant baptism—unbaptized, this lovely child grew up as ignorant of her God and Saviour, as the child of a Pagan prince. The infidelity of the father, and the peculiar tenets of the mother, which left her child "to *choose* its own religion," by and by produced its legitimate fruit. The beautiful Isabel, at the age of sixteen, was an infidel. Play upon the piano and harp, dance the fashionable waltzes and polkas, she did to perfection. She was familiar with the works of poets, novelists, and infidel writers. All accomplished she was in manners, fascinating in conversation, attractive to all, and loved by many. Yet of God, of her Redeemer, of her obligations to her Creator, she knew nothing. She was simply a heathen!

It was at this period she came on a visit to a family residing in my former parish. When I first beheld her, and heard her rich voice, as one evening she sang *Casta Diva* with a brilliancy

and effect Miss Lind could not have surpassed, I was forcibly struck with her extraordinary beauty and accomplishments. Afterwards I saw her frequently. I spoke to her ere long upon the subject of religion. To my surprise, I found that she knew Christ only to sneer at Him, spoke of God only to doubt His existence. I felt a deep solicitude for her welfare, and more than once spake to her of the life to come—of the beauty of holiness, of the joys of heaven, of the love and goodness of God, and the condescension and grace of His dear Son. Finally she became impatient, and, in a displeased manner, desired me no more to speak with her upon the subject. This was about four months after my first acquaintance with her, and after repeated conversations with her; for the family, in which she was a guest of the daughter, was related to my wife, and my intimacy afforded me unusual opportunities for pressing the claims of the Gospel upon this lovely, accomplished, brilliant, talented, infidel girl. To her request, I replied seriously and impressively:—

“I comply. This is the last time I shall ever present Christ, and the life to come, to your acceptance. My Master has said: ‘If they will not receive you in one city, go to another!’ This command applies equally to individuals to whom the Gospel is offered. I have offered to you baptism on repentance, confirmation, and the Lord’s Supper, and pointed out to you the way to eternal life hereafter. You have deliberately refused this Gospel, and all that Christ is to the human race. I will leave you! My soul will be clear at the bar of God of your blood. But I pray God that He may bestow upon you His Holy Spirit, that you may be brought to embrace the truth as it is in Jesus.”

“My proud spirit could never yield to such a bondage,” was her firm and haughty reply; and turning to the grand piano, by which she was seated, ran her fingers over the deep-toned keys, and commenced executing the last fashionable gallopade. A few days afterwards she returned to her father’s house. The following spring she eloped with a worthless adventurer, who, under the title of “Count,” won her imagination, and possessed himself of her fortune. After a wretched career in New-Orleans, she was deserted by him; and, in ill-health, she was making her miserable way back to her father’s house, to die there of the consumption, when, her disease rapidly developing, and being without means, she was compelled to seek the humble lodgings in which I found her, and where, from the old French Creole, I learned she had been for five weeks, each day sinking more and more rapidly. At length the old dame proposing that a priest should be brought to her, that she might confess to him, she impulsively dispatched her for me; though how she was

aware that I was then a resident of that city, I did not learn. The sad interview with her, and its painful result, are already known.

The day following her death I committed her body to the ground, but without using the sacred Burial Service of our Ritual, which, as the Church ordains it only for those who by baptism have become her members, could not be said by me over one who died a wanderer from her fold. Her grave is in the New Cemetery, near the overshadowing walls of the pest-house, two rough sticks of wood, placed at the head and foot by the sexton, alone marking the last resting-place of the beautiful and unbaptized skeptic.

The moral suggested by the sad history of this young woman is briefly said. The sin of the father is often visited upon the child; and the mother who neglects to bring her infant to Christ, must never expect that when it grows up without Christ it will voluntarily come to Him. The seeds of infidelity were sown by the father, and of irreligion by the mother, and the legitimate fruits in the daughter's life were infidelity and irreligion, and a death such as has been beheld. Ignorant of the language of Christian faith, when it is addressed to dying skeptics, like Isabel, they cannot comprehend its teachings. "Faith," "reconciliation," "atonement," "intercession," are words carrying no meaning; and with the waters of life flowing to their lips, they, like Tantalus, cannot drink of them, but miserably perish.

But I turn from this sad subject, to resume the circumstances under which I appeared to the reader in my first number, walking at starry morning homeward from the death-bed of this lovely and lost woman. I said that the day had not yet begun to appear, and that I was musing, as I walked homeward, upon the sad scene I had so recently witnessed. As I walked slowly onward towards the Rectory, I gazed upon the depths of the skies, as if my eyes could penetrate into the eternity of space, receding upward, and followed in imagination the flight of that just departed soul; and I thought also of the tens of thousand souls that were ascending at this same hour from all over the earth—souls of the old man and of the young, of the rich man and of the beggar, of the guilty man and the innocent infant, of the beautiful and the brave, of the noble and of the base, of heathen and of Christian, leaving their bodies, some on pillows of down, some on pillows of straw; some on the stone-floor of a dungeon, some on the battle-field; some on the gallows, some tossed among the breakers of the sea-shore! I thought how Death was every moment offering sacrifices upon his altar, and how that the cloud of souls never ceased going up from earth! And I thought that if an angel could behold these ascending souls filling all the air, ever and ever going upward from earth's cities, plains, and

vales, from the sea, and from the isles of the sea, he would say : "Verily, Earth is the throne and kingdom of Death ; for at every pulsation of the heart a score of souls of men are released from the body !" And I thought how they were going to receive the seal of their everlasting destiny from the hand of their Creator : some to become angels of light, and shine like stars in the kingdom of Christ ; some to become angels of darkness, banished forever from the light and happiness of heaven.

This train of reflections was interrupted by suddenly meeting, at the corner of the grave-yard wall, as I was about to turn it to enter the street leading to my residence, a female figure closely enveloped, which instantly turned on seeing me, and retreated into the dark shadow of three large live oaks which grew near the side-walk. This conduct could not but draw my attention, and seeing her as I walked onward cross the street as if to avoid me, my curiosity was excited, particularly as I was sure I heard the faint wail of an infant beneath her cloak. It first struck me that it was some poor houseless wanderer, and that perhaps taking me for one of the city guard, or perhaps fearing me, as a man, she had avoided meeting me. The voice of the infant at once confirmed me in my conjecture that she was a helpless creature, and all my sympathies were awakened to relieve her ; for as a clergyman with a parish containing "much poor," it was one of my chief "works" to look after the poor and needy. So I hastened to speak to her and reassure her, and offer her aid. But upon seeing me approach her, she fled down the street and disappeared before I could ascertain the exact direction she had taken.

"God go with you, houseless mother, and defend you !" I said, mentally, as I resumed my walk homeward.

I at length reached the gate of the rectory, and was about to enter, when I saw flit past, within the shadow of the church tower, the same slender female figure which I had encountered ten minutes before, five squares off. I recognized her, not only by her height and closely wrapped figure, but by her rapid, yet tottering walk. Seeing me, she hastened her pace, and the next instant a stumble, a fall, and a sharp cry ! I was at her side in a moment. She had fallen over a projecting stepping-stone placed in front for getting into carriages. I raised her to her feet and inquired if she were hurt ; but received no reply save a faint and inaudible syllable murmured within her veil. She was once more hurrying forward, wrapping her veil and cloak still closer, as if fearful of being recognized, when I perceived she was without the infant.

"Where is your babe ?" I asked, looking around me, expecting to see it lying upon the ground, supposing it had fallen from her arms when she fell.

She gave utterance to a faint shriek, and ran from me like the

wind. I did not follow, and she was soon out of sight. I felt that there was some mystery connected with her. That she was not poor, as I at first supposed, I was convinced of, for the mantilla she wore was of the richest velvet to the touch of my hand as I raised her up, and her hand which I took hold of to assist her was the small aristocratic hand, the satin smoothness of which toil had never roughened. I also picked up a plum-colored kid glove near by the stepping-stone, which was indisputably a *lady's* glove! There was evidently a mystery here! This was not the hour, half past five in the morning, ere day has dawned, for the lost daughters of sin to walk the city streets laying their fatal snares for the unwary youth. Houseless she could not be from want, for she had all the marks and circumstances of refinement and wealth. What then could have brought this lady forth at this untimely hour, when all the city slept save watchers by the sick, or the guards of the night pacing their rounds? And the infant whose muffled wail I certainly heard, why bring that forth with her at such an hour? Why her hurried flight with it? Why her reappearance now without it? Where could the babe have been left in the brief interval since I had first encountered her at the corner of the brick wall of the grave-yard?

All at once a painful thought came into my mind. The peculiar circumstances suggested guilt—maternal criminality and secret murder of the living evidence of shame. "Perhaps," I exclaimed, half aloud, "perhaps she has drowned the infant and now flies a murderess beneath the eye of God!"

But a moment's reflection reminded me that there was no water in the direction she had gone into which she could have cast the infant; and further reflection led me to suspect I had taken too exaggerated a view of the whole matter—more than the circumstances would legitimately warrant; and so thought my wife, who is a very practical person, when I made known to her my suspicions.

"Possibly it was a wet nurse taking the babe to its mother," she said quietly; "or perhaps it was not a babe at all, but a cat might have cried just there; and you know how cats can cry like babies, husband; and your imagination fancied it to be a babe under the woman's cloak, when perhaps it was a cat over the fence close by her."

"Very probable, after all—very probable," I responded, as I prepared to take a morning sleep, concluding not to say anything to my wife concerning the painful death of Isabel Southmayd until some time during the day, when I could give her the details more at leisure.

What with the services of the Church in the morning and other duties of my ministry, by noon the lady and the hypothetical infant were quite driven from my mind.

As I came in from my vestry-room to tea, I saw my wife's face full of running over with some ready communication.

"Look! Here it is! You were right, husband," she said with emphasis, placing the evening news in my hand, with her finger upon the following paragraph. "It was a babe!"

I took the paper and read as follows:—

"A FOUNDLING AND A MYSTERY.

"As Mr. ——— was coming out of his house at sunrise this morning he was surprised to find his steps thronged with market servants who were intent upon gazing upon an infant, which lay nestled in a small basket upon his steps. The negro women said they had found it there, all alone and asleep. The gentleman of the house, not a little surprised at having such a visitor, and not being able to ascertain when, or by whom it was left there, and not being inclined to 'entertain angels unawares,' dispatched the basket and its contents by his servant to the Mayor's office. It proved to be a pretty white female infant a few days old, neatly dressed, and cradled in a shallow Indian work-basket, about fifteen inches long and four deep. There was nothing accompanying the foundling by which any clue could be given to discover its unnatural mother.

"Already the child has found an adopted mother, in the wife of the Deputy Marshal, who taking pity on its helpless condition, and, though having a large family himself, dependent upon him, has taken it home and adopted it, his wife thereto agreeing with all the goodness of her heart."

"I was right, there!" I said to my wife with emphasis.

"You were indeed," she answered with a sigh. "Poor guilty mother!"

"Guilty—unhappy, *wretched* above all women must she be this day," I said sadly. "God have mercy upon her!"

"Amen," responded my wife fervently.

The same evening the body of Isabel Southmayd was committed by me to the ground, and thus ended this truly eventful Christmas Day in my parish.

I.

THE NEVER-FAILING FOUNTAIN.

WAND'ERER in a weary land,
There's a fountain running o'er:
Seek that fountain near at hand;
Drink of it, and thirst no more.

Pleasure-lover, thirsting still.
Seek this fountain, running o'er:
Drink at its refreshing rill;
Drink, and thou shalt thirst no more.

Mourner in this vale of tears,
There's a fountain running o'er;

Disenthroned thy doubts and fears,
Drink its waters, thirst no more.

Parent watching o'er thy child,
Granting ev'ry earthly thing,
Yield thy wishes vain and wild,
To this fount thy children bring.

Sprightly youth and hoary age,
There's a fountain running o'er;
Youth and maiden, child and sage,
Freely drink, and thirst no more.

Shrewsbury, N. J.

J. C. T.

THE POET'S DREAM.

BY THE REV. ANDREW MACKIE, A. M.

THE evening star shone clear and brilliant. Huge piles of clouds lay stretched along the horizon ; from behind which streamed up a flood of light, that bathed their summits with gorgeous rainbow hues, mellowed itself into the tender violet as it spread over the zenith, and suffused with purple splendor the starless east. A single bird was singing in liquid melody his farewell to the day. He ceased his song, and all was still. The wind that, from the rising of the sun, had been rocking to and fro the stately pines, had rocked itself to sleep. The moon, that had for many nights been growing round, mounted, full-orbed, from eastern deeps ; and little stars peeped out from their blue hiding-place, and gazed upon her beauty. The broad river, that had been all the day rolling its waves into the greedy ocean, seemingly was standing still, and was smooth and bright like burnished silver. The poet looked out upon the silent scene ; but no pure feeling gushed out from his full breast. He could not be in sympathy with what he saw. His soul was sad, his soul was sick.

For long years had the poet mingled with men in their haunts ; rejoicing with them in their joy ; toiling with them in their tasks ; and weeping with them in their sorrow. But they were heartless men. Their sympathies and affections had long since been chilled and benumbed by their cold selfishness. The fountain of love in them was frozen. They could make no profitable use of the poet in their buyings and sellings. They cared not to leave the din and noise of their money-getting to listen to his harmonies. By no artifice could they transmute his songs into yellow gold. Their one aim of life was to heap together a few thousands of dollars. They determined the value of all things by the weight in pounds and ounces. They measured men, by counting the number of their shares in bank-stock. Poetry weighed nothing in their patent scales. The poet they pronounced an idle and a useless man. They ridiculed as effeminate his delicacy of sentiment. His verses were, in their thinking, so much trash. Sometimes, indeed, in their hurry, they stopped to sneer at him, as he strolled along, careless of all else but the great thoughts that came rushing in crowds from Earth and Heaven into his soul.

It grieved the poet to be so misunderstood by his fellows, whom he so loved. It sorrowed him to see the scorn with which they looked upon his genius. "Ah!" said he, "must my future be like my present? Must I be forever thus shunned and neglected?" And the answer that he read in the care-worn face and sunken eye of each passer through the toiling throng, mantled his soul with sadness; and turning his back upon the haunts of men, he sought, heart sick, the quiet loneliness of his chamber. Scarcely audible were the dirge-like murmurs that articulated through his pale lips. "Will the world give me back only hate for love? Will my song never melt the ice-incased hearts of men? Will memory tell nothing of me, when the wild-flowers are growing on my grave? Then is my life but wearisome existence; and Death—" emotions choked all utterance; and he buried his face in his hands, and wept.

Free as rivulets in spring-time flowed the poet's tears; and they eased the painful anguish of his soul. No less grateful were they, than was the cool evening air upon his fevered brow. In melancholy pensiveness he gazed through his tears upon the bright evening star, as it lingered above the horizon. The incessant throes and throbbings of a saddened, sorrowing mind, had wearied out his strength. The star went down behind the clouds, and the poet slept.

In the death-silence of that sleep, the poet's soul heard music floating from afar; sweet and delicate, like whispers of the angels. His heart quickened in its pulsations; his soul trembled with an ecstasy of joy; and the poet left behind him life and time, to seek whence came such strains of unearthly melody. As flies the disembodied spirit into Paradise, so flew the poet upward through space—he only knew that it was upward—till he saw, high above the stars, an arched opening, through which streamed a mild, crimson light, and through which came the strange music. And he felt an Influence upon him—invisible, like the fragrance of flowers;—and the blue ether around him grew tremulous, as though a Spirit was winging by; and he heard a voice, that he remembered to have heard before, in early childhood. It was the voice of his guardian angel.

Softer than notes from harp, when twilight zephyrs steal across the strings; softer than the faint moan of the deep, far-distant sea, when its waters woo the shore; softer than the chime of lightly-touched harmonica-bells; softer than the vesper song of cloistered nun; softer than the rustle of the leaves when the morning breeze first stirs; softer than the hum from clover-fields of the honey-gathering bee; softer than the cooing of the dove; softer than the dying mountain-echo; soft and silvery, like voice of child, when arms are clasped around fond mother's neck; soft as moonlight on calm waters, was the

sound to the poet of his angel's voice. "My son," spoke the angel, "wouldst thou enter yonder sapphire arch, and revel in the crimson light, and drink thy soul full of the sweet harmony of the Ideal Realm? Forget, then, thine earthly home, its love and its hate, and still soar upward." And the poet forgot the earth, and his human conflicts, and felt himself to be an immortal dweller in eternity; and the blue arch had passed behind him; and he had entered the ideal realm.

All around him came pouring in from Infinity the crimson light; and from all around, and above, and beneath, came rushing on him, in mighty flood, the mellow music; and from within himself there burst forth strains, and welled up songs, that mingled into perfect harmony with the cadences that were without. Amazed at the majesty of existence, he stood, and looked, and listened. And then the crimson vanished, and a brightness was left—a brightness without color—and the outer music died away into entire stillness; and the poet heard only the music of his own soul. Wondering and fascinated, bewildered and enchanted, longing to go upward, but spell-bound, the poet listened to himself; and towards him moved dim, shadowy forms of being; and they, too, looked and listened. "Tell me," said the poet to his angel, "the meaning of this mystery?" And the angel answered: "Know, my son, that what on the earth thou callest the Ideal Realm, is but the sphere that compasses thy soul; and what thou thinkest to be music, is but the vibration of thy own thoughts. The crimson light is the pure white from Heaven, blended with the fire-red from Hell." "But what," asked the poet, "are these forms of being, that, on noiseless wing, come flying to me from all space? Who are these brilliant-plumaged ones, mottled with silver and with gold, who have poised themselves midway in this brightening brightness, to hear me sing my song?" Answered the angel: "Not whilst thou art a thing of Time, canst thou solve wholly this mystery. Seest thou yonder mass of blackness? When thou shalt have passed through that, then shalt thou know all things; for there is no mystery beyond." And the poet looked, and a cold trembling seized on him, and cold drops collected on his pale brow, and he felt a coldness congealing his heart; for he knew that that blackness was the region of Death.

Beneath him were the stars, and beneath the stars hung the earth, and far beneath the earth dropped down this blackness. And the poet saw crowds of beings plunging off from the earth into this blackness; and he saw some emerge therefrom; and angels robed in white were guiding them up to the throne of God. He saw not the throne; but he knew by the white, glistening light, that all above him was heaven. And some he saw not; but he heard, rising from the lowest depths of the black-

ness, groans of pain, and cries of woe, and shrieks of anguish, and howls of wretchedness, and dismal wailings of hopeless despair. And the poet dared not look longer upon that blackness, for it filled his heart full of unutterable grief. And he sought about him for the blue arch, and the crimson light, and the sweet music. But they were not. He saw angels passing from heaven to earth, and thought that he saw friends emerging from hell. And his human nature was convulsed by the deep heavings of human sympathy; but his soul still longed for the crimson light, and for the strange, unearthly music.

The poet was unhappy. His two natures were at war with each other. "Alas!" said he, "it is a cruel fate, that binds me with strong ties of human sympathy fast to the earth; and, at the same time, fills my soul with unremembered wishes, and insatiable longings, and wild, craving thirsts for a something that I have not yet found among men. O, my God, when shall I know the meaning of life!" He saw, far off in the filmy distance, the blue arch, and the crimson light; and he heard the faint, languishing music; but he could not soar thither, for he remembered his human nature.

As hovered above Jordan the mystic Dove, so hovered above the poet his guardian angel. And she chided him for these unmanly and unholy repinings at his lot. "Return, O poet, to the earth, thy home, and waste no more the energies of life, in vain attempts to pierce beyond the bounds of time. Why should the beautiful earth be to thee a solitary, desert waste, without an oasis, or a palm-tree, or a fountain, or a flower? Poet, there is discord in thy soul; there is pride in thy heart. Is it no longer music to thee—the singing of the wild birds in the tangled woods? Art never now lulled to sleep, when, lying under branching oak, upon the grassy bank, thou listenest to the gurgle of the running brook? Art never now lifted up into the sublime, when the roaring ocean rolls its great floods of waves, and stays them where God has lined their boundary? Art never now made tranquil, when at midnight thou gazest long at the quiet stars, and followest the moon in her waveless wake through the cloudless blue? Art never now in ecstasy of joy, when the glad sun gilds with glory the majestic mountain? Dost never now stop in thy walks to see the new wheat that greens so delicately the broad fields; to see the orchard trees in the burden of their blossom; to see the golden grain that is the gift of God; to see the purple clusters that hang luxuriantly on the well-warmed and the well-watered vine? Poet, be satisfied with what thou seest, and wait till God shall show thee what is beautiful beyond. Is there no created thing that thou canst love, no being whose life thou canst charm with the melody of song?" The poet remembered the mother who had rocked him in his infancy, and the father who

had guided the every step of his youth, and the bride who had, with her blue eye, beamed brightness on his early manhood; and the child who had made his home an enchanted island in the world, and whose sweet voice was sweeter far to him than was the music that in his dream had floated to him through the crimson light. And the poet prayed earnestly that these cords, which bound him to the earth, might never be broken.

"Thou prayest well," said the angel; "but look to it, lest thou thyself shalt snap asunder other cords, by which the providence of God has bound thee to His family of man. There is spun out from every heart that beats in every breast, a cord that God has fastened to thy heart. The intertwinings and interlacings of these cords make up the woof and warp of life, and the web is universal love. Look to it, lest in thy seasons of misanthropic melancholy thou shalt break forever these cords—lest, when thou shalt pass through the mass of blackness, thou shalt show to thy God a tattered fabric of thy life; and it shall be beyond even the power and the mercy of the Cross to make thy work whole; to make thee, through thy sufferings, perfect. Let all thy sympathies flow, in full tide, into the heart of every brother-man. Let not the orphan, nor the widow, nor the oppressed ones ask of thee, and receive nothing. Let not the unfortunate ones be exiles from thy charity. Let thy feet go oftentimes to the prisoner in his cell. Provide soft beds for the sick; and cover them with roof of hospital; and employ for them the nicest skill; and watch with them in their loneliness; and nurse them tenderly, whilst life is struggling against death, to gain the victory; and pray for them, that when they depart hence, their departure from the world may be their entrance into Paradise; where is no crimson in the light; where the music that is heard is the song of angel and archangel, and the laud of cherubim and seraphim; who continually, by day and night, sing praises to the eternal triune God; who, from eternity, and through eternity, is seated in omnipotence, and always with glory round about Him, upon the great white, and the great glistening throne. Temper the light-hearted in their careless joy; wet with thy tears the threshold of the house of mourning; where there is a wound, speak a word that shall prove a balm; stanch every sorrow with sympathy, that begins in pitying, but ends not till it has relieved. Do something that shall be good done to thy fellows. Do something that God shall write down in His record-book, to thy credit. Do much for man. Do more for God. Fight manfully, and keep on fighting throughout the struggle, and never mind the flowing of blood, whilst thy humanity is trampled on; until is vindicated the divinity of thy God. So shalt thou spin out of thy heart, a cord, that the angels shall fasten to that throne, before which

they bow, around which they worship." And the voice of his angel the poet heard no more.

The moon had reached the zenith, and was shining in the fullness of her silvery splendor. The stars were flashing out their brilliancy through the fleecy clouds. The wind that had been slumbering beneath the shelter of the pine-branches awakened itself, in anticipation of the morning. The river was arming itself with waves, that it might be ready to give battle, as soon as the red sun should rise. The poet's eyes were opened, and he remembered his dream, and bent his knee, and prayed to God to guide him safely through one more day, and thanked his God for having allowed to him, so long, the precious privilege of life.

NORWEGIAN CUSTOM.—One of the prettiest of Christmas customs is the Norwegian practice of giving, on Christmas Day, a dinner to the birds. On that morning every gable, gateway, or barn-door is decorated with a sheaf of corn fixed on the top of a tall pole, wherefrom it is intended that the birds shall make their Christmas dinner. Even the peasants will contrive to have a handful set by for this purpose, and what the birds do not eat on Christmas Day remains for them to finish at their leisure through the winter.

GOING AWAY.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM AUGUSTUS WHITE.

LONELY is the heart and drear,
When some friend that's sitting near,
Says, unconscious that we hear,
"I go away,
On such a day."

Joys are gentle things and rare,
Roses in the path of care;
Crush them not while they are fair,
And go away,
On such a day.

Time enough it is to part,
When a voice shall make us start,
Calling hence a loving heart,
Far, far away,
On such a day.

From that tour none may return,
Tidings of it none shall learn;
Vainly will the watch-light burn,
For one away,
On such a day.

Then no shadow cause to fall,
Darker now in hearth and hall
Stay; and answer not the call
To go away,
On such a day.

Pass thy time in gladness here,
Brighten gloom with sacred cheer,
Though from home and kindred dear
All must away,
On such a day.

Breathe not then of partings nigh,
But thro' Him who came to die,
Tell of changeless bliss on high,
Far, far away,
In endless day.

Help us, Lord, to watch and pray,
Be in judgment Thou our stay,
Make us not in that array,
To "go away,"
On such a day.

DR. STERLING AND HIS CHOIR.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM STAUNTON.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by REV. WILLIAM STAUNTON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S. for the Southern District of New-York.

CHAPTER XI.

Progress—Higher Class of Church Music—Authors, Choruses, &c.—Complaints—Rumors of War—A Delegation to threaten the Doctor—Judge Flint, Mrs. Flint, and the Senior Warden—Hostilities Commenced—Theatrical Music—Popish Music—Schism—A Singular Turn in Affairs.

THREE months passed away. The choir prospered. Larigot was satisfied, Bullfinch proud, and the Doctor joyful. And though the plan adopted by the choir had been found to need some slight modifications and finishing touches, yet it had worked well from the beginning, and seemed, on the whole, to meet with less opposition of an open and warlike character than had been anticipated. Mr. Larigot had procured and introduced a selection of chants, marked by great simplicity of melody and purity of harmony, and well adapted to congregational use. These were already becoming familiar; and voices enough were heard from various parts of the church to encourage the hope that, before the year should run its round, the reproach of silent tongues would pass away.

But besides this, much attention had been bestowed by the choir on compositions of a higher class, for which the Church affords ample room in her varied services. Many of these were found to be quite practicable by the choir, though far beyond the standard of ability in the congregation. In the occasional performance of these much discretion was necessary, in order to obviate the danger of exciting among the people false ideas of the object of such elevated acts of praise. There is,—and, in the existing state of public opinion respecting Church-music, there will be,—a strong and besetting temptation to overlook the real design of the more elaborate efforts of a choir, and to fix all attention on the bare performance. The Doctor had not failed to drop many a caution on this matter; and seemingly with good effect. He had often reminded the people that the plain and limited forms of ordinary choral music were to be viewed as an offering of praise, corresponding with the humble character and position of the Church on earth; while the richer and more sublime anthems, which now and then broke forth from the choir, were adapted to impress on the mind clearer conceptions of the glory and all-perfect joy of the Church triumphant. Patiently, and with admirable constancy, did the Rector

seek to correct every faulty observation which met his ear, respecting the true intent of this branch of Divine worship. This could not be done—and was not done—except by “line upon line, and precept upon precept.” It was hard to break up, and turn into another channel, the whole current of thought, which for years past had run in a wrong direction. But the object in view was too important to justify him in abandoning the experiment, especially if there seemed the remotest hope of accomplishing his purpose. A man of less experience, tact, and courage, would have yielded under the chafing discouragements which, for a time, beset the Doctor on every side, and appeared rather to threaten him with the obloquy due for an offence, than to promise a remuneration corresponding with the vigor of his zeal. But still he never wavered, and never grew hopeless, so long as there was no probability of an open rupture. Whenever, in the daily round of his parochial visitations, or in accidental interviews with members of his flock, he heard the taunting remark of the ill-informed, or observed the hesitancy of those who should have helped on the work by their co-operation, he took care to show the groundlessness of every objection, and to refer to the actual improvement already made, as an existing proof that his project was both feasible and promising. And thus, by slow degrees, he won over many who, at first, were doubtful as to the merits of the whole scheme, and very certain that it could never be carried out in a parish formed of such heterogeneous elements.

If there was anything which Dr. Sterling peculiarly dreaded, it was the formation of a countermining *party* in the congregation, comprising those who were inimical to all improvements in music, which transcended their own very low and imperfect conceptions of what was right and proper in this department of Divine service. With a body of men secretly plotting and industriously fanning into a flame every spark of disaffection, it would be far more difficult to deal, than with persons who frankly confessed their aversions, and were within the reach of advice and information. It was fortunate for the Doctor, however, that his openness of disposition, and willingness to hear and consider objections, from whatever quarter they might come, tended very greatly to retard and prevent the rise of any such actual organization for the promotion of strife and disunion; though there was in the parish material enough to have taken the form of just such a mischievous association, had it not been for the important counteracting influence of the Doctor's good temper. A curious and rather amusing proof of this, and of the extent to which prejudice and false taste may operate in misleading the minds of very worthy persons, may now be appropriately related, in continuation of our narrative, and also in illustration of the preceding observations.

About the time indicated at the head of this chapter, the Doctor was honored with a special call by three of his most distinguished parishioners,—distinguished, at least by position, if not by wisdom, and the clearness of their reflective powers. These were Judge Flint, his lady, and the Senior Warden. The former was a man of large, muscular figure, very bald, very erect, very benevolent in aspect, and yet quite majestic in his gait, manner, and tone of voice. Of Mrs. Flint it is best only to say, that more pains would doubtless have been taken with her early education, had her humble parents foreseen the astounding leap she would one day make into the upper ranks of society. As it was, the Judge found in the amiability she displayed on all but extraordinary occasions, and in her genuine good sense and domestic virtues, a fair compensation for the lady's defects in point of rhetoric, algebra, dancing, astronomy, and French. The Warden was a plain, honest, upright servant of the Church, as many other Wardens might be without detriment to their office; and though far below the Judge in intellectual ability and acquirements, was yet a man of respectable understanding, and of unaffected simplicity in the pursuit of what he deemed right. When these three notable personages had been courteously received by Dr. Sterling, and the customary amount of greetings, and smiles, and fair-weather compliments, had passed, a remarkable change came over the aspect of things, resembling the veiling of the July sun, by the interposition of a thick thunder-cloud. There was a dead pause, and a most forbidding silence; and it required no great penetration on the Doctor's part to make out that neither the Judge nor the rest of the company were at ease, but that something was to be said, rather more difficult of utterance than the usual strain of conversation on a morning call. If there is any positive proof that embodied spirits may act on each other, without a word spoken, or a look exchanged, so as—by some mysterious sympathy—to communicate thought, or influence its direction, surely it must be in such circumstances as these, when an unaccountable presentiment of evil springs up, all on a sudden,—as it did in the good Doctor's case,—and seems like an irresistible effluence from spirit to spirit, which reason is incompetent either to control or explain. It was really strange, very strange; and things began to feel more and more uncomfortable. The Doctor had often met three visitors before,—parishioners, too,—in the same place, and in all outward respect like those now in his presence. But he had never felt precisely as he did at this moment. All parties were drooping under a most overcoming sensation of awkwardness. The Warden, before thirty seconds had passed, began to look exceedingly confused,—hemmed quite sonorously from the rocking-chair, into which he had thrown himself, and stroked his hat

with unnatural-energy, as if to equalize and soothe his feelings. On the opposite side of the room was the gifted Judge, who—with head bent down—seemed fallen into a reverie in studying the figures of the carpet, and exploring their outlines, abstractedly, with the point of his sturdy cane. What could be the cause of all this? What could be the interpretation of this disagreeable hiatus? Doubtless,—thought the Doctor,—some unpleasant affair has transpired, or is about to transpire, in the parish; and these, my worthy friends, have kindly volunteered to apprise me of it before serious mischief has been done. Or, perhaps, they come with a message of misfortune, accident, sickness, or death, which it pains them to speak of; or, with news of a failure, which will embarrass the finances of the Church; or, perchance, our subscription for a clock in the steeple, and a stone font, has proved unpopular, and must be abandoned. Such thoughts as these passed through the Doctor's mind, and others crowded on them with a rapidity rivalling the speed of a telegraphic dispatch. And yet, he did not hit on that particular point which his visitors happened to be ruminating upon, in a good deal of uncertainty as to the most striking and effective mode of introducing it to the Rector.

At length, however, the good lady,—whether on the ground of prerogative, or from the very fulness of her heart, we cannot say,—took upon her the grave task of breaking the ominous silence. Looking at the Doctor with quite as much solemnity as the Judge himself was accustomed to exhibit in addressing a criminal, she said:—

"I suppose, sir, you hain't heerd of the disturbance that's going on among our people, have you?"

"Disturbance, ma'am? Pray tell me about what," answered the Doctor.

"There's quite a ferment among 'em, sir,—a wonderful ferment," added the Warden.

"A ferment!" responded Dr. Sterling; "about what?"

"They're all up in arms, sir," said the Judge; "and what the consequence may be, it will be difficult to foretell."

"Well, once more," said the Doctor, "I ask, what is this disturbance about?"

"I am exceedingly afraid, sir," continued the Judge, "that it will break up the parish, if it isn't stopped forthwith. There *must* be a change, and the sooner the better. *Obsta principiis*, sir! We must nip the thing short before it gains growth,—before the people become familiar with the infliction, and indifferent as to its ruinous tendencies. I speak, sir, not merely my own sentiments, as an humble individual, but those of many most estimable members of the parish, whose feelings are deeply lacerated, and who agree with me in opinion that no time is to

be lost in protesting loudly and urgently against this crying sin, and in taking measures for relief from so unparalleled an abuse."

"You will do me the favor, I trust," said the astonished Doctor, "to give me some slight clue to your meaning; for I am, as yet, quite unable to see what it is that you are talking about."

"My conscience, sir! need I be more explicit?" replied the honorable Judge;—at the same time giving to the toe of his boot a pretty hard rap with the aforesaid cane, by way of adding emphasis to his words.

"I should think," remarked the Doctor, "that something more to the point would be commonly expected, either from an accuser, a witness, or an informer; though it is not for me to say which of those offices you have now stooped to discharge."

"Well, sir, you shall be satisfied on that matter, *sine mora*; for if you can endure, tolerate, and even encourage, the turning of a Christian Church into an Opera House, there are those (thank God) who are of a very different mind, and who have not only the *will*, but the firmness to *show it*."

"I promise you, sir," replied the Doctor, "that if you can find any proof whatever of so singular and odious a charge, I will instantly resign my Rectorship; or aid you in getting up such a presentment as shall bring me to trial and censure."

"Pooh! pooh! that is not necessary, Dr. Sterling, so long as the end may be attained by milder means."

"If the charge is true, sir," answered the Doctor, "milder means *shall not* be employed. And if the charge is false, it remains for you to retract it, and disabuse the minds of those who have given ear to a slander which admits of no apology but simple ignorance."

"My meaning should not be misapprehended, sir," said the Judge. "Of course I did not assert that operas are, in fact, performed in the Church; but that our choir, led on by Mr. Lari-got, and with your approbation, have adopted music from those profane sources, and contrived to adapt it to sacred words, which are used in Divine service."

"I am glad that you have, at last, expressed yourself with some regard to perspicuity; and my only surprise is that your discernment was not strong enough to guard you against so preposterous an error."

"Then you mean to assert that theatrical and profane music is not sung in Church?" asked the Judge.

"Unquestionably, sir. The choir and myself are entirely agreed on that question. We have studiously avoided the introduction of secular music, and have no wish to commit such needless folly. We have gone even further than this, by rejecting several well-known and rather popular tunes, on the very

ground that they were of that class which you have just repudiated with so much warmth."

"Am I to understand you as saying that the old choir were in the habit of using secular music?"

"Yes, sir," replied the Doctor; "and the people were well satisfied to have it so, unless I am much mistaken."

"It seems to me incredible," replied the Judge; "altogether incredible."

"Very likely," continued the patient Rector; "but I should not be surprised in the least to find that the very tunes on which you yourself set the highest value, are those which we have expunged from our books, on account of their illegitimate origin."

"You will never convince me of that, sir," said the Judge, with a jerk of the head which was intended, probably, to indicate immense determination and confidence.

"I should not despair of it," rejoined the Rector, "if I were assured that your opinions and tastes were similar to those which govern not a few of my parishioners."

"What, sir! Do you pretend to say that I and my friends—whose remonstrance I came here to offer—have given our sanction to profane music in the Church?"

"I think I may assert it with perfect safety," answered Dr. Sterling. "At any rate, *this* I can affirm, without the least doubt, viz.: that within the last six months, I have heard Judge Flint actually singing the music of one or two common song-tunes, on the Lord's Day, in the hours of Divine worship, and in his own pew in St. Michael's Church."

"You heard me sing them? me, do you say?"

"Yes, sir; and I can bring forward such evidence of the fact as will compel you to plead guilty to the charge."

"Where is your proof, sir? for I am quite unconscious of the commission of so abominable an outrage on propriety and decency."

"The proof lies in this, sir:—the tunes in question are in the music-books formerly used by the choir:—those tunes were often selected, and were in common use; and in consequence of this, you and others learned them, approved them, admired them, and thought you were using *sacred* music, when you were enjoying that which you have stigmatized as *profane*,—*quod erat demonstrandum*."

"That's a clincher for you, Judge!" cried the Warden, who had witnessed, with some curiosity, the course by which the Doctor had now turned the charge of criminality on the honorable plaintiff, and convicted him of the very offence which he had so fiercely and wantonly imputed to others.

The Judge made no answer,—for there was none to make,—

either to the Doctor's demonstration, or to the bold thrust of the Warden. On this latter gentleman, however, he bestowed a look of sufficient severity to give notice that any further attempt at jesting might, probably, provoke retaliation, as soon as he should find him alone in the street.

But the good lady, who, in the strength of womanly affection, was pained at the apparent discomfiture of her husband, now came to his defence, by reiterating the charge with which the Judge had set out,—taking care, however, so to modify the terms and character of the offence, as to give the Judge a fair chance (as she thought) of redeeming his credit, and of baffling the Doctor.

"It's high time, I think," said the shrewd lady, "that something should be done, when—even if they *don't* rattle out play-house music—they have the impertinence to sing *Popery* in a Protestant Church."

"Aye, aye, that's it!" exclaimed the Judge, catching up the thought with a sudden start of animation; "Mrs. Flint is right, sir; and it was my intention to say a good deal on that point. I may possibly have fallen into a slight error in regard to the origin of *some* of our music; and it may be well, sir, that it cannot be traced to a *worse* source than the drawing-room or the theatre. But, when those to whom we look as the guardians of the Church's purity, are reckless enough to permit our services to be defiled with music all rank and offensive with Papistical corruption, I shudder at the thought, sir. I am confounded. I know not what to say. I am astonished and alarmed, when the evidence of so gross a delusion meets me in that temple of God, where nothing unholy and impure should be heard, and at those very times also when the heart of every worshipper should be hallowed with the most sacred and heavenly feelings."

"Will you oblige me," said Dr. Sterling, "by being a little more particular?—Suppose you name or specify some of the pieces which, in your opinion, are drawn from Romish sources, and lie open to such censures as you have now pronounced."

"You ought not to ask it, sir. It would be impracticable just now; and besides that, it is altogether unnecessary. The whole service is besprinkled and contaminated with such pieces; and for the last month or two the evil has been growing upon us. It is a horrid tax on our forbearance, and an unexpected attack on our Churchmanship and piety. People talk about it, sir; and talk sternly, too; and our worship is becoming, in my opinion, more and more like that of a Popish meeting-house."

"I trust not, my friend. At any rate, I have done nothing to produce such a resemblance; and I am sure that the choir deserve a more grateful return for their untiring zeal, than these most discouraging and cruel slanders."

"Would you stop the mouths of the people, sir?" cried the Judge.

"Not at all," replied Dr. Sterling. "It comes rather in the line of *your* profession than *mine*, to take charge of libel cases, and curb the tongues of detractors."

"Libel! libel, sir!" answered the Judge, with increasing excitement. "Do you call it a libel to speak the truth, and expose the wicked designs of those who, with all the cunning of the Mother of Abominations, are misleading the minds of people, and opening a way for the triumphs of Popery, by employing the seductive agency of music to steal away their hearts, and put their fears to sleep?"

"Let me entreat you, Judge, to look at this matter with more calmness and sobriety of judgment," said Dr. Sterling. "Your alarm is entirely groundless; and you may rest assured that we are indebted neither to Rome nor the Opera for the music against which you have levelled your very bitter remonstrances. The Church is not so barren as to oblige us to obtain our supplies of music from other and objectionable sources. We are using only the treasure dug from our own soil; and it will be time enough to look abroad, when we have reached the end of our own resources."

"A likely thing, truly! Why, sir, the music we get every Sunday has the plain mark of the beast upon it. The old legitimate music of the Church is either gone or going, and our choristers are mad and crazy in their efforts to thrust this Papistical trash into its place, in spite of all those native resources of which you talk, but for which they care nothing."

"I must really be excused, sir," said the Doctor, "if I decline to give an answer to any such intemperate language. I have already said that you are mistaken; and I am willing to accept your honesty as some atonement for your bad temper."

"Well, sir," replied the honorable gentleman, rising from his seat, and assuming an air and style of overwhelming majesty: "Well, sir, to sum up this very disagreeable and menacing controversy in few words, it becomes my duty now to say that a remedy must be provided for the offences in question, or else the persons offended must act for their own relief. In other words, I have come to the decision that, if there is not an immediate injunction laid on Mr. Larigot, and his most injudicious measures, *it will be my painful duty to give up my pew, and quit the Church.*"

"There, sir, you see what it will come to," screamed Mrs. Flint; "and what'll the people think of it, when they know that the Judge was *driven* to do it?"

"Sure enough!" said Dr. Sterling, with an overawing solemnity, "what *will* people think of it? And, more than that,—what

will God think of it? Consider *that*; and if you consider it well, what will your conscience become but a whip of scorpions? Blame not me, and blame not my choir, for any false step you are about to take. Lay not your sin to the charge of the Church; but humble yourselves before God, and pray that the thought of your heart may be forgiven you. I have heard your complaints with more attention than they deserved; and answered them, I trust, with candor, and soberness of speech. I have noticed also, with more grief than I have expressed, that your principles are at the mercy of your evil passions. But I could not have conceived that any rational man, especially one claiming to be pre-eminently faithful in the service of Christ, would think without horror of flying to 'the gainsaying of Core,' in order to relieve himself from the torment of hearing the lofty praises of his God and Saviour."

"You have *provoked* us to it, sir," answered the Judge; "and the guilt—if there is any—lies at your own door; for Mr. Larigot acknowledges that he is acting under your approbation and advice; and I'll never submit to this outlandish music, nor give the least shadow of consent or countenance to the adoption of these new-fangled innovations."

"And so, you think you are justified in rushing into the awful sin of schism, by cutting yourselves off from the body of Christ, simply because we are endeavoring to make the praises of the Lord's sanctuary more worthy of Him to whom they are offered!"

"I'll hear no more, sir. You are determined to have it all your own way, and much good may it do you. I shall take care, however, to remove myself and my family—and very soon, too, I assure you—to some other Church where 'the man of sin' has fewer friends to apologize for his usurpations and sorceries."

"That undertaking will be a harder one than you anticipate, if I am not greatly mistaken," said Dr. Sterling.

"You will find out the contrary, sir, very soon, to your sorrow. As it is, I do not acknowledge the validity of any bond which shall tie me down to an attendance in any Church where the service is polluted and corrupted with music borrowed from the idolatrous dens of Papistry."

"Once more, sir, and for the last time," rejoined the Doctor, "I declare to you that the music of St. Michael's Church is *not* derived from the sources you name."

"And once more, I too will say, that my opinion shall not yield to yours. I have confidence in my own ears, and in the ears of other persons whose judgment cannot be impeached, and I now appeal to you respecting the services of last Sunday in particular, and ask with confidence whether the Popish character of the music was not as complete, and as glaringly self-evi-

dent, as if the whole diabolical Council of Trent had got inside of the organ, and a pack of skinny Jesuits outside, with that furious and contemptible Larigot to lead them on. And, sir, if *that* isn't reason enough why a separation should take place, I don't know what is."

This sudden plunge "from the sublime to the ridiculous" was altogether too much for Dr. Sterling's self-command. In spite of the most stringent efforts to preserve his gravity, and keep out of view the droll picture which the concluding speech of the Judge had suggested to his imagination, he found all his powers of endurance giving way before an irrepressible gush of mirth; and, at last, bursting out in a fit of resounding laughter, to the astonishment and infinite confusion of his staring visitors. Now nothing in the world is more contagious than good-humor; and certainly the sympathy of laughter is not less forcible than the sympathy of gaping. It was well for the Doctor that it was so, as the event proved: for, as soon as the Warden had recovered from his momentary surprise, and guessed the cause of the Parson's cachinations, he joined him in his merriment with all imaginable heartiness, enjoying most keenly the novelty of the scene. But we should not have divulged all this to the reader, had not very important and happy consequences followed. For, strange and involuntary as was this outburst, it fortunately accomplished more in the way of adjusting the threatening difficulties between the Doctor and the Judge, than could have been effected by all the arguments of the profoundest logician. An opening, at least, had been made for the return of good feeling; and already the curtain of oblivion was rising so rapidly to hide from view the strife which the Judge had excited, that it seemed as if months had elapsed since the last angry words were uttered; and the spirit of forgiveness was as evidently present as if it had been called forth by abundant explanations and apologies. The old lady also, though overcome at first by wonder, now relaxed considerably, and grew quite pacific, when she saw that hostilities had taken so unexpected a turn, or rather had ceased entirely, and, for the sake of variety, she now turned on the Judge, and berated him most eloquently on the rashness of his judgment, and the intemperance of the language in which he had indulged.

Thus, the visitors were in a fair way to recover their discretion, and make amends for their folly, long before Dr. Sterling was able to muster composure enough to take any further part in scenes presenting so odd a mixture of the ludicrous with the serious. The Judge alone maintained that solemnity of aspect which, till this change in the posture of things, had marked the countenances of all the company; and none can wonder at his gravity, considering the vigorous castigation which the dear partner of his joys had taken upon herself to administer. However,

the brunt of the tempest was now over ; the frowning heavens were again kindling up with light ; and the Doctor saw, with increasing satisfaction, that there was not likely to be any further threatenings of revenge and schism.

THE SAN FRANCISCO—AFFECTING INCIDENT.—At a moment when hope was almost abandoned, and despair on every countenance, death in the most appalling form seeming inevitable, in a state of half distraction, “Do, sir, pray for us,” was the request to the Rev. Clergyman. Some one having said, “Oh, sir, in this awful crisis your Prayer-Book can be of no service to you”—the only response to this, by the faithful Herald of the Cross, the Missionary of the God of Mercy, was to fall on his knees, and with a fervor that penetrated every heart implore, in the solemn words of the Litany :

“O God, the Father of Heaven, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners.”

“O God the Son, Redeemer of the World, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners.”

“O God the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners.”

“O Holy, Blessed, and Glorious Trinity, Three Persons and One God, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners.”

The effect of this was electrifying. Tears were in every eye, and they all, as if with one heart and one voice, joined in supplicating their God to save them from a watery grave, themselves, their wives, and their children—when He, who rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm, and commanded the winds and the waves, “Peace, be still,” and there was a calm, raised their sinking hearts, granting the earnest prayers of the humble suppliants.
—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

THE Egyptian pyramids are of different ages. The most ancient were built by Suphis, and his brother Sensaphis, about 2,120 years before the Christian era. They are among the earliest, as well as the most stupendous monuments of human architecture. Diodorus Siculus asserts that the building of the great pyramid occupied about twenty years, and that 360,000 men were employed in its construction.

WHEN a good man is afflicted, tempted, or troubled with evil thoughts, then he understandeth better the great need he hath of God, without whom he perceiveth he can do nothing that is good.

BULL-FIGHT IN SPAIN.*

To the learned in the mysteries of the arena, a bull-fight is, I am assured, full of interest and variety. A connoisseur sees new features in every fight, establishes differences in the style of entrance and mode of attack of each unlucky bull that is turned into the circus, and watches with fresh excitement each manœuvre of men and beast. To the uninitiated, raw spectator, and to foreigners in general, the sport is monotonous enough, and remarkable only for its abominable cruelty. To be sure, Spaniards will tell you that the art is grievously on the decline, that since the death of the renowned Montes, and of his almost as celebrated nephew, the Chiclanero, no shining light has arisen amongst the *toreros*. Moreover, at this cool season of the year the bulls are not in full vigor, or as fierce as at a late period. The damp fresh grass makes them soft and sluggish; they need the blazing sun of the Castilian summer, and the parched herbage for food. Accordingly the first fight at Madrid this year was a tame business, and universally declared a failure. Its approach was announced by the appearance in the streets of muscular, active-looking fellows, in short jackets, having a small plaited tail depending from amongst the otherwise closely cropped hair, at the back of their heads. This tail is the distinguishing mark of the craft. As the hour approached, (half past four on Sunday afternoon,) the long street of Alcala was thronged with carriages, with diligences, drawn by three, six, or nine horses, with hackney vehicles of every kind, and especially with Spanish chariots, having wreaths of flowers, landscapes, and other fanciful adornments, painted on their gaudy panels, and kept chiefly for these occasions. Besides these, a stream of pedestrians filled the foot-paths, on either side of the street, in which the dust had been agreeably laid by the spring rains, that had succeeded three months of drought. To a foreigner, this scene upon the road, to the *Plaza de toros*, is more interesting than the bloody performance to which it is the prelude. It is curious to observe the excitement and eagerness with which all classes look forward to their favorite diversion. As to the government, it makes quite an affair of state of the bull-fights, which, unlike any other state affairs in this country, are perfectly organized in every respect. The internal arrangements of the circus, as regards the spectators, are excellent. The lower *gradas*, or benches, which are of stone, are occupied by the people, amongst whom mingle, here and there, enthusiastic am-

* Blackwood for June.

ateurs, who apparently consider it more "sporting" to mix with the mob, than to avail themselves of the reserved seats. These, which are in rear of those occupied by the lower classes of spectators, are numbered, and secured by tickets taken beforehand, at offices opened for the purpose in the town. On entering the precincts of the circus, you find a host of ragamuffins offering their services, in hopes of a real or two, to point out to you your place, which otherwise you would have difficulty in finding, in a building of such vast extent. As it is, you are quickly conducted to, and inducted into it. There is no confusion or crowding—the bull-fights are perhaps the only institution in Spain that is carefully and well-regulated in all its particulars—and without quarrel, squeezing, or scuffle, twelve thousand spectators, all, it must be observed, in the best of humor, and highest spirits, in anticipation of their pet pastime, are comfortably installed to witness the exciting combat. Above these seats, a story higher, in the most elevated part of the circus, are boxes, accommodating ten persons in each, and which are taken by families and parties of friends. There many ladies go. Not that there is any lack of well-dressed women—in smart gloves and double opera-glasses, as at the theatre—in the reserved seats—or of female children, of all ages, including infants in the arms of their wet nurses, who are permitted to go there (or at any rate manage to get there) without fear of the possible effect of the exciting and sanguinary spectacle upon their lacteal functions. The interior of the ring is full of people, (any one may walk in until the preliminary ceremonies commence,) talking in groups, or strolling to and fro over the sandy surface, that is soon to be abandoned to the bull and his assailants. Amongst them are to be seen parties of small boys playing at bulls, one urchin enacting the animal, whilst the others bait him with their handkerchiefs, in imitation of the toreros with their cloaks. At the sound of a drum the crowd makes for the two exits from the ring, and begins to clear out, accelerated in its progress by a party of cavalry, which now enters and marches round in line. Then come the body of bull-fighters, preceded by two alguazils, and headed by the matadores or slayers, who walk in procession across the ring, in all the glory of their gaudy apparel, profusely embroidered with gold and silver, and make their obeisance before the box of Count Quinto, the *corrigidor* of Madrid, who superintends and regulates the whole proceedings: an alguazil rides in, and delivers to an attendant the key of the stable, where the bulls are confined, and, almost before he has cantered out, the stable door is thrown open, and the first victim starts into the circus.

What follows has been many times describ'd. In the combat the men on foot display great agility and dexterity. In those on

horseback I recognized much less merit. They have less opportunity of displaying skill and activity. . . . Their principal duty is to submit to be rolled in the dust, and to risk a dangerous squeeze under their horses. It is rare that they are injured by the bull,—the gaudy varlets, with their cloaks of crimson and purple, yellow or sky-blue, being ever at hand to distract his attention, as soon as he has overthrown horse and man; but they not unfrequently receive severe internal injuries, from the weight of the horse falling upon them. Their lance blades, or rather points, are very short, not intended to injure the bull, but only to irritate him. It might be thought that the chief merit of the picadores would be considered to consist in turning away the bull and saving their horses; but such is not the case. The death of the unfortunate steeds is indispensable to the gratification of the untender Spaniards, and a bull's merit is estimated by the number he lays bleeding in the dust. Mounted upon a horse, whose value is the amount it would fetch for dog's meat, (of which there is usually little enough upon the poor beast's bones,) and the price of the hoofs and hide, (the latter deteriorated by holes from the bull's horns,) the picador confronts his foe, and dares him to advance, thrusting at him as soon as he is within lance length. Sometimes the bull starts from the prick of the lance and betakes himself elsewhere, but it is a craven beast that does this. What he ought to do is to rush in upon the horse, and thrust his horns into his belly; and if at the same time he lifts horse and rider from the ground, and hurls them to a distance, it is all the more praiseworthy on his part. Often the horse's shoulder receives the terrible wound, as deadly there as in any other place, and the blood gushes forth in torrents. The man's leg would not unfrequently receive the injury, but it is thickly padded, and protected by iron greaves, concealed by chamois leather. Horse and man go down; up come the *chulos* or footmen, and divert the bull's attention; the man gets up to quit the arena and remount himself; the horse sometimes remains where he fell, but oftener rises to be led from the ring, a piteous spectacle, or to be again bestrode, no matter how ghastly his wounds, so that they be not immediately mortal, and to furnish another tilt. At this period of the fight one's sympathy is with the horses—feeble, stiff-jointed creatures, that can hardly be urged into a canter, and that are brought up to the bull expressly to be gored. Later on, when the bull, harassed, slavering, and exhausted, his tongue lolling from his mouth, his neck and shoulders covered with blood from lance thrusts and *banderillas* (barbed darts adorned with colored paper; which are thrust into him to excite his fury), seems to decline further combat, and can hardly be urged, by the display of the matador's scarlet flag, to rush upon the sword that is to end his torments—one feels pity for the poor brute who has gallantly

defended himself without a chance of escape, against overpowering odds. One would think it were but justice and fair play that, after a stout defence, the bull should be allowed the benefit of his bravery, and restored to his pastures, but this is never done. No matter how valiant, he dies the death. If he be sluggish and unwilling to fight, darts trimmed with fireworks are thrust into his shoulders, causing him intense agony. Even this barbarous cruelty is nothing compared to that perpetrated sometimes, but not often, with an instrument called the *media luna*, or half moon. I will not disgust you with an account of this process; it suffices to say that I have heard even Spaniards style it cruel, and seen Spanish women avert their heads when it was put in practice. Such signs of compunction are, however, I must for veracity's sake add, of very rare occurrence. When a bull positively refuses to come within reach of lance, and fairly turns tail at the outset, the spectators shout for the dogs, and a fierce pack is let loose upon him. The risk run by the toreros, well-trained and agile as they are, is not great. The matadores, whose duty it is to slay the bull with the sword, incur the greatest danger, and have often marvellous escapes. Thus, at the fight on Easter Sunday, Cuchares, now esteemed the best bull-fighter in Spain, missed his footing and rolled under the fore feet of the bull. Had the animal been alert and fierce, it was Cuchares' last fight. But the bull was slow and blundering; in an instant the chulos had enveloped his head and horns with their cloaks, blinding and confusing him, and Cuchares rose to his feet, brushed the dust from his hair, and bowed, gayly smiling, to the audience. Something similar occurred to him at the second fight of the season; at which his presence was uncertain, he having gone to kill bulls at Seville. Telegraphic messages were received of his whereabouts, a special train was prepared for him on that part of the road which has a rail, and the much-desired champion arrived in time, doubtless somewhat weary from night-travelling. In the ring, however, he showed his usual gayety and activity, but had one dangerous fall in the bull's path. The tameness of the beast, which was anxious only to escape its tormentors, and repeatedly leaped the inner barrier of the arena, facilitated his rescue by the light infantry chulos, whose nimbleness and ready aid are often most serviceable to the matador. The bulls at the second fight were so execrably bad—in the Spanish sense—that is to say, so unwilling to fight, that the indignation of the audience rose at last to a perfect storm, which furiously broke forth when it had been found necessary to hamstring one bull, to apply fireworks to another, and to set dogs upon a third, which obstinately refused to face the lance, and trotted tranquilly off to its stable door. The audience made up their minds that these were not bulls, but mere steers; that they were swindled by the impre

sario ; and that the *corrigidor*, who presided, had made the matter worse by giving the signals (for *banderillas*, *matador*, &c.) at the wrong moments. Then rose from bench and box a horrid howl—yells, whistling, groaning, shouts of “To prison with the *Señor Corrigidor* !”—a tremendous tumult, produced by ten thousand throats.

As I before mentioned, children of all ages and both sexes are taken to bull-fights. Thus early trained, it is not surprising that they completely lose sight of the cruelty of the sport, which tends, there can be no doubt, to render Spanish women unfeminine, and to harden the hearts of Spanish men. None of these Castilians, even of those who may be the most humane and considerate for their fellow-creatures, appear to entertain the slightest idea that animals can suffer. They laugh and exult when the fiery darts, gunpowder moxas, are dexterously stuck in the bull's shoulders, emitting brilliant balls of green and red fire, and making the wretched brute caper and dance with pain, and they calmly contemplate the infamous and unnecessary cruelty of the *media luna*. As to the horse, he is presumed to be utterly callous to all that can be inflicted on him with heavy whip, lancet-like rowel, or tremendous horn of bull. His existence, whilst in the ring, is a series of tortures. First he is spurred till his flanks stream with blood, then gored (often in half a dozen places before he falls), and finally, when he can hardly totter, he is violently beaten, either to get him out of the circus, or to urge him to one last despairing charge. Calm and smiling are the countenances of yonder delicate dames as the fierce bull withdraws his horn, reeking to the very root, and the poor defenceless *rocinante* tottering for an instant, falls over on his side. *Uno de muerto* ! good bull ! and a loud buzz of approbation, mingled with enthusiastic shouts, runs round the circus. Some foreigners become fond of the bull-ring, and deeply interested in its vicissitudes ; but many more look upon it with indifference and disgust—indifference arising from the sameness of the sport, and disgust excited by the wanton cruelty by which it is disgraced. The most striking part of the spectacle, in my opinion, is the vast circus crammed with twelve thousand spectators, eager, excited, delighted, forgetting Spanish gravity, and unable to restrain their passionate enthusiasm ; starting from their seats at a bold hit or narrow escape ; screaming, shouting, laughing, and throwing their hats into the ring, as at a theatre people throw garlands to a favorite performer. On a torrid summer's day, in a glare of light, when the atmosphere quivers with heat, and the bulls are at the fiercest, and the excitement at the maddest, and the gay colors of the people's dresses give additional brilliancy and character to the scene, the sight is one not to be matched out of Spain, and which leaves an impression not easy to be effaced.

EXPERIENCES OF LIFE.

BY REV. JOSEPH J. NICHOLSON.

CHAPTER X.

MR. BLEMMERTON hurried home at an early hour that afternoon. "In the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom." Happy thought! Mr. B. will improve it, by calling a council that evening, not exactly of war, but of device and advice. So he delayed not to dispatch a messenger to Mrs. Fussy, Mrs. Nochurch, and Mrs. Fastidious, earnestly requesting their presence at his house after tea.

Something of importance was certainly on hand. This Mrs. Fussy knew full well, and by a sort of instinctive prescience she knew what it was. So before the messenger was out of sight she was bonneted and off. She ran in first to see Mrs. Quiet.

"Mrs. Quiet, have you been sent for to go to Mr. Blemmerton's this evening?" This question was simply an introductory. She knew Mrs. Quiet had not been sent for.

"No, I have not."

"Dear me, what can be going on? I have just been sent for to go there after tea, and the girl told me she had several other ladies to invite. Something is on foot, you may depend. I guess they have heard that Mr. Lovegood will accept the call: or perhaps they have heard that he will not; which do you think it is, Mrs. Quiet?"

"Really, I cannot say—but *neither*, I apprehend. Mr. Quiet wrote to Mr. Lovegood, and I apprehend when there is a reply he will receive it, and as yet he has received no intelligence from him."

"Well, how strange! I do wonder what is going on!"

Meantime Mrs. Nochurch pays a flying visit to her Presbyterian neighbor, who takes a lively interest in the affairs of St. —'s Church, and is wonderfully intelligent on the subjects of Puseyism, High-Church, &c., and from her heart pities all Churchmen, who are so silly as to be "tied," as she says, "to forms and ceremonies," and to hold that "barbarous idea of the dark ages—the Apostolic succession."

"You don't say so!" exclaims Mrs. Presbyterian, in reply to Mrs. Nochurch's announcement. "It's too good almost to be believed."

"I do verily believe it! He *must* have declined, and I am so glad; for I did not want that Mr. Lovegood to come here. Mrs. Blemmerton says he is a rank Puseyite; she said Mr. Blemmerton said so, for he knew that he bowed in the Creed, and this is

one of the signs—discerning people read such matters very easily. I am right glad. I hope he has declined, for we want no unchurched other Churches!”

Mrs. Fussy, as she runs around, meets Mrs. Fastidious.

“Dear Mrs. Fussy, I am happy to meet you! Have you heard the news? Is it so? Can it be possible? I did not want Mr. Lovegood for our pastor, for I’ve been told that he is not at all suited to us. They say he is not a popular preacher, at least that he is not eloquent enough for us. And I am sure if that be the case, I cannot go to church in the afternoon; for a dull, prosy preacher would not keep my eyes open. And they say, if we stay at home in the afternoon, we will be sure to hear of it! Oh, dear Mrs. Fussy, just think of that! It is unbearable!”

Before eight o’clock that little council was in session. Business opened by the reading of Mr. Lovegood’s letter to Mr. Blemmerton, which the reader will remember was simply a refusal to preach what Mr. B. called a *trial sermon*. The merits and demerits of the aforesaid letter were freely discussed. As to merit they could see none in it, except that, as the ladies understood it, it was a declination of the call to the Church. This they deemed highly satisfactory, and so declared unanimously. But they had no conception of a call to St. —’s Church being entertained with so much indifference. He might have gone a little more into details; have been more complaisant and respectful to Mr. Blemmerton and *the vestry*. But they supposed it was characteristic!

“Now, Mr. Blemmerton,” remarked Mrs. Fastidious, “if we could only get Mr. Powerful here, whom I heard last summer at —, we would be made. He is so eloquent; so graceful in his delivery; has such a soft, sweet voice; and is so captivating! Oh, I do wish we could get him in St. —’s Church! And I am sure he would come; for Mrs. Graceful told me that he ought to have a more important field of labor; that a man of his talent was buried alive where he is! Now, can’t you make an effort to get Mr. Powerful for us?”

No, no. Mr. Blemmerton’s skirts are now clear! It’s useless for him to try to do anything! All his efforts for the good of the congregation have been opposed. He is now done, and will fall back on his dignity.

“Let them have their own way! Let them have their own way!” said he.

Mrs. Nochurch thought that “Dr. Ranter would be the best choice they could make; for he has extemporary prayers in his Sunday-school room during the week-day evenings; is very friendly with the Presbyterians; sometimes preaches for them; and is such a good, evangelical man.” She was sure, if they

called him, a good many Presbyterians would come to church, for Mrs. Presbyterian had told her so !

Mrs. Fussy had one objection to Mr. Lovegood, which as yet she had not named ; and she had just heard it that day—

“ They say he is not married ! And, dear me, what do we want with a high and dry old bachelor ! ”

This is news to Mrs. Blemmerton. She was not aware of this before. But, for her part, she could see nothing so awful in his being unmarried. She thought he might *get* married. She reckoned among so many interesting, intelligent single ladies in the congregation, he might *get* a suitable wife ; if he were not too *ugly* and *unpopular* !

“ Yes,” said Mrs. Fastidious, smiling, “ there is Nanny Jumper—and Jennie Smart—and Alice Smooth—and—and D—— ”

“ O no—no—no ! ” exclaimed Mrs. Blemmerton, “ don’t name such a thing ! ”

So the ladies dispersed after all in a good humor, which happy state was brought about at the expense of the prospective Mrs. Lovegood. It acted like a charm on Mrs. Blemmerton ; for, though she had said nothing, yet she had a great deal in store. But the announcement of the fact that Mr. Lovegood was a single man mortified her very much, made her gentle and amiable towards everybody, and particularly so towards Mr. Lovegood. Mrs. Fastidious, too, had come near touching a spring in enumerating suitable young ladies. The mere suggestion of a marriage, or the naming of a wedding, on such an occasion, is always sure to bring about a happy equilibrium. It puts everybody in a good humor ; it acts like oil poured on the troubled waves.

And the result ? Simply, as usual on such occasions, a misunderstanding. The news flew about the congregation the next day that Mr. Lovegood had declined the call ; and the strangest part of the story was, that the declination was forwarded to Mr. Blemmerton ! After the aforesaid ladies took their departure, Mr. Blemmerton recounted to his wife and daughters the mysterious transaction between himself and Agnes Wallace : *That* he had not named to his visitors, for it involved a secret worth keeping. He entered into every particular, not omitting to name the receipt and the contents of the note signed “ One who knows. ” “ Who can that mysterious stranger be ? ” said he. Mrs. B., though uniformly apt at guessing, was completely tongue-tied. She hadn’t the most remote idea !

Miss Deliah Airmyth thought it might possibly be Mr. Quirt, as she had heard it whispered “ that he was a curious old man. ”

“ No, it cannot be Mr. Quirt,” said he ; “ for she said he was

a stranger, by which I suppose she meant some one that I do not know."

"Ah! that reminds me, pa—" said Miss Julia Jasper.

And here Miss Julia Jasper repeats the remarks she made to Mr. Heartful the night of the party, about Agnes Wallace calling at the door to see her father; and also what Mr. Heartful related of his having met a little girl the same night, and accompanied her home, and been with her father when he died!

"How strange!" said the father.

"Yes, father," continued Miss Julia Jasper—"it must have been Mr. Heartful; for I remember that he seemed annoyed at my remarks; he laid great stress on his words, and spoke significantly!"

"Oh, Julia!" said Mrs. B.; "how could you have been so foolish as to speak about such matters with Mr. Heartful? You are very much to blame! O dear, I can't forgive you! He is such a nice gentleman. I gave my party with a view of getting him here, as soon as I heard he was in town! And now this spoils all my hopes!"

Poor Miss Julia burst into tears. The Blemmertons are all exceedingly uncomfortable. We pity them; but folly, sooner or later, is sure to bring its reward!

Miss Deliah Airmyth reminds her father that Mr. Heartful had a day or so before gone to pay a visit at Heartfulville. She had heard it that afternoon while out taking a walk.

"And this," said Mrs. B., "accounts for that letter from Mr. Lovegood. Mr. Heartful has talked with him! And no doubt Mr. Lovegood has heard all about the Wallaces and the rent! Oh Julia, Julia! how could you have done so! I'm ruined, I'm ruined!"

And herein Mrs. B. takes trouble on interest; but a guilty conscience is its own condemnation. It wraps itself in a shadowy cloud, which has the power of reflection, and throws back what it fancies others see and know. Mr. Heartful had not exchanged a word with Mr. Lovegood on such a topic; but it was easy for Mrs. Blemmerton to *imagine* that he had, and now, instead of pining over the sin involved in their treatment of the Wallaces, she was mainly, if not solely, grieved that she saw in these transactions a formidable barrier placed in the way of her hopes and aspirations! Sin ever carries its lash and sting with it; and *family* sins descend to remote generations, wind themselves through, and entwine themselves about, the members of a family in all their ways and works. Mr. and Mrs. Blemmerton, in the training of their daughters, had lost sight of the true aims and ends of life. Had they themselves been actuated by good motives and sound principles, they would have been spared such

reflections as they were now compelled to make. But the children had copied from the parents, and the example was patented, and here we have but an epitome of what must fall to their lot through life, and to their children's children after them, unless, by the grace of God, they are led to see the error of their way, and hasten to repent, and amend, as far as possible, what they have done amiss.

O what a blessed treasure is a good wife !—a good mother !—O ye angels of light and purity—O ye spirits of the holy and the just, rise up and call her blessed ! The good mother will suppress in her daughter the subtle poison of vanity, pride of dress and fashion, and fondness for show ; teach her that woman has a higher, nobler sphere in life than the merely sentimental ; she will not permit her to be deceived by such coined phrases as “feminine accomplishments”—by which is meant only the accomplishment of worldliness with a fashionable education—into the belief that woman is fitted only for that which is light and trifling. But at an early age she begins with her daughter and endeavors to point out to her her true sphere, her true standpoint in the universe of mind ; to draw out her spiritual nature ; teach her that she is designed by Providence for more than a toy or plaything, or a mere dreamer in the world ; that it is her office to soothe the sorrows of humanity, to be its kindly and gentle monitor, pour the oil of joy and gladness upon the troubled waves of its sea of life, and to gild all its pathway with sunshine ; and to aid her in her efforts and aspirations to gather the fruits which cluster the tree of knowledge, to pluck the flowers—yea, and wreath them about her brow, that bloom along the pathway of usefulness !

On a theme so important we beg leave to turn aside awhile, to throw out a few chance suggestions. It can scarcely be denied that the routine of what is termed “fashionable life” is unfavorable to the growth of sound morals and solid piety. There is a rottenness at the very heart of much of our conventional formality—in its ostentation, extravagance, luxury, idleness, dissipation, gossiping, and their attendant evils in example, and the rivalries, jealousies, and bickerings growing out of them—that stagnates the healthful growth of virtue and religion. And one of its evil effects, and one beginning to be sorely felt, is its deteriorating power and influence over the youthful. Devotion to the world is allowed to rob parents of time to perform their duty to their children. This had been the great fault of the Blemmertons : when they started out in life their great struggle was for the “Almighty Dollar ;” they had but one fixed, settled aim and purpose in life—that was to accumulate wealth : *that* accomplished, their desires took another turn—ambition was now their guiding motive ; to be accounted of consequence, to make

a show in the world, to effect advantageous marriages for their daughters—these were the impulses that prompted and guided all their actions. We cannot fail to see, then, that however competent they might have been to form and mould the dispositions of their daughters aright, had they been actuated by true Christian principles, the world interposed a fearful barrier, and they were suffered to come to maturity dwarfed and biased, for lack of proper management of their passions and affections while young. And herein lies the root of a great wrong in the nurture of children:—1st, in yielding to the whims and caprices of children. See that little fellow rubbing his eyes and sobbing: “Mamma, give me a cake?” Hear mamma, petulantly, as she casts aside her work: “O, bless me, what a plague! There, take it, and begone!” And away goes the little fellow in ecstasies! He managed his mother. He knew her weak point, and skilfully stormed it. Ay, more, he learned his lesson. You smile at this: it is a small matter. True. Your child also is small; now he only asks a small thing; but teach him his lesson; yield to all his tears, and soon he will make demands that will tear asunder your heart-strings, and leave them bleeding beneath the stroke!

2d. In the manner of correcting children, applying discipline in a pet or passion, not doing it in love, and making the child feel that it is done, not to gratify your own passion, or simply because you have the *power*, but because it is your duty to God and to it, thus manifesting and carrying in your hand love, gentleness, affection, sanctified by the authority which cometh down from the “Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.”

3d. In accounting childish anger a trifling thing, when in fact it requires the nicest management. Your little boy or girl falls into a pet or pout, and you give it a lump of sugar to cure the ailment; he or she dashes it against the floor and pouts the more. Then “mamma’s son or daughter is very naughty,” and mamma plies the sugar again, and again it is dashed on the floor—“Very well, you naughty child; now wait till I pick it up!” And then most likely it terminates in a cry, and perhaps a sudden or angered chastisement. Is no wrong committed? Certainly there is, for nothing has been done to counteract that childish anger; the child has not been taught that its pettishness was *wrong*, but that mamma chastised it because she was angry; hence, after all, it learned as a lesson that its passion was but a small thing in contrast with the parent’s displeasure! And the parent’s duty is not discharged until the child is taught to realize as fully as possible that its anger was sinful, and that now it must be angry and grieved at the sin it has committed. Or again, your child falls against a chair and hurts itself; its first impulse will be

apt to be a desire to hurt the chair in return. And the parent or nurse, to quiet the child, strikes the chair a smart blow. "Now, you naughty chair, take that for hurting little ——." The child smiles, its tears are dried, but a great wrong has been committed. In fact, the child had better have cried the day out than that any such thing should have been done, for it teaches the child that such manifestations of anger, mingled with a desire of revenge, are right; and assists in fixing the habit of revenge in the heart.

4th. Take self-love. It always manifests itself very strongly. Indeed, it may be safely affirmed that selfishness develops itself in children first of all the passions or affections, and perhaps benevolence the last; at least, its development is of a much slower growth. "Meum and tuum" is soon understood by a child, and strongly manifested, while its opposite, benevolence, the desire of giving away what is *mine* for the benefit of another, is not so easily appreciated. And on this point it cannot be denied that many parents grievously err. There are, indeed, honorable exceptions, but it must be owned, that both by precept and example, the majority of parents do cultivate, draw out, establish in the breasts of their children, the principle of selfishness, while all their kindly, generous, benevolent feelings, are stifled, blunted, repressed, for want of cultivation and development.

5th. But while it must be acknowledged that a purely selfish, sordid, grovelling disposition, is a very mean one, and one that should be suppressed in children, would we train them for their true sphere as creatures of two worlds, let it not be lost sight of that a spirit of extravagance and prodigality, the disposition of the spendthrift, is as odious and sinful. It should, then, be the parent's aim to teach the child that the good things of this life are gifts from the Lord bestowed upon us, not to be lavished in prodigality on our lusts and passions, or to pamper pride and luxury, but to do good to our fellow-men in our place and sphere, and so glorify our Father in heaven!

The children of the wealthy are often indulged to a shameful extent in the sin of prodigality, and many are the tears which flow from broken hearts in the wake of this portentous evil. Could we utter a word that would be heard and heeded on this point, we would say that youths should be allowed but little spending money, and of that the parent or guardian should take a rigid account, and require from the child an account as exact of the spending of every penny of it.

The indulgence of the youthful with large supplies of pocket-money is a great evil among the wealthy of our cities, and in our promiscuous collegiate and boarding-school education. On the part of boys, it leads to suppers, cards, wine, the bar-room, the theatre, unless there are powerful barriers in the way. On

the part of girls, to extravagance in dress, and the wretchedness of a pampered heart, inflated with pride of wealth and desire of ostentation.

The history of Jacob and Esau opens to our view a striking picture, on the one hand of covetousness, on the other of prodigality, and is well worth a careful consideration in connection with what we have advanced. Jacob coveted the birthright; Esau despised it, or lightly esteemed it; and in the history, taken as a whole, we have a type of the results of family sins. The Patriarch Isaac sinned in rebelling against the will of the Lord; Jacob and his mother Rebekah, in coveting the birthright, and attempting to aid in bringing about the declared will of heaven in their faithless impatience; Esau, in despising his temporal blessings. And hence, parents and children clouded over their after life with sorrow. In considering this history, then, we behold the misery entailed on a whole family by a single sin on the part of parents; learn something of the awful character of *family sins*, in their results upon posterity to remote generations.

The Patriarch Isaac intended to frustrate the will of God, and his declining days are rendered pitiable on account of the unhappy quarrel between his sons. Rebekah had dealt treacherously with her husband, and is now miserable on account of the cheerless prospect before her. Esau despised his birthright, and now sips his folly in sorrow; is enraged at the unjust conduct of his brother, and burns with revenge. Jacob coveted the inheritance, and took unfair means to acquire it, and now is obliged to fly from all his most cherished associations into a strange land, for the preservation of his life. Oh, how it saddens the heart, when, years after, in the presence of Pharaoh, we hear him exclaim, "The days of the years of my pilgrimage have been an hundred and thirty years: few and evil have the days of the years of my life been!" (Gen. xlvii. 8, 9.)

Jacob feels the lash of conscience; he obeys its behests; the sin of his brother mitigates not his own; he repents him of his wickedness; forsakes all; leaves the scene of strife; passes from under his father's roof, where at least he ought to have been secure; turns his back on his happy home, his kind and loving parents, and the pleasant scenes of his childhood, and, with staff in hand, lonely and unprotected, he enters on his pilgrimage! O Jacob, the supplanter!—I see thee, Israel—a prince with God! Penitence shall wash out thy sin! A hard, a rugged life is before thee! But Faith looks on to the goal, and there is the crown of blessedness!

Let us behold him too at Bethel, and learn the measure of the work of the penitent, and mark the deep compassion of the Almighty, through His blessed Son, in watching over us and our

little ones, in our weakness and waywardness ; and humble ourselves under His Almighty hand, repent of our sins and of our neglect to our offspring, and pray for pardon and amend what we have done amiss, before the evil days draw nigh in which we shall find no peace !

. Jacob awakes out of sleep. The bright sun gilds the heavens—darkness has fled, and smiling Nature calls the Patriarch to imitate her praise to the Almighty ! The vision is over and gone. The ladder is removed ! The angels are gone home ! But the Lord is near, and Jacob is blessed ! His soul is braced for a higher flight and wider range in the spiritual life ! He sees God by faith. That ladder he knows is before him. And those blessed spirits are passing up and down, though he sees them not ! And filled with solemn awe and reverence, he exclaims, “ Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not. How dreadful is this place ! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven ! ”

Oh, let us all remember, parents and children, and lay to heart the grievous sin of Esau ! We, too, have a birthright, into which we were admitted in our baptism, purchased for and secured to us by the incarnation and passion of our Lord Jesus Christ—even reconciliation with God and adoption into His family, and the crowning joys of His presence and glory ! Are we, like Esau, selling them for naught ? Then, alas ! we, too, may weep and lament when too late : “ Bless me, even me also, O my Father : and Esau lifted up his voice and wept ! ”

To touch on all the joys and sorrows that mingle in this history would be to write a volume. But there is one other picture on which we would look for a moment ere we leave the deeply interesting story at which we have glanced.

After a storm, the bow in the clouds cheers the heart. The bright sun, breaking through clouds and mists after days of darkness, brings joy in its smile ! So, after viewing the checkered scenes of a history from life, it is delightful to turn to some bright spot which casts a radiance over the whole, and relieves the picture of man of its saddening tints and colors ! This we have in the meeting of the brothers, Jacob and Esau, after long years of separation. After years of estrangement, time has wrought its changes, and grace has moulded the character. Youthful ambition, and impatience, and impetuosity, have had their day ; the passions have ceased to revolt against the will of God ; and we find the Patriarch Jacob journeying with all his family and wealth to the land of his brother Esau. Penitence has chastened and subdued his heart ; and yet, remembering his

youthful sin, he feared the anger and resentment of his brother. His sin, though repented of and pardoned, was not forgotten, and seems to cling to his skirts. He sends before him messengers and presents to appease Esau. O the work of grace that prompted him to seek reconciliation! And Esau comes out to meet him, for God has touched his heart, and changed it towards his brother. And there we behold the penitent, humble Jacob, "bowing seven times to the ground until he came near to his brother; and Esau ran to meet him, and embraced him, and fell on his neck and kissed him; and they wept." This is a lovely and affecting picture of the best impulses and affections of the human heart, and is scarcely surpassed by the meeting between Joseph and his brethren! "They meet, they converse, they love as brothers ought to do." And "O how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" We apprehend a strife of fierce and angry looks, of reproachful words, of violence and blood. But how joyful the disappointment! Behold a contention of kindness, a blessed contest of affection, the honest, heart-melting triumph of nature, the noble victory of goodness!

THE HOLY SPIRIT GIVEN TO THE CHURCH.—Our Saviour Christ, departing out of the world unto His Father, promised His disciples to send down another Comforter, that should continue with them forever, and direct them into all truth. Which thing, to be faithfully and truly performed, the Scriptures do sufficiently bear witness. Neither must we think that this Comforter was either promised, or else given, only to the Apostles, but also to the universal Church of Christ, dispersed through the whole world. For unless the Holy Ghost has been always present, governing and preserving the Church from the beginning, it could never have sustained so many and great brunts of affliction and persecution, with so little damage and harm as it hath. And the words of Christ are most plain in this behalf, saying that the Spirit of truth should abide with them forever, that He would be with them always, (he meaneth by grace, virtue, and power,) even to the world's end. It is evident and plain to all men, that the Holy Ghost was given, not only to the Apostles, but also to the whole body of Christ's congregation, although not in like form and majesty as He came down at the feast of Pentecost.—*Homily for Whitsunday.*

THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS.—The world useth a man as ivy doth an oak—the closer it gets to the heart, the more it twists about the affections. Though it seems to promise and flatter much, yet it doth, indeed, but eat his real substance, and choke him in its embraces.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF BISHOP PROVOOST.

(Continued from page 498.)

EPISCOPAL Addresses to Conventions and Parochial Reports not having been then required, several Conventions were held before we find any published record of Episcopal acts. From general statements, however, the Bishop seems to have ordained a number of clergymen, and given such attention to the visitation of parishes, as he thought possible under the pressure of other official duty.

On the formation of our Government in 1789, under the present Constitution, Bishop Provoost was chosen Chaplain of the Senate; and in this capacity had official connection with that most interesting and distinguished—it is not too much to say august—event, the Inauguration of GEORGE WASHINGTON as the FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Bishop having had a sacred and important share in the solemnities of the occasion, and the event having been one so thoroughly accordant with the principles and affections, combined with the well-known political views and feelings, which he had cherished, with much sacrifice, during our struggle for independence, the writer hopes that it will not be considered an unsuitable digression from the main object of this sketch, for him to give the reader a short account of this Inauguration. He is happy to be able to give it from an original number of the "*Gazette of the United States*;" published by John Fenno, No. 86 William-street, New-York." The number is dated "From Wednesday, April 29, to Saturday, May 2, 1789." The account has the special heading, "New-York, May 2;" and is as follows:—

"On Thursday last, agreeably to the resolution of both houses of Congress,* the Inauguration of THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES was solemnized.

"At nine o'clock, A. M., the people assembled in the several churches, with the clergy of the respective denominations, to implore the blessing of Heaven upon the new Government, Its favor and protection to the PRESIDENT, and success and acceptance to his administration.

"About twelve o'clock the procession moved from the house of the President, in Cherry-street—through Queen, Great Dock, and Broad streets, to the Federal State-House, in the following order:†—

* New York was then the seat of Government.

† The President's House was in Cherry, near Pearl-street, remembered by some of our elder citizens as, whilom, with cupola still standing, the residence of Samuel Osgood, Esq. Queen and Great Dock streets were, it is believed, parts of what is now all called Pearl-street. "The Federal State House" was what many of our readers remember as the Old City Hall, in Wall, opposite Broad-street.

Here follows the order of procession. The few names mentioned therein will not be without interest to some of our readers. They are—Col. Lewis, Capt. Stakes, Major Van Horne, Capt. Harsin, Capt. Scriba, Major Bicker, Major Chrystie, Hon. Mr. Jay, Gen. Knox, Chancellor Livingston.

The account proceeds :—"When within a proper distance of the State House, the troops formed a line on both sides of the way ; **THE PRESIDENT**, passing through, was conducted into the Senate Chamber, and introduced to both Houses of Congress.

"Immediately after, accompanied by the two Houses, he was conducted into the Gallery adjoining the Senate Chamber, and fronting Broad-street ; where, in the presence of an immense concourse of citizens, the oath prescribed by the Constitution was administered to him by the Hon. R. R. Livingston, Esq., Chancellor of the State of New-York.

"The Chancellor then proclaimed him **THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES** ; which was followed by the instant discharge of 13 cannon, and loud repeated shouts. **THE PRESIDENT** bowing to the people, the air again rang with their acclamations. He then retired with the two Houses to the Senate Chamber, where he made the following **SPEECH** :"—

Here is inserted the speech. After which the account closes thus :—

"**THE PRESIDENT**, accompanied by his Excellency the Vice-President, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and both Houses of Congress, then went to St. Paul's Chapel, where Divine service was performed by the Right Rev. Dr. Provoost, Bishop of the Episcopal Church in this State, and Chaplain to the Senate.

"The religious solemnity being ended, the President was escorted to his residence."

This surely was an inauguration worthy of a Christian country. Would that its religious spirit had continued to mark similar occasions !

There being at this period no canon requiring reports of Episcopal acts, the voluntary reports of the Bishop were too general to allow of the Convention Journals being of much use for the immediate object of this article ; nor has the writer access to any equivalent information. Two or three particulars, however, gleaned from the Journals, may not be uninteresting to the reader.

Bishop Provoost was not present at the General Convention of 1789, being hindered by indisposition. His name, therefore, does not appear with those of Bishops Seabury and White—the only Bishops present—in the signatures to "The Constitution of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of

America," then, for the first time, definitively adopted and ratified. It was signed, however, by the Clerical and Lay Deputies of the Diocese, the Rev. Drs. Benjamin Moore and Abraham Beach, and Richard Harison, Esq. In the following action of the Diocesan Convention of the same year, we have one of a vast number of instances, running through many years of wise care that all things should be done rightly and safely, which characterized the long course of honorable and useful service to the Church, of a venerable layman, of whom personal recollections of respect and affection are still fresh in the minds of many.

The Conventional act referred to is as follows :—"The Journal of the General Convention, held at Philadelphia, from July 28th to August 8th, inclusive, was read ; and the Delegates from this State gave a verbal account of the proceedings of the adjourned General Convention, held at Philadelphia, from the 29th of September to 16th October last : whereupon Mr. HARISON moved the following resolution, viz. :—

"*Resolved*, That this Convention do approve of, and consider the Church in this State as bound by, the Constitution lately adopted by the General Convention at Philadelphia.

"On the question whether the Convention adopt the resolution, it was unanimously carried in the affirmative."

The Deputies to the General Convention of 1789 appear to have had given to them, by their respective Dioceses, full power to ratify the Constitution, in the name of those Dioceses—thereby pledging the latter to its adoption, and their recognition of its binding force upon them. Mr. Harison, however, and the Convention, on his motion, seemed desirous to make assurance doubly sure.

Attached to the Journal of 1791, is a "Register of the Clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of New-York," being the first published list of the Clergy of the Diocese. It contains fifteen names. It appears by it that six were ordained in England, seven by Bishop Provoost, and two by Bishop Seabury. Three clergymen of Massachusetts and Vermont also officiated, at stated times, in parts of New-York bordering on those States.

The fact, that certain of the clergy, recognized by Bishop Provoost as belonging to his Diocese, were ordained by Bishop Seabury, is worthy of note. It has been asserted, as positively as falsely, that Bishop Provoost denied the validity of Bishop Seabury's consecration. If he did so, he certainly would not have received, as settled clergymen of his Diocese, gentlemen ordained by Bishop Seabury ; nor would he have acquiesced, as is to be soon noticed, in Bishop Seabury's being, with him, one of the consecrators of Bishop Claggett.

There is an entry on the Journal of 1793, of a communica-

tion made by the Bishop to the Convention, of deep interest, as the first instance in this Diocese of a species of pious munificence, since followed, within the Diocese, by Wynandt Van Zandt, William C. Pierrepont, Gouverneur Morris, and Mrs. John Rogers. Such manifestations of Christian faith and duty seem to be now happily increasing in our mother Church of England, as part of the evidence of the renewal of the life of holiness, with which she has been so much blessed of late years. May our own Church be not backward in improving her extensive means and opportunities of doing likewise!

The entry is as follows:—"The Bishop informed the Convention, that since their last meeting, he had consecrated a church at Duaneburgh, erected solely by Judge Duane, at the expense of upwards of eight hundred pounds, exclusively of the lot of ground on which it stands. The sixty pounds which the Judge had received as a donation from his friends, to assist him in building the church, he appropriated to the purchase of a handsome set of plate."

As stated above, Bishop Provoost did not attend the first General Convention, that of 1789, when the Constitution of the American Church, and its Liturgy, were ratified. He attended the second one, that of 1792, which met in this city.

In the first of these Conventions, Bishops Seabury and White were the only attending members of the House of Bishops. The rule established by them, on Bishop White's proposition, was, that at each meeting of the House, the senior Bishop, according to the date of consecration, should preside. This made Bishop Seabury President.

Besides Bishop Provoost, Bishop Madison, of Virginia, who had been consecrated in England in 1790, was present, as well as Bishops Seabury and White, in 1792. The first two disapproved of the rule with regard to presidency, which had been established at the last Convention. The last two, having adopted it on principle, and continuing of the same principle, could not now vote for its rescission. They could, however, being the half of the House, prevent its being changed, and thus secure the presidency to the senior of them, Bishop Seabury. The change proposed by the Bishops of New-York and Virginia was, making the presidency to devolve on the Bishops in the order of their geographical position, beginning at the North: "reference being had to the presidency of this House in the last Convention." In other words: Bishop Seabury, the northernmost Bishop, having presided in the last Convention, the presidency was, according to the proposed change, to devolve on Bishop Provoost, the next in geographical order. In this state of things, Bishop Seabury and Bishop Provoost had the decision very much in their own hands, each for himself. If the former chose to be

present, in the absence of the latter, and vote *against* the change, he secured the seat for himself ; and so of the latter, if he chose to be present, in the absence of the former, and vote *for* the change. If both were present, with the other two, the rule must remain unchanged. Bishop Seabury was unwilling to appear as his own champion. He absented himself from the House for a time. Bishop Provost attended ; and his vote, in connection with Bishop Madison's, and against Bishop White's, made himself the President.

Being the President of the House, Bishop Provost, of course, presided at the Episcopal consecration, which occurred during the session, the first in this country, that of Dr. Thomas John Claggett, for Maryland ; Bishops Seabury, White, and Madison, assisting in the consecration.

For things important to be well understood and well remembered, respecting this Convention and Consecration, the reader is referred to Biographical Sketches of Bishops Seabury and White, in former numbers of this volume.

(To be continued.)

TRINITY.

"Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord of Hosts ; the whole earth is full of His glory."

ISAIAH, vi., 3.

WITH a due sense of this great honor and privilege, as sons of God, let us address ourselves to Him for pardon, and admission to our heavenly inheritance, "O God the Father of Heaven, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners !" But as we have no deserts of our own, no works of righteousness to claim His favor by, and are entitled only through the sufferings and satisfaction of Christ, let us beseech Him to intercede for us, and plead His merits with the Father, "O God the Son, Redeemer of the World, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners." And since the benefits of His merits are applied, and our pardon sealed, and ourselves enabled to render an acceptable service, only by the operations and assistance of the Holy Spirit, let us implore His aid also, "O God the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners !" Yet remembering that, how various soever the economy may be, salvation is the one, sole, undivided end and work of all : therefore, to them, as to one, sole, and undivided cause of all, let us address our earnest prayers and invocations, as to the Great Power to whom we have consecrated ourselves and services, "O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three Persons and one God, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners."—*Dr. Gloucester Ridley.*

Editor's Table.

A FAIR CHALLENGE: LET IT BE FAIRLY MET.—The following is the close of a communication in *The Churchman* of August 19th. We commend the careful consideration of it to all concerned, both in and out of the Church:—

"Of course, all that has been now written, has been so with the intention of connecting it with the doctrine of the Apostolical Succession, as the writer supposes it to be founded on the Bible, and set forth in the Book of Common Prayer: that is, the doctrine, that the true and valid ministry of the Church of Christ is to be had only by Ordination from Bishops, who have derived their authority to Ordain in a regular and uninterrupted succession of Bishops from the Apostles. The writer is willing to acknowledge responsibility for all the consequences honestly flowing from this doctrine. He means not now to defend it; but has introduced it for the simple purpose of saying, that he is aware of no other principle cherished among Christians, on which the ministry, and consequently the Church, is held to be aught else than a matter of mere human arrangement. There was a time when Presbyterians contended for ordination, in regular succession, from the Apostles, as essential to the Gospel Ministry: the Apostles being supposed by them to act, not singly, but as ordaining *Presbyteries*. In accordance with this doctrine, it was held, that before a man can be accounted or taken to be a lawful Christian Minister, it must be made satisfactorily to appear, that he has been ordained by a Presbytery, holding office under ordination by Presbyteries, each member of which has derived his ordination in a regular succession of Presbyteries from the Apostles. In accordance with this view, a distinguished Presbyterian divine, of great note in this city in the last generation, published the opinion that Episcopal Presbyters were validly ordained, because Presbyters, as well as the Bishop, laid hands on them; but Episcopal Deacons not, because the Bishop only laid hands on them. Another Presbyterian clergyman, of the same period, justly ranking among the first in this city, expressed to the writer his full conviction of the necessity of an uninterrupted succession of ordinations, for the valid exercise of the functions of the ministry, and his fears of the progressing deterioration of the Presbyterian Church, because of its easy admission of Congregational Ministers, and especially of Anabaptist Ministers, as Pastors of its communion; they coming from denominations which allow the validity of lay-ordination.

"Such opinions, however, the writer believes to have little or no existence among the various non-Episcopal denominations of the present day. He believes that, according to their views, no *particular* ordination is necessary—indeed, no ordination is necessary, to entitle a man to being received and taken as a lawful minister of Christ; and that, consequently, any and every man who preaches what is deemed evangelical truth, with power and success, that is, with popular acceptance, and with popular effect, no matter how he may have been invested with the pastoral office, is to be accounted and taken as a lawful minister of Christ.

"Such is the writer's deliberate opinion, formed from what he has long seen and heard. If any of his brethren of other denominations, or others who disbelieve the doctrine of the Apostolical Succession, believe that *any* ordination is necessary for the valid exercise of the Christian ministry; and will say *what* that ordination is, without which they cannot receive a man as a lawful minister of Christ, he will be happy to know it. He desires

net to do injustice to any. But if it is so, that either the doctrine of the Apostolic Succession is true, or that no ordination is necessary, let this be distinctly understood. It may give wholesome warning to the sects. It may do good to the Church."

[Some editorial remarks respecting the English Convocation, prepared for this number, are necessarily postponed.]

Book Table.

MARTIN MERRIVALE. By Paul Creyson. Illustrated. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. New-York: James C. Derby.

We have received six numbers of this new American novel. It is written in an easy, agreeable style, interspersed with dashes of humor, and bids fair to be of no ordinary interest, and to become highly popular.

NA MOTU ; or, Reef-Rovings in the South Seas. A Narrative of Adventures at the Hawaiian, Georgia, and Society Islands. With Maps, and Twelve Original Illustrations, with an Appendix. By Edward T. Perkins. New-York: Putney & Russell. 1854.

This volume, containing over 400 octavo pages, is one of the most delightful books of the season. Written in a very attractive style, full of incidents of travel, which the author describes in an unusually happy vein, replete with interest, brimful of information concerning the places visited, interspersed with anecdotes and legends, it cannot fail to obtain an immense circulation. It is a book to be upon the shelves of every family, for while it will afford instruction and entertainment to the old folks, the younger branches will find in it a fund of amusement and information. The *Appendix* contains many interesting facts and statistics, relating to the resources and social and political condition of Polynesia, and subjects of interest in the Pacific Ocean. The volume is got up in handsome style, and the illustrations and maps add greatly to the value of the work. We have marked some passages for insertion, that our readers may judge of the quality, but have not room for them this month.

THE MYSTERIES OF A CONVENT. By a noted Methodist Preacher. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

A book full of wonders and horrors.

THE STAR CHAMBER. An Historical Romance. By William Harrison Ainsworth, author of the "Tower of London," "Windsor Castle," &c., &c. New-York: Bunce & Brothers, 134 Nassau-street.

The scene of this tale is laid in the exciting times of James I. Puritans and their opposites, therefore, figure largely in the picture. It is written in a bold, masterly, and powerful style, and will sustain the well-earned reputation of the gifted author for genius and talent.

THE BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS. By Emerson Bennett, author of the "Forged Will," "Clara Moreland," "Kate Clarendon," &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, No. 102 Chesnut-street.

This is a narrative of Western life, and highly descriptive of the anxieties and dangers endured by those who went forward in the settlement of that vast country. It appears to be full of incident and life, and is, withal, free from any blemish of moral impurity.

FASHION AND FAMINE. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. New-York: Bunce & Brothers, Publishers, 134 Nassau-street. 1854.

This is the title of a work which has recently appeared, and which cannot be read without creating the deepest interest, in its original plot and arrangement, as well as exciting admiration for the decided genius of the author. The scenes, laid in our very midst, and descriptive of life as it is,

are full of thrilling excitement. They are in many instances overdrawn. Passion is lashed into frenzy, hurrying its devotees into acts unnatural and incredible. Nevertheless, once in your hand, it is next to impossible to put the book away until the fate of persons we seem to have known for years is decided. The author's powers of description evince far more than ordinary talent, although frequently disfigured by a superabundance of figures not always very happily chosen. The characters of Julia Warren and her grandfather are admirably drawn. Although certainly not the best of books for the very young, depicting, as it does, crime of which they should have no knowledge, it is still pervaded in every part by a moral, full of power—that sin brings woe, ever; that one sin brings a train of miserable consequences, which often overwhelm both guilty and innocent. Neither must we forget the beautiful manner in which Christian character and principles are described. Like light in the midst of darkness—like an angelic form, clad in garments of undimmed whiteness, and with a countenance full of love and sorrow for the wounded and the guilty, amidst whom it moves, so does the Christian appear in the hands of this writer. The book will certainly meet with a successful sale.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE. New-York: Leonard Scott & Co. 79 Fulton-street.

Contents for June—Jerome Cardan; Young Bengal; Mary Russel Mitford; A Letter from Madrid; The Villa; The Recent Growth of the United States of America; The Secret of Stoke Manor; A Family History; Ruskin on Architecture and Painting; The Glasgow Exhibition at Oxford.

Our readers will bear in mind that new volumes of the four Reviews and Blackwood commence with the North British for May, and the other Reviews and Blackwood for July.

BERTHA AND LILY; or, The Parsonage of Beech Glen. A Romance. By Elizabeth Oakes Smith. New-York: J. C. Derby, 8 Park Place. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. Cincinnati: H. W. Derby.

This tale is written in that style of mingled grace and power, in which the fair author so pre-eminently excels. It abounds with noble and generous sentiments, and the poems with which it is interspersed are full of feeling and beauty. But, with great merits, the work combines great faults. We regret to meet with such fanciful and unsound ideas upon the subject of religion, and such chimerical plans for the entire revolution of the present state of society. Some of the principal characters are etherialized to a pitch of unreality with which we cannot sympathize, and the heroine, Bertha, in her "sublime self-hood," this "daughter of a new era, whose foot may have been defiled with dust, but whose eyes penetrate to the divine," we esteem a fine creation of the fancy, but far removed from our ideal of a true and lovable woman.

Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

ORDINATIONS.

Priests.

African Mission—February 15. Rev. Alfred Francis Russell.—1.

New-York—July 2. Rev. Augustus V. Clarkson, A. M.; Rev. Edward M. Peck, A. M.; Rev. William H. Carter, A. B.—3.—4.

Deacons.

African Mission—Jan'y 15. Garretson W. Gibson.— April 16. Clement Frederick Jones, John Musu Minor.—3.

Indiana—June 11. Daniel Shaver.— 18. Alonzo J. M. Hudson.—2.

Mass.—July 14. W. Calvin Brown.—1.

N. Jersey—July 14. Charles Frederick Hoffman.—1.

New-York—July 2. J. H. Hobart Brown, Edmund Cooper, William B. Edson, A. M.; J. Sebastian B. Hodges, A. M.; John R. Livingston, Jr., A. M.; Nicholas F. Ludlum, A. B.; Stevens Parker, A. M.; William E. Phillips, A. B.; William P. Ray, A. B.; Thomas Richey, John E. C. Smedes, A. M.; Cyrus F. Knight, Walter A. Stirling, A. M.; Julius H. Waterbury, A. M.; Merritt H. Wellman, A. B.; Treadwell Walden, James Starr Clark, James Morton, Jr.—18.

Ohio—July 14. George E. Thrall.—1.

Penn—July 14. James F. Hutcherson.—1.

Vermont—July 16. Theodore Austin Hopkins, M. A.—1

Va.—July 14. T. Grayson Dashiell, Charles R. Howard, John D. Powell, J. Julius Samr, E. M. Rodman, Louis C. Newman.—6.

Wisconsin—June 11. Henry C. Shaw, L. D. Brainerd, P. Brown Morrison, Charles C. Edmonds.—4.—38.

INSTITUTION.

New-Jersey—July 14. Christ Ch., Elizabethtown, Rev. Eugene Augustus Hoffman, Rector.—1.

CONSECRATION OF CHURCHES.

Indiana—June 22. Trinity Church, Lawrenceburgh.—1.

La.—June 13. St. James's Church, Alexandria.—1.

Md.—July 20. St. Luke's Church, Wye, Queen Anne County.—1.

New-York—June 28. Zion Church, New-York.—30. Christ Church, do. July 24. Zion Church, Greenburgh, Westchester County.—3.—6.

CONFIRMATIONS.

African Mission—April 16. Ch. of the Epiphany, Cavalla, 14.

Conn.—July 9. Parish of South Glastenbury, 12.

Florida—June 4. St. John's Ch'ch, Tallahassee, 8.

Illinois—July 9. Parish of St. Luke, Kickapoo, 1.

La.—June 11. St. James's Church, Parish Rapides, 4.—Colored Congregation, 4.—Another, do., 6.—14.

Md.—June 26. St. John's Church, Georgetown, 27.—July 20. St. Luke's Church, Wye, Queen Anne County, 2.—29.

New-York—June 24. In private, 1.—25 St. Philip's Church, New-York, 13.—July 2. Church of the Good Shepherd, do., 8.—22.

Ohio—July 2. Texas Mission, Cincinnati, 14.

S. Carolina—June 4 Bluffton, 3; in the country, 18.—11. Church of the Holy Trinity, Grahamville, 7.—15. St. Helena Church, St. Helena Island, 9.—18. St. Helena Church, Beaufort, 18.—21. St. Philip's Parish, Charleston, in private, 1.—56.

Texas—May 28. Anderson, 7.

W. New-York—July 2. St. Mark's Church, Newark, 6.—9. St. John's Church, Clyde, 6: Grace Church, Lyons, 4.—16. Zion Church, Palmyra, 11.—23. St. James's Church, Skaneateles, 5.—32

Wisconsin—June 11. Chapel of the Nashotah Theological Seminary, 5.—214.

CLERICAL CHANGES.

Rev. E. H. Massey Baker, to Bytown, Canada West.

Rev. Rowland H. Bourne. Address 185 West Thirtieth-Street, New-York.

Rev. Robert Clute, to St. Peter's Ch., Lithgow, Dutchess County, New-York.

Rev. Levi H. Corson, to Jonesville, Hillsdale County, Michigan.

Rev. Walter E. Franklin, to La Porte, Indiana.

Rev. John G. Furey, to the Missionary Station, Springville, Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania.

Rev. William D. Harlow, to the Ch. of the Nativity, Maysville, Kentucky.

Rev. Charles Frederick Hoffman, to New-Brunswick, New-Jersey.

Rev. David Pise, to the Rectorship of St. Peter's Church, Columbia, Tennessee.

- Rev. John D. Powell, to Leesburg, Loudon County, Virginia.
 Rev. James W. Robbins. Post-Office, Philadelphia.
 Rev. J. B. T. Smith, to Anderson, Grimes County, Texas.
 Rev. Martin F. Sorenson, to St. Paul's Parish, Mishawaka, Indiana.
 Rev. Cornelius E. Swope, to the Rectorship of Mount Calvary Church, Baltimore.
 Rev. George E. Thrall, to the Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia, as Assistant Minister.
 Rev. John Trimble, Jr., to the Rectorship of Trinity Church, Lawrenceburgh, Indiana.
 Rev. Henry Tullidge, to the charge of St. Paul's Church, Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pennsylvania.
 Rev. John N. Van Ingen, D. D., to the Rectorship of Christ Church, St. Paul, Minnesota.
 Rev. J. H. Waterbury, to Trinity Church, Aurora, Illinois.
 Rev. William T. Webbe, to the Rectorship of St. Stephen's Church, Middlebury, Vermont.
 Rev. C. Wiltberger. Post-Office Chelsea, Massachusetts.
 Rev. James A. Woodward, to the Rectorship of St. Mary's and St. Andrew's, (Post-Office, West Vincent,) Chester County, Pennsylvania.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO CHURCH INSTITUTIONS AND OBJECTS IN THE UNITED STATES, AND IN THE DIOCESE OF NEW-YORK.

Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States:—

Domestic Committee.....	\$2,578 66	
Foreign Committee.....	1,674 45	
		\$4,253 11
General Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union, and Church Book Society.....		146 75
Diocesan Missionary Committee.....		89 65
Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society for Seamen in the City and Port of New-York.....		154 13
New-York Bible and Common Prayer-Book Society		245 40
Protestant Episcopal Tract Society		54 57

Calendar for September.

3. Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.
10. Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.
17. Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.
20. Ember Day.
21. St. Matthew the Apostle.
22. Ember Day.
23. Ember Day.
24. Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.
29. St. Michael and All Angels.



St. Andrew's Church

J. N. Colquhoun del.

THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW

University of Glasgow

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dren of the parish in, from which cause they were sometimes called the parvise, *a parvis pueris ibi edoctis*. Chancer, Prol. IX., alluding to both customs, speaks of

"A Sergeant at law, barr and tale,
That has often been at the Parvise."

The Acolites of old, also, addressed the congregation from the porches, previous to their entering the church, and marriages were sometimes partly performed in them, whence the bride's dower was denominated, *Dos ad ostium Ecclesie*.

The altar window is the most striking and magnificent feature of the western view. Its elaborate and beautiful tracery attests the skill of the architect, and affords also to the admirer of the arts a subject worthy his contemplation and his study. It is distant from the ground twenty feet, and rises to the apex sixty-five feet, and is twenty-five feet in width. It is distributed into seven bays, and is divided from the sill to the spring of the arch, into two grand sections.

We now come to the tower and spire. And here the eye is struck with admiration, as it contemplates the magnificent proportions and beautiful projections of this truly grand and imposing portion of the edifice. The massive walls and solid buttresses, which break upon the sight, satisfy the mind of that strength and durability which seem inseparably connected with the true conception of a tower; yet so admirably are they moulded, so perfect is their symmetry, and so graceful their outline, that without a near approach, their immense strength and bulk can hardly be imagined.

It is said by the Rev. J. L. Petit, in his delightful remarks on Church Architecture, "that a tower is, perhaps, the feature, of all others, that requires the nicest management. If it be too high or massive, it may detract from the nave and chancel. Again, if the tower be too low or small, it may, in itself, have a very mean aspect; which is the case with so many of our modern" (English) "churches, whose towers, of small width themselves, occupy the centre compartment of a large and lofty front. If the walls of the church are of any considerable height, the tower ought to be nearly as wide as the nave, or at least made so by means of lateral buttresses."

In the tower of Trinity we find the proper proportion between it and the body of the church carefully maintained. Its walls are six feet nine inches thick at their commencement, and four feet thick under the embattled parapet. The tower porch, which leads into the vestibule, is twenty feet in width, including the buttresses, and thirty feet in height to the top of the parapet. It is flanked by panelled buttresses, and is covered by a decorated label, upon which is sculptured, in a chaste and beau-

tiful manner, a continuous wreath formed of oak leaves and acorns. Over the whole is a perforated moulded battlement, with the centre compartment running into an open arch, under which is placed a pedestal, supporting a Bishop's mitre, continuing the associations connected with the one that crowned the apex of the circular portico of the former edifice. The belfry contains a chime of eight bells.

The spire, which, for fine proportion, is perhaps not inferior to any heretofore constructed, and may, without suffering by the contrast, be classed with those splendid English archetypes of Salisbury and Chichester, is of octagonal form, and rises from its base to the top of the cross one hundred and fifty-three feet.

The view of the interior is rendered very imposing, from the fine perspective produced by beholding at one glance the full length of the nave, from the choir to the great altar window, a distance of one hundred and thirty-seven feet, and by the beautiful effect of the light thrown into the church, by means of the aisle and clerestory windows. The nave is thirty-six feet in width, and rises to its extreme height, sixty-seven feet and six inches. It is supported on either side by a colonnade of seven perpendicular English piers of cut stone, with capitals of simple design, consisting merely of foliated headings. The vaulting of the ceiling over the nave is gracefully groined, and is decorated by bosses formed of clustered foliage.

The chancel deserves particular notice, for its grandeur and elaborate decoration. It is raised two feet above the level of the pavement, and is situated in a recess thirty-three feet deep, separated from the body of the church by a noble arch, springing from two great piers on either side of the nave. Its walls are richly ornamented by tracery and panel work, and it is lighted by the great altar window, and four others in the clerestory. In the centre of the ceiling, at the intersection of the ribs, is a large and beautiful boss, formed by the letters *I. A. S.*, encircled with foliage of different patterns. The altar is situated near the western wall, directly in front of an altar screen, thirty feet wide and twenty feet high, constructed of oak richly and splendidly carved. The chancel railing is also of carved oak, and extends between the two great piers that support the chancel arch.

The organ, a magnificent instrument, was constructed under the superintendence of Dr. Hodges. The case is of oak, designed by Mr. Upjohn, and is exceedingly rich in appearance. The compass of the instrument is altogether unparalleled in this country. There are four diapason, and two reed pipes, each sixteen feet in length, measuring internally thirty by thirty-six inches, besides an innumerable quantity of smaller pipes, of va-

rious dimehsions. The swell is an invention of Dr. Hodges, and is of the most approved kind.

For the convenience of reference and comparison, the following dimensions, in a compact form, are subjoined :—

Length of the Church, out and out	192 feet.
Length inside, exclusive of the tower	137 "
Depth of the Chancel	38.6 "
Square of the tower inside	18.6 "
Square of the tower, including its walls and buttresses	45 "
Breadth of the Church, outside	84 "
Breadth of the Church, inside	72 "
Breadth of the nave	37.4 "
Height of the nave	6 "
Height of the tower to cornice	127 "
Height of the tower, including the spire and cross	280 "

The cemetery in which the Church is erected comprises between two and three acres of ground, and is one of the most ancient in the city, having been the resting-place of successive generations for about one hundred and fifty years. It stands no longer, as it did in olden time, a silent and sequestered spot upon the "banks of Hudson's River," where might be suggested to the passer-by thoughts consonant with the following expressive stanza by the lyricist GREY :—

"Hark ! how the sacred calm that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still, small accents whispering from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace."

It is crowded with monumental records, some of them bearing as early a date as 1704, and others, supposed to be more ancient, but with their inscriptions entirely effaced.

EVERY work which is a heavenly work, every work which is done in the service of the kingdom of God, belongs especially to a Sunday. We have two sorts of Sunday work—prayer and other works of devotion, and works of love. Both of them form the right employment of the earthly Sabbath, and both of them will form the never-ceasing employment of the Sabbath which the saints will enjoy in heaven.—A. W. Hare.

THE God who loves the penitent sinner, hates his sins, and is determined that he shall hate them, and be separated from them. This is good news to a sin-sick soul.

YOUNG saints should be very earnest with God for growth, that they may be rooted and grounded in love.

THE CHRISTIAN'S CROSS.*

My fellow-pilgrim—fellow-laborer—and fellow-soldier ; (for thou, like myself, hast no place of permanent rest, no abiding city here, but art seeking, or oughtest to be seeking, another country, that is, a heavenly ; like myself, too, thou must toil to make thy calling and election sure ; and, unless thou hast deserted from the ranks of Him, the Great Captain of thy salvation, to whom thou wast devoted at thy baptism, thou art warring continually against the world, the flesh, and the devil ;) listen to a few words on the Christian's cross, the cross which every Christian has to bear.

Carry back thy thoughts for a brief space to the awful hour when the Son of Man, bending under the burden of the accursed tree, was proceeding towards that toilsome hill, on which, to pay the penalty of thy sin, and to procure thy salvation, He bowed His head and gave up the ghost. Fainting and weary from the sufferings of the preceding night, He was unable to sustain its weight ; and Simon of Cyrene, the father of Alexander and Rufus, passing by, coming out of the country, was compelled to bear it, till he reached the destined spot.

All that thy Saviour did was, in love and mercy, done for thy example. As He bore His cross for a while, so must thou bear thine. "If any man will come after Me, (i. e., be My disciple,) let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me."

Thus thou seest, as thou hast thy daily duty to perform, so thou hast thy daily cross to bear. And how varied are both ! how varied the duties, how varied the crosses ! Let me remind thee of a few of them, I mean the latter, and by God's grace teach thee how to bear them wisely, how to bear them patiently ; a hard, perhaps, but a necessary lesson.

And where shall I begin ? Riches are a cross ; very difficult to bear aright, leading him who possesses them to dwell too much upon earth, and earthly things ; to be contented here, to find here his rest and enjoyment, and to be too apt, amid the ease and comfort they procure, to lull himself into a forgetfulness of higher and holier objects.

He who possesses riches likes not to be reminded that an hour cometh, yea, is at hand, when he must leave these earthly treasures. He likes not to think upon the grave ; and yet, if he has not secured an interest beyond the grave, and, through the merits of his Redeemer, become a seeker of the treasures which are in heaven, how poor he really is ! But this cross, borne as thy Saviour would have thee bear it, will be a blessing. Keep be-

*From "Parochial Tracts."

fore thee, that for all thy worldly wealth, and for its use, thou art accountable to Him who gave it. Thou art the steward of God's bounty, and like other stewards must be faithful to thy trust, and if so, verily thou shalt have thy reward.

And if riches be a cross, so is poverty, pressing heavily upon him to whom it is assigned; too apt to lead to murmurs against God's providence, and to inquiries why a lot so painful should be his. Cares and troubles attend it, and weigh down the soul with many sorrows. And yet, believe me, riches might have been to thee a weightier cross, and might have perilled thy salvation more.

Thou mayest indeed be grieved now, and thy footsteps may fall sadly; still repine not at thy burden; thou art not so much laden as thy Saviour was, who reminds thee that "the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head."

Here, upon earth, thou mayest hold but a low rank in the estimation of thy fellow-mortals, and yet by bearing thy cross as becomes a follower of Christ, how bright an example thou hast it in thy power to be! How practical is the lesson which thou mayest teach to others! Let discontent, and murmuring, and repining, be far from thee. Put thy trust in God: pray to Him, and He will give thee strength to bear the load which is laid upon thee; His everlasting arms shall be thy support. Poverty does not shut thee out from God's favor: thou art still His child by adoption; He is thy Father, and thou mayest, unless thou wilfully reject His grace, obtain an inheritance among the saints in light. Here, indeed, thy patient continuance in well-doing may be known to few—perhaps to none—but it is known to Him who seeth in secret, and who will reward thee openly.

Are sickness and suffering thy cross? It is a hard one to bear—but remember, "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." And though no chastening for the present be joyful, yet "afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby." Think what great opportunity is afforded thee of manifesting thy patience, and of showing thy holy submission to the will of thy Heavenly Father. Murmur not, how grievous soever thy sufferings may be: reflect, that whatsoever thou mayest endure, thy sins and backslidings deserve much more than is laid upon thee; and it behoves thee to be thankful that thou art spared what thou meritest, and to bless His name for the very chastisement which He sends.

Is bereavement thy cross? dost thou lament for one dear to thee, who has been removed by the great enemy, death? Thou knowest indeed that the separation was certain, but it is not the less painful on that account. It is a cross most grievous indeed

to the natural man, but to the Christian the grave has no longer the victory, and death is deprived of his sting.

Thy tears, indeed, are not forbidden to flow ; for even He, the Resurrection and the Life, who in the most wonderful manner was about to prove Himself so, when standing by the grave of Lazarus, whom He loved, groaned in the spirit, and wept.

And when thou sorrowest for those that call forth thy sorrow the most : for the young, whom thou hadst hoped would have been spared to cheer and comfort thee in thy pilgrimage, remember, that if they die in the Lord, though they lose so much of time, they gain, what is far better, so much of eternity, and are entered the sooner into the mansions of their Father.

Keep in mind the blessed words of that book, of which indeed every word is blessed, where the Apostle bid his beloved brethren of Thessalonica that they should "sorrow not even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died, and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

And in thy sorrow thou wilt find that as Simon of Cyrene helped to bear the cross to Calvary, so one mightier far than he shall be thy helper. Thou hast a High-Priest, who is touched with a feeling for thy infirmities, who is ever ready to aid them that call upon Him faithfully. In all thy crosses seek that aid, and it will be thine. Thy God and Saviour will be found by thee, as He was by those of old, a very present help in trouble ; for He is the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever.

But whatever thy cross may be, thou wilt not have to bear it long. Pass but a few years, and all thy earthly toil will have ceased—thy pilgrimage will be ended—thy warfare will be accomplished. And if thy imperfect but sincere faith and obedience are accepted through thy Redeemer's merits, and thou art permitted to look back upon the path which thou hast trodden, thou wilt see that mercy and love directed every step—that thy burden was not one grain heavier than was needful for thee, and that not one suffering was permitted but such as thy spiritual necessities required. Thou wilt praise God for the blessings which were bestowed upon thee ; yea, thou wilt praise Him even more for those light afflictions, which were but for a moment, but which, by the way thou didst bear them, have worked out for thee a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

Very soon will the burden of earthly trouble be laid down ; very soon will the mourner's eyes be dried, and everlasting joy take the place of brief sorrows ; very soon will tribulations cease, and tears be wiped from the faces of those who have borne their afflictions as true children of God. The cross is but for a time ; then comes the crown of glory which is forever ; then come the pleasures which are at God's right hand for evermore, and which Christ has purchased for us by His blood.

DR. STERLING AND HIS CHOIR.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM STAUNTON.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Rev. WILLIAM STAUNTON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S. for the Southern District of New-York.

CHAPTER XI.

The Doctor discourses, and advises Old-fashioned Tunes—State of Music in the Church—Quiet restored.

THE Warden, who had taken little part in the debate recorded in the last chapter, and who had now settled down in accustomed soberness, called to mind the probability of receiving from the Judge a sharp rebuke after the termination of the visit, should he fail, even at the last hour, to discharge the part assigned him in this memorable campaign against the choir and the Doctor. Besides, it occurred to him, that, being an office-bearer in the parish, the dignity of his station was to be maintained; and as it was in the line of his duty to keep order in the church,—which order, as some supposed, had been violated by the recent proceedings of the choir,—it became him to prove his fidelity by bringing a respectable list of complaints to the ear of the Rector, and thus commit all responsibility in the matter to the hands of that gentleman. As things stood, however, it was not easy for the simple-hearted Warden to enumerate offences with any fluency and success, now that Popery and the opera were thrown out of the case. Still, it would not do to expose himself to the ill-will of the Judge, and to gain the unenviable title of “a dumb dog.” Thus, therefore, reasoned the Warden; and his fears, for once, were too strong for his good sense. He spoke of the good old times, when nobody was tired to death with standing up to hear the *Te Deum* sung,—when there were no heavy bills to be paid by the Vestry and the ladies, for such lots of new music-books as the choir now demanded; and when there was no probability of gallons of lamp-oil, and extra cords of wood, being burnt up at meetings for practising on winter evenings. Neither could he see, for his part, any more than the Judge, what was to be gained by this new order of things; nor why a few of the good old tunes were not enough to answer all the purposes of Church-music. Before the new choir came in, everybody was satisfied with such tunes as *Old Hundred*, and *Pleyel's*, and the *Sicilian Mariners'* and *Portuguese* hymns, and half a dozen others of the same stamp. And, in spite of all that had just been said, he was still afraid that the singers were not as entirely clear of a liking to Popish music, as the Rector thought he had reason to believe.

"Perhaps you are not aware," replied the Doctor, who now resolved to close up this hateful tirade of objections, "that two or three of the very tunes you have mentioned are of Romish origin, while Old Hundred itself is by no means a legitimate production of the Church. But let me say, once for all, that we must not allow ourselves to be swayed by mere prejudice and childish conceit, in a matter of this kind. Music must stand on its own merits, without reference to the theological opinions of those who compose it. There is, in point of fact, no such thing as either Popery or Puritanism in *music itself*. The connection exists only in our own minds; it depends chiefly on associations of thought, and is often formed in great ignorance of the whole subject. It has so happened, however, that the Puritans and their successors adopted the *worst* music in the world, while the Romanists—to do them simple justice—aspired to the *best*. But, true as this may be, it is a mere accidental circumstance, with which *we* have no concern whatever, except it be to express our regret that Puritanical ideas of music have influenced, to so lamentable an extent, the minds of otherwise discerning Churchmen. We should judge of Church-music just as we do of architecture, and painting, sculpture, and the fine arts generally; training ourselves to view the work itself, without the necessity of associating with it the religious principles of the artist. No sensible man would contend that gold and silver must be at a discount, simply because those metals have been derived from the mines of Mexico and other Romish countries. And, on the contrary side, I am very certain that neither of you would be willing to take copper in the place of gold, simply because it had passed through Protestant hands in the mint. But, not to waste more words on such an absurdity—let me tell you that a very large proportion of the music you have been decrying,—some which Mrs. Flint has called theatrical and operatic, and on which the Judge has laid the foulest reproach he could think of,—is really derived from the services of the Cathedrals of England, and from the pens of distinguished masters who have been born and bred in the Church of which we are members, and I can safely affirm that in no case have we adopted, and used in the Church, music which had not a strictly ecclesiastical origin and style. The fault, I am constrained to say, lies entirely in your own want of acquaintance with this highly important and interesting subject. I think that a very little calm reflection will make you all most sensible of this; and my advice,—which I offer with not less kindness than decision,—is simply this: that you submit your own judgments, willingly and implicitly, to those who have a greater claim to be heard in this matter. Take for granted,—which I trust you may do, with reason,—that your choir, organist, and Rector, know what they are about; and that, by and bye, you

will better understand and appreciate the things which have now touched your prejudices, and very unnecessarily stirred up your anger. Believe me when I say that if, through God's grace, we are ever admitted to take part in the songs of heaven, we shall *then* think that our best efforts on earth made but a slight and feeble approximation to the glory of the anthems of the New Jerusalem."

"Well," said the Warden, "if the rest of them can make up their minds to stand it, I don't know but *I* can."

The Judge, though unwilling to reverse his decision too suddenly, was considerably softened and impressed by what the Doctor said,—enough so to satisfy the Doctor that good sense was rapidly gaining a victory over prejudice; for the Judge coincided at once in the correctness of a remark made by his amiable lady, who observed—with a sigh of resignation—that, on the whole, it would be better to bear a good deal of tweedledum from the gallery, than to be on bad terms with the minister; or to make a prodigious fuss, which could do nobody any good, even if it shouldn't end in making the Judge some enemies.

In this temperament—neither cold nor hot—the party took their leave of the Doctor. They were not, however, the only malcontents in the parish, as, indeed, they had sufficiently intimated. Nor did their visit tend to diminish the number. In the course of a few days' observation, the Rector found—notwithstanding his hopes of better things—that dissatisfaction was spreading too widely to be easily overlooked or borne with, and it exhibited the common trait of being violent and bitter, just in proportion to the ignorance and low-breeding of those who entertained it. The more sensible portion of the congregation—with the exception of Judge Flint and a few others—had perceived at once that the object of the improvements made by the choir was not to innovate, and go *beyond* the Liturgy, but simply to bring up the minds of the people to its *real level*,—a level which few of our churches have either comprehended or earnestly desired to reach. It was, therefore, chiefly with those who had formed very meagre conceptions of the perfection and glory of the Church Liturgy, that Dr. Sterling and his choir were likely to have any serious trouble and contention. For it would be only by slow degrees that such persons could be made to understand the merits of the case; and to feel that the wretched strains which for years past had been tolerated in the Church, were little better than an insult to the majesty of God.

With persons of this class, the Doctor had now frequent conferences. Their scruples uniformly arose from a deficiency of musical sensibility and cultivation, or from a dread of what they were pleased to call "innovations," or from such other frivolous considerations as had been referred to by the Warden in the con-

versation just related. These objections were met, fully and frankly; but also decidedly, and without any time-serving compromise. Whoever thinks to conciliate the crowd by bowing to every childish prejudice, and cringing before mere whim and caprice, commits a fatal mistake, ruining himself and his cause at the same time. Instead of levelling down the Ritual to meet the frigid notions of the uninstructed and the blindness of the novice, it is the office of the Church to bring up the views of all her children alike, to the elevated standard of worship she has framed and enjoined. Individual opinion must never be carried so far as to array itself against that which is nobler and more heavenly. Music, as we have said before, is not introduced into the temple of God for the low purpose of gratifying the ear of an auditory: it is not an offering to the *people*, but a tribute rendered to the *Almighty*; and should, therefore, be of such a quality as to express our sense of His greatness and majesty. Opinions which take a lower range than this, should not be indulged. Nor should a choir desist from effort, because a clamor,—loud and long,—is heard in behalf of what so many continue to denominate “good old-fashioned tunes.” If, indeed, under such a name, reference is made to the rich and beautiful strains which have been bequeathed to the Church by the old cathedral masters, there can be no objection to the appeal, however urgent. For every man of taste, sensibility, and piety, must ever revere the honored names of Ravenscroft, Wainwright, Croft, Randall, Morgan, Arnold, and others of the English school, for the admirably pure and classical models of psalmody they have left us. But if by the tunes in question are to be understood the dry and unmeaning abortions which were foisted into the Church, in place of these, by an inferior race of composers some fifty or sixty years ago,—men who had neither music in their souls, nor science in their heads,—a tribe of untutored pretenders, whose crude melodies no time can mellow, and whose errors of harmony no charity can forgive,—then do we think that the sooner men get rid of such prejudices, or transfer them to worthier objects, the better will it be both for their taste and their credit.

But mere psalmody and chanting, we have contended, are not all for which the Church has provided a place in her holy services. There is a higher and more perfect sphere, to which her harmonies rise, and seem to emulate the seraphic anthems of a purer world. And this being so, it is easy to conceive that persons accustomed only to ordinary psalmody, and not conversant with the rich traits of a higher school of sacred music, may very naturally infer, on hearing specimens of this superior style, that recourse has been had to the opera, or to some similar department of secular music. Mistakes of this kind are far from being uncommon; because few are aware of the extent to which sacred

music has been carried by European composers, and of the legitimate scope of that branch of the art which is associated with liturgical services. Hence it is, that extracts from oratorios, motetts, masses, cathedral anthems, and even the organ voluntaries of Bach, Albrechtsberger, Bühler, Rink, and others of the German school, are promptly denounced as unfit to be used in divine service, though in most cases composed with this very object in view; and sometimes by men—Handel and Haydn, for example—who were no strangers to the dignity and reverence due to the sanctuary of the Most High.

In the present uninformed state of the public mind, no distinction is drawn between the simple elementary form of the art, as seen in the plain psalm tune and chant, and its higher development in the class of compositions we have named. The one is assumed to embrace the entire range to which Church-music is entitled; and the other, whenever introduced, runs the risk of finding some Judge Flint to condemn it forthwith as *operatic*, and too "light and unseemly" for use in divine worship. The proper remedy for complaints of this nature must be the elevation of the popular taste many degrees above its present level; and not the anathematizing of the glorious tributes which science has paid to the Church, in the immortal works of her great masters. And one very important agency in effecting this, would be the introduction of music as an element of early parochial education, thereby qualifying another generation not only better to appreciate this branch of worship, but to take an active and zealous interest in its actual performance.

But if there is little to fear from the introduction of secular music in choirs consisting of thoughtful persons, there is much to apprehend from something not a whit better. We sincerely believe that the worship of God is as much dishonored and defiled by the grim melodies and intolerable harmonies of the spurious tunes to which we have alluded, as it would be by the actual introduction, without disguise, of certain movements in the *Zauberflöte*, *Don Juan*, *Clemenza di Tito*, or other more modern operas. Nay more; for if there is any truth in the principle that God should be served with the best we can offer, and that it is an affront to His majesty to bring the blemished when we might have offered the spotless, we verily think that a purer tribute might sometimes be snatched from the secular orchestra, and laid on God's altar, than could be found among the worthless oblations which, not unfrequently, rustic harmonists have manufactured, and inflicted on the Church. And why? For the self-same reason which operates in the cultivation of excellence in all other sacred things, and the banishment of deformity and ignorance where holiness should be set forth in its beauty. Why are costly and magnificent buildings erected for Divine worship?

Why are the vessels of the altar formed of the precious metals? Why are our Church organs so rich and gorgeous? Why do we value talent and refinement in our clergy? Why do we applaud the elegance of our Liturgy? Why should we frown upon grammatical blunders and doggerel rhyme, if ill-fortune should obtrude them into our services? We ask, in full confidence of what the answer *must* be:—Why are we so careful about these things? Unquestionably, not for our own honor and glory; God forbid! But in testimony of that high and sacred reverence, which even nature herself would teach us to be due to the King eternal, immortal, and invisible. Let this be granted, as we doubt not it will be, and then we are prepared to inquire, why should not the *musical* services of the Church demand and receive that intelligent appreciation, and that rank in the scale of importance, which are so universally and tranquilly accorded to other sacred things? Nay, why does not music, with good reason, take *precedence* of such things as architecture, &c., from the fact of its nearer alliance, if not identity, with the solemnities of Divine worship? The reply will probably be, that the mass of men are better qualified to judge of architecture, rhetoric, poetry, &c., than of the qualities of scientific music;—that they can understand Christopher Wren, Michael Angelo, Massillon, Heber, and Keble, as it were by a natural faculty; while the conceptions of Haydn, Mozart, Graun, and the cathedral composers, are all a mystery to them. This, we allow, may be true in some cases to its full extent; but it is not in the same degree true of the whole community. There are hundreds who would stand appalled at a respectable Gloria Patri in church, who have no difficulty in admiring a florid Italian song in the drawing-room. A voluntary, by Rink, is to them all Arabic and Greek; but an overture, by Rossini, or a fantasia, by List, Halberg, or De Meyer, is as plain and intelligible as a New-England Primer. Now this is utterly marvelous, and would go far to prove that the atmosphere of consecrated buildings has a wonderfully narcotic effect on the musical faculty, and that bronchitis in the pulpit is more than balanced by paralysis of the tympanum in the pew.

We believe, then, that though a scientific acquaintance with music may indeed be a rare thing, yet the ability to understand, and to appreciate, in some degree, the better class of Church-music, is more general than is supposed; and by the aid of that moderate cultivation, which one would reasonably think that few would neglect, the praises of God's temple might be brought up, at least, to the level of those applications of the art which are devoted to less holy purposes; and might, in the end, be redeemed from that unfortunate place of inferiority which, in comparison with things of less consequence, they have been

compelled to occupy. We plead only for the restoration of the legitimate music of the Church;—of the pure, dignified, and impressive strains of which we have spoken. It is certain that much of our present music has been derived from inferior sources. It has not the spirit and odor of the Church, and, for aught we can see, is self-doomed, and almost irreclaimable. By the admission of this, the Church has grievously suffered; her psalmody has been corrupted; and even her chanting has shared in the damage, and become thoroughly infected with more evils than we could name. We know no better remedy for this deterioration than to seek for our music where we obtained our Liturgy and our Episcopacy. The cathedral service of England is our highest model, though in some respects differing from that of ordinary parish churches. The mode of chanting there prevailing, may be considered as the perfection of that portion of our worship; and we trust that the time is near, when we shall find our advantage in a closer imitation of its beauties. Our city churches have the ability to set a standard of choral music, which shall not only enhance immeasurably the devotional effect of our services, but by diffusion, carry the work of improvement to the most distant parishes of the land. The attempt to accomplish something more than has yet been done, would be deserving of all praise; and if successfully prosecuted, would commend itself to the good wishes of every true son of the Church.

By representations of this kind, and the imparting of information where it would not be hastily rejected, Dr. Sterling, in the progress of time, found the clamor and uneasiness of the factious gradually subsiding; and some had the candor to confess that they had been over-hasty in forming their opinions, and headstrong in alleging and reiterating their scruples. Still, there were a few on whom neither reasoning nor entreaty would take effect. Bred up where their minds had very early been chilled against the winning form of religion, as exhibited in the Church of God, they were incapable of appreciating the sublime nature and bearing of the Church Ritual, and deriving holy impressions from it. They had connected themselves with the Church, not because they loved her principles and services, but in consequence of feuds and strife, which had driven them from various denominations, with which they still retained a strong sympathy in religious feeling and habits. Inheriting an immovable conviction of the infallibility of their own judgments, they could submit to no teaching from their pastor, and endure no restraint imposed by the Church, unless it happened to coincide with their own private opinions and whims. Two of these "children of disobedience" the Doctor was compelled at last to give up, for a time, as utterly incorrigible. For, as we shall

presently see, they were resolved either to conquer and rule, or to be the prime agents of mischief. And, failing to accomplish their iniquitous designs, they made a public display of their anger, and then broke off from the Church in a fit of vulgar indignation.

KING EDWIN AND PAULINUS.

BUT, to remote Northumbria's royal Hall,
Where thoughtful Edwin, tutored in the school
Of sorrow, still maintains a heathen rule,
Who comes with functions apostolical?
Mark him, of shoulders curved, and stature tall,
Black hair, and vivid eye, and meagre cheek,
His prominent feature like an eagle's beak;
A Man whose aspect doth at once appal
And strike with reverence. The monarch leans
Toward the pure truths this Delegate propounds;
Repeatedly his own deep mind he sounds
With careful hesitation; then convenes
A synod of his Counsellors:—give ear,
And what a pensive sage doth utter, hear!

"Man's life is like a sparrow, mighty King!
That—while at banquet with your chiefs you sit,
Housed near a blazing fire—is seen to fit
Safe from the wintry tempest. Fluttering,
Here did it enter; there, on hasty wing,
Flies out, and passes on from cold to cold;
But whence it came we know not, nor behold
Whither it goes. Even such that transient Thing,
The human Soul; not utterly unknown
While in the body lodged, her warm abode;
But from what world she came, what woe or weal
On her departure waits, no tongue hath shown:
This mystery if the Stranger can reveal,
His be a welcome cordially bestowed!"

Prompt transformation works the novel lore;
The Council closed, the Priest in full career
Rides forth an armed man, and hurls a spear
To desecrate the fane, which heretofore
He served in folly. WODEN falls, and THOR
Is overturned; the mace, in battle heaved
(So might they dream) till victory was achieved,
Drops, and the god himself is seen no more;
Temple and Altar sink, to hide their shame
Amid oblivious weeds. *O come to me,
Ye heavy-laden!* such the inviting voice
Heard near fresh streams; and thousands who rejoice
In the new rite—the pledge of sanctity—
Shall, by regenerate life, the promise claim.

WORDSWORTH.

If thou canst not make thyself such a one as thou wouldst, how canst thou expect to have another in all things to thy liking?

DEATH is a conquered enemy; he cannot hurt you, if he find you clothed in CHRIST's righteousness.

KNOCKING-AROUND.

BY REV. JOS. J. NICHOLSON.

As I passed from the Rectory, last Sunday morning, about 8½ o'clock, to my Sunday School, at the first corner I found a couple of youths hanging on the rail, that extended itself along the outer edge of the pavement, to protect the shrubbery from the encroachments of the cows.

One was a cleanly, good-looking youth, of about fifteen, possessing a bright, cheerful, intelligent countenance; the other was a drowsy, sulky-looking boy, of about seventeen.

As I drew near, he of the bright countenance cast his eyes upon me, while sulky still hung over the rail, looking heavily and lazily down into the gutter, as though engaged in deep meditation. I paused.

"Boys, do you think it wrong for any one to try to do good?"

"O no, sir," says he of the bright countenance, while sulky rather groaned or grunted, in a low tone, as much as to say, "You had better attend to your business!"

"Well, do you go to Sunday School?"

"No."

"No!—Not go to Sunday School! Well, I am just going; will you not accompany me? I will take pains to learn you good things."

"O no, sir!"

"You will learn nothing but good! Don't you want to learn how to be good and do good?"

"O yes," says bright countenance, smiling. "But I reckon I can learn it without going to Sunday School!"

"Suppose I grant that you *can*, yet it would prove nothing unless you make the effort, which I am almost certain you do not! I'm sure you neither learn good nor do good, playing about on the Lord's Day!"

"I've tried the Sunday School, and don't like it."

"How so?"

"Don't know, exactly! But I works all the week, and when Sunday comes I wants to knock-around!"

Yes, that is it! Knock-around! A fast way to learn good!

Reader, there are thousands upon thousands of boys, all over this land, who spend their Sundays in knocking-around! All our towns, villages, and cities are filled with these knockers-around!

Knocking-around on the Lord's Day is filling the land with disease and death, eking out its very heart's blood!

Parents do not care. Many, even of the better sort, have

neither time nor inclination to look after their children, therefore they just permit them to knock-around; there is no harm in it, they say. Let the children knock-around; children are children. The ignorant, less instructed, and more indigent, follow suit. They do not go to church; they are little cared for; they have not the means to rent fashionable pews in fashionable churches, nor to dress in keeping with the requirements of fashionable people; there are no free churches, or but few;—few poor men's churches; they are proud; each man here is a mighty sovereign. Sovereigns will not be content to take the lowest seat, a free seat in a fashionable church; it would be an acknowledgment of poverty—so they neither go to church, nor their children to church or Sunday School. But they simply knock-around.

Now this knocking-around begins with many at a very tender age. You see them first in little groups and companies, playing all day in the streets, on the Lord's Day, and all others; a few years more you find these little street rompers advanced to a higher grade—for now they have taken to the suburbs, and spend the Lord's Day in playing marbles, cursing, scuffling, wrestling, pitching quoits, jumping, boxing, wrangling,—and now and then there is a fight.

Next, in a year or two more, they are hanging about public houses, puffing cigars, cursing, swearing, and swaggering.

Next, they are staggering about, fuming with alcohol, the inmates of gambling-houses; they are in all street-fights and rows; they are "b'hoys" of the ring-line, and leaders in wickedness.

And it all comes of this knocking-around.

Knocking-around is the Lord's Day occupation of Young America. He is a progressive being; has a destiny, and must work it out; his genius is not to be cramped; he must knock-around to learn what is going on; he must develop, or die.

Now I want to tell a story to my youthful readers of one of these knockers-around.

His name, we will just say, was James Rook. James bade fair to be a very good boy. But his parents paid no attention to his Christian nurture. He had been baptized, we are almost sorry to own, into the Church, sealed with the sign of the cross, "made a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven." But alas! neither his parents nor his sponsors paid any regard to the vows they had taken in his behalf, and James, instead of being trained as a child of God, was allowed to train himself. He did not like the Sunday School, and therefore his parents would not force him to go. He did not like to go to church, and for the same reason he was allowed to stay at home. Alas! his parents were very negli-

gent and wicked, in allowing their son to have his own way. We hope you have better and more considerate parents, who, like Abraham of old, "command their children, and their household after them." We hope also that you are not knockers-around.

Well, little James, as soon as he could run about, spent the Lord's Day in the streets, first playing with his little dog and whip. Sometimes, when they *felt like it*, his father and mother went to church, and they were but too happy when little Jimmy came running up to meet them, as they returned home, holding his little dog by a string, and cracking his whip.

"O, he had had such a fine day! Mother ought just to have seen how Spark (his little dog) ran around after Billy Flunks, the boy that spun a top so well. And how Billy Flunks and Sam Jones could wrestle and box. It was such a sight!"

"And mother's little Jimmy is a fine fellow. He is so observant. Mother is delighted. Jimmy shall go to church some of these days, and to Sunday School, too, when he gets old enough."

"O no, mother. I want to see the boys play. It's so funny!"

Little Jimmy wants to knock-around. And, year by year, little Jimmy grows older, but he neither goes to Sunday School nor church. He is only knocking-around.

Many a Lord's Day little Jimmy does not get home to his dinner; but towards night he sneaks in at the back-gate, covered with mud; his clothes nearly torn from his back.

"Then little Jimmy is a naughty boy." But he has only been knocking-around.

One Sunday evening Jimmy comes home with a black eye and a bloody shirt-bosom.

"Why, Jimmy, what's the matter?"

"Nothing, but that big boy Bill Flunks beat me, for nothing at all. He, he, he!" says Jimmy, wiping his eyes, and sobbing very lustily.

"Bill Flunks is a very bad boy, and Jimmy's father will whip him, the first time he lays his eyes upon him."

The next Lord's Day Jimmy is out again, in the same company. He now has a backer! "Ah ha! you Mr. Bill Flunks, you beat me last Sunday. Now, sir, you'd better look out, for my pa is going to whip you. Ah ha! sir, you look out for that."

"Yes, I did whip you, and I'll do it agin if you say 'I'm another.'"

"So you are another."

And Jimmy is whipped again. But it's all knocking-around.

A few years more, and Jimmy is knocking-around in the hotels, and gambling and drinking saloons, picking up stray

rings, breast-pins, watch-guards, and the like ; but then he's a little fellow, and it must be overlooked ; every one must watch Jimmy.

And now Jimmy is one of a gang of rowdies, who congregate on the corners of the streets on the Lord's Day, smoking cigars, chewing tobacco, cursing, insulting by-passers.

A year or so more, and Jimmy has stabbed one boy and shot another ; but, fortunately, neither of these were fatally wounded, and nothing is done. Jimmy's parents are clever people ; the community sympathize with them ; for their sakes it overlooks Jimmy's faults,—though everywhere he is known as the "bad boy."

Jimmy comes to manhood, and is still a knocker-around. And having use for more money than his father can allow him, takes the convenient mode of forgery to obtain it.

Jimmy becomes a forger ; but before he can be apprehended flies his country. His parents now are in the deepest distress ; but never think of accusing themselves of any wrong. Oh no ! The boy was only unfortunate. He had been led off by wicked companions. Their son could never so far forget himself. He had always been such a good boy.

James Rook is now a man—a full-grown man. His father and mother are going down to a premature grave ; old and gray before their time.

He never learned how to do anything but knock-around. Knocking-around is his trade.

The last time we heard of him, in a drunken brawl, he had coolly and deliberately hurried a fellow-being into eternity.

And then he was compelled to fly again from justice, and leave a wife and innocent children, to mourn over their sorrow and disgrace.

Alas ! alas ! this all comes from knocking-around.

Dear little children, this is no "made-up" story. Nay, would that it were. But thousands of such may be told all over the world.

Remember the end of James Rook—and beware of knocking-around. Never desecrate the Lord's Day. Never acquire the habit of knocking-around ; it leads to present and eternal ruin. Love the Sunday School and the Church : let nothing but sickness, or an absolute impossibility, keep you from them. Be always in time, and prepared with your lessons. And when in God's Holy Sanctuary remember where you are, in Whose service you are engaged ; join audibly in the responses ; perform your parts, learn your duties, give your young hearts unto Him into Whom you have been baptized. O how tenderly He loves you ! O what stores of blessings will He pour upon you, if only you will be true to your vows !

Dear little children, teach us all, through life, to behold in

your innocence, purity, and simplicity, types of the heavenly mind and disposition—"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Dear little children, may the Lord's blessing be upon you.

And you, parents, remember our homely little sketch. It is true to life, word for word.

Remember your dear little children. Guard them from all evil. Leave them not to train themselves. If you are poor, send them to Sunday School and the Church. Give them to Christ. If you are unable to clothe them decently, make known your wants; there are good hearts everywhere ready to assist you.

If you are rich, so much more are you bound to set a good example. Remember these holy vows and promises in baptism. Leave not your children to chance. Train them as the Lord's children.

Above all, never permit them to acquire the habit of knocking-around. And the Lord's blessing will be upon you and your offspring.

A VISION OF PEACE.

THE sun went down; the monarch of the day
In clouds of gold and crimson passed away.
Each warbler of the valley and the dale
Hushed its glad song, save the sad nightingale.
The blushing rose her leaflets folded up,
And bowed to earth the snowy lily cup.
Then in the east night's beauteous crescent
beams,

Her silver rays reflected on the streams;
And in the clear expanse the stars arise,
And smiling, gaze upon us from the skies.
The pensive song of night's melodious bird,
The murmur of the stream, alone are heard.
How beautiful! how calm, and how serene!
Spirits of peace seem hovering o'er the scene.
Oh why should man fair Nature's charms deface,
And mar the beauty everywhere we trace?
Why should fair Peace be from the earth exiled,
Banished the gentle scenes on which she smiled,
In all her native loveliness serene,
In all her soft simplicity of mien?

Why should the spots where erst her form we
traced,
Be made a desolate and lonely waste?
Filled with these thoughts, I seek beneath the
shade

A bending willow near a streamlet made;
Soft smiled the moon, the breeze my temples
fanned,

A vision fair before me seemed to stand;
Mild was the glance of her beautiful eye,
That had caught the tint of the summer sky;
Soft and tender the winning smile
That played o'er her lovely lip the while.
The rich warm hue of the sunlight's glow
Beamed in her curls o'er her brow of snow,
A nameless charm, a magic grace,
Dwelt in her fair and innocent face;
While round her form, in graceful flow,
Waved her robe, as pure as snow,
Spangled with pearly lilies o'er,
An olive branch her soft hand bore.

Her silver voice, whose every note
Like heavenly music seemed to float,
Fell sweetly on my listening ear,
In tones melodious, soft, and clear.

When first I left my native skies,
'Mid earthly scenes to roam,
In Eden's calm and happy bowers
I found a blissful home.
I thought to spend my life amid
Those scenes so dear to me,
But Peace must dwell with innocence,
They cannot severd be.

And now I dwell on earth no more,
Yet still my guiding care is o'er
All innocence and purity,
All those who love and cherish me;
I cause all beings to rejoice,
That see my face or hear my voice.
Beneath my smile the waving field,
The meadow fair, their harvest yield;
The crystal stream that glides along
The valley fair, the bird of song,
The forest tree and graceful flower,
All, all attest and own my power;
For come ye to me, and gaze around
The spot on which I am not found;
Where War's red banner is unfurled,
And where his darts around are hurled;
The fields that once have waved with grain,
All now o'erstrewn with bodies slain,
The flowers trampled to the ground,
The trees prostrated all around,
And the sweet stream, in peace that flowed,
Is hurrying onward, stained with blood.

And see that fair and quiet vale,
Where flow'rets scent each passing gale;
A sparkling river winds along
Its verdant meads and groves among.

And snowy cottages are seen
Amid the bowers of softest green,
Embosomed 'mid the stately trees,
That graceful wave to every breeze,
While silver moonbeams o'er the scene
Rest in their lovely light serena.
Behold a gay and happy throng,
With laugh and dance, and blithesome song,
Beguiling the sweet moonlight hours,
And children sporting 'mid the flowers,
In gay and joyous carelessness,
Their light hearts full of happiness;
The fair young mother's tender smile
Beams on her merry babes the while,
Rejoicing in their artless joy,
Pure, innocent, without alloy.
The happy father by her side
Gazes with fondest love and pride
Upon each dear one's smiling face,
The home of every artless grace;
And bright-eyed girls, with merry song,
Dance gayly the fair bowers among;
The lover wanders by the side
Of her he hopes to call his bride;
A thousand joys his fond heart fill,
Love and delight his bosom thrill,
While gazing on that blushing cheek,
Revealing more than words can speak.
And that half-timid glance and smile,
That beams from her soft eye the while.

Reverse the scene. War's trumpet-sound
Is echoing from the hills around,
The awe-struck villagers now stand,
Surrounded by a hostile band—
They fall, they bleed, what hand can save!
They sink to an untimely grave.
And see the hapless wives and maids
Now fleeing from their native shades;
The mother, with her infant prest
In hopeless terror to her breast.
O where are now that little band,
Who seemed so blessed by fortune's hand?
Fallen each gallant sire and son,
Before that cruel fight is done,
And desolating flames destroy
Those cottage homes; where peace and joy
And virtue had made their abode;
Where innocence and goodness trod.
Oh weep for those who still are left,
Those of their dearest hopes bereft:
The widowed wife, the orphaned boy,
What now can touch their hearts with joy!
Each desolate and stricken one
Weeps for a brother, sire, or son,
And gone is childhood's tone of glee,
And careless laugh of infancy,
And lightsome step, afar are fled—
Poor babes, they mourn a father dead!
And can that valley be the same?
Yes, but the sword and wasting flame

Have changed that fair and blissful scene;
Its flowery plains and slopes of green
Are now the last, sad resting-place
Of that once happy, peaceful race.
See, sadly gliding o'er the plain,
Amid the bodies of the slain,
A lonely woman, bathed in tears;
Now a beloved form she nears,
She trembling sinks upon the ground,
Her arms she clasps his form around,
Presses her lips to that pale brow,
And tears gush forth more wildly now!
Yet soon she stays their flowing tide,
And kneeling by her loved one's side,
Raises her sad and tearful eyes
In supplication to the skies;
While pallid moonbeams their faint lustre shed
O'er that lone mourner praying 'mid the dead.

Oh, wouldst thou my full power know,
Afar from thronged assemblies go,
And gaze upon the human mind,
And in its deep recesses find
How all its purest joys must cease.
When it is not the home of peace.
For when conflicting passions reign within,
Must they not lead the soul to grief or sin?
When storms within the anguished bosom rage,
When "warring elements their conflicts wage,"
Where can the torn heart look then for relief?
Where can it find a refuge from its grief?
And such must be the portion of that mind
In which calm Peace no resting-place can find.
If this is true of one mind, it must be
That all the world owes happiness to me;
Th' inquiring heart a ready answer finds—
Is not the world a company of minds?

And now farewell, I can no longer stay,
The time has come, and I must hence away;
Yet ponder well all I have told to thee,
And seek me still wherever thou mayst be.

Stay, beauteous vision, for a moment stay,
Oh do not leave me, do not pass away.
She smiling answered, This is not my home;
Far, far away, from brighter lands I come,
Yet thence I shed my influence benign
On human hearts; and such a heart as thine,
Perchance, may feel my power, if thou wilt
seek
To follow in my footsteps, pure and meek;
But seek me not in crowds, I love to dwell
Far more in Virtue's lone and hallowed cell.

Stay, beauteous vision, for a moment stay!
Still, still, I cried; oh do not pass away!
She answered not, but gazed on me the while,
Her sweet lips parted in a seraph smile,
A smile as bright as morning's earliest beam.
Then I awoke, and found 'twas but a dream.

CHRIST having Adam's nature, as we have, but incorrupt, de-
riveth not nature, but incorruption, and that immediately from
His own Person, into all that belong unto Him. As, therefore,
we are really partakers of the body of sin and death, received
from Adam; so except we be truly partakers of CHRIST, and as
really possessed of His Spirit, all we speak of eternal life is but
a dream. That which quickeneth us, is the Spirit of the Second
Adam, and His flesh that wherewith He quickeneth.—*Hooker*.

God alone is without sin; and the only man without sin is
CHRIST, because CHRIST is also God.—*Tertullian*.

SHARPENING THE SCYTHE.

IN the heart of a high table-land, that overlooks many square leagues of the rich scenery of Devonshire, the best scythe-stone is found. The whole face of the enormous cliff in which it is contained is honeycombed with minute quarries ; half way down there is a wagon-road, entirely formed of the sand cast out from them. To walk along that vast, soft terrace on a July evening, is to enjoy one of the most delightful scenes in England. Forests of fir rise overhead like cloud on cloud ; through openings of these there peeps the purple moorland, stretching far southward, to the Roman Camp, and barrows, from which spears and skulls are dug continually. Whatever may be underground, it is all soft and bright above, with heath and wild-flowers, about which a breeze will linger in the hottest noon. Down to the sand-road the breeze does not come ; there we may walk in calm, and only see that it is quivering among the topmost trees. From the Camp the Atlantic can be seen, but from the sand-road the view is more limited, though many a bay and headland far beneath show where the ocean of a past age rolled. Fossils and shells are almost as plentiful within the cliff as the scythe-stone itself, and wondrous bones of extinct animals are often brought to light.

All day long, summer and winter, in the sombre fir-groves may be heard the stroke of the spade and the click of the hammer ; a hundred men are at work, like bees, upon the cliff, each in his own cell of the great honeycomb, his private passage. The right to dig in his own burrow each of these men has purchased for a trifling sum, and he toils in it daily. Though it is a narrow space, in which he is not able to stand upright, and can scarcely turn,—though the air in it that he breathes is damp and deadly,—though the color in his cheek is commonly the hectic of consumption, and he has a cough, that never leaves him night or day,—though he will himself remark that he does not know amongst his neighbors one old man,—and though, all marrying early, few ever see a father with his grown-up son, yet, for all this, the scythe-stone cutter works in his accustomed way, and lives his short life merrily ; that is to say, he drinks down any sense or care that he might have. These poor men are almost without exception sickly drunkards. The women of this community are not much healthier. It is their task to cut and shape the rough-hewn stone into those pieces wherewith “the mower whets his scythe.” The thin particles of dust that escape during this process are very pernicious to the lungs ; but, as usual, it is found impossible to help the ignorant sufferers by anything in the form of an idea from without ;

a number of masks and respirators have been more than once provided for them by the charity of the neighboring gentry, but scarcely one woman has given them her countenance.

The short life of the scythe-stone cutter is also always liable to be abruptly ended. Safety requires that fir-poles from the neighboring wood should be driven in, one by one, on either side of him, and a third flat stake to be laid across, to make the walls and roof safe, as the digger pushes his long burrow forward. Cheap as these fir-poles are, they are too often dispensed with. There is scarcely one, of the hundred mined entrances of dis-used caverns, here to be seen, through which some crushed or suffocated workman has not been brought out dead. The case is common. A man cannot pay the trifle that is necessary to buy fir-poles, for the support of his cell walls; the consequence is, that, sooner or later, it must almost inevitably happen that one stroke of the pick-axe shall produce a fall of sand behind him, and set an impassable barrier between him and the world without. It will then be to little purpose that another may be working near him, prompt to give the alarm, and get assistance; ~~tons~~ upon tons of heavy sand divide the victim from the rescuers, and they must prop and roof their way at every step, lest they too perish. Such accidents are therefore mostly fatal: if the man was not at once crushed by a fall of sand upon him, he has been cut off from the outer air, and suffocated in his narrow worm-hole. Whiteknights is a small village at the foot of this cliff, inhabited almost entirely by persons following this scythe-stone trade. The few agricultural laborers there to be met with may be distinguished at a glance from their brethren of the pits; the bronzed cheeks from the hectic, the muscular frames from the bodies which disease has weakened, and which dissipation helps to a more swift decay. The cottages are not ill-built, and generally stand detached in a small garden; their little porches may be seen of an evening thronged with dirty, pretty children, helping father outside his cavern, by carrying the stone away in little baskets, as he brings it out to them.

Beside the Luta rivulet, which has pleasanter nooks, more flowery banks, and falls more musical, than any stream in Devon; beside this brook, and parted by a little wood of beeches and wild laurel from the village, is a very pearl of cottages. Honey-suckle, red rose, and sweet-briar, hold it entangled in a fragrant net-work; they fall over the little windows, making twilight at midnoon, yet nobody has ever thought of cutting them away, or tying up a single tendril. Grandfather Markham, and his daughter Alice, with John Drewitt, her husband, and master of the house, used to live there, and they had three little children: Jane, Henry, and Joe.

A little room over the porch was especially neat. It was the best room in the cottage, and therein was lodged old Markham,

who had, so far as the means of his children went, the best of board as well. He was not a very old man, but looked ten years older than he was, and his hand shook through an infirmity more grievous than age. He was a gin-drinker. John Drewit had to work very hard to keep, not only his own household in food and-clothing, but also his poor old father-in-law in drink.

John was a hale young man when first I knew him, but he soon began to alter. As soon as it was light he was away to the sand-cliff, by a pleasant, winding path through the beech-wood, and up the steps which his own spade had cut. One or two of them he had made broader than the rest at intervals, where one might willingly sit down to survey the glory spread beneath; the low, white, straw-thatched farms, gleaming like light amongst the pasture lands, the little towns, each with its shining river, and the great old city in the hazy distance; the high beacon hills, the woods, and, far as the eye could see, the mist that hung over the immense Atlantic. This resting on the upward path, at first a pleasure, became soon a matter of necessity, and that, too, long before the cough had settled down upon him; few men in Whiteknights have their lungs so whole that they can climb up to their pits without a halt or two.

The old man helped his son-in-law sometimes; he was a good sort of old man by nature, and not a bit more selfish than a drunkard always must be. He ground the rough stones into shape at home, minded the children in his daughter's absence, and even used the pick himself when he was sober. John, too, was, for his wife's sake, tolerant of the old man's infirmity, though half his little earnings went to gratify the old man's appetite. At last necessity compelled him to be, as he thought, undutiful. Print after print vanished from the cottage walls, every little ornament, not actually necessary furniture, was sold: absolute want threatened the household, when John at last stated firmly, though tenderly, that grandfather must give up the gin-bottle, or find some other dwelling. Alice was overcome with tears, but when appealed to by the old man, pointed to her dear husband, and bowed her head to his wise words.

For two months after this time, there were no more drunken words nor angry tongues to be heard within John's pleasant cottage. Nothing was said by daughter or by son-in-law of the long score at the public house, that was being paid off by instalments; the daughter looked no longer at her father with reproachful-eyes, and the children never again had to be taken to bed before their time—hurried away from the sight of their grandfather's shame. At last, however, on one Sunday evening in July, the ruling passion had again the mastery; Markham came home in a worse state than ever; and, in addition to the

usual debasement, it was evident that he was possessed also by some maudlin terror, that he had no power to express.

Leaving him on his bed, in a lethargic sleep, John sallied forth as usual at dawn; his boys, Harry and Joe, carrying up for him his miner's spade and basket. Heavy-hearted as he was, he could not help being gladdened by the wonderful beauty of the landscape. His daughter told me that she never saw him stand so long looking at the country—he seemed unwillingly to leave the sunlight, for his dark, far-winding burrow. His burrow he had no reason to dread. Poverty never had pressed so hard upon John Drewit as to induce him to sell away the fir props, that assured the safety of his life. Often and often had his voice been loud against those men who, knowing of the mortal danger to which they exposed their neighbors, gave drink or money in exchange for them to the fool-hardy and vicious. Great, therefore, was his horror, when he went into his cave that morning, and found that his own props had been removed. They had not been taken from the entrance, where a passer-by might have observed their absence; all was right for the first twenty yards, but beyond that distance, down to the end of his long, toll-worn labyrinth, every pole was stripped away. Surely he knew at once that it was not an enemy who had done this; he knew that the wretched old man, who lay stupefied at home, had stolen and sold his life-defence for drink. All that the poor fellow told his boys was, that they should keep within the safe part of the digging, while he himself worked on into the rock as usual. Three or four times he brought out a heap of scythe-stones in his basket, and then he was seen alive no more.

Harry, his eldest son, was nearest to the unpropped passage when the sand-cliff fell. When he heard his father call out suddenly, he ran at once eagerly, running towards the candle by which the miner worked, but on a sudden all was dark; there was no light from candle or from sun—before and behind was utter blackness, and there was a noise like thunder in his ears. The whole hill seemed to have fallen upon them both, and many tons of earth parted the father from his child. The sand about the boy did not press on him closely. A heavy piece of cliff, that held together, was supported by the narrow walls of the passage, and his fate was undetermined. He attended only to the muffled sounds within the rock, from which he knew that his father, though they might be the sounds of his death-struggle, still lived.

To the people outside the alarm had instantly been given by the other child, and in an incredibly short space of time the laborers from field and cave came hurrying up to the rescue. Two only could dig together, two more propped the way behind them, foot by foot; relays eagerly waited at the entrance; and not an instant was lost in replacing the exhausted workmen.

Everything was done as quickly, and, at the same time, as judiciously as possible; the surgeon had at the first been ridden for, at full speed, to the neighboring town; brandy, and other stimulants, a rude lancet—with which many of the men were but too well practised operators—bandages and blankets, were all placed ready at hand: for the disaster was so common at White-knights that every man at once knew what was proper to be done. Those who were not actively engaged about the cave, were busy in the construction of a litter—perhaps a bier—for the unhappy victims.

How this could have happened? was the whispered wonder. John was known to be far too prudent a man to have been working without props, and yet fresh ones had to be supplied to the rescuers, for they found none as they advanced. The poor widow—every moment made more sure of her hereavement—stood a little way aside; having begged for a spade, and been refused, she stood, with her two children hanging to her apron, staring fixedly at the pit's mouth.

Down at the cottage there was an old man invoking Heaven's vengeance on his own gray head, and reproaching himself fiercely with the consequences of his brutal vice; he had stolen the poles from his son's pit on the previous morning, to provide himself with drink; and on that very day even, before he was quite recovered from his yesterday's debauch, he was to see the victim of his recklessness brought home a lifeless heap. He saw John so brought in, but with the eyes of a madman; his brain, weakened by drunkenness, never recovered from that shock.

Basket and barrow had been brought full out of the pit a hundred times; and it was almost noon before, from the bowels of the very mountain, as it seemed, there came up a low, moaning cry. "My child, my child," murmured the mother; and the digging became straightway even yet more earnest, almost frantic in its speed and violence. Presently into the arms of Alice little Harry was delivered, pale and corpse-like, but alive; and then a shout as of an army was set up by all the men.

They dug on until after sunset—long after they had lost all hope of finding John alive. His body was at last found. It was placed upon the litter, and taken, under the soft evening sky, down through the beech-wood home. Alice walked by its side, holding its hand in hers, speechless, and with dry eyes. She never knew, until after her father's death, how her dear John was murdered. She used to wonder why the old man shrank from her when she visited him, as she often did, in his confinement. The poor widow is living now, though she has suffered grief and want. Her daughter Jane has married a field laborer, and her sons, by whom she is now well supported, have never set foot in a pit since they lost their father.

EXPERIENCES OF LIFE.

THE STORY OF THE BLEMERTONS.

CHAPTER XI.

WE must go back some dozen years or more in our story, and recount a few of the incidents in the life of Mr. Lovegood, as they were developed in his parish at Heartfulville. We have said that Mr. Lovegood was tenderly beloved by his flock. This is true. But it will be a mistake to suppose that he was free from trouble, and annoyances of various kinds, and from different sources. The ministerial life is never free from trials. We care not how pleasant and fair the lines of a clergyman's lot are, yet everywhere will they be found to intertwine, more or less, about the conditions of a probationary state, and the frailties and weaknesses incident to fallen humanity. It is the will of the Lord that they who minister at His altars, and follow in the regeneration after Him, should partake with Him in sufferings, in sorrows, and reproaches, and chafings of the flesh, for His body's sake, the Church. A young man, in starting out in the ministerial office, finds his first trials, whether small or great, hard to endure, but time and usage inure him to them; and at last he is prepared to meet them, as they come, as blessings for his spiritual good. What should we be worth, wherein should we find tests of our true spiritual state, were it not that we are sometimes cast into the furnace? This tempers us to the task before us—this tends to certify to us whereof we are made. Oh, how many hopes linger after, how many prayers follow, the young Herald of the Cross, when he goes forth to battle with the combined powers of darkness! Perhaps he goes a stranger to a strange land, not knowing what is before him: whether perils by land or perils by sea, shipwreck, or disease, or death. In the old church at home, he has been commissioned unto his work, and put his armor on; in the old church at home, he has lifted up his heart and voice in prayer, and with the full congregation of friends and neighbors, and loving relatives, he has repeated that glowing confession: "I believe in the Communion of Saints." But he never so fully realized it as now—now that he goes a stranger unto a strange land. Ah! there is a mighty potency in that doctrine of the Communion of Saints, which, alas! but too many of us do not fully realize when we feel alone on the earth! Could our eyes be opened to invisible things, we should on all hands behold their wonders and tokens. We live by faith in the splendor of the Gospel day. We realize but little of the awful mystery in which, day by day, we move in the mystical Communion of Saints, in the fellowship of

the inhabitants of the Spirit-land, the angels of light, who are about and around us, to extend to us, in ways hidden and secret, the mercies of their and our common Father! The angels are God's messengers unto us for good, and ministers from the courts above. Under the elder dispensation the ministry of angels formed a conspicuous part, and the Prophets, and especially Elisha, were wonderfully gifted with communications with those messengers of God. Of this we have a remarkable evidence in 2 Kings, vi., 17, &c. There was war between Syria and Israel. The king of Syria was sorely baffled in all his plans of warfare. The Israelites seemed to understand in advance all his secret movements, and to be able to elude his wiles to entrap them; so he fancied that some of his warriors dealt treacherously with him, and he accordingly accused them. But he was told that it was all the work of the Prophet Elisha; that the Prophet knew even the thoughts of his heart in his chamber, and revealed them to the king of Israel. The king of Syria determined then to capture the Prophet, who resided at Dotham. His horses and chariots surrounded the city at night. In the morning a servant of the Prophet went out, and seeing the formidable array of horses and chariots which surrounded the city, he returned in trepidation to his master, with the sad news, crying out—"Alas! my master, how shall we do?" But Elisha was not terrified. He knew that he was surrounded by the Lord's hosts—therefore he said to him, "Fear not; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." "And Elisha prayed, and said—Lord, I pray Thee open his eyes that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man. And he saw, and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire, round about Elisha." So the camp of God is ever around His faithful children! These were the holy angels whom this young man saw, who were ready at hand to guard his master, in ways secret to him. And being far more powerful and numerous than the Assyrian host, his fears were stilled, when he beheld the Prophet standing, as it were, in the centre of that glorious camp, so encircled and defended as that none of his enemies could do him violence. And was the Prophet insensible to this invisible host which surrounded him? Nay—whether by faith or inspiration, he knew that they encamped about him. He enjoyed a citizenship with the unseen world; his citizenship was in heaven. His eye was made keen to pierce the veil that shuts out invisible things, and to behold the legions of God, His horses and chariots of fire, round about him, for his protection and deliverance. He had his hours of loneliness, when he felt solitary on the earth, and yet enjoyed the high privilege of knowing the communion and fellowship in which he dwelt. He lived in the embrace and fellowship of the court of heaven.

And thus was revealed to him, in no small measure, that blessed Christian doctrine of the Communion of Saints. He held communion and fellowship with all saints from the beginning, and while emboldened by the immediate succor and presence of angels, he was animated and encouraged by the good examples of all these saints and servants of the Most High, whether patriarchs or prophets, priests or lawgivers, who had departed in the true faith and fear of God, and who by their life of holiness spake a lesson of the deepest concernment, and seemed to surround him with their trophies, and urge him on to a manly combat with the enemies of God and of souls.

Behold, too, and mark the horses and chariots of fire by which the faithful Christian is surrounded! See how wonderfully this vision corresponds with the blessed privilege which the Apostle tells us is conferred on us. "Ye are come," says he, "unto the Mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the New Covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel."

O what an host! How awful, yet how sublime, our privilege! There you have the Mount, and here you behold Elisha, and an innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of the just. We with him dwell, as it were, beneath their shadow, and are baptized into the fellowship. The angels are our guardians, the saints of all ages our ensamples, God is our Father, and Jesus Christ our Mediator! We dwell in the very court of God, and of His eternal Son our Saviour, who died for us, and arose again, and ascended up on high, leading captivity captive, and receiving gifts for men.

And we say there is a potency in this doctrine, not always realized, even by those who are striving for the mastery. But, perhaps, we approach nearer its true realization, than at any other period, when we go forth from all we have known and twined our heart about, to mingle in new scenes and associations, or perchance to feel desolate in the world, having few to sympathize with us, and none exactly to understand us, as those with whom we have journeyed long, or taken sweet counsel together. It is then, perhaps, if ever, while the flesh hangs about us, we feel the full strength of that holy bond, which holds in one mighty fellowship "angels and living saints and dead!" It is then we feel the blessedness of the tie of the family relationship in Christ Jesus; that though we are strangers and pilgrims, far away from home and friends, and kindly sympathies, we yet dwell in the heavenly court, and are surrounded

by the Lord's hosts, with whom we have fellowship; and that we are kindred indeed unto Immanuel, and at last, when the weary way is run, we shall pass through the vale, and enter into rest!

It was with a sad heart that Mr. Lovegood bade adieu to the home of his childhood, to enter on the duties of his new calling. How all the past gushed up into his heart, and the scenes of his youth, his happy home, the tender solicitude of his honored parents, and all the associations that twined about his heart, crowded upon his memory, we need not relate.

A few days brought Mr. L. to his destination, and now before him lies a field of toil and privations, from which he might have shrunk, had he been over-timid or cowardly. But he had counted the cost, and buckled on his armor. The church at Heartfulville was venerable with antiquity, and the new Rector trod in the steps of a number of worthy clergymen, whose dust rested quietly in the consecrated and beautiful church-yard. But the last Rector had been one of those easy men, who had suffered things to take their own course. He was a good, worthy, and amiable man, but seemed never to have fully appreciated the Church's system. Consequently, the parishioners were but indifferently instructed in Church doctrines. Except here and there a few, who had acquainted themselves with distinctive Church principles, it may be said of the congregation that they knew no difference between the Church and Methodism and Presbyterianism, or any other ism. The old Rector had never troubled himself about such questions—not exactly because he despised them—but that he deemed them unprofitable, and, for the most part, useless. It must be told that, with rare exceptions, it was not the fashion at that day, and in the region of Heartfulville especially, to care much about the distinctive doctrines and principles of the Church. The congregation were not taught the Apostolic Succession, nor the sanctity of baptism, nor anything about the sin of schism; they were not taught that they were members of *the Church*, but of *a Church*; hence, if, after a brief trial, one did not happen to be pleased with this or that, he or she simply withdrew to "some other church," (?) without remonstrance.

You sympathize with a young man, alive to all the claims of the Church, in assuming such a charge. He needs more than your sympathies—he needs your prayers. And yet this was the proper field for Mr. Lovegood. He had enough of moral courage to meet every issue, and enough of prudence to avoid rashness. He was not long in measuring the ground and work before him.

Owing to the stagnation in growth and life which always en-

sues when a parish "runs to seed," there had been no Sunday School in connection with the Church for several years. To revive this work was Mr. L.'s first undertaking. A few days after entering upon his duties, he consulted with one of his female parishioners, a prominent lady, who thought it a capital idea, and one that should be carried into effect without delay. Now it appeared to Mr. L. that this lady would be well adapted to the work of Superintendent of the female department. So he remarked to her—

"Miss Bromley, you will, of course, take sufficient interest in this work to allow me to name you as Superintendent of the female department?"

"Oh, Mr. Lovegood, how could you think of such a thing! However, you are excusable, as you have been here but a short time. Mrs. Sectary has been the Superintendent since I was a little girl; and I am sure it would give her great offence to be thrust aside, after all she has done for the Sunday School, in teaching, furnishing catechisms, tracts, &c. I hope you will not think of such a thing; indeed, it will not do to offend Mrs. Sectary. I am willing to be of any service in the Sunday School, but never think of supplanting Mrs. Sectary!"

"But, Miss Bromley, Mrs. Sectary is a confirmed, rigid Presbyterian, and I do not see how she is to be a Superintendent in a Church Sunday School, or how she can consistently proffer to teach the Church Catechism. It involves an inconsistency that I can scarcely conceive possible."

"But," remarked Miss Bromley, "we do not have any Church Catechism in the Sunday School. Mr. Slow never insisted on the Catechism being taught; indeed, he gave the whole management of the school to Mrs. Sectary, in whom he had great confidence, as she certainly is a very pious and exemplary Christian. Still, I believe, if the Catechism was introduced, Mrs. Sectary would not care, provided she taught her class in her own way."

Mr. Lovegood was a little dumfounded! He thought it best to change the subject, as it promised to be unprofitable. And after remarking that he would think of the matter, and exchanging a few commonplace remarks, he departed.

Poor Mr. Lovegood! Here was a poser! Such a thing had never crossed his path. A Presbyterian lady Superintendent in a Sunday School of the Church, and Presbyterian doctrines, catechism! Heigh-ho!

Mr. L. spent that evening in his study, reflecting on his course, and maturing his plans. Here was a case that required management. To break in suddenly upon old-established usages, however wrong they may be in themselves, is apt to breed discord and confusion. Had it been a question merely between

Mr. L. and Mrs. Sectary, it would not have occupied his thoughts a moment. But here was likely a whole parish to be stirred up in the very beginning of his pastorate; and Mr. L. knew, that although he would be right in taking such a course, he might fail to convince the parishioners that things ought not to continue as heretofore. So, after mature deliberation, he called the next day to see Mrs. Sectary. He was kindly received, not, however, in the most cordial manner. He soon learned from Mrs. Sectary what were her anticipations. She had no thought of yielding the time-honored situation, which had been conferred upon her in days gone by, by the good and charitable old Rector; and, indeed, by way of feeling Mr. Lovegood's pulse, she launched out in unmeasured terms against the exclusiveness and bigotry of a few semi-Papists, as she termed them, who had sprung up of late in the Episcopal Church, who would be so uncharitable as to unchurch other churches. But Mr. Lovegood permitted the old lady to be as wrathful as she pleased. He kept cool, and before the conference ended they were right good friends, and he had so far ingratiated himself into her good opinion—not by any shadow of concession, but simply by good management—as to have it conceded that it was right, as it was an Episcopal School, Episcopal doctrines should be taught, and the Church Catechism systematically used. Prudence in this case proved to be the better part of valor. Mrs. Sectary was to have a class in the Sunday School, and there was to be no Superintendent, male or female, the Rector himself intending always to be present, and take the oversight. . . . In a few weeks everything was under way in a Church-like manner, and, reader, would you credit it, the old Presbyterian Superintendent had come down to a small A, B, C class! Othello was fast losing his occupation! And still more, Miss Bromley, Mrs. Sectary, everybody, was satisfied. . . . It was not long before Mrs. Sectary found that age impaired her usefulness, and she retired altogether, leaving the field to the Rector! But we are ahead of our story. After parting with Mrs. Sectary, Mr. Lovegood repaired to the church, and examined the Sunday School Library. What was his surprise to find it filled with Presbyterian books, tracts, catechisms, &c. Many of the tracts were extremely objectionable, as, of course, were all the works he found, but especially the tracts; because, not content with simply teaching Presbyterianism, they pointedly assailed the Church in her Liturgy, offices, doctrines, &c. "This will never do," quoth Mr. Lovegood. "The books must remain, I suppose, till I can gradually work them out—I can control them—but these tracts and catechisms, they must vanish." And Mr. L. deliberately gathered them up, took them to the stove, and thrust them in. *Requiescant in pace?* Mrs. Sectary would have said this

was sacrilege at that time. But Mr. Lovegood did not intend that they should remain there, to disseminate Presbyterianism, and that under his own auspices. Now it never occurred to Mr. Lovegood that, as it was the season of spring, and the stove was not used, he had better apply a match to them. Ashes are safer than printed documents. The library had been closed for several years, and no one knew what it contained, and a match would have put those tracts beyond the power of revivification. . . .

On a balmy day, late in summer, some ladies visited the old church, to revive pleasant memories of "auld lang syne," and a curious little child disinterred the old tracts and catechisms from the stove! Ah, Mr. Lovegood, you are to smart for this—it is certainly your work! We know it! "And what a sin! What a sacrilege! Did you ever see or hear of the like? All these blessed tracts intended to be burnt!" "Who furnished them?" "Mrs. Sectary—good Mrs. Sectary!" "Oh, me! ah, me!" and the ladies came near shedding tears over those tracts, that were so profuse in their abuse of the poor Church! As precious relics, the cherished tracts were gathered up, and borne in triumph to Mrs. Sectary! Now, reader, imagine the scene, if you can, and count the anathemas that fell on the head of the unconscious and unoffending young Rector, who simply desired to save the lambs of the fold from the sins of heresy and schism—save them from the poison of that tirade of abuse against the Mother of their love, contained in these very tracts! The news flew about on the wings of the wind! Poor tracts, ye came near the burning—ye were even threatened with martyrdom—ye made a narrow escape! It was a long time before Mr. Lovegood knew anything about it; it appears that Mrs. Sectary, however, took his part, and saved him in his defencelessness, by saying that he had done right—"These tracts were against the principles and doctrines of his Church—she knew it, and she would do the same thing—she would burn, and had burnt, every Episcopal tract that she laid her hands upon, that taught anything against Presbyterianism, and she did not see why he should not do the same thing." Bravo! Good for the young Rector. It saved him many a scathing reproof and bitter reproach! It satisfied most, but not all, the parishioners, and matters quieted down. Still, Mrs. Sectary's opinions did not correspond with that of another Presbyterian lady, who thought it a high-handed measure—rank Popery, and a development that should be nipped in the bud. And she vowed that she would "see Mr. Nabob, and disclose the affair to him, and see if some official action could not be had, to rebuke the youthful David."

Now Mr. Nabob was a vestryman of the Church in Heart fulville, and deemed himself of considerable consequence; more,

however, on account of his wealth, than any intrinsic qualities of merit that he possessed. And it so happened that Mr. Lovegood had, not long before, unwittingly offended the dignity of Mr. Nabob. It had been the habit, from time immemorial, for the congregation to remain in the church after service, as well as congregate there before service, to pass the civilities of the day, discuss the current gossip, talk about the weather, trade, the crops, &c.—and this with all the freedom and hilarity of the highway or the mart of trade. This practice had annoyed Mr. Lovegood exceedingly, and he had taken various steps to put a stop to it, without success. On one occasion, about the period of which we are writing, after service, discovering a great deal of loud and boisterous conversation, he requested an elderly gentleman, better known for the real goodness of his heart than for any pretensions to the *suaviter in modo*, to request the persons engaged in conversation to retire from the sanctuary. Mr. Lovegood overheard only a few chance words—"House of God—not the place for such conversation—set apart—sanctified—out of doors the place."

"Who sent you to me, sir?"

"Your Rector—Rector—too much talking—too boisterous—not Church-like!"

It happened that the aforesaid old gentleman spoke to Mr. Nabob, and the above chance words passed between the two.

Now Mr. Lovegood did not ask him to speak to any one in particular, and in his name, but simply supposed that he would make a suggestion, as he passed along; and being a father in Israel, that his kindly suggestion would be taken in the same spirit.

But Mr. Nabob was highly offended; hence, when the aforesaid Presbyterian lady revealed to him the intended martyrdom of the tracts, he seized upon it as a cherished ground of assault upon Mr. Lovegood.

"It was a high-handed measure," he said. "Their rights and liberties were invaded. It was an offence against law and order, and decency—and should be redressed." Accordingly, at the next meeting of the Vestry, Mr. Nabob brought a sweeping charge against the young Rector, for destroying, burning, or attempting to burn, the books of the church; books, too, that had been presented to the Sunday School by so eminent and pious a lady as Mrs. Sectary.

Mr. Lovegood recounted the whole affair, and explained the principles and motives by which he was actuated. The Vestry, quite unanimously, bore him out, and dismissed the matter, as one which they had no right to control. One of the body asked Mr. Nabob if he supposed that a Presbyterian preacher would al-

low our Catechism to be taught in his school? or tracts to be disseminated there which were repugnant to Presbyterianism? This thought seemed to settle the question, and Mr. Lovegood rejoiced that a new era was dawning upon his parish. He saw that his efforts thus far had been blessed, and that a sounder, healthier feeling began to pervade his parish. His Vestry would sustain him—a thing six months before they would not have done—and this was to him a great comfort and encouragement.

But Mr. Nabob was not satisfied—and the story runs that he consulted an eminent lawyer, in a neighboring town, to ascertain whether or not Mr. Lovegood could be prosecuted for his high-handed offence! But the lawyer laughed at him, and he returned home to annoy the young Rector in other ways, and through other means. For four or five years he continued a system of petty annoyances towards the Rector, who lived through it all, and lived down his opposition, and to see the day that Mr. Nabob cherished him as warmly as any of his parishioners.

But we need not pause to recount the thousand and one ups and downs, and petty annoyances, through which Mr. Lovegood was called to pass. We have detailed thus much, merely in support of our postulate, that no clergyman is free from trouble; that however pleasant the lines of life may appear to be to the casual observer, sin will arise in its strength, and there will be found causes of dissension, and opposition, and strife, to fill the pastoral heart with grief and anxiety. And now, after many buffetings and privations—after long years of toil, Mr. Lovegood, having breasted the waves of ignorance and prejudice, finds himself, at the period we are introduced to him, in a united parish, and among an affectionate people, who understand and appreciate the Church, and love him very tenderly as a man, and for his work's sake. It was therefore not without pain that he brought himself to think of accepting the call to St. —'s Church; and yet, the more he thought of it, the more did he feel disposed to accept it. But when he reflected on the number of years that he had ministered to his present flock, the troubles through which he had passed—and, strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, troubles, afflictions, heart-griefs, do attach us to the places in which, or the people among whom, we have endured them—the yearning love that he bore to his flock, and the esteem and veneration in which they held him—when he looked out upon his flowers, and heard the familiar voices of the wren, and the mockings, his daily companions, about his quiet study—above all, when he considered the sacredness of the pastoral tie, now strengthened by the joys and sorrows of years, his heart almost died within him, and he groaned

aloud in his spirit ! But so it was, he felt called of God. This impression he could not divest himself of. He prayed for grace and guidance. In his full, ripe manhood, he wept as a child ! But the hand of the Lord was upon him. He could not draw back. He must leave these pleasant scenes, and other hands must feed his loving flock ; other ears greet the melody of his singing-birds ; another's heart be lifted up in prayer and praise in that goodly old sanctuary ; another's voice bless the people whom the Lord had given him in his youth. . . . The deed was done ! and all eyes gushed out in tears ; all hearts throbbed in grief.

Ah, the pastoral tie—few know how close, how dear it is. We indeed see it, day by day, apparently lightly severed. But ah ! the records of the Great Day alone will reveal all secrets. Deal gently with thy brother. Poverty and a hard struggle, the wants of a little family, that will have mouths to be fed and bodies to be clothed—a slender pittance—these are, after all, the great secret—a secret that contains more than we care to dwell upon. But this consideration weighed not with Mr. Lovegood. We merely throw out the remark in passing. He acted upon convictions of duty. None condemned him. His parishioners, while bathed in tears, conceded that it was his duty to accept the call.

Ah, the world is full of change ! There is nothing certain here—nothing for man to fasten his thoughts upon, and say, this is real, this is certain, this is abiding, but his own immortality, and the word and will of God. O how all things change, and pass away ! We move in dreams and shadows. We struggle up the stream of life, only to be wafted back on the waves of death. The soul is only real ; it lives on forever. A few more changes, a few more years, and the evening will have come, and we shall have gone to our long home. And then what will it boot to us what we have been on earth—whether poor or rich, high or low, noble or ignoble, learned or ignorant—what will it boot to us, whether we have had a hard struggle, trod a thorny, rugged way, been pierced with sorrows and disappointments, or heart-chafings, or buffeted, or neglected, or despised, or cast on the wide world, without friend to soothe and pity, or the loving hand of mercy to extend relief, or the pitying heart to solace and console—what boots it, whether we shall have lived in ease or luxury, or been popular, or left our mark upon our age, or our “track upon the sands of time,” or been caressed, or great, or set our name high upon the rock of Immortality—what, we say, will it all be to us, when that evening shall come, and we shall wrap our winding-sheet about us, and go forth unto the realities of the eternal world ? A few more years of change,

gliding into eternity, and the record will be written up, (change will be over, to us all,) in the book of life or death, and revealed in the light of that day, which none of all flesh shall escape ! O *then* to be clothed with the white robes of the Son of God, will be our joyous preparation for that glorious Temple where the Lamb dwelleth, and whose light shall bathe us in its effulgence, as we shout our acclamation—"All hail! ye angelic hosts, and ye just men made perfect!—All hail! ye worlds of light and purity!—All hail! eternity, with its full, abounding love!"—and we shall hear that thrilling sentence, for which we have waited long—"Come, ye blessed, enter into the joy of your Lord."

A PRAYER.

EVIL every living hour,
Holds us in its wilful hand,
Save as Thou, essential Power,
May'st be gracious to withstand;
Pain within the subtle flesh,
Heavy lids that cannot close,
Hearts that Hope will not refresh,—
Hand of healing! interpose.

Tyranny's strong breath is tainting
Nature's sweet and vivid air,
Nations silently are fainting,
Or up-gather in despair;
Not to those distracted wills
Trust the judgment of their woes;
While the cup of anguish fills,
Arm of Justice! interpose.

Pleasure's night and day are hovering
Round their prey of weary hours,
Weakness and unrest discovering
In the best of human powers;
Ere the fond delusions tire,
Ere envenom'd passion grows
From the root of vain desire,—
Mind of Wisdom! interpose.

Now no more in tuneful motion
Life with love and duty glides;
Reason's meteor-lighted ocean
Bears us down its mazy tides;
Head is clear and hand is strong,
But our heart no haven knows;
Sun of Truth! the night is long,—
Let Thy radiance interpose!

MILNES.

PASCAL.*

PASCAL, with his almost superhuman genius, was the least subtle, and most transparent of men. In wisdom almost an angel, he was in simplicity a child. His single-mindedness was only inferior to, nay, seemed a part of, his sublimity. He was from the beginning, and continued to the end, an inspired infant. A certain dash of charlatanry distinguishes Leibnitz, as it does all those monsters of power. The very fact that they can do so much, tempts them to pretend to do and to be what they cannot, and are not. Possessed of vast knowledge, they affect the airs of omniscience. Thus Leibnitz, in the universal language he sought to construct in his "swift-going carriages," in his "Pre-established Harmony," and in his "Monads," seems seeking to *stand behind* the Almighty, to overlook, direct, or anticipate him at his work. Pascal was not a monster, he was a man—nay, a child; although a man of profoundest sagacity, and a child of transcendent genius. Children feel far more than men the mysteries of being, although the gayety and light-heartedness of their period of life prevent the feeling from oppressing their souls. Who can answer the questions or resolve the doubts of infancy? We remember a dear child, who was taken away to Abraham's bosom at nine years of age, saying that her two grand difficulties were, "Who made God, and how did sin come into the world?" These, an uncaused cause, and an originated evil, are the great difficulties of all thinking men, on whom they press more or less hardly in proportion to their calibre and temperament. Pascal, adding to immense genius a child-like tenderness of heart and purity of conduct, was peculiarly liable to the tremendous doubts and fears forced on us by all the phenomena of man and the universe. He felt them, at once, with all the freshness of infancy and with all the force of a melancholy manhood. He had in vain tried to solve them. He had asked these dreadful questions at all sciences and philosophies, and got no reply. He had carried them up to heights of speculation, where angels bashful look, and down into the depths of reflection such as few minds but his own have ever sounded, and all was dumb. Height and depth had said, "Not in us." The universe of stars was cold, dead, and tongueless. He felt terrified at, not instructed by, it. He said, "*The eternal silence of these infinite spaces affrights me.*" He had turned for a solution from the mysterious materialism of the heavenly bodies to man, and had found in him his doubts driven to contradiction and despair; he seemed a puzzle so perplexed, a chaos so disorderly. He was thus rapidly approaching the gulf of skepticism, and was about to drop in like a

* From the "Eclectic Review."

child over a precipice, when hark! he heard a voice behind him; and turning round, saw Christianity like a mother following her son to seek and to save him from the catastrophe. Her beauty, her mildness of deportment, her strange, yet regal aspect, and the gentleness of those accents of an unknown land, which drop like honey from her lips, convince him that she is divine, and that she is his mother, even before he has heard or understood her message. He loves and believes her, before he knows that she is worthy of all credence and all love. And when, afterwards, he learns in some measure to understand her fair foreign speech, he perceives her still more certainly to be a messenger from heaven. She does not, indeed, remove all his perplexities; she allows the deep shadows to rest still on the edge of the horizon, and the precipices to yawn on in the distance; but she creates a little space of intense clearness around her child, and she bridges the far-off gloom with the rainbow of hope. She does not completely satisfy, but she soothes his mind, saying to him as he kneels before her, and as she blesses her noble son, "Remain on him, ye rainbowed clouds; ye gilded doubts, by your pressure purify him still more, and prepare him for higher work, deeper thought, and clearer revelation: teach him the littleness of man and the greatness of God, the insignificance of man's life on earth and the grandeur of his future destiny, and impress him with this word of the Book above all its words, 'That which I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt hereafter know, if thou wilt humble thyself and become as a little child.'" Thus we express in parable the healthier portion of Pascal's history. That latterly the clouds returned after the rain, that the wide rainbow faded into a dim segment, and that his mother's face shone on him through a haze of uncertainty and tears, seems certain; but this we are disposed to account for greatly from physical causes. By studying too hard and neglecting his bodily constitution, he became morbid to a degree, which amounted, we think, to semi-mania. In this sad state the more melancholy, because attended by the full possession of his intellectual powers, his most dismal doubts came back at times, his most cherished convictions shook as with palsy, the craving originally created by his mathematical studies for demonstrative evidence on all subjects became diseasedly strong, and nothing but piety and prayer saved him from shoreless and bottomless skepticism. Indeed, his great unfinished work on the evidences of Christianity seems to have been intended to convince himself quite as much as to convince others. But he has long ago passed out of this mysterious world; and now, we trust, sees "light in God's light clearly." If his doubts were of an order so large and deep that they did not "go out even to prayer and fasting," he was honest in them;

they did not spring either from selfishness of life or pride of intellect; and along with some of the child's doubts, the child's heart remained in him to the last.

His "Thoughts"—what can be said adequately of those magnificent fragments? They are rather subjects for thoughts than for words. They remind us of aerolites, the floating fractions of a glorious world. Some of them, to use an expression applied to Johnson's sayings, "have been rolled and polished in his great mind like pebbles in the ocean." He has wrought them, and finished them as carefully as if each thought were a book. Others of them are slighter in thinking, and more careless in style. But as a whole, the collection forms one of the profoundest and most living of works. The "Thoughts" are seed-pearl, and on some of them volumes might be, and have been, written. We specially admire those which reflect the steadfast but gentle gloom of the author's habit of mind, the long tender twilight, not without its stars and gleams of coming day, which shadowed his genius, and softened always his grandeur into pathos. He is very far from being a splenetic or misanthropic spirit. Nothing personal is ever allowed either to shade or to brighten the tissue of his meditations. He stands a passionless spirit, as though he were disembodied, and had forgot his own name and identity, on the shore which divides the world of man from the immensity of God, and he pauses and ponders, wonders and worships there. He sees the vanity and weakness of all attempts which have hitherto been made to explain the difficulties and reconcile the contradictions of our present system. Yet without any evidence—for all quasi-evidence melts in a moment before his searching eye into nothing—he believes it to be a whole, and connected with one infinite mind; and this springs in him, not as Cousin pretends, from a determination blindly to believe, but from a whisper in his own soul, which tells him warmly to love. He believes the universe to be from God, because his soul, which he knows is from God, loves, although without understanding it. But it is not, after all, the matter in the universe which he regards with affection; it is the God who is passing through it, and lending it the glory of his presence. Mere matter he tramples on and despises. It is just so much brute light and heat. He does not, and cannot believe, that the throne of God and the Lamb is made of the same materials, only a little sublimated, as yonder dunghill or the crest of yonder serpent. He is an intense spiritualist. He cries out to this proud process of developing matter, this wondrous Something sweltering out suns in its progress,—
 "Thou mayst do thy pleasure on me, thou mayst crush me, but I will know that thou art crushing me, whilst thou shalt crush blindly. I should be conscious of the defeat. Thou

shouldst not be conscious of the victory." Bold, certainly, was the challenge of this little piece of inspired humanity, this frail, slender, invalid, but divinely gifted man, to the enormous mass of uninspired and uninstructional matter amid which he lived. He did not believe in law, life, or blind mechanism, as the all-in-all of the system of things. He believed rather in Tennyson's second voice—

"A little whisper breathing low,
I may not speak of what I know."

He felt, without being able to prove, that God was in this place.

FREQUENT COMMUNION.—Many who have been accustomed to the frequent receiving of this Holy Sacrament, have thus, by their own experience, found it to be the means whereby to receive the grace of God, to strengthen their souls, and make them steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. Whereas they who seldom receive it, as perhaps twice or thrice a year, they, never knowing how to do it as they ought, for want of use, find themselves but little the better for it. But such as live in the wilful neglect of it, (as too many do,) starve their own souls, and have no ground to expect that Christ should save them, seeing they live in a known sin, even in the breach of that positive command which He laid upon His disciples, "Do this in remembrance of me," which He would never have commanded, if it had not been necessary to be done in order to our being saved by Him. As we eat and drink something every day to keep up our bodies in life and health, so we must take all opportunities that we can get of feeding upon this spiritual food, the bread and water of life, to keep our souls in health and strength as to their spiritual state; and must look upon ourselves as bound by our own interest, as well as duty, to do it as often as we can.—*Bishop Beveridge.*

HOME.—There is a world where no storms intrude, haven of safety against the tempests of life. A little world of joy and love, of innocence and tranquillity. Suspicions are not there, nor jealousies, nor falsehood with her double tongue, nor the venom of slander. Peace embraceth it with outspread wings. Plenty embraceth it there. When a man entereth it he forgetteth his sorrows, and cares, and disappointments; he openeth his heart to confidence. This world is a well-ordered home of a virtuous woman.

THE COLD HEART.*

CHAPTER I.

No traveller through Suabia should neglect to visit the Black Forest, inclosing as it does, within its vast circumference, all that is grand and solemn, as well as much that is graceful and soothing, in the beauties of woodland scenery. One may travel through it for miles, in some parts, and meet no trace of human habitation; on all sides stand the gigantic pines, clothed in continual shadow, the slanting sunbeams but dimly revealing the untrodden recesses of the forest, while a strange stillness awes the bewildered traveller.

In other parts, following the winding of some forest rill, the wanderer will light on quiet homesteads, situated in spots of most rare and exquisite beauty, where the wood has been partially cleared away, and a little colony established in the very heart of the forest. How peaceful is the scene! Surely no life can vie with a forest one!

The inhabitants of the Schwarzwald are a singular race, differing to a surprising degree from any other people; they are taller and stronger than the generality of men; broad-shouldered and stout-limbed, it would seem that the invigorating odors, which the pines exhale in the early morning, had given to those who dwell beneath their branches a freer respiration, a clearer sight, and a firmer, albeit a less refined, mind, than are possessed by the inhabitants of the valleys and plains. But it is not in their growth or bearing that they materially differ from those who dwell without the forest; it is the singularity of their manners and customs which most attracts the attention and excites the astonishment of a stranger. They dress themselves with great care; the men allow the beard to grow, as nature intended it should, around the chin; their black jerkins, neatly plaited pantaloons, red stockings, and broad-brimmed, pointed hats, give them a quaint, but respectable, appearance. The ordinary occupation of this people is glass-making; but they also make watches, which have a very extensive sale.

Such are the inhabitants of one side of the forest; the people who dwell on the other are a portion of the same race; but their occupations have introduced among them habits very different from those of the quiet glass-makers: they trade with their timber, they fell their pines, and float them through the Nagold into the Neckar, and from the upper Neckar down the Rhine, into Holland; and the Black Foresters, with their long rafts, are

* From the German.

well known on the Dutch coast. They stop at every town which lies on the banks of these rivers, and endeavor to procure a sale for the more insignificant portion of their cargo, reserving their longest and stoutest planks for the Dutch merchants, who pay large sums of money for them. These foresters are accustomed to a wild, wandering life; they like nothing better than to float down the river on their rafts: they have no greater sorrow than being compelled to return home by land. Their dress differs greatly from that of the glass-makers; they wear jackets of colored linen, broad green straps over their gigantic shoulders, and short black leather trowsers, from the deep pockets of which peeps forth a brass ruler, the honorable badge of their office; their principal pride, however, is in their boots, which are probably the largest of their kind in the world, for they can be drawn far above the knee; and the material of which they are composed being untanned ox-hide, the "floaters" can walk three feet deep in the water without wetting themselves.

Every community has some traditions peculiar to itself, which are carefully remembered and fondly cherished. However much this may be the case elsewhere, it is pre-eminently so in the Black Forest, where every stock and stone has a wild fiction attached to it, to which the people cling with reverent affection.

The supernatural beings who haunt the different portions of the forest accommodate themselves to the respective ideas of the inhabitants, whom we have just described; so that the tiny spirit of the glass-makers never shows himself otherwise attired than in a black doublet, pantaloons, and pointed hat; whilst Dutch Michael, the representative of the raft-men, is described as a gigantic fellow, in the dress of a floater; so gigantic, indeed, that it is a common saying among the Black Foresters, that they would not like to pay for the numerous calves whose skins would be required to make one of his enormous boots!

A very singular adventure once befell a young forester with these wood spirits, the truth of which has never been doubted in his native shades, and which I am now going to relate.

In the glass-makers' portion of the Black Forest lived, many years ago, a poor charcoal-burner, who, dying, left his widow, Barbara Munk, to bring up their only son to the business he had himself followed. Young Peter Munk, an intelligent lad, permitted his parents thus to dispose of his fate in life, for it never entered into his head to do what his father had not done before him; he was therefore content to sit week after week over his smoking kiln, or to carry his charcoal to the neighboring villages for sale. But a charcoal-burner has much time for reflection; and Peter's hut being even more isolated than those of his companions in trade, he had rarely any one to whom he could speak,

and this solitude and silence naturally induced him to think early and late. But of what were his thoughts? Did the mighty forest around him, the fantastically shaped rocks, the awful roar of descending cataracts, inspire him with solemn dread of the Almighty Being, whose work they were? Did the flower sward at his feet, the fragrant exhalations of the pines, the so rippling of the rivulet, and the sweet-toned voices of the forest birds, teach him the *love*, as well as the *power*, of the Creator? Or perhaps the youth's spirit was imbued with poetry—the poetry of feeling? Perhaps he heard awful voices in the thunder-storm, and friendly whisperings in the passing breeze? Perhaps he pictured angelic forms in the clouds of heaven, or peopled the wild-wood with guardian spirits? He might have done so, and it had been a pleasant fancy, tending to better things; but it was not so—Peter's thoughts centred in *himself*; his devotion was not aroused by the beauties of nature, nor was his intellect awakened, nor his fancy excited; selfish thoughts, discontented thoughts, complaining thoughts, filled his breast, and to them he gave utterance as he went slowly to his work in the dewy mornings, or came wearily home in the balmy twilight.

Something weighed on his mind, something vexed, something affected him—*what* he could not rightly tell. At last he discovered the cause of his uneasiness—his station in life. “A solitary soot-begrimed charcoal-burner,” said he to himself: “it is a wretched trade to follow! What respectable people the glass-makers, the watch-makers, even the musicians are! And might not I be even as they? am I not a fine, quick-lad, and when well washed and dressed in my holiday suit, have I not been often taken for something better than a poor charcoal-burner?”

The raft-men on the other side of the forest were especially objects of his envy. When these wood giants visited the glass-makers, dressed very smartly, and carrying half a hundred weight of silver about them in the shape of buttons, buckles, and chains; when they placed themselves in a haughty position to watch the dance; when they swore Dutch oaths, and smoked out of long Cologne pipes, then Peter saw his visions of happiness embodied in the person of a raft-man.

O foolish Peter! is this the lot you would choose? Opulence were dearly purchased, at the expense of all right-mindedness, generous feeling, and youthful simplicity!

But we must not anticipate. Peter particularly envied three of these floaters, they seemed to him the favorites of fortune. One was a very tall, fine man, with a florid complexion, known by the name of Eyekiel the Great. Twice every year he travelled to Amsterdam, with timber, and made such excellent bargains with the Dutch shipwrights, that, whilst his companions

plodded homeward on foot, he could afford to ride back in state. The second was a very thin person, nicknamed the Long Schlurker; and Peter's envy of this individual was principally occasioned by the extraordinary boldness of speech with which he had been gifted; his conversation was composed of positive assertions, flat contradictions, and impertinent sneers; his wealth, however, blinded the foolish Peter to his defects. The third object of his admiring envy was a handsome youth, distinguished by his elegance, and known in consequence by the appellation of the King of the Dance; he had been a servant to a "timber lord," and had suddenly become immensely rich; some said he had found a pot of gold under a pine-tree; others, that he had fished up a portion of the Nibelungen treasure, which lies in the deep-bed of the Rhine; in short, the King of the Dance had become rich, no one knew how, and was considered by all a very prince. Peter thought much and often of these three men, as he sat in the solitude of his hut in the pine-wood; yet, in the midst of his admiration and envy, he could not but own to himself that each of them had a grievous fault, unbounded avarice, occasioning inhuman barbarity to the poor. The Black Foresters are a kind-hearted, charitable people; nevertheless, money stood the timber lords in good stead, and in spite of their heartlessness they did not lack for securing friends.

"I can bear this no longer," said the weary charcoal-burner, one day when he was in unusually low spirits, for there had been a feast at the forest hostel the evening before, at which the timber lords had displayed an unwonted degree of arrogance, and an unusual quantity of finery. "I can bear this no longer; O that I were rich as Eyekiel, independent as the Long Schlurker, and gay and good-looking as the King of the Dance! Where can that fellow have found his wealth?" Then the foolish lad set his brains to work to discover a means of becoming rich, but all in vain. Just at this moment a gust of wind swept through the woods, and its fitful sighing round his solitary hut brought to mind many wild stories, many supernatural tales; Peter's thoughts were in a short time absorbed by them, and his cause for discontent forgotten, when, among other traditions of the forest, he remembered one, which seemed sent as an answer to his fretful questions—"How can I obtain riches?" His heart leapt for joy as he wondered how he could so long have forgotten the tale of some of his own sooty ancestors' good luck with the Wood Spirits. "I used to know, too, an invocation to the little Glass-man, our good guardian spirit; let us try—

'O! Treasure-keeper, in pine-wood green
For many a rolling year,
Lord of the shadowy forest scene—'

But not a word more could he remember; it was in vain he

strained his memory ; the invocation still wanted a line of its completion. He often debated whether it would be worth his while to ask some knowing old person to tell him the conclusion of the verse, but he could not make up his mind to reveal the subject of his cogitations ; and he thought, too, that the rhyme could not be well known, or surely some of the numerous poor people in the forest would have tried their fortunes with the benevolent Wood Spirit. At last he questioned his mother on the subject. She could not tell him anything about the invocation ; but, after some hesitation, she informed him that it was only to those foresters who were born between the hours of twelve and two, on Sunday, that the Wood Spirit deigned to appear. "You, my son," she added, "were born at the Sabbath noontide." When Peter heard this his joy was unbounded, and he was eager to try his fortune. He thought the three first lines of the invocation would be sufficient to insure the spirit's appearance.

A few days afterwards, therefore, he put on his Sunday suit, and telling his mother he had business with a recruiting sergeant in the next town, he set off. Peter, however, instead of taking the road to the town, bent his steps to the pine-knoll, in the centre of the forest, the favorite haunt of the Treasure-keeper. It was situated at the distance of two hours' hard walk from any hut ; the foresters not daring to encroach on the spirit's demesne. The pines in this part of the forest were magnificent ; the superstition of the people guarded them from the stroke of the axe, and the thick branches, growing in unchecked luxuriance, quite obscured the light of day. Peter Munk shuddered involuntarily as he entered these untrodden recesses of the dark pine-wood ; no sound awoke the slumbering echo but his own foot-fall : the very birds had forsaken the haunt of the spirit. Peter soon reached the summit of the knoll, and stood before a pine of such gigantic dimensions, that a Dutch shipwright would have paid some hundred dollars for it on the spot. "Here," thought Peter, "dwells the Treasure-keeper ;" whereupon he took off his Sunday hat, and making a profound bow to the tree, cleared his voice, and said timidly, "Good evening, Mr. Glass-man." But no answer was returned ; all was still and silent as the grave. "Perhaps I ought to repeat the verse," thought he, and accordingly he began :—

"O! Treasure-keeper, in pine-wood green
For many a rolling year,
Lord of the shadowy woodland scene—"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when he saw, to his great astonishment, a small, but strange-looking figure, peeping at him through the bushes : he immediately imagined himself in the presence of the Treasure-keeper, and even fancied that he

recognized his black doublet, red stockings, and little hat, and that he could distinctly perceive the outline of his pale and delicate, yet intelligent features. But the figure vanished as quickly as it had appeared.

"Mr. Glass-man," cried Peter Munk, after a little hesitation, "be so good as not to take me for a fool; if you think that I have not seen you, Mr. Glass-man, you are very much mistaken; I saw you peeping at me from behind the trees." But he received no answer, except a sound of smothered laughter in the underwood.

At last Peter's patience was exhausted, and he flew into a great passion.

"Just wait a minute, you good-for-nothing little fellow," said he, "I will soon catch you." So saying, he sprang with one bound behind the pine-trees, but he found no Treasure-keeper there—only a poor, delicate little squirrel, jumping about on the green-sward.

Peter Munk shook his head in silent perplexity; he knew that the invocation wanted a line of its completion, and he imagined this the cause of the Glass-man's non-appearance. In vain he racked his brain to remember that line, that unfortunate line! The squirrel peeped at him between the tangled branches of the pines, and seemed as though it were mocking at him, or, at least, making itself merry at his expense. The little creature played such extraordinary tricks, and looked so cunningly at him, that at last he became afraid of it, and wished himself anywhere else than alone with it in the pine-wood; he therefore retreated hastily from the knoll, but he had a long distance to go, and the shadows of approaching evening were added to the gloom that continually prevails in these desolate regions.

Full of wonder and awe, the young man pursued his way through the untrodden depths of the forest; and right glad was he when the majestic but oppressive stillness was broken by the sound of the dogs barking, and when a blue wreath of smoke, curling above the trees, announced that he was again approaching the dwellings of man. As he drew nearer, he remarked, with surprise, that the huts before him differed greatly in appearance from those of his native village, and he perceived that he had, in his fear and agitation, mistaken his road, and crossed the forest to the abodes of the raft-men.

The inhabitants of the cottage received Peter kindly, and forbore to question him respecting his name, abode, or object in quitting his home, but gave him apple-wine to drink, and invited him to share their evening meal—a wild hen. The family consisted of a woodman, his wife, and eleven children, and an aged man, the woodman's father.

After the meal, the hostess and her daughters plied their dis-

tasks by the help of a light, which the youths fed with resin from the pines; the grandfather and father smoked, and looked at their children; the lads were busy cutting up pieces of wood and shaping them into forks and spoons. The storm howled without, and the branches of the pines creaked in the wind; crashing blows were occasionally heard, and, after a while, a sound as of a tree falling heavily. The rash youths were extremely anxious to run out into the wood to see what was going on, but the aged grandfather entreated them to refrain.

"I counsel you not to leave the house," he cried; "you will never return, for to-night Dutch Michael builds himself a new raft."

The young people looked inquiringly at him; though they had, doubtless, often before heard of Dutch Michael, still they asked their grandfather to tell them about him. Peter Munk, who had never heard any particulars of the wood-demon's history, joined in their request.

The old man began: "He is the lord of these woods, and I will now relate to you all that I know respecting him. For many hundred years the Black Foresters bore the character of the best of men; their poverty, their economy, their temperance, were renowned; but since the rapid increase of wealth within the precincts of the forest, much that is good and praiseworthy has departed; the lads dance and drink on Sunday; they even swear, which is a disgrace and shame to the whole people; formerly, things were very different, and I cannot but fear that all these bad habits originated with Dutch Michael. Some hundred years ago lived a rich timber lord; he had many men in his employ, and extended his trade far down the Rhine; a blessing rested upon his business, for he was a pious man. One evening a stranger stopped at the door of his house; he was dressed after the fashion of the Black Foresters, but was very unlike them in his appearance; he was so tall that the timber merchant had some difficulty in believing so monstrous a being could be a mere mortal. The gigantic stranger asked for work; and as the merchant thought he looked an industrious fellow, and certainly was a very strong one, he engaged him. Never had a timber lord such a servant as Michael proved to be. He could fell a tree alone in the time usually required by three men; and while six foresters labored to lift one end of a pine from the ground, he without difficulty placed the other on his shoulder. When he had worked thus for six months, he went to his master and asked permission to go down into Holland with the floaters, which life he liked better than tree-felling.

"'Well, Michael,' said his master, 'you are so good a servant that I should be sorry to stand in the way of your seeing a little of the world, if your taste lies that way; and I do not doubt but

that you will make yourself as useful on the rafts as you have been in the woods ; at any rate, you can go for once.'

"So Michael became a raft-man, and astonished his comrades not a little by his exploits. When the raft on which he was to embark was ready, Michael made his appearance with another ; it was built of eight enormous planks, which he carried on his shoulder as if they had been oars—whence they came no one knew. The timber merchant did not care to ask, but he reckoned up the dollars they would bring him, and rejoiced in his heart.

"Michael took it very quietly. 'They are to build me a float,' said he. 'Do you think I could go in that gimcrack thing ? why ! my weight would sink it at once.'

"His master offered him a handsome pair of floater's boots, as a proof of his gratitude for his services ; Michael despised them, and produced a pair for his use, the like of which had never been seen before ; my grandfather has assured me that they weighed a hundred pounds, and were five feet long ! The floats started, and if Michael had astonished the wood-cutters, much more did he astonish the raft-men ; for instead of his raft proceeding more tediously than the other, which every one conjectured it would do, on account of its superior bulk, it absolutely flew over the rippling waters of the Neckar. Whilst it was advancing at this rate, the river made a sudden bend, and the raft-men in vain exerted all their strength to keep the float from running aground. In this dilemma, Michael jumped into the water, and with one effort guided it aright, so that the danger was averted ; and when a convenient spot was found, he seized his immense oar, stuck it in the ground, and with another prodigious effort drove the raft off the shore with such violence that they flew like lightning past towns and villages, and were far down the river in a moment ; so that in half the time usually occupied by the voyage, the astonished floaters had accomplished it, and found themselves at Cologne.

"Then Michael said, 'Comrades, you are right good merchants ; but take my advice : I am sure that the men who buy your timber here, sell it again for a much higher price in Holland. Let us only sell our small beams here, and go on to Rotterdam ; and surely all we gain for the planks, above the customary price, will fairly belong to us.'

"So spake the cunning Michael, and his comrades were content ; some because they wished to see Holland, others because they coveted the gold ; only one man remained uncorrupted by Michael's specious arguments, and could not be won from his master's interest to appropriate any portion of his gains to himself. His comrades heard, laughed at, and forgot his expostulations. Dutch Michael did not forget them. So they passed

down the Rhine. Michael guided the raft, and soon brought it to Rotterdam; here they sold the timber for four times the usual price, and Michael's raft was disposed of for many hundreds of dollars. When the Black Foresters saw the money, they were beside themselves with joy; Michael shared the profit among his companions, reserving only a fourth for his master. Then they went to a public house, where they drank and played away their money with the low persons who resorted thither; as for the brave floater who had condemned their evil doings, Michael sold him to a kidnapper, and he has never been heard of since. From that time Holland became a kind of Paradise to the young foresters, and Michael was their king; from that time wealth, vice, drinking, and gaming found favor in the eyes of the once virtuous, frugal, and temperate inhabitants of this forest.

"Time passed on, and Dutch Michael's wicked accomplices paid the debt of nature; he, too, disappeared, but certainly he is not dead; for more than a century he has haunted this neighborhood, and those that seek for him will not seek in vain; he has held intercourse with many now living, and has helped them to become rich—at the risk of their miserable souls, however; more I dare not say. But this is certain, that on those nights when the storm howls loudest, and all good people are sunk in peaceful slumber, Dutch Michael fells the finest pines in the forest, and these he gives to the wretched men whom he dooms to destruction; he conveys them to the water edge, and constructing a raft, freights it with them, and guides it down to Holland for his miserable victims. But if I were lord and master there, I would set fire to all the planks and beams Dutch Michael brought into my country, for no ship built with them ever yet reached land. This is the reason why shipwrecks are so numerous; why also should a beautiful, strong, well-built vessel sink in the finest weather, or run aground on the clearest moonlight nights? But for every pine that Dutch Michael hews down in the Black Forest, some one of his old planks starts from its place in the ship, lets in the water, and down goes the stately vessel, with all her crew, into the deep ocean. This is the legend of Dutch Michael; and thus you see how all that is evil in the ways of our countrymen originated in him. Oh, he can make rich, but keep me from his riches; for the wealth of empires I would not be Eyekiel the Great, nor the Long Schlurker, nor the handsome King of the Dance."

The storm had subsided during the recital; the maidens quietly lighted their lamps, and went away; the lads placed a sack of leaves for a pillow on the stone bench, and then they too wished Peter good-night, and he betook himself to his hard but clean couch.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF BISHOP PROVOOST.

(Continued from page 371.)

BISHOP PROVOOST preached before the General Convention of 1795; and during its session—fifteenth Sunday after Trinity, September, 13th—united with Bishops White, Madison, and Claggett, in Christ Church, Philadelphia, in the consecration of Dr. Robert Smith, for South Carolina. In the same church, May 7, 1797, he united with Bishops White and Claggett in the consecration of Dr. Edward Bass, for Massachusetts. On the Feast of St. Luke the Evangelist, October 18, 1797, he united with Bishops White and Bass in the consecration of Dr. Abraham Jarvis, for Connecticut; Bishop Seabury having died on the 25th of February, in the preceding year.

In the General Convention of 1799, on motion of Bishop Provoost, proceedings were had, which resulted in the adoption of "The Form of Consecration of a Church or Chapel."

Sickness and affliction preying upon the Bishop's mind, induced an ardent desire, and final determination, to retire altogether from public life. Accordingly, he resigned the Rectorship of Trinity Church, December 22, 1800; when the Rev. Benjamin Moore, D. D., long connected with the Parish as Assistant Minister, was chosen his successor. This excellent man, as stated on pages 388, 389, 390, of this volume, had been previously chosen to the same office in troublous times—so troublous as to prevent his assuming its duties.

On Bishop Provoost's resignation of the Parish, December 22, 1800, the Vestry, with characteristic liberality, resolved to continue his salary until the following August, and that he should retain the occupation of the Rectory until November; and also settled on him an annual income, for life, of one thousand dollars.

There had been no Convention of the Diocese since that of 1797, when a special one, called by the Bishop, met in Trinity Church, in this city, September 3, 1801. It was composed, including the Bishop, of fifteen clergymen, and lay deputies from sixteen Parishes. The first entry on the minutes, after organization, is in these words: "The Right Rev. Bishop Provoost addressed the Convention, and resigned his Episcopal jurisdiction of this Diocese." On the following day, action was had on the subject by the Convention, in the unanimous adoption of the following preamble and resolution, reported by a committee:—

"The Right Rev. Samuel Provoost, D. D., having declared: that he resigned his jurisdiction as Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this State, and having expressed his affect-

tionate wishes for the prosperity of the Church in general, and the individual members of the Convention :

" *Resolved*, That the Convention return their thanks to the Bishop for his kind wishes, and whilst they regret that he should have judged himself under the necessity of quitting so suddenly the exercise of the Episcopal office, and those solemn and important duties which are connected with it, they beg leave to assure him of their sincere and fervent prayers that Divine Providence may so guide and govern him in all his ways, as will most conduce both to his temporal and eternal felicity."

The same Convention unanimously elected the Rev. Benjamin Moore, D. D., as Bishop Provoost's successor.

When this matter came before the General Convention, which met in Trenton, New-Jersey, the following week, it took a somewhat remarkable turn.

There was then no Canon on the subject of Episcopal resignations. Consequently, the subject was one, on the practical bearing of which individuals were left, in the absence of any law of our own, to form their judgments agreeably to their views of its intrinsic character and merits, and of the deference due to law or precedent in other sections, and at other periods, of the Church. There does not, indeed, appear on the Journal any evidence of a formal acceptance, by the Convention, of Bishop Provoost's resignation. That that body, however, considered the Diocese *vacant*, is evident from the fact that Dr. Moore was unanimously elected "*as Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this State*;" and also from the words of a resolution passed, declaring it improper to act in a particular matter, "*while this Church is destitute of a Bishop*." When the case, however, came before the House of Bishops, they—Bishops White, Claggett, and Jarvis—objected to any recognition of a Bishop's right to resign his jurisdiction; and declared that they should consider any person consecrated for New-York "as Assistant or Coadjutor Bishop, during Bishop Provoost's life, although competent in point of character to all the Episcopal duties; the extent in which the same shall be discharged by him, to be dependent on such regulations as expediency may dictate to the Church in New-York, grounded on the indisposition of Bishop Provoost, and with his concurrence."

This was only an expression of the opinion of the Bishops, not a legislative act of the House. No action was had on it by the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies. It had, of course, no binding power. Dr. Moore was consecrated. The certificate of which states that he was consecrated "into the office of Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of New-York; to which the said Benjamin Moore, D.D., hath been elected by the Convention of the said State." Nothing is said of Bishop

Provoost, except that the election and consecration had taken place "in consequence of the inability of the Right Rev. Bishop Provoost, and of his declining all Episcopal jurisdiction within the said State." There is nothing here intimating that Bishop Moore was consecrated with the understanding that the previously expressed opinion of the Bishops was to be acted upon by Bishop Moore or his Diocese.

This statement has been made thus particular because the matter will come up again in a very grave and important connection.

Bishop Provoost, immediately after his resignation of the Diocese, went into strict retirement, never engaging in public ministrations until nearly ten years had elapsed.

Early in the year 1811, Bishop Moore was prostrated by paralysis. There being no reason to hope that he would ever be able to resume the active duties of his office, and as a General Convention, the most convenient time for a consecration, was to meet in May, he called a special convention of this Diocese, to meet in the week next preceding the General Convention, to take into consideration the election of an Assistant Bishop. It met, and the Rev. John Henry Hobart, D.D., was elected. The General Convention met in New-Haven the following week. There were then but six Bishops in the country. Only two attended the Convention, Bishops White and Jarvis. Bishop Provoost, besides his general feeble health, was suffering from a recent attack of sickness. Bishop Madison had, unhappily, severed himself almost entirely from ecclesiastical concerns, and was mainly devoted to his duties as President of William and Mary College. Bishop Claggett had left home for the Convention, but was compelled, by sickness, to return. Bishop Moore was paralyzed. An Episcopal consecration, therefore, could not take place at New-Haven, agreeably to the ancient Catholic canonical requirement, incorporated into our own consecration service, of having three consecrating Bishops. It is well observed, therefore, by Bishop White, in his *Memoirs of the Church*—"This Convention was held under very serious and well-founded apprehensions that the American Church would be again subjected to the necessity of having recourse to the mother Church for the Episcopacy; or else of continuing it without requiring the canonical number; which might be productive of great disorder in future."

Besides Dr. Hobart, there was another Bishop-elect waiting consecration, the Rev. Alexander Viets Griswold, who had been elected Bishop of the Eastern Diocese, a confederacy which had been formed by the several Dioceses east of Connecticut.

Bishop Provoost promised to attend the consecration, if he possibly could, should it be held in this city. To this Bishops

White and Jarvis of course consented, and came on for the purpose immediately after the adjournment of the Convention. Should Bishop Provoost prove unable to attend, it was in contemplation to have the consecration in Bishop Moore's chamber; where, although unable to leave his house, he might unite in it.

Happily, this extreme alternative was not required. Although, during the past few days, Bishop Provoost had suffered a relapse, yet, on the day appointed for the consecration, Wednesday, May 29th, he was able to repair to Trinity Church. The immense congregation there assembled was very generally deeply impressed with the solemnity and importance of the crisis. It was probably—as it turned out to be—the last time that three of the then Bishops of our Church could be assembled. When it was ascertained that Bishop Provoost had actually arrived at the church, there was a thrill of emotion throughout the assemblage. "*He's come!*" "*Thank God!*" were audibly whispered ejaculations. He remained in the vestry-room until the close of the Morning Prayer. It was the original expectation and intention that he should continue there until after the sermon, and enter the chancel in time to unite with Bishop Jarvis in presenting the Bishops-elect to Bishop White. Feeling, however, able to join the other Bishops at an earlier period, and to take part in the ante-communion service, and particularly desirous of once more hearing a sermon from his old friend Bishop White, he entered the church after the close of Morning Prayer. He read the Epistle. It could be heard, and that with difficulty, by those only who were near the chancel. But the appearance of the venerable man,* his visage somewhat marred with palsy, and discolored by jaundice, and then seen in public ministration, for the first time in nearly ten years, by many who had been of his flock, doubtless produced quite as solemnizing an effect—and this even increased by the difficulty or impossibility of hearing him—as would the most audible, and most rhetorically enunciated, words of the Holy Book.

A circumstance, accidental in itself, but made the subject of much controversy, occurred at this consecration. In both cases—those of Bishop Hobart and Bishop Griswold—Bishop White, through strange misrecollection and inadvertence, omitted, in the consecrating form, the words, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

* Increased in reverential interest by his wearing—as he only, it is believed, of all our Bishops, ever wore—the large English Episcopal wig. Bishop White said that, at the joint consecration of himself and Bishop Provoost, the latter having procured a wig, the former preferred dispensing with it; although his old friend, the Rev. Mr. Durbin, his predecessor in his Philadelphia Rectorship, then in England, offered the use of his for the occasion. The then peculiarity of consecration without a wig, and of a Bishop's appearing in his proper habit without one, was the subject of conversation at the Archbishop's after the services, when it appeared that Bishop White had precedent in the case of no less a personage than Archbishop Tillotson, whose portrait, among those at the palace, was without a wig.

A bitter opposition had been made to Bishop Hobart's election on personal grounds. It was strengthened, on party grounds, by the small number of Low-Churchmen in the Diocese. This omission by Bishop White was immediately seized on by this party, as evidence of the invalidity of the consecration. That this was purely a party ebullition, was shown by the fact, that although the omission of the above words occurred in Bishop Griswold's case, as well as Bishop Hobart's, its supposed invalidation was never alleged against the former. The circumstance led to a published discussion. The venerable Dr. Bowden, who, from the excellence of his character, and the soundness of his principles, was, of course, Bishop Hobart's friend, first published a pamphlet to prove that the omission did not invalidate the consecration. This was followed by a pamphlet, in defence and enlargement of Dr. Bowden's, by Bishop Hobart. The connection of the subject with the endeavors made by Papists and ultra-Protestants to prove, from Archbishop Parker's consecration, the non-existence in England of the "Apostolic Succession," gave it peculiar interest. The true view of the case triumphed. A succinct notice of it is given by Bishop White in his *Memoirs of the Church*, pages 286, 287, and 288, of the Philadelphia edition, 1820. The following is his concluding paragraph:—"The disposition manifested"—that is, the disposition of Low-Churchmen to gain strength, from this circumstance, to their opposition to Bishop Hobart—"soon spent itself; owing, as is conceived, to the circumstance, that a few gentlemen of talents, who had interested themselves on the occasion, without having been in the habit of attending to the concerns of the Church, would not commit their characters by joining in a criticism so indefensible." Thus this miserable effort to promote the cause of Popery and ultra-Protestantism entirely failed. Bishop Hobart and Bishop Griswold passed through their respective valuable courses of official life, without any question, worthy of regard, as to the validity of their claims to the Episcopal office.

The opposition to Bishop Hobart, however, was not to be easily put down. The opposing party had managed to enlist Bishop Provoost in their behalf. It was no secret, that this was effected through influences exerted upon one on whose intellect age and disease had laid their weakening hand. He was induced to lay claim, at the Diocesan Convention of 1812, to being still the Bishop of the Diocese, on the ground of the opinion expressed by Bishop Moore's consecrators. The claim was rejected by an act of the Convention, passed without a dissenting voice by the clergy; and by a lay vote of 36 ayes, 2 noes, and one divided. Three clergymen—all of whom became afterwards Bishop Hobart's decided friends, but who had suffered themselves to be drawn into opposition to him, and into favor of Bishop Provoost's

claim,—“were excused from voting, and expressed their determination to submit to the decision of the Convention.”

Bishop Claggett, of Maryland, having applied for a suffragan Bishop, the Rev. James Kemp, D.D., was elected in 1814, and was consecrated September 1st, in the same year. The election was dissatisfactory to the Low-Church party of the Diocese. Some of its most active members had recourse to the unprincipled expedient of requesting Bishop Provoost to give consecration to their leader, that he might set up a jurisdiction in Maryland, distinct from that of Bishop Kemp. Of course, Dr. Kemp was accused of want of vital godliness and personal religion, and of opposition to the doctrine of justification by faith only, &c., &c. A similar application was made to Bishop Claggett, who, by some kind of party manœuvring, had been supposed to be adverse to the election made of his suffragan. Of this wretched expedient, Bishop White says, in his *Memoirs of the Church*, “It is not necessary to prove that the Bishops so applied to were men of too much truth and honor to have considered for a moment of so unprincipled a proposal. . . But”—he adds, in words which every good Christian, and every good Churchman, should treasure up, as at all times fraught with wholesome caution—“the matter should be remembered as pregnant with admonition.”

The Honorable Cadwallader D. Colden, Bishop Provoost's son-in-law, says of the same transaction, in his *Memoir of him*, published in *The Evergreen*, “It is only necessary to say, that Bishop Provoost treated this affair with such marked contempt, that he would not condescend to answer it.”

According to the same writer, the Bishop, “having suffered occasional attacks of an apoplectic character, died very suddenly of one of these fits, on the 6th September, 1815, aged 73 years and 6 months. * * * At the meeting of the Convention, Bishop Hobart, in his annual address, alluding to the departed Bishop, said, ‘To the benevolence and urbanity that marked all his intercourse with the clergy, and indeed every social relation, there is strong and universal testimony;’ and then added the words of Bishop White, in regard to his official and personal intimacy with the deceased Bishop, calling it a sacred relation ‘between two persons, who, under the appointment of a Christian Church, had been successfully engaged together in obtaining for it succession to the Apostolic office of the Episcopacy; who, in the subsequent exercise of that Episcopacy, had jointly labored in all the ecclesiastical business which has occurred among us; who, through the whole of it, never knew a word or even a sensation, tending to personal dissatisfaction or disunion.’”

LITTLE HENRY.*

THERE are moments in life when the wing of the destroying angel flits between us and the sunshine of existence, and beneath its dark shadow pleasures fade and hope withereth; and when with hearts despairing we hear the last sigh, or watch the last throb of departing life, we feel that the silver chord which unites us to earth has been loosened, and, with hope and fear, "see through a glass darkly"—into eternity. Again, when we witness the final struggle, we no longer tremble, but contemplate with mingled joy and sadness the transit of the soul to the spirit-land; looking steadily up to a glittering edifice, spiritual or ideal, erected by faith in the zenith of human hopes.

It was a Sabbath morning, and the sun shone with unclouded splendor upon the Atlantic, where the trade-winds blew freshly, curling many a wave into foam, as it dashed harmlessly against the dark hull of the Planet. The sounds of daily labor were hushed; and save the sighing of the wind, and the monotonous splash of the waves, as we glided steadily on over the heaving ocean—fitting symbol of eternity—all was still; for the destroyer was there to thrust in his sickle while the harvest was yet ripe. It was the mysterious agent whose foot is upon the sea as well as upon the land; who waves his dark wand over the fields of summer, causing them to glow for a moment with golden hues of autumn, only to perish beneath the chill mantle of winter.

Little Henry was a native of Raratonga, one of the Friendly Isles of the South Pacific. His delicate frame was not proof against the hardship and exposure incident to a voyage to the United States; and the seeds of disease, that had already begun to germinate, received a genial impulse in the colder climate of the North: that unsparing emissary of death, pulmonary consumption, had already fastened itself upon the delicate boy. He had come on board with a faint hope of once more beholding his sea-girt home; but that fragile form was destined for a final resting-place in the blue ocean, where, though storms sweep o'er its surface, he slumbers securely, deep in its still bosom. Day by day he continued to droop, until he could no longer sit upon deck to enjoy the bright sunshine, or watch the wild flight of the sea-bird; and he was carried below to his state-room, never more to leave it in life. Whatever the ship could afford towards mitigating the sufferings of the dying boy was freely bestowed, and through the brief period of his illness, the captain and officers were unremitting in their attentions to him. I was almost constantly at his bedside; and once, when nearly overcome by his emotion, he gave me to understand that he had a mother and

* From "*Na Motu*."

sister who would await his return. I have seen him take from a small bag, which he usually kept near him, gifts of affection for his mother, a bunch of ribbons and beads for his sister, together with a few trifling presents for his friends, and after looking at them sorrowfully, replace them again with a sigh, while the tears stole down his emaciated cheeks.

But Henry had one source of consolation that lighted up the shadow of death, and that was his Bible and a few tracts printed in his native tongue; when he was not reading, they were always near him. In them he found a soothing balm that enabled him to endure patiently his afflictions, discovering, as he drank deeply from the fountain of living waters, new sources of enjoyment, spiritual in their nature. I verily believe that no death-bed was ever hallowed with brighter inspirations of Christian faith than was that of this poor boy. Hope was to him a beacon that grew brighter and brighter as he neared the goal of his aspirations, and he spoke with cheerfulness of the hour when it should please his heavenly Father to relieve him from his sufferings. I have heard his feeble voice in prayer, and, although to me in an unknown tongue, have bowed my head with reverence, and so has the hardy sailor watching at his bedside; for it was solemn, deeply solemn: it was the low converse of a spirit with its Creator. I would that the Christian and skeptic could have looked upon that bed of death: to the one, it would have been a bright example of faith; to the other, a solemn warning.

About eight o'clock, the steward informed me that Henry was dying. I was at his bedside in a moment, and beheld at a glance that the destroying angel was there. Though speechless, he was sensible of my approach. His Bible was by his side; but he no longer needed its consolations, for he was already at the threshold of that house his faith had built. Death came not to him amid the groves of his native isle, where the drooping plumes of the palm rustle in the breeze like the whispered converse of spirits, and where, amid the harmonies of nature, he might breathe a last farewell to weeping friends; but in his narrow room, where the rays of light through the cabin window shone faintly upon the bulkhead, and surrounded by hardy seamen, in whose feeling hearts his suffering touched a chord of sympathizing response. I sat beside him, and, raising his attenuated arm, watched the last glimmering of life, like a flame expiring in its socket, until, without a struggle or a groan, his soul returned to Him who gave it.

The captain and mate were both deeply affected, more especially the former, and he alluded briefly to many little incidents connected with Henry during his sojourn in his family. He had frequently known him to forsake his amusements and retire to his chamber to pray. When informed by the physician that he could never again see his home, he wept bitterly, and begged so

earnestly to be permitted to accompany the captain on his present voyage, that, for humanity's sake, he could not refuse.

An hour having elapsed, preparations were made for the sequel. His hands were crossed and fastened together with spun-yarn ;

"No useless coffin inclosed his breast,"

but we wrapped him in his blanket, and carried him on deck to the carpenter's bench, where the crew were requested to take a final look before he was launched into the deep. The body was then sewed up in the blankets, together with a quantity of ballast at the feet, and the whole securely lashed.

"Haul back the mainyard !" was the order.

This was silently obeyed, and gave to the ship a stately motion in the water. The captain, who was too much agitated to officiate, requested me to read a chapter in the Testament, there being no prayer-book on board. I selected such passages as I thought the most appropriate for the occasion, and read them so as to be distinctly heard by all the crew, wishing, although with but little hope, that the words and the occasion might have a beneficial effect upon the feelings of some of my shipmates. I hoped they might awaken a few sober reflections that would tend to harmonize the elements of discord that to a certain extent opposed a barrier to our social intercourse.

The service being ended, there was a moment of silence, and I do not believe there was an eye present unmoistened by a tear.

"Let go there !" said the captain.

The two officers shoved the plank a few feet beyond the gangway, quickly inclined it, and the body slid with a plunge into the water.

"Brace forward the mainyard there, Mr. Grasper !"

"Aye, aye, sir !" and as the ship once more resumed her course, I turned to catch a glimpse of a fading object that, deep in the blue element, was melting away like the faint trace of a cloud.

Four years subsequent to this event, I sailed through the Hervey group by moonlight, and saw the beautiful isle of Raratonga rise like a dark knoll from the water. To me the circumstance was of peculiar interest, for with it I associated recollections of the little boy whose home was once here, and where perhaps at that moment an anxious mother was dreaming of an absent son. How often has she counted the breadfruit harvests, and scanned the dim horizon for the faint glimmering of a sail ! In vain has the sister woven garlands of flowers plucked from her native hills for her truant brother. But grieve not for him ; holier fingers have twined for him chaplets of amaranth, where, in brighter realms, he heeds not the storm that chants a requiem o'er the troubled ocean.

Editor's Table.

ANGLICAN ECCLESIASTICAL CONVOCATION.—Our venerable mother Church of England, since casting off the unchristian and uncatholic tyranny which, with its religious and moral corruptions, the Bishop of Rome had usurped over her, has experienced many occasions of both needing and receiving the special protection and guidance of her Divine Lord and Head. The monstrous quantity of evil, mingled with the good which God brought out of the eighth Henry's vengeful antipathy to the Pope, and libidinous desire to be freed from his power; the renewal of that power under the infatuated Mary; the infusion of uncatholic and unevangelical views, brought from the continent, when her reign was ended; the unprincipled rampancy of the Presbyterian and Independent sects, during what is called the Commonwealth; the libertinism and false-heartedness of the second Charles; and the Popish infatuation of his successor—all brought sore trials on the Church. She was mercifully preserved through them all.

Her trials, however, by no means ceased with the reign of James II. His successor, William III., was not the man for the Church of England. He was born and educated among the uncatholic Protestants of the continent of Europe; and, very naturally, though, as king, the temporal head of the Church of England, yet knew and cared little for its distinctive principles and features, as a *catholic* and *evangelical* Protestant Church. Using his great influence in the Church under the guidance of his *secular* relations to it, rather than of any distinct recognition and appreciation of its *spiritual* principles, character, and objects, his reign largely contributed to the sad secularization which has since, in so lamentable a degree, checked and turned aside what should have been seen and felt, of the spiritual and heavenly character and course of the Church of England. From that time—it is by no means intended to say that *then for the first*—there has been, sometimes more, sometimes less, always too much, of a disposition to regard the Church, not as the best friend of the State, whom the latter is to sustain and cherish as its wise and holy counsellor and guide, but rather as an instrument for promoting the State's favorite purposes, and winning the people to subserviency to its views. Accordingly, the *Convocation*—the Church's representative, and medium of deliberation and action as a spiritual body—has ever been jealously watched by politico-ecclesiastics, and ecclesiastico-politicians, lest it should interfere with worldly influences in spiritual matters.

There are two Convocations in England—that of Canterbury, and that of York. They may meet separately or together. Each is composed of two Houses: the upper comprising the Archbishops and Bishops, and the lower the clergy.

In order to a right understanding of the Church of England, in its actual position and working, it should be borne in mind, that the promotion of one

of its clergy to the Episcopate or Archiepiscopate is no evidence of his high standing as a *divine*, or a faithful *spiritual pastor*; of any desire on the part of the Diocese to have him placed over them; or of his possessing the respect and confidence of the Church. Nomination to these offices is in the crown; that is, according to the present order of things, in the Crown's Prime Minister—an officer chosen for political purposes, in conformity to the will and pleasure of the House of Commons. There is, indeed, the form of election, on the nomination, by the Cathedral authorities of the Diocese. It should rather be called a mockery of election; because very severe penalties are incurred by the electors, if they do not favorably respond to this nomination. Bishops have, either immediately or prospectively, a right to a seat in the House of Lords in Parliament. The Archbishop of Canterbury has also permanent functions as an adviser of the Crown; and both Archbishops and Bishops have large patronage, civil and ecclesiastical.

It is not necessary, under these circumstances, to speculate about what a pious King, or Queen, or Prime Minister, should do for the good of the Church; or what they would do, if they fully realized the awful responsibility for God and the souls of men, in which the special constitution of the English Church involves them. It is a fact, as unquestionable as it is discreditable, that State policy has much to do with royal appointment to ecclesiastical office. It is but just, however, to add, that decent regard seems generally to be had to correct moral character, and to professional respectability.

The theological and ecclesiastical *indifference*, provided *Protestantism* be secured, introduced under the auspices of William III., and continued in the Church of England, is obvious to every one who, with a heart understanding and duly appreciating evangelical and catholic truth and order, marks the history of that Church, and studies the character of the greater part of its theological productions, for a century or more after the Revolution of 1688. Bright exceptions, indeed, there were; but what a mournful mass is presented of political manoeuvring, of clerical subserviency and devotion to the world, of cold and formal ritualism, of unevangelical and uncatholic teaching, and of using the Church for mere secular ends!

Our present object brings us now to the state of things, thus handed down, in the reign of the first George. He, also, was a foreigner, and more of a Continental than an Anglican Protestant. After he had been about three years on the throne, the affairs of the Church of England respecting its Convocation were brought to a painful issue. The secular and temporizing principles, so unhappily prevalent in appointment to Episcopal Sees, had produced a state of things, to which a recent English paper justly refers, as presenting "the monstrous anomaly of there being then a latitudinarian Episcopate, set to rule, by State power, over an orthodox but undisciplined clergy." This produced collision, in most important matters, between the two Houses of Convocation. The king, of course, sided with the Bishops, and in the exercise of the royal prerogative, put a stop to its deliberations,

in 1717. Since that time it has been an inert, lifeless body, because successive sovereigns, or rather their secular advisers, have chosen that it should be and continue so; thus compelling the Church to a course of unfaithfulness to the Christian obligation of renouncing the world. But this is not the worst: the suspending of the Convocation in reality, while it has been continued in form, has led to the solemn mockery of a formal religious opening, with prayers for Divine guidance and blessing, when it was thoroughly known and understood that royal interposition was to prevent any action. We cannot but think that this has entailed upon the Church of England an amount of religious and moral defalcation which, in consideration of the righteous overruling of a jealous God, should rouse it to the most serious and heartfelt *considering of its ways*.

By God's great blessing, a precious revival on this momentous subject seems now to be in progress in our mother Church, to the great joy of the more spiritually-minded of its clergy and people, and of the clergy and people of its American daughter. The Convocation has held sundry meetings, characterized by great wisdom, and a thoroughly evangelical and catholic spirit. The cautious and worldly-calculating secular department of the Church is, as yet, hesitating; but there is good ground of hope that, the Lord being her helper, the Church of England will ere long make good her claim, as a spiritual body, to the love and confidence of the "ONE CATHOLIC AND APOSTOLIC CHURCH."

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—We are now sending out our bills for the present volume of our Magazine. Our subscribers will greatly oblige us, and promote the objects we have in view, by forwarding the amount of their bills, at the earliest practicable moment. Those who live at a distance will please remit by mail, at our risk.

Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

ORDINATIONS.

Priests.

Conn.—July 23. Rev. William Kirtland Douglas.—1.

Miss.—July 30. Rev. James Philson.—1.—2.

Deacons.

Conn.—August 6. James De Koven.—1.

Ms.—July 16. Wm. Stone Chadwell.—1.

Md.—August 13. George Krebs Warner, A. M.—1.

N. York—July 31. Robert Thompson Pearson.—1.

Ohio—July 30. Peter Neff, Jr.—1:—5.

CONSECRATION OF CHURCHES.

New-Jersey—August 10. St. Mary's Church, Burlington.—1.

Penn.—Aug. 2. Grace Church, Honesdale.—1.

S. Carolina—August 4. St. John's Chapel, Fairfield District.—1.—2.

CONFIRMATIONS.

Conn.—July 9. Christ Ch., Mid-

dietown, 13. — 16. Grace Church, Hamden, 5. — 23. St. John's, Warehouse Point, 3. — 24. Mission in Scotland, 2. — 23.

Georgia—June 6. Grace Church, Clarksville, 8. — 8.

La.—Since Whitsunday. St. James', Alexander, 14; St. James's, Rapides, 10; Trinity, Natchitoches, 14; St. James's, Baton Rouge, 3; Christ Church, Assumption, 8; Church at Donaldsonville, 3. — 52.

Me.—July 10. St. Peter's Church, Rockland, 4. — 14. Marine Hospital, Portland, 1. — 5.

Md.—July 5. St. John's Church, Castle Haven, 1. — 16. St. Timothy's Church, Catonsville, 11. — 30. Emmanuel Church, Cumberland, 8. — 20.

New-York—July 16. Mission Ch., Astor Place, New-York, 16. — 30. Parish of St. John the Evangelist, do., 22. August 3. St. John's Ch'ch, Richfield Springs, Otsego County, 3. — 2. Grace Church, Norway, Herkimer County, 3. — 9. Trinity Ch'ch, Fairfield, do., 3. — 10. St. John's Church, Johnstown, Fulton County, 17. — 11. St. Ann's Church, Amsterdam, Montgomery County, 8. — 13. Grace Church, Cherry Valley, Otsego County, 6. — 14. Christ Church, Cooperstown, do., 9. — 17. Christ Church, Butternuts, do., 11. — 18. St. Matthew's Church, Unadilla, do., 9. — 23. Calvary Church, Cairo, Greene County, 9; St. Luke's Ch., Catskill, do., 1. — 27. Church of the Holy Trinity, Havanshaw, Rockland County, 13. — 130.

Ohio—July 5. St. Mary's Parish, Hillsborough, 10. — 30. Rosse Chapel, Gambier, 6. — 16.

S. Carolina—July 23. Claremont Parish, 65. Do., do., Chapel, 31. — 96.

W. New-York—July 25. St. Paul's Church, Aurora, 4; St. John's Ch., Ithaca, 9. — 27. Caroline, 4. — 28. St. John's Church, Speedsville, 4; St. Paul's Church, Owego, 5. — 30. Trinity Church, Elmira, 11. August 18. Zion Church, Rome, 1. — 38. — 388.

CLERICAL CHANGES.

Rev. Thomas Applegate, to the Rectorship of Christ Church, Sherburne, Western New-York.

Rev. James E. Battin, to the Rectorship of Trinity Church, Lowville, Lewis County, Western New-York.

Rev. George Bedell, M. D., to St. John, New-Brunswick.

Rev. Robert M. Chapman, to the charge of St. Ann's Academy, Madison, Indiana.

Rev. James Starr Clarke, to Barrytown, Dutchess County, New-York.

Rev. George C. V. Eastman, to the Chaplaincy of the Patapsco Female Institute, (Post-office, Ellicott's Mills,) Maryland.

Rev. Edward Abraham Foggo, to the Rectorship of Christ Church, Bordentown, New-Jersey.

Rev. Richard Hines, to the charge of the Church of the Holy Innocents, Henderson, North Carolina.

Rev. Alfred M. Miller, to the Rectorship of St. John's Church, St. Augustine, Florida.

Rev. George L. Neide, to the Rectorship of Trinity Church, Rockaway, Queens County, New-York.

Rev. William Herbert Norris, to the Missionary Station at Woodbury, New-Jersey.

Rev. Andrew Oliver, to the Missionary Station, Pulaski, Oswego County, Western New-York.

Rev. William M. Steel, to the Rectorship of St. James's Church, Greenville, East Tennessee.

Rev. Hugh M. Thompson, to the charge of St. John's Parish, Portage City, Wisconsin.

Rev. H. Hastings Weld, to the Rectorship of Trinity Church, Moorestown, New-Jersey.

Academic Honors.

D. D.

Rev. Frederick J. Goodwin, Rev. E. Edwards Beardsley, by Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut.

Rev. J. Jackson Scott, by Columbia College, New-York.

Rev. George Watson, by Union College, Schenectady, New-York.

Rev. Newton E. Marble, by Norwich University, Vermont.

Rev. Milo Mahan, Professor in the General Theological Seminary, by

the College of St. James, Mary-
land.

Isle, near Detroit, Michigan.
August 2. Rev. Mark Richard Jakes,
Rector of St. Paul's Church, Man-
mee City, Ohio.—2.

Died,

July 24. Rev. Charles Fox, of Gross

CONTRIBUTIONS TO CHURCH INSTITUTIONS AND OBJECTS IN THE UNITED
STATES, AND IN THE DIOCESE OF NEW-YORK.

Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church
in the United States:—

Domestic Committee.....	\$1,420 72	
Foreign Committee.....	2,403 78	
		\$3,824 50
General Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union, and Church Book Society.....		155 50
Diocesan Missionary Committee.....		80 92
Diocesan Education Fund.....		86 77
Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society for Seamen in the City and Port of New-York.....		35 17
New-York Bible and Common Prayer-Book Society.....		1,240 39
Protestant Episcopal Tract Society.....		85 96

DEATH OF BISHOP WAINWRIGHT.—As we are finishing the preparation of this number for the press, we learn the melancholy tidings, that on the Feast of St. Matthew the Apostle, Thursday, September 21st, after a brief period of severe and distressing illness, it pleased God to remove from his short but faithful career of Episcopal duty, the Right Rev. Jonathan Mayhew Wainwright, D. D., D.C. L., the Provisional Bishop of this Diocese, at the age of about 61 years. Our space allows nothing farther, at present, on the painful subject, but the expression of deep sympathy with all who, personally or officially, feel the loss thus severely sustained.

Calendar for October.

1. Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.
8. Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.
15. Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.
18. St. Luke the Evangelist.
22. Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.
28. St. Simon and St. Jude the Apostles.
29. Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.



WILLIAM LENOIR, ESQ., D.D.

First Bishop of Virginia

McGuffey's Monthly Magazine.

NOVEMBER, 1854.

No. 11

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF BISHOP WINSOR.

FIRST BISHOP OF VIRGINIA.

Samuel Augustus Winsor, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Virginia, was born in August 27th, 1749, near Port Charles, in Southampton, Virginia. His father was a member of the assembly district known as Ware. He was educated at the University of North Carolina, and at the University of Maryland, where he received his degree in 1771. He entered the College of William and Mary in 1771, and was graduated for his degree in the year 1774. He was rewarded by several honors, including the gold medal assigned to him for his services to the encouragement of education. He was ordained a minister in 1774. At the close of the war, he was one of the Virginia's representatives to the Continental Congress, and he was admitted to the bar, but he never got to have redoubt; for, after one successful effort to an advantage, he abandoned it, having determined to enter upon the study of the law. He accordingly began a course of study, and received diaconal and priest's orders, and was ordained in Virginia, was in 1778 elected Professor of Divinity in William and Mary College. In 1779, he was elected to that institution, and in 1780, he was elected to the same office.

THE
Churchman's Monthly Magazine.

Vol. I.

NOVEMBER, 1854.

No. 11.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF BISHOP MADISON,*

FIRST BISHOP OF VIRGINIA.

JAMES MADISON,† first Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Virginia, was born August 27th, 1749, near Port Republic, in the county of Rockingham, Virginia. His father was a long time clerk of the extensive district known as West Augusta, of which Rockingham county formed a part. At an early age the son was sent to an academy in Maryland, where he continued for some years. In 1768, he entered the College of William and Mary, and was distinguished for his ardor in the pursuit of knowledge; for which he was rewarded by several honorable testimonials, among which was the gold medal assigned by Lord Botetourt as a prize for the encouragement of classical literature; this was awarded to him in 1772. After he left college he commenced the study of law, under one of Virginia's ablest jurists, the celebrated Chancellor Wythe; and he was subsequently admitted to the bar; but he seems not to have relished the profession; for, after one successful effort in an admiralty case, he abandoned it, having determined to enter upon the duties of the holy ministry. He accordingly soon after visited England, where he received deacons' and priests' orders; and having returned to Virginia, was, in 1773, elected Professor of Mathematics in William and Mary's College. In 1777, he was chosen President of that institution, being then but twenty-eight years of age. The statutes of the college required that the President should be thirty; but the rule was suspended in his favor. In the same year he again visited England, in order to qualify himself still more for the duties of his station. He continued abroad, for the most time in London, until the latter part

* From "The Evergreen."

† In preparing this brief Biography, we have made free use of such information as we could obtain from the writings of others, copying, in most instances, the very language of our authorities. Especially are we thus indebted to Dr. Hawks' History of the Church in Virginia, and to a short Biography of Bishop Madison, prepared from authentic sources, by Robert Walsh, Esq., for the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Americana*.

of 1778, and enjoyed, during his absence, the advantage of the aid and instruction of the celebrated Cavallo, in natural philosophy, and of other distinguished men, in various branches of science. On his return home, he took charge of the college, and, in the words of one of his biographers, "commenced that long career of usefulness, which entitles him to be considered as one of the greatest benefactors of Virginia. Throughout the whole Revolutionary War, he was unceasing in his exertions to sustain the college; and it was only for a short period, during the struggle, that its exercises were intermitted; viz.: the autumn preceding, and the winter and spring succeeding, the siege of Yorktown." Until 1784, he united with the duties of the Presidency the Professorship of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. In that year he resigned the Mathematical Department, and became Professor of Natural and Moral Philosophy, International Law, etc., and retained this professorship, as well as the presidency of the college, until the period of his death.

We must be permitted to digress a little from the subject of our sketch, and, in a very condensed form, state a few facts connected with the history and condition of the Church in Virginia at this and a previous period.

The Church in Virginia dates the time of its being planted there with the settlement of the first colony. As an inducement to clergymen to "come over and settle in the colony," it was provided, in the charter of 1619, that the clergy should have in each borough a glebe, to consist of one hundred acres, and should receive from the profits of each parish a standing revenue, to be worth at least two hundred pounds. In the instructions to the governor, in 1621, he was directed "to take into especial regard the service of Almighty God, and the observance of His Divine laws; and that the people should be trained up in true religion and virtue." The Governor and Assembly were at the same time required "to employ their utmost care to advance all things appertaining to the order and administration of Divine service, according to the form of the Church of England; carefully to avoid all factious and needless novelties, which only tended to the disturbance of peace and unity; and to cause that the ministers should be duly respected and maintained, and the churches, or places appointed for Divine service, decently accommodated;" and there was also urged upon them the duty of "using all probable means of bringing over the natives to a love of civilization, and to the love of God and His true religion." It was also recommended "that each town, borough, and hundred, should procure, by just means, a certain number of Indian children, to be brought up in the first elements of literature; that the most towardly of these should be fitted for the college, in building of which they purposed to proceed

as soon as any profit arose from the estate appropriated to that use ; and they earnestly required their active help and furtherance in that pious and important work ; not doubting the particular blessing of God upon the colony, and being assured of the love of all good men upon that account." The outbreak of the conspiracy of thirty Indian nations, and the horrible massacre of almost half the inhabitants of the colony, among whom were seventeen of the laborers on the lands of the proposed college, defeated these prosperous beginnings and commendable efforts in behalf of an institution which, if it had been established, might have been productive of so much good. From these facts we may learn that the early settlers of Virginia were not indifferent to the cause of religion and literature ; and that the diffusion of Christianity was held forth as one of the chief objects of the colonization of the province.

Many of the clergymen, who, in the times of the early history of the colony, came out from England into the wilderness of Virginia, appear to have been men of sincere piety, and of remarkable devotedness to the holy cause in which they had engaged ; but it seems that, at a subsequent period, the few clergymen who could be prevailed upon to settle in the colony, were not, in general, so well qualified for the peculiar difficulties of their station, in parishes in many respects so different from those in the mother country from which they came. The rapid increase of the inhabitants of the colony, and the great lack of clergymen, unfortunately rendered it impossible for the people in a number of the settlements to attend the regular ministrations of the Church ; and it is not a subject of much wonder, that many thus in time became quite careless about matters of religion, and, of course, their children would be likely to become even more indifferent. In 1665, there were about fifty parishes, and but *ten* ministers for their supply ! Even a hundred years after the first settlement at Jamestown, though parishes were constantly increasing, and glebes were provided for the clergymen, not one half of the parishes were supplied with a minister. The scarcity of clergymen, as well as the questionable morality, or at least the culpable apathy, of many who were set over the people as pastors, opened the door for dissent, and once obtaining a foothold, it spread throughout the whole colony. At the beginning of the War of the Revolution, Virginia had ninety-one Church clergymen, officiating in one hundred churches and chapels ; at its close, only twenty-eight were found laboring in the less desolate parishes of the State.*

Until this time, the Church of England had been the established religion ; but in 1776, an Act of Assembly was passed, repealing all laws of Parliament that required conformity to the

* Bishop Meade's Review of the P. E. Church in Virginia.

Church of England. In 1784, a bill was enacted by the Legislature entitled, "A Bill establishing a Provision for Teachers of the Christian Religion." This bill was earnestly supported by Patrick Henry. The Episcopal Church immediately applied for an act of incorporation. Such a bill was introduced by Mr. Henry, and passed. By this act, the Minister and Vestry of each Parish were constituted a body politic, and were authorized to hold all glebe lands, churches, burying-grounds, communion-plate, books, ornaments, and everything which had been the property of the late Established Church.

The Church in Virginia had been in existence for nearly two centuries ; but, as yet, without any resident Bishop, the Bishop of London being only nominal Bishop. In common with other Dioceses, after the American Revolution, measures were taken in view of a general reorganization of the Church ; and the first Convention of the Church in this State was held in the city of Richmond, in May, 1785. Of this the Rev. Dr. Madison was unanimously appointed President. The depressed state of the Church was one of the most important topics of interest that occupied the Convention. In the Convention of the following year, the Rev. Dr. Griffeth was elected as a suitable person to be recommended to the English Bishops for consecration to the Episcopate in the Church in Virginia. Some private affairs, and the want of pecuniary means, prevented his going to England with Drs. White and Provost, for consecration. After their return, as Bishops, the Convention of the Diocese requested his consecration at their hands ; but they were unable to grant the request, conceiving themselves pledged not to admit any one to consecration until *three* Bishops had been obtained from the English line of succession. In 1789, Dr. Griffeth resigned, as funds sufficient to defray the expenses of the voyage to and from England, and during his stay there, had not yet been obtained from the parishes. In the Convention of 1790, Dr. Madison was elected to fill the Episcopate. He proceeded to England, and was consecrated in the chapel of the archiepiscopal palace, at Lambeth, September 19th, of the same year.* While in England, awaiting the time of his consecration, he formed an acquaintance with many of the most distinguished learned men of that country, with many of whom he kept up an uninterrupted correspondence during the subsequent part of his life.

Notwithstanding the Church in Virginia had now, after an existence of one hundred and eighty-four years, a Bishop within her borders, her prospects were far from being cheering ; in fact, they were absolutely disheartening. "The clergy were greatly

* He was consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London and Rochester being present, and assisting.

reduced in numbers, most of them suffering from poverty, from which there was but little hope of relief. Many of the congregations had no pastor; and the property left to the Church by pious individuals was attempted to be seized upon by Baptists, and other sectarians, whose only rule was, *might makes right*." It is impossible, in this short sketch, to enter into detail of the many discouraging circumstances attending the Church in Virginia at this period. These, and numerous other considerations, were present in the mind of Bishop Madison, when he, for the first time after his elevation to the Episcopate, met his clergy in Convention. On this occasion he delivered a charge, in which he dwells upon the causes which had contributed to the depression of the Church in Virginia; and he fearlessly ascribes its sad condition, in a great measure, to the clergy themselves. "I do not think," says he, in this charge, "that I should discharge my duty, in the manner which my conscience and my inclination dictate, were I not to speak, upon this occasion, with all that plainness and freedom which the importance of the subject demands. I know that our Church is blessed with many truly pious and zealous pastors,—pastors from whose example the greatest advantage may be derived by all of us; but, at the same time, I fear there is too much reason to apprehend that the great dereliction sustained by our Church hath arisen, in no small degree, from the want of that *fervent Christian zeal* which such examples ought more generally to have inspired. Hath the sacred fire committed to our trust been everywhere, and at all times, cherished by us with that watchful and zealous attention which so holy a deposit required? Had it been thus cherished, might not that ancient flame, which once animated and enlightened the members of our Church, still have diffused its warmth? Instead of indifference to our Church, might we not now have beheld many of those members who have forsaken her, still ardent and zealous in her support? Let us then be renewed, I entreat you, in the spirit of our vocation, in that holy, fervent zeal, which should be the distinguishing characteristic of every minister of the Gospel. But how is that zeal to be displayed? I answer, *by our conversation and our example. Be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity. We are to watch for the souls of others, as they that are to give account.* If such be the nature, such the functions of our sacred embassy, what minister, what priest, what Bishop, is there, who will not, with pious awe, reflect most seriously upon the momentous charge committed to him; and while he profoundly meditates upon the extent of his duties, ardently supplicate at the throne of grace the renewal of that fervent zeal, without which the great ends of his ministry can never be accomplished?" He also addressed the laity, and

besought their co-operation in reviving the Church, by endeavoring to live as she directs her members to live, and exhibiting a worthy zeal in the support of her ordinances and ministry.

In the year 1792, Bishop Madison made his first Episcopal visitation. Discouraging as was the aspect of affairs, the Bishop seems to have found the condition of the Church somewhat better than he had anticipated. Especially was he cheered by the zeal and piety of some among the laity whom he met in this visitation.

About this period Bishop Madison, grieved at the prevalence of fanaticism, and its result, skepticism, and knowing that the dissensions among professing Christians could not but be the means of increasing the infidelity of the times, was desirous of making an effort to unite all sincere Christians. "There is no one," he says, "but must cordially wish for such a union, provided it did not require a sacrifice of those points which are deemed essentials by our Church; from them we have not power to retreat." In the General Convention of 1792, held in New-York, he introduced into the House of Bishops a proposition to this effect; but it met with no favor in the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies, and was silently withdrawn. It is also, perhaps, proper to mention, that at this same General Convention, Bishop Madison gave his opinion and vote against the use of Articles altogether, opposing them on "the principles of the confessional, and other like books."

The contest about the glebes and other Church property was still waged in Virginia. These glebes were certainly as much the property of the respective churches, as any other property in the State; but, as Episcopalians were now no longer in the majority, the Baptists,* Presbyterians, and other sectaries, together with professed infidels, joined in the clamor against the Church property, and for more than twenty years was the Legislature of the State memorialized to pass an act to deprive the Church of her lawful possessions. The matter was a subject of deliberation at the Conventions, and at length the Bishop, with the consent of the Standing Committee, determined to obtain legal advice on the subject; and three of the ablest jurists of Virginia,—Bushrod Washington, Edmund Randolph, and John Wickam,—were consulted, and their opinion was as follows:—

1. "That the Protestant Episcopal Church was the exclusive owner of the glebes.

2. "That the title of the Church stood upon precisely the same grounds with the rights of private property, which had been recognized and secured by the principles of the Revolution, and by the Constitution.

* It is but giving "honor to whom honor is due," to state that the Baptists were most active in this disgraceful business of robbing the Church of her lawful property.

3. "That any question concerning the right of property in the glebes, could constitutionally be decided by the Judiciary alone."

Having obtained this opinion, the Bishop called together the Convention, in December, 1797, and in his address directing their attention to the Church property, laid before them the opinion just given. The Convention appointed a committee to attend the discussion of their memorial before the Legislature, and instructed them to propose to that body, that the subject should be referred to the decision of a proper tribunal of justice.

Effort after effort was now made, by the friends of the Church, to defend their rights; Patrick Henry manfully resisted the passing of the act, which the enemies of the Church and religion demanded; and it is worthy of remark, that the passage of the act could not be effected until after his death. But the blow came at last. On the 12th of January, 1802, the Legislature passed the law, by virtue of which the glebes of Virginia were ordered to be sold for the benefit of the public. "The warfare begun by the Baptists* twenty-seven years before, was now finished: the Church was in ruins, and the triumph of her enemies was complete." Under this act, not only glebes, but church-buildings, and even the communion-plate, were in some instances sold; and one of the Bishops of Virginia states, that in the course of his visitations his eyes have witnessed the sad spectacle of a marble baptismal font sold, and converted into a watering-trough for horses!

In 1804, the Church found it necessary to bring the constitutionality of this law before the Court of Appeals, the highest tribunal in Virginia, which at that time was composed of Judge Pendleton, the President, with Judges Carrington, Lyons, Roane, and Fleming. The last-named gentleman, however, did not sit in the case, as he considered himself interested in the decision. We can only refer to the result, without entering upon the history of the case. Judge Pendleton prepared his opinion in writing: it was, that the act of the Legislature of 1802 was unconstitutional, and that the glebes belonged to the Church. Judges Carrington and Lyons were of a similar opinion. But on the night before the opinion was to have been pronounced, *Judge Pendleton died*. Thus, had not the death of its President occurred, the judgment of the Court would have been rendered the next day, in favor of the Church. Judge Tucker, who succeeded to the presidency of the court, concurred in opinion with Judge Roane, that the glebes might be sold; while Judges Car-

* The Baptists would probably never have persisted so long, had they not met with a zealous coadjutor in the person of Thomas Jefferson, a man opposed to revealed religion in every form.

ington, Lyons, and Fleming, agreed in opinion that such an act was unconstitutional ; but, as Judge Fleming would not sit in the case, lest his motives might be impugned, the court was divided ; and thus the matter rests to this day, and the Church continues robbed of her property. The act has been decided by the Supreme Court of the United States to be unconstitutional ; but their judgment has no effect beyond the limits of the District of Columbia.

We have been prompted to refer to these circumstances in the history of the Church in Virginia, because they will tend to explain, in some measure, the causes of depression which ensued. The Bishop, with a slender salary of only one hundred pounds a year, continued to make occasional visitations ; but the clergy died off, and few came to fill their places. The Church was indeed at its low estate. It was, perhaps, unfortunate that the Bishop was of a delicate constitution, and burdened with cares of the college presidency and a professorship, so that he found it impossible to attend to the duties of the Episcopate, without neglecting those of the College. At the Convention of 1805, he called for a Suffragan, or Assistant Bishop. The subject was postponed till the next year's Convention ; but no such meeting was held, nor was there another for some years : that is, until the death of Bishop Madison. For seven years the dark day of the Church in Virginia seemed to grow still darker ; and the Bishop, gradually sinking under the combined weight of college cares and Episcopal anxieties, seems to have yielded, in some degree, at least, to that despair which had already settled on the minds of so many Churchmen. In the General Convention of the Church, held in New-Haven in 1811, there was no representation, nor any report whatever from Virginia ; but the following entry is found on the Journal :—"They fear, indeed, that the Church in Virginia is, from various causes, so depressed, that there is danger of her total ruin, unless great exertions, favored by the blessing of Providence, are employed to raise her."^a

Bishop Madison continued to discharge the duties of President and Professor of the College ; but his health became more and more enfeebled, until, after a painful illness of many months, he expired, March 6th, 1812, in the sixty-third year of his age. His remains were deposited, by vote of the Faculty of William and Mary's College, in the Chapel Hall, and a marble monument was subsequently erected over them.

"In person Bishop Madison was tall and slender ; and with his delicate constitution, nothing but his temperate habits could have prolonged his life to three-score years. In disposition he was mild and benevolent, and few men have equally deserved

^a Bp. Meade's Review of the P. E. Church in Va.

esteem for virtues, social, domestic, and personal. His manners were simple, but courteous and winning. He was a devoted friend to the American cause in the War of the Revolution."

Bishop Madison was emphatically a literary man; and as such received various honors from different universities and literary societies. "Under his care the College of William and Mary advanced steadily in reputation, and became the *alma mater* of many eminent men. He was indefatigable in his lectures, and when in good health is known to have been engaged in the lecture-room from four to six hours a day. He first introduced a course of systematic lectures on political economy into the college. In the department of Natural Philosophy he excelled; his enthusiasm there throwing a peculiar charm over his lectures."

The only published works of Bishop Madison are a Thanksgiving Sermon, 1781; a Letter to J. Morse, 1795; an Episcopal Address, 1799; and an able and very eloquent Eulogium pronounced upon the death of Washington.

H. D.

LINES

In the "Contrasts of Life."

BY THE REV. WILLIAM AUGUSTUS WHITE.

THINK you not of moments past,
Sunny hours which could not last,
When the sky was overcast,
By one away
On such a day?

Hear you not sometimes a strain
Waking memories again,
Wildly now, but all in vain,
Of song and bay,
On such a day?

Will you tell how lingers yet
Twilight when the sun has set,
And you never can forget
What fled away
On such a day?

Nay, the heart its own must keep,
Fondest hope and love too deep,
Save in lonely haunts to weep;
To weep and pray,
On such a day.

Change we may, and change we must,
Garb and gold to moth and rust,

Youth and beauty dust to dust,
For sure decay
On such a day.

Hark! answering to my harp, I hear
Such gentle measures floating near,
As fresh revive some moments dear:—
Stay, spirit, stay
With me to-day.

Life has been lone without that smile,
Which could the hours of care beguile,
And save from sinful snare and wile;
Stay, spirit, stay
With me to-day.

"From that tour none may return;
Tidings of it none shall learn;
Vainly will the watch-light burn
For one away
On such a day."

Ah, those words I know full well—
Sad the truth, yet strange their spell:—
Cease, my heart, to dream or tell
Of one away
On such a day.

ST. PAUL'S CONCLUDING LIFE.—2 Tim., iv.

WHAT a heavenly pattern of a saint is afforded by St. Paul, when "the time of his departure is at hand!" The last chapter of 2 Tim. contains the record of his eventful approach to the bloody termination of his career; and with a degree of minuteness, though much of it may be unnoted by the cursory reader. On the verge of mortal existence, the recruit for the "noble army" looks onward into unfathomable eternity, and can meekly declare, to brethren not so near their change, "I am now ready to be offered," and calmly unfold the ground of his confidence through Christ: "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course;" the hard "race that was set before him;" "I have kept the faith." He was now completing the thorny travel to martyrdom, long and surely anticipated, perhaps for thirty years; and could exclaim, in graciously buoyant hope and triumph, "Henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

Holy and heavenly example, this eminent Apostle, for every saint leaving the perishing world that now is, for the everlasting world to come! And about the same time, the venerable Peter, also, was intently and hopefully pondering his approaching departure. He was yet in his earthly, apostolic "tabernacle;" but, knowing that he must soon leave that undurable habitation of the soul, he, to the last moment, would "stir up" the brethren to a perpetual "remembrance" of their hope and their duty in Christ. What greater achievement, for even the holiest of penitents, than to avow, from a tranquil heart—"knowing that shortly I must put off this my tabernacle, as our Lord Jesus Christ hath showed me." Jesus had "showed," or fore-announced to Peter, as the Spirit had to Paul, that their being "unclothed" of the mortal covering, would be by martyrdom: the bloody testimony for their Lord, and the bloody crown, would be theirs. And what the Spirit thus predicted to the converted Pharisee, was of the Lord's own prompting: "I will show him how great things he must suffer for My name's sake." Accordingly, "in every city, the Holy Ghost witnessed to him that bonds and afflictions awaited him;" and a prophet, Agabus, foretold to him, "so shall the Jews bind the man that owneth this girdle, and shall deliver him [for gory violence] to the Gentiles." Yet the hallowed courage of the intrepid ambassador of Christ was undismayed, and he dauntlessly avowed, "I am ready, not to be bound only, but to die, for the Name of the Lord Jesus."* Deep, in such a bosom, was the immovable hold

* Acts, ix., 16; xx., 23; xxi., 11, 13.

of the "anchor" of heaven-gifted and heaven-formed hope and love. "A burning and a shining light!"

About thirty years before, Saul of Tarsus had been converted to Christianity by a "heavenly vision;" and the whole intervening time he had spent in untiring labor for the enlargement and the holy betterment of the Saviour's kingdom. A few years prior to his death, he had sailed from Palestine to Rome, to conduct his appeal to the Roman Emperor,—made unavoidable by the unrelenting malice of the Jews, and the partiality in their favor of Festus, the local chief magistrate. At Rome, the Christians being regarded as only a wild sect of the Jews, and they being all heartily despised, the Apostle was not then thought a dangerous prisoner, and suffered comparatively little restraint during the two years he awaited the trial of his appeal. The early mildness of the Emperor Nero is likewise intimated, for this lenity, by Eusebius. After his liberation, or perhaps conditional release,* we gather that he again evangelized in Asia, in Crete, in Greece, for a year or more: and some think that he journeyed into Spain; and even (but very improbably) into Britain. Thus far was he respited from the testification of martyrdom.

The Christian name, however, was rapidly acquiring importance, and sharpening Pagan malice, and the violent jealousy of the civil power. Nero is now pre-eminently the cruel emperor. And Paul,—on some further issue, or on the former one continued or revived, or by a mere despotic act of persecution,—is again a prisoner in Rome; "ready," as he had long before declared, "not to be bound only, but also to die, [as a witness] for the Name of the Lord Jesus." A fiery persecution was raging against the new and growing "sect;" intended, it has been thought, to cover the villany of Nero himself, in burning the imperial city; and the great Apostle, the most noted among the Christian brethren, was peculiarly "the prisoner of the Lord," and was now "suffering, even unto bonds;" yet, both calmly and triumphantly, willing to undergo his predicted and expected martyrdom—"I am now ready to be offered—henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." Such records of lofty devotedness and faith will bear repetition.

Whether the Catacombs, formed by the subterraneous burrowings thereabout for stone and sand, as building materials for the great city, had quite yet become places of refuge and of secret worship for the persecuted believers in the Lamb of God, as they had long been places of occasional burial, my slender learning will not enable me to decide. But it appears that Nero

* Possibly, we venture not to say probably, an enlargement of the liberty, which allowed the prisoner to "dwell two whole years in his own hired house."—(Acts, xxviii., 30.)

himself, not very wide of this date, when in peril of life, for his tyranny, was advised to retreat into them, into "similar caverns," (*Maitland* ; *Liv. Age*, No. 131, p. 297 ; *Bp. Kip*, p. 30 ;) but declined, with the bold or the timid reply, "that he would not go under ground while living." It may therefore, perhaps, be inferred,—considering also that the Catacombs were then old excavations, and known chiefly to the laborers in those employments, the "poor," whom, principally, "God had chosen," and that they were often and often used for protection from the persecutor, by the faithful of the second century,—it may be inferred, I say, that that use of them may have begun in the latter half of the first. Whether this were so or not, affects not the great example before us. Paul was the most prominent of all the Christian brotherhood ; he was already known "in all the palace," and in high judicial courts ; and, either remaining under his former arrest, relaxed for a time, or else a further seizure having befallen him, he could hardly have taken advantage of the Catacombs for concealment and security. Or, more probably, he desired none : his inspiration revealing to him that the glory of God and of Christ now demanded his death rather than his life. The former, more than the latter, would now advance the cause of the Redeemer, whom he so entirely loved : the time had come for the consummation of his martyr-evidence. So that to him, whether or not they afforded shelter to others, the opportune Catacombs were divinely closed. Bishop Kip's volume on the "Catacombs of Rome" will amply repay the attention of the devout reader ; and a good article on the subject was given in the "Churchman" of July 22, 1854.

The current against Paul had now become so terrific,—as a thoughtful perusal of the chapter named will render manifest,—that his most faithful friends and intimates durst not remain with him, or appear with him at the stern tribunal : "At my first answer," or first hearing, in this final prosecution, "no man stood with me, but all men forsook me ;" a type of the coward throng everywhere, "when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall : " yet, like Jesus, and like the protomartyr Stephen, to whose bloody death Saul himself had "consented," he "prays God that it be not laid to their charge." The soulless Demas, lately a brother, and fellow, had unblushingly abandoned him, "having loved this present world." Others, however, of true heart and loyal faith, were compelled to fly from the centre of the persecuting tempest. Titus and Crescens, his fellow-preachers, departed, and were occupied as evangelists in other regions. Tychicus he sent, with this second Epistle to Timothy, at Ephesus. "Only Luke" remained with the desolate "Apostle of God." Far from improbable it is, that the salutations in verse 21 came from the Catacombs. Thus desert-

ed, and humanly unencouraged, even personal spite and malice are vented to further his mortal defeat. There was a "blaspheming" renegade, called Alexander, "shipwrecked in faith," whom Paul had excommunicated; but he was plausible; and he found means to aid and aggravate the relentless tyranny; for, in an arbitrary persecution, the calumny, and the very influence of low people, is welcome to royalty, or imperialism itself: this "Alexander, the coppersmith, did him much evil."* All this woeful dereliction, we are to remember,—its divine record compacted in a few verses,—was added to the virulent and indomitable cruelty of the sovereign and judicial masterfulness. Such is Paul's own narrative to his Apostolic "son," when finally imprisoned, and nearly friendless; for the time utterly forlorn, and when, in the misery of abandonment, he twice, (ix., 21,) and earnestly, implored that "son," Timothy, "do thy diligence to come shortly unto me," and also to bring Mark with him. Yet in all the grinding pressure, the hero of Christ forgets neither his courage nor his hope: "all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution," but "godliness in Jesus" he would not stain: "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him, against that day." Here, verily, are the "faith and the patience," the constancy, and the triumph "of a saint,"—yea, through all the protracted course of his martyr-test, and martyr-attestation.

In that first stage of the concluding trial, his "first answer," or hearing, though no brother appeared with him to uphold him, the Christ-like Apostle was "delivered out of the mouth of the lion,"—from the ravenous, blood-swollen emperor,—or, from "governors," (*Clem. Rom.*), or a judge of his, equally ferocious,—or, perhaps, from his gorier satellite, the temporary city-vice-roy, Helius: *Nerone ipso neronior*, 'who out-Neroed Nero himself,' crueller than the cruel. Blood, the broad and frightful stamp of blood, was on every magistrate who could have had power over the unshielded Paul. Thus far, however, God was his buckler, and supplied the lack of timid friends: "the Lord stood with me, and strengthened me." But the 'second answer,' a further hearing, would come, and with no relaxation of the obdurate lethal tyranny. His preservation now was but a respite; and from death only, not from hopeless bonds.

Crushed, but not annihilated, "cast down, but not destroyed," the venerable and faithful Paul, to the last, neglects not his evangelic apostleship. There were hundreds of brethren, in or out of concealment, to be encouraged and edified. There were myriads of heathen in Rome, and many of them, probably, in some way interlinked with the judicature that "kept Paul

* 2 Tim., iv., 10—16; 1 Tim., i., 19, 20.

bound," who might yet in him discern the Gospel, and its worth,—in his suffering, in his fortitude, in his holy constancy, perhaps in his teaching, and above all, in his triumphant martyrdom ere long. There also were brethren and heathen, to come in later centuries. He declares the presence and strength of "the Lord," during the trial, to have been granted, "that by me the preaching [the proclaimed Atonement] might be fully known," both then and afterwards, and "that all the Gentiles might hear," all in Cæsar's "palace," all in the magistratic court, all to whom either the prosecution or the persecution made him remarkable: every moment, and to the latest moment, he would "magnify the Redeemer, whether by life, or by death." And his call for Mark was to reinforce the faithful and undaunted Luke, and the alert Timothy, with a third, who was "profitable for the ministry:"—with the fearless confessor then enduring, and for the martyr-seed soon to be shed, there ought to be ready and skilful husbandmen, and enough of them, for the notable occasion,—for, even at that most appalling juncture, "the Word of God was not bound," (ii., 9.) Though to the eye of sense his ruthless enemies prevailed, to the deeper ken of faith, that nerved confessor, that hopeful martyr, was the true victor,—the true "crown" his alone. And he ardently glorified God that his fidelity continued unshaken, and his heart firm, compromising naught of the undefiled trust in Jesus, and accounting *that* only the covetable release, that would unchain him for heaven, not for the earth: "the Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto His heavenly kingdom."

And so he *was* preserved, and delivered, without a stain upon his diadem of beatific martyrdom. The holy record follows him to the verge of that inexorable outrage. And his actual martyrdom is declared, by his contemporary and friend, and "fellow-laborer, Clement, whose name is in the Book of Life;" and who histories of St. Paul, (§ 5,) "he suffered martyrdom, by the command of the governors, and departed out of this world, and went to the holy place, having become a most exemplary pattern of patience:" the Emperor Nero prompting and exulting in the murder. Eusebius, likewise, incorporating further authorities, memorates the incarnadined iniquity in his History; (i., 22, 25,) adding the mode of that Apostle's execution,—he was "beheaded at Rome." Now did that humble conqueror "apprehend that for which he was apprehended of Christ Jesus," now had he "attained," now was he "perfect."

Clement and Eusebius chronicle the martyr-death of St. Peter also, "about the same time," at Rome, by crucifixion. And the latter further declares, concerning both these victor-victims,—*"this account is confirmed by the fact, that the names of Peter*

and Paul still remain in the cemeteries of that city, even to this day." The Catacombs received them when dead, though they protected them not while living. And their souls are with that army of martyr-witnesses to the truth of Christ, and of the Gospel, whom St. John, in the apocalyptic vision, "saw under the altar," *i. e.*, protected forever by the atonement of the Lamb of God: (Rev., vi., 9.) "I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the Word of God, and for the testimony which they held."

Enlargement on such a closing career is needless. And equally unrequired, I trust, by a thoughtful and sympathetic mind, is any other than a silent appeal, for the gracious improvement of each hallowed spirit, to the noble and persistent exemplar of one of the "noblest" in the army of martyrs. Paul's eminence lifts him not above our humble imitation and emulation; for we are commanded, with yet loftier aspiring, to be "holy, as God is holy;" to be "perfect, as our Father in Heaven is perfect;" and Christ was our "example, that we should follow His steps"—we are even to copy the Infinitely Good. Be then faith and fidelity ours, through the world, and quitting the world, exempt as we are from a thought of martyrdom,—faith and fidelity like Paul's, though inevitable martyrdom lowered upon his whole converted existence, and stormed in violent rage when mortal being attained its close.

The "life," the vital soul, of animal creatures, is their "blood:"—the life, the vital soul, of the proof of the Gospel of the Redeemer, with all its light for the heaven-born understanding, and all its hope for the heaven-conquered heart, is the blood of its martyrs, faithful and true. We thank God for their living instruction. We thank God for their dying seal.

o.
Philadelphia, September, 1854.

TO DEATH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GLUCK.

METHINKS it were no pain to die
On such an eve, when such a sky
O'er-canopies the West;
To gaze my fill on yon calm deep,
And, like an infant, fall asleep
On earth, my mother's breast.

There's peace and welcome in yon sea
Of endless blue tranquillity;
The clouds are living things:
I trace their veins of liquid gold,
I see them solemnly unfold
Their soft and fleecy wings.

These be the angels that convey
Us weary children of a day
Life's tedious nothing o'er,—

Where neither passions come, nor woes,
To vex the genius of repose
On Death's majestic shore.

No darkness there divides the sway
With starling dawn and dazzling day;
But gloriously serene
Are the interminable plains:—
One fixed, eternal sunset reigns
O'er the wide, silent scene.

I cannot doff all human fear;
I know thy greeting is severe
To this poor shell of clay;
Yet come, O DEATH! thy freezing kiss
Emancipates! thy rest is bliss!
I would I wore away.

EXPERIENCES OF LIFE.

THE STORY OF THE BLEMMERTONS.

CHAPTER XII.

THE Blemmertons were among the first to greet Mr. Lovegood, on entering upon his new duties. "They rejoiced that he had accepted the call, and that the Church had been so fortunate as to secure the services of so eminent a man." Mr. Blemmerton, especially, feared, from the tone of Mr. Lovegood's letter to him, that he could not be induced to leave Heartfulville. "And yet," said he, "I was not without hope that you would embrace the opportunity of leaving the scene of so many trials. I have for years been conversant with the state of things in your parish, and know that you have had a great deal to contend with, and truly rejoice that you are at last free." Now Mr. B. had of late picked up an old story or two, which had for years been forgotten or become obsolete; but they were fresh to him, and important items in the catalogue of his notes—a few of them he wished to canvass, by way of sounding Mr. Lovegood's theological tendencies. But he was not fast enough for Mrs. Blemmerton—who, taking up his observation, remarked:—

"Is it true, Mr. Lovegood, that Mr. Flunks, one of your Vestrymen, gave Dr. Thrasher, the Methodist preacher, permission, in your absence, to preach a funeral sermon in your church?"

"I believe, madam, that such a thing occurred a number of years ago; but it has been so long that the particulars have escaped my memory."

"Well, we heard it, and thought it very strange. We heard, moreover, that the Rev. Mr. Churchman was officiating for you, and in the pulpit, when the funeral cortege arrived at the church, and that Dr. Thrasher was highly indignant that he did not descend from the pulpit at once, and give place to him; that, moreover, he made a great many ill-natured remarks, alleging, among other things, that the great-grandfather of the deceased had contributed towards the building of that church, and it was exceedingly uncharitable to prohibit his descendant from having a funeral sermon preached over her remains from that pulpit."

"Mr. Lovegood was indisposed to converse on such a topic. He said that something of the kind had occurred years ago; but he took no part in it, except to condemn Mr. Flunks for granting so extraordinary a privilege. He believed, moreover, that a sharp controversy had been carried on between the aforesaid Dr. Thrasher and others, about the rights of Methodists and

others to the use of our churches and church-yards for their rites of sepulture and funeral sermons, on the score that their forefathers had been members of the Church, and aided in building the church in Heartfulville. But he was happy to state, that the Church was better understood in Heartfulville than at that day, and all such disputations and contentions had subsided a number of years ago."

"Mr. and Mrs. Blemmerton thought it a strange affair! But the world is full of strange events and adventures! A thing called Puseyism had of late sprung up, that troubled them no little, and they wondered whether it extended as far back as to the date of that old quarrel in Heartfulville. They hoped to have the pleasure of hearing Mr. Lovegood preach as their pastor on the next Sunday. They had no doubt they should be highly pleased and edified. Expressing a strong desire that Mr. Lovegood should visit them often, and make himself entirely at home at their house," they took their departure.

Mr. Lovegood entered on his official duties on the following Sunday, and, as his sermon was published at the time, we give it to the reader. It was entitled, "The Pastoral Call and Duty," from the text, Acts, x., 29 :—

"Therefore came I unto you, without gainsaying, as soon as I was sent for: I ask, therefore, for what intent ye have sent for me."

Love is the primary principle and motive of the Gospel. God loved us, and sent His Son into the world to redeem us, and to instruct us, by a revelation of His will, through which He hath "brought life and immortality to light." And it pleased the Son, in revealing this will to us, to found, in His love, a Kingdom, which He termed His Spouse, His Body, His Church, "the fulness of Him that filleth all in all, in and through which He manifests His mercy to the race of Adam fallen, having sanctified it by His own blood, and holiness, and the gifts of the Holy Ghost, by Him sent to be the Sanctifier of the ways of Sion, and of the means of grace, instituted by Himself for the world's healing, and for our calling, election, and sealing, unto the day when we shall be gathered into glory."

Hence the Gospel, taken in all its parts, is a system of instrumentalities and agencies, every one of which centres in love. The Bible, the Church, the Christian Priesthood, the Holy Sacraments—the one to commence life, the other to carry it on—and prayer and praise, and Confirmation, and the employments of the Sanctuary—these are all so many means of grace, channels of mercy, through which the Lord vouchsafes to us His blessings. Conspicuous among all these means of grace and instrumentalities of the Lord's vouchsafement, stands the "ministry of reconciliation." Earthen vessels, indeed, they are, yet

hath it pleased the Lord to grant and appoint, that through their ministrations mankind should be admitted into the folds of the Church, and taught the way of righteousness, that they might have a right unto the "Tree of Life," whose fruits possess an immortal virtue.

Such an instrument in the Lord's hands was the Apostle Peter—such instruments are all, at the present day, in their several lots, who fill a part in the same Christian Priesthood, whether they be Bishops, Priests, or Deacons.

A heathen, who had loved righteousness and sought the light with all his heart, by earnest devotion, and from whose darkened mind it had pleased the Lord to lift the veil that shut out the sunlight of His will, was directed what to do, in order that himself and family might be saved. "Thy prayers and thine alms are come up as a memorial before God. And now send men to Joppa, and call for one Simon, whose surname is Peter : he shall tell thee what thou oughtest to do." Cornelius was obedient to the heavenly vision, and sent for the Apostle, who, when he arrived, as a man intent on his mission, full of a sense of duty, burning with a love of souls, and zeal for the cause of his Master, proceeded at once to the subject-matter in hand. Acting for God, acting for man, in the absorbing question of salvation ; holding an embassy from the King of Heaven—these are awful trusts, tremendous responsibilities, requiring a prompt decision, immediate hearing, resolute prosecution !

Therefore, the Apostle delayed not to enter upon his work. "Ye have called me unto you," he said, in so many words—"I have obeyed the call without delay, without questioning, as soon as I was sent for : I ask, therefore, for what intent ye have sent for me ?"

The motive of Cornelius was, that he might learn what he ought to do, in order to salvation. Doubtless yours was the same. And with Cornelius you are ready to exclaim : "Thou hast done well that thou art come. Now, therefore, are we all here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God."

The light of the glorious Gospel hath penetrated every hamlet, town, and village in this great land. It beams around you, and shines out unto you, from the pages of Divine Revelation. It is not, then, so much that you need to be told, like Cornelius, *what* you must do to be saved, but *how* you must do it. Your want was that of the kindly pastoral office, not simply to instruct, but also to guide and counsel, to throw the loving arm around the little ones, to go in and out among you, carrying the words of love, and life, and consolation ; now cheering you in well-doing ; then solacing in sorrow ; mingling together sunshine and tears, and so building you up in soundness of faith

and holiness of heart, "till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

You are not to hear, for the first time, that "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." Nor "How shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? And how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent?" You are not to be told for the first time of Christ crucified; of the awful doctrines of the Incarnation and Atonement; of Justification by Faith, which kills us to sin and dead works, and makes alive unto the law of good works in Christ; of Baptism and the Supper of the Lord; of the Church and Ministry—all united in one, comprising the Word, the Faith, the Ministry and Sacraments, the visible Kingdom of Christ on earth, with its invisible powers, and graces, and helps, set forth in the world for man's salvation:—in short, all the primary facts of the Gospel revelation—these are not for the first time to break upon your ears, or enkindle your hearts into songs of praise and thanksgiving. For in them is found the motive that prompted you to send for us. It was the love of Christ constraining you. You had faith in His word and ordinances. You believed that He had appointed an order of men in His Church, and given them commission to "go into all the world, and preach the Gospel unto every creature, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost"—and that He would be with them unto the world's end.

These are all Gospel motives, wise, holy, good, and just. We trust that you have felt them, that you have thought upon them, prayed over them, in the silent watches of the night—in the routine of daily life; that you have weighed them in all their bearings upon the soul's destiny, and been fully actuated by them.

But there are a few mistakes, to which we are all liable, on this and kindred topics, against which you may well be guarded. A consideration of these will open to your reflection some thoughts on what you have *not* a right to expect of us, and what you *have*.

1. You should not expect of us a *half-way, one-sided* statement of Gospel truth. But to preach Christ, in all His fulness, as the Rock of our salvation, as He imparts Himself to us, in and through the word and ordinances of the Church—this you have a right to expect. The proclamation of God's love to man, which is written in the heights and depths, on things visible and invisible, from the worlds on high, to the tiny flower that blooms at our feet; and which, from the Incarnation and Cross,

burst out in a flood of light and glory that embalmed the world, and consummated the yearnings and heart-breathings of the race of fallen Adam, and filled the measure of type and prophecy ; and earth and heaven with rejoicings—this great proclamation, we say, is all too pure, too holy, too wonderful and excellent, to be divided, or frittered away into shreds and 'tattered remnants. But to fill the measure of our needs and longings it is to be presented, and received as a whole, compacted and knit together, beautiful in its oneness, beautiful in its love and order ; transcendently beautiful in its sanctification.

2. Nor can you expect us to be a mere man-pleaser—*i. e.*, a mere suppliant for your favor and good opinion, at the hazard of your souls' eternal weal. For this would debase us below the dignity of man, not to say of our office. But to please men in things *lawful* is no less the duty of Christ's ambassador, than of all other men. And this, we take it, is St. Paul's meaning when he speaks of becoming all things to all men. He certainly did not mean that he wore a mask, and that his life was merely a drama of hypocritical masquerading. Nay, but that he adapted himself, in things *lawful*, to the predilections of his fellow-men. But in things *unlawful*, he yielded—no, not one jot or tittle ; but stood as a "beaten anvil," drawing around him the great garment of holiness, in which he was clad. Nothing intervened between him and duty to the cause he had espoused. Hence to please men in things *lawful* is a duty, springing out of the Gospel, and its sanctifying civilization. To be complaisant, amiable, gentle, easily entreated, apt to forgive, kindly and genial unto all orders and degrees of men, are beautiful and becoming traits in the character of the Christian gentleman. But to be truckling, time-serving, and shrinking, to proclaim simply "smooth things," to dally with the sins and sinfulness of men, publish a half-way Gospel, cry peace, when there is no peace—to insist on a moderate, medium piety, and strictness of life, that dare not lift their head above the world's skeleton standard of morality—to be merely a fashionable, fastidious, sentimental, dandyizing proclaimer of the Divine Word—dealing in the beauties of rhetoric and flowing graces of poesy, beating the air, and merely *generalizing* on the chief topics of Gospel truth—ah, let it never be named, as becoming the office of him who speaks with Christ's authority, and the sanctity of the temple where the Lord hath set His name, and where He will be sanctified and glorified in all who come nigh Him !

3. Every community has its peculiarities, or what may be termed its peculiar phases or traits of sin, in short-comings, in works, or in words. Man is, indeed, a sinner, and alike in sinfulness the world over. But what we mean is, that in every

community, among every people, there will be found some peculiar type of failing, of sinfulness, in doing, or not doing, in positives or negatives, *over* and *above*, every other type, amounting to a characteristic. It may spring out of settled habit, or fashion, or neglect, until from usage it has grown popular, and so is lost sight of, in the general whirl of the excitements of business, or pleasure, or amusement. Still it is there, it exists, crippling our energies in the Christian life, and dwarfing us down in spirituality; and ever and anon it springs out, as it were, from its hiding-place, is seen and felt, as it sows sorrow, and draws tears after it in its wake. Against whatever of short-comings of this character may be peculiar hereabouts, and among you, you will surely need to be warned and guarded. For they are of a very insidious character—slow, stealthy, secret in their approaches and insinuations, but inevitable in their disastrous results, if they are left to canker in the heart, or prey upon the vitals of our spiritual life. These are, indeed, the thieves of our spiritual existence and growth—the small commonplace, trifling sins, as some are pleased to term them—such as hasty anger, and cursing pride, and emulation, and bitterness of feeling, and strife, and tattling, and scandal, overweaning regard to the world's fashions and pastimes, and conventional formalities, and the like. These, we say, are like the thief unto the flock at night, and steal away our spiritual life and strength, while we are asleep or dallying with our dreams. On all these topics you may not expect us to speak in uncertain language, or deal in vague and dubious generalities. For if we are to combat with the world, the flesh, and the devil; if these be the foes over whom we are to triumph, and win the crown of immortal glory, or bear off spoils of priceless value, then it must needs be that we strike home blows on solid matter, and that we stand in our lot, girded about with faith, "looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, Who for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despised the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the Majesty on high."

4. Nor should you expect us to assume merely the Shibboleth of party in our teachings or counsels. From the days of the Apostles, indeed, there have been sharpnesses and conflicts in the Church, and differences in opinion, and shades of opinion, sometimes on questions *indifferent*, more frequently on such as are serious and fundamental, lying at the very foundations of the faith. But the *faith* has been kept intact, and has been transmitted to us. And an age of inquietude and agitation in the Church is not, necessarily, an age of unsoundness. Nay, it may be, and doubtless for the most part is, a more pregnant sign of life. To this truth the medieval ages witness. It was at no tempest-tossed era of the Church that the truth was over-

laid or smothered by error, (in any branch of the Church,) but when she was freest from agitation, when she was lulled into repose. What has been true of the great empires that have flourished, and died out, has also, in degree, been found true of the Church. Rome, for instance, was not shattered into the dust, while "her conquering arms shook the world;" but when she became luxurious, easy, careless—when she wrapped herself in her fancied greatness, and fell asleep, dreaming over her glories and security, then it was that her well-springs were sapped, and she bursted asunder, and died out, leaving but the glimmering light of a meteor across the hemisphere of her greatness.

It is true the analogy cannot hold in all its parts. For the Church has an undying life. She may suffer from ease or indifference, or fancied security—she may suffer from false doctrine, or from needless agitation—she may suffer for want of agitation and trial, to draw out and develop her powers—or she may be torn by fierce conflicts, even unto martyrdom; but she has recuperative powers, she cannot die out, she must survive all shocks. The Lord rules her, and in her, and against her the gates of hell can never prevail.

While, therefore, we would eschew controversy, for the *sake* of controversy, we are far from thinking it *always* an evil. Like any other good, it is good in its place, and bad out of it. By it truth is elicited and eliminated, and we are built up in soundness of faith and knowledge. On the other hand, when it is prosecuted with acrimony, in an unchastened, unloving spirit, it is an evil, and is to be guarded against with a jealous care and watchfulness. But *controversy* for truth's sake, and *partisanship in the Church*, are quite distinct; not, indeed, always in practice, but certainly always in theory. For the one, when pursued in a right spirit, leads to conviction of the truth, to enlightenment; the other simply tends to draw a film over the mental eye, and to close it in blindness. The one has watered the Church, as with the dews of heaven, from the days of our Lord and His Apostles, who were the greatest champions in controversy for the truth that the Church or the world ever witnessed, and out of whose loving contentions with false doctrine have sprung so many disciples and saints as the stars of heaven in number, who have glorified God in their lives, and now do rest in Paradise. The other has crossed the heart, warped and blighted the natural affections, done despite to the Spirit of grace and glory, taught one to say, "I am of Paul," another, "I am of Apollos," until the robe of Christ is rent asunder, and the enemy of souls revels in his hiding-place, and his hoarse laugh, in solemn mockery, rings through the earth.

While, then, we shall not disregard the great questions of the day, nor close our eyes against the fact that this is a self-suffi-

cient age ; that there is a radical spirit abroad, which threatens the very citadel of our hopes, and which, in its rationalizing unbelief, would tear the diadem from the brow of Jesus of Nazareth, reeking afresh with gore, and trample the volume of revealed Truth in the dust, you may not expect us, in our teachings of the great facts of Christianity, the doctrines of *the faith* revealed from heaven, for man's salvation, to assume any mere party badge or dictum. But raising the standard of the Cross high above every aim, every wish, but that which centres in a love of Christ and the Church, as that Cross is revealed in Holy Writ, and amplified in all the teachings of the Church, in her Prayer-Book, Articles, Offices, and Homilies ; in their plain common sense, unvarnished letter and spirit,—aided thereunto by the light of the early day of the Gospel, which comes to us through those worthies of old, the Christian Fathers, a “long and glittering line,” who, through tribulation and travail, and stripes, and watchings, and prayers, and self-denials, preserved the faith pure and unmixed with aught of error, and transmitted it to us,—this shall be our aim ; more than this we cannot promise ; neither more nor less than this can you expect ; this, by the Lord's help, we will fulfil.

The day for disputing over questions of mere *opinion* has passed away. Other and weightier matters demand our consideration. The Church has entered on a new era—an era, it is true, of strife, brought about, as is most usual, by a pressure from without. We have a mighty foe to meet and combat, who, though lurking in secret places for long years, has yet been gathering strength, and maturing plans. His banner is now unfurled. His legions are on the field : we are already in the strife, and are called to press our armor close about us, and to draw our weapons well-pointed, and with certain aim. This foe is Infidelity—not simply practical unbelief, but bold, defiant Deism, which strikes at the citadel—which, as a vampire, would suck out the life of our most holy faith, and would wrest from man the rich heritage of the glorious Gospel of Christ, and leave him a wreck, without chart or compass, to be thrust out on the wide ocean of eternity, without cheer and without hope. This is our great work : it is a powerful pressure from without, consolidating our strength and powers, shutting our eyes against every question of lesser consideration. The time has come when we must stand by our first principles, as watchmen on the walls of Sion, giving warning of danger, and calling the faithful and valiant unto the Lord's battle. Unto this work, then, are we called. And from him that shall be true shall no good thing be withholden ; to him that overcometh shall be given to eat of “the Tree of Life.” No effort of ours, however small, no labor of love or self-denial, no fierce conflict with the enemy, no deed

of charity or sympathy, no crucifying of the flesh or the spirit, shall ever be forgotten of our Heavenly Father ! The Lord will write up the history at the last, and "from the open volume of the Book of Life," and in "the full blaze of the Judgment Day," will He crown us for all we do, or suffer, or endure, in this great conflict for His Name's sake !

You do not like that sermon. The chronicler cannot help it. His duty is merely to record facts. He has nothing to say for or against the sermon ; and if he be asked why he threw it in here, he answers, because it is a part of his story. It forms a link in the chain of events before him. If you are not pleased with it, you need not read it. It is a matter-of-fact production, from a matter-of-fact man ; and, for aught that I know, teaches wholesome truths in a straightforward way. Mr. Lovegood always preached to his *parishioners*, not to mankind in general ; and his parishioners rarely mistook his meaning. His style was not to address the world, saying "*they*" did so and so, or "*they*" were wrong in this or that ; but "*you*," the veritable people before him, "*you*" are wrong in this or that—" *you*" do so and so.

There is, we opine, too much of this generalizing, too little of distinct, plain, straightforward teaching, whether of the distinctive doctrines of the Church, or the practical duties of the Christian life. If we wish to convince our congregations of the sin of worldliness, or that they are given to mammon-worship, or sins of the tongue, or to niggardliness in supporting the Church, why not tell them so at once, point their sin distinctly out to them, make them feel that we are preaching to them ?—and not at sins as they prevail in the world ? "*They*" do so and so, and "*the world*" does so and so, and "*the world*" does very wrong, or "*they*" do very wickedly. This is all very well, perchance, and our congregations will accord that "*they*" and "*the world*" are very bad—and be no whit better ! It is all indefinite ; it has an unreal, impracticable sound. This is a practical age, and mankind need to be met on their own grounds. If you wish them to take what you say to themselves personally, you must apply it. Men have not time to do this for themselves.

Still you do not like that sermon—neither did Mr. and Mrs. Blemmerton, nor Mrs. Fussy, nor Mrs. Nochurch, nor Mrs. Fastidious, nor "the rest" of them, to use Mr. Blentmerton's language—but, perhaps, they objected to it for a different cause. It is impossible to satisfy all tastes in such a matter—perhaps had it been more agreeable to your wishes, to them it would have been still more unsatisfactory ; or had it pleased you less, it would have been to them perfection itself.

THE COLD HEART.

CHAPTER II.

PETER MUNK had never been so disturbed in his sleep as he was this night ; sometimes he imagined that he saw the dark-browed, gigantic Michael at the lattice-window, forcing it open, and showering down gold pieces, which fell around the slumberer with a gentle and inviting sound ; then the scene would change, and the benevolent little Glass-man rode round the room, upon a great green flask, and his merry laugh rang in Peter's ear ; a deep voice would then chant in his left ear—

"Gold ! Gold !
List to me, ye woodmen bold,
Timber is in Holland sold !
Gold ! Gold ! Gold !"

Then a sweet-toned, delicate voice sounded in his right ear, humming the well-known invocation to the Treasure-keeper, and a low, mocking laugh accompanied the words, "Stupid Peter Munk, stupid Peter Munk cannot find a rhyme to *year*, and yet was born at twelve o'clock on Sunday ! Rhyme, stupid Peter, rhyme."

Poor Peter moaned and murmured in his troubled sleep, as he tried to make a rhyme, and as he had vainly attempted it when awake, it is not very likely that he should succeed asleep. He awoke up at the dawn of day, and his thoughts were still occupied by his singular dream ; he sat himself at the table, laid his bewildered head upon his folded arms, and whilst the laughing voice still echoed in his ear, "Rhyme, stupid Peter, rhyme," he heard steps approaching the house, and three young woodmen passed the window, on their way to their daily work in the wood, one of them singing cheerfully—

"Upon this verdant bank we stood,
In shadow of yon dim pine wood ;
For many a long and tedious year
My love and I, we parted here."

Peter listened to the words like one petrified ; then recollecting himself, he rushed from the house, and overtaking the young men, seized the singer roughly by the arm : "Stop ! stop ! friend," he cried, "what rhyme did you make to *year* ? Pray, be so kind as to tell me ?"

"Why, what does it matter to you, fellow ? Cannot I sing what I choose without being questioned by you ? Let my arm go, sir, or —"

"I will not until you tell me your song !" cried Peter, beside himself with impatience and excitement, and grasping the arm he held still more firmly.

When the two other lads saw what rough treatment he bestowed on their companion, they could restrain themselves no longer, but fell upon Peter, and beat him with all their strength, until he was forced to quit his hold.

"Now you have had enough," they said; "good-bye, silly fellow; and when next you want to learn verses, do not assault people on the highway to induce them to instruct you."

"I will not," answered poor Peter, sighing bitterly; "but since you have so punished me for the assault, perhaps you will have the kindness to teach me the verses."

They laughed at him, but complied with his request; and singing the verse again, they left him.

"For many a long and tedious year
My love and I, we parted *here*,"

repeated poor Peter, smarting under the blows he had received: "Well, that is something gained. Now, Mr. Glass-man, we will have a word together!"

He went back to the cottage for his hat and stick, took a friendly farewell of the hospitable family, and bent his steps to the haunted knoll. He went slowly and thoughtfully on his way, for he had to compose a line; at last he found he was approaching the object of his journey, by the increased height and thickness of the pines, and as he entered the gloomiest part of the haunted region, he jumped for joy, for he had completed the invocation to his great satisfaction. Just at this moment, a gigantic figure, dressed as a raftman, and carrying an oar that was fully the size of a mast, stepped into the path from beneath the pine-trees. Peter Munk's knees smote against each other as the strange figure approached him, for he thought, "This is no other than Dutch Michael."

The stranger was by this time at his side, but had not yet spoken, and Peter ventured, from time to time, to cast side-long glances at his companion. He was, as we have before heard, of gigantic stature; his face was no longer young, but could not be called old, although his brow was much wrinkled; he wore a jacket of colored linen, and enormous boots, drawn up over his leathern trowsers; and in his whole appearance Peter recognized the hero of the woodman's tale.

The Forest King at last broke the silence, by saying, in a threatening tone, "Peter Munk, what are you doing in the pine wood?"

"Good morning, countryman," answered Peter, trembling all over, but endeavoring to appear composed; "I am returning home this way."

"Peter Munk," retorted his companion, with increasing anger, "this is not your way home."

"No, not exactly," said poor Peter; "but the day is so warm, and this path, though longer, is so much more easy, that—"

"Do not tell me a lie, you charcoal-burner!" cried Dutch Michael, with a voice of thunder, "or I will fell you to the earth with my oar; know once for all, that I saw you paying your court to the Glass-man; come, come," he added, more gently, "that was a most foolish step to take, but it was truly fortunate you did not know the verse; he is a very niggard, that little fellow; he gives very little, and that little brings no joy with it. Peter, you are a poor simpleton, and I am very sorry for it; such a fine, handsome, high-spirited lad to be doomed to the life of a charcoal-burner! it is a wretched life!"

"So it is," said Peter, "a very wretched life."

"Well," continued Michael, "I do not like to see such a fine fellow in want; you will not be the first to whom I have given a helping hand; come, how much will you have?"

As he said this, he rattled the money in his deep pockets, and the sound attracted Peter in the same inviting manner as it had done in his dream; his heart beat high, and he felt cold and hot in a moment. He thought that Dutch Michael seemed to feel compassion for him, and did not offer the money as if he expected a return; but the mysterious tale of the old man was still fresh in his memory; and in inexpressible terror he answered, "I am much obliged to you, sir; but I do not want your money. I know very well who you are!"

He then took to his heels, and ran as he had never run before; the Wood Demon in two or three strides could have overtaken him, had he wished to do so; but he contented himself with crying after flying Peter, "Change your mind! change your mind, Peter; you may as well do so now; for I see written on your forehead, and I read in your eyes, that you shall not escape me at last; so do not run so fast, but exchange a friendly word with me; for you are almost beyond the circle of my domain."

When Peter heard this, and saw a narrow ditch before him, hope sprang up in his heart, and he increased his speed, in order to leap across it, and escape from Michael's power; for the Forest King now hastened after him with curses and threats. The young man sprang, with one bound, over the ditch, for he saw the giant's arm raised to hurl his oar at him. The oar fell at a little distance from him, and Dutch Michael retreated with wrathful exclamations.

Relieved from his unwelcome companion, Peter proceeded, trembling, but with cheerfulness, on his way, until he reached the great pine.

He made a still more profound bow to the tree than he had done before, and began—

"O! Treasure-keeper, in pine-wood green
For many a rolling year,
Lord of the shadowy forest scene,
Show thyself to me here."

"You have not got the verse right yet, Peter Munk," said a delicate voice near him; "but, as you were born at the right hour, I will let it pass."

Peter then saw under the pine a very small and aged man, dressed as a glass-maker. He had a thin and pale, but benevolent countenance; his white beard was made of spun glass; he smoked out of a litte, blue, glass pipe, and as Peter approached nearer to him, he perceived that all his clothes were composed of the same material.

"So you met Dutch Michael on your way hither?" continued the little man; "I am surprised you escaped from him so easily."

"So am I, I can assure you, Mr. Glass-man; but let me thank you for deigning to appear to me, and then tell you the reason of my thus troubling you. The truth is, I am discontented with my trade; I do not like a charcoal-burner's life. As I am still very young, I hope to be able to do something better; why should I not be rich as well as Eyekiel, or the King of the Dance, who spend gold as if it were as plentiful as straw?"

"Peter," said the Glass-man, with an earnest and sorrowful look, "Peter, never speak to me of those men again; what do they gain by their wealth? A few worthless luxuries, at the risk of their salvation. Peter, you must not give up your trade. I knew your father and grandfather well; they were respectable and intelligent men, yet they were content to be charcoal-burners; you must be so also. I hope it is not the love of an idle life that has brought you here."

Peter was startled by the seriousness of the old man's manner, and his cheek glowed, as he answered—"No, indeed, Mr. Glass-man; I know very well that 'idleness is the root of all evil,' but I hope you will not be angry with me if I still wish to change my trade. A charcoal-burner is regarded by the world as low and mean; the glass-makers and the raftmen are very much more respectable."

"A haughty spirit goeth before a fall," answered the little Treasure-keeper; his tone of voice, however, was very friendly, and he smiled as he added—"You are a singular race, you mortals; few of you are content with your stations. The glass-maker wishes to be a timber-merchant; and if that be granted him, he envies the woodmen, or would change conditions with the rangers. But let this pass; if you will promise to work hard, I will help you to change your trade, Peter. I watch

over every Sunday-child, and am ready to grant them three wishes. The first two are unconditional ; to the third I reserve the power of raising objections, if it be foolish. So, Peter, you may have your first wish now ; but pray ask for something likely to profit you."

Peter's eyes sparkled. "Hurrah !" said he ; "well, Mr. Glass-man, you are indeed the kindest friend in the world, and you may well be called the 'Treasure-keeper.' I am sure I am very much obliged to you ; and I do not know what I could wish for more likely to profit me, and make me happy, than that I should be able to dance as well as the King of the Dance, and always have as much money in my pocket as Eyekiel the Great."

"Oh, fool !" exclaimed the Treasure-keeper, angrily ; "a profitable wish, truly ! to be able to dance well, and waste your money at play ! Are you not ashamed of yourself, Peter ? What good will it do your poor mother if you can dance well ? As for your wish, it can only profit the public-house. You have got one more fine wish ; see if you can choose something more reasonable."

Peter reflected for some minutes, and then said, "This time I wish for the largest glass-manufactory in the Black Forest, and plenty of money wherewith to carry on the business."

"Nothing else ?" asked the Treasure-keeper, anxiously ; "nothing else ?"

"I should like very well to have a horse and gig."

"Oh, Peter Munk, Peter Munk, you foolish boy !" cried the Glass-man, flinging his blue glass pipe angrily against the trunk of a pine ; "a horse ! a gig ! Alas, alas ! you should have wished for sense—sound, common sense—and not for gigs and horses ; but never mind, do not be cast down ; your last wish was not altogether so foolish as the first ; a good glass-manufactory is no contemptible thing, if you had but common sense and skill to take care of it. Had you wished for these, the horse and gig would have come of themselves."

"But, Mr. Treasure-keeper," answered Peter, "I have still one wish left ; and, with your permission, I will now choose this sense and skill."

"You had better not ; you may have some greater occasion for your wish, and you have sense enough if you will but use it ; so now go home, and here, Peter, is my parting present : this purse contains two thousand dollars ; but take notice, never must you come here again to ask for money ; for if you do, I shall be forced to hang you upon this pine ; so have I done ever since I have dwelt in this wood. Three days since, old Winkfritzy died, the owner of the principal manufactory in the forest. Go there the first thing to-morrow, and purchase the establish-

ment, from his heirs ; be honest, be industrious, and I will look in upon you, from time to time, to counsel you, and to give you a helping hand in those difficulties through which your shallow brains will not suffice to carry you ; but, above all things, I solemnly warn you to avoid the public-house. Peter, it has been the ruin of many."

Whilst the Treasure-keeper was speaking, he had been occupied in contriving another pipe, which he now quietly placed in his mouth, and giving his hand to Peter, in token of friendship, gradually disappeared in the volumes of pale, blue smoke, which issued from it.

When Peter reached home, he found his mother in great trouble about him, for the good woman could not help thinking that her son had been forced to enlist. Peter was in high spirits, and told his mother that he had met a good friend in the wood, who had counselled him to change his trade, and had given him money to set him up as a glass-maker. Although Barbara Munk had lived all her life among the charcoal-burners, and had never tired of them, or their sooty faces, she was possessed of sufficient vanity to lead her immediately to look down upon her old associates and former pursuits ; and she answered her son—

"Oh, that is pleasant : as the mother of a glass-maker, I can no longer be considered on a level with neighbors Trethel and Bertha ; I shall, in future, take my place in church among the most respectable matrons."

Peter soon settled his business with the heirs of the glass-maker ; he retained all the old workmen in his employ, and the business proceeded day and night. The novelty of everything around him pleased him greatly ; he carefully superintended his workmen, went backwards and forwards in the manufactory, tried his hand at the work, and chatted with his men, who did not fail to laugh at him behind his back.

But he soon lost his interest in the work ; came at first every other day, and finally, but once a week. His workmen might do, meanwhile, exactly what they pleased in the manufactory, for he never interfered with them. All this originated in *his visits to the forest inn.*

The very first Sunday after his return from the haunted knoll, he went to the inn. The King of the Dance was already displaying his elegant steps on the green, and Eyekiel the Great was engaged in throwing dice for a heap of dollars. Peter quickly felt in his pocket ; his first wish was granted—it was full of gold and silver pieces, and he felt his limbs ready to begin a dance, rivalling in elegance the far-famed movements of the king. Peter chose his partner, and took his place among the dancers. The King of the Dance placed himself near

Peter, in whom, to his astonishment, he found a rival who would soon dispute his right to that title, which had so long distinguished him ; for when he pirouetted three feet high in the air, Peter surpassed him by at least a foot ; and the mincing paces, which were once so admired, were quite outdone by the superior elegance of the young glass-maker. All this surprised the by-standers ; but when they heard that the elegant young man was the richest glass-manufacturer in the forest, their astonishment changed into feelings of respect. Peter lost more than twenty dollars in play that evening, yet he rattled the money in his pockets, as if he had many hundreds still left.

The King of the Dance was permitted to retain his name ; but Peter was distinguished by the still more flattering appellation of the *Emperor*.

Among the most daring gamesters, none ventured so far as Peter ; but the more he lost, the more he won ! for he had wished always to be as rich as Eyekiel, who was generally his opponent at play ; therefore, what Peter lost to Eyekiel was gain to himself.

By degrees he fell into the lowest company ; and was oftener called Gaming Peter than Emperor of the Dance ; for he generally sat all day at the public-house, throwing dice.

As may well be supposed, the glass-manufactory did not thrive under such a master. Glass, indeed, was made, but when made, it was not disposed of to any profit ; for it was usually left on hand so long, that Peter was glad to sell it at half-price, to travelling merchants, in order that he might have wherewithal to pay the workmen.

One evening, as he was returning home from the public-house, and—notwithstanding the wine he had swallowed in large quantities, to raise his spirits—was meditating sorrowfully on the wreck of his fortune, he suddenly perceived that he had a companion in his walk. A second glance enabled him to recognize the Treasure-keeper. Peter, not quite sober, became violently excited, and vowed that the little Glass-man was the cause of all his misfortunes.

“Where are now my horses and my gig ?” he cried ; “what is the use of my glass-manufactory ? I was happier as a charcoal-burner than I am now. Then, at least, I had no anxiety about pay-day : but *now*, what am I to do when the sheriff comes to value my goods, and will sell them by auction—to my shame—to pay my creditors ?”

“Well,” answered the Treasure-keeper, “that is not my fault ; are these reproaches the reward of my benevolence ? Who put it in your head to wish so foolishly ? You desired to be a glass-maker, and yet did not know how to dispose of your

glass when it had been made for you ! Did I not caution you as to your wishes ? Oh, Peter, you wanted sense, sound sense and prudence."

"Sense and prudence !" answered Peter ; "do not talk to me of sense and prudence ! I am as clever a lad as any other in this forest, and that I will soon teach you, Mr. Glass-man."

With these words, he seized the little man roughly by the collar, exclaiming, "Now, Mr. Treasure-keeper in pine-wood green, I have you fast, and you shall not go until you grant me my third wish ; pay me down on the spot two hundred thousand dollars, and give me a house, and—— Oh ! oh !" he shrieked, and wrung the hand which had grasped the collar of the little Glass-man ; for the latter had suddenly changed himself into burning-glass, and disappeared.

Peter did not soon forget his folly and ingratitude ; for his swollen hand reminded him of it constantly ; but he smothered the voice of conscience, and reasoned thus : "When the manufactory is sold, and all my debts paid, I shall still have as much as Eyekiel the Great ; and while there is gold to play for on Sunday, my store will not fail."

Certainly, Peter, you say true ; you are ever to remain as rich as Eyekiel ; but when Eyekiel is poor, how rich will you be ?

And now were Peter's fortunes drawing to a crisis ; Eyekiel lost his last dollar at play, and Peter vainly searched his pockets for the remnant of all his wealth. Then did he remember his first wish, and he groaned bitterly, as his folly stared him in the face.

HOPE is that part of a living Faith by which we expect things to come according to the promises of God. It lies between the two extremes of presumption and despair. . . . It has the same effect in the Christian as in the husbandman, who plougheth and soweth in expectation of the harvest ; and spares neither labor nor expense. So the Christian is never weary of well-doing, knowing that we shall reap if we faint not. It bears suffering with cheerfulness, as knowing that "all the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us." It is the staff of life, to support the steps of those who would otherwise faint in their journey through this wilderness : it presents daily to the mind the promises and blessings of Canaan.—*Elenchus Mat. Theol.*

WORDS TO WEEPING ONES.

BY REV. ANDREW MACKIE, A. M.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER VII.

PARADISE.

"As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glit'ring SUN :
Such joy, though far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence."

THOMAS FARNELL.

ALL that now waits to be said will comfort and rejoice. The darling is *not really*—dead. He is departed. He is not lost. He has gone away. His pure soul, washed pure from its inherited taint by THE BLOOD OF CHRIST, imparted to the *Baptismal Water*, is with the souls of all THE BLESSED SAINTS—in PARADISE. Weeping parents ! dry your tears. We will visit him in his abode ; where tears are never shed ; where the sobs and groans of weeping ones are never heard.

There is no sweeter consolation at the grave than the certainty of PARADISE. A few words about Paradise will, I am sure, be comforting to you in your grief.

Where Paradise is, we cannot say—that is, we cannot determine its locality. In the Creed we say—"HE DESCENDED INTO HELL ;" by which is meant this—that THE SOUL, or THE SPIRIT, of CHRIST went, after His death upon the Cross, into the Place of Departed Spirits, and there remained until the resurrection of His body. This Place of Departed Spirits is what we denote by the word Paradise. It has locality, *somewhere*, in the vastness that is around us. Where it is, is of the least consequence. It is enough for us to know that there *is* a Paradise.

Far-sighted David saw that the SOUL of THE MESSIAH should not be left in hell—that is, in the Hidden Place—that is, in Paradise. It was the prayer of every pious Jew, that when he went hence, his soul might have rest, and enjoyment in the Garden of Eden—in Abraham's bosom—in that mansion into which his fathers had been gathered—even in the Christian's Paradise. The Asiatic and the European Gentile saw beyond death, the Elysian Fields. The American Indian did not die, except to go to the Happy Hunting-Ground. A belief in what we call Paradise has been universal. It is by no means a doctrine that is *peculiar* to the Christian Religion. By the Christian doctrine of the resurrection of the body, Paradise has been defined, as

the realm wherein are kept, for a season, the disembodied Spirits.

You will remember CHRIST's promise to the penitent thief—"To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." And shortly after HE commended into HIS FATHER'S HANDS HIS SPIRIT, and gave up the ghost; and was dead upon the Cross. Christ's body went not away. After a little while it was taken down from the Cross, by Joseph and Nicodemus, and was wrapped by them in clean linen, and was reverently disposed in the new sepulchre. *Only* Christ's SOUL went away. His death and burial is *sure* proof that His Soul had gone away.

Now that Christ's Soul did not go into Heaven—that is, into the immediate and the eternal dwelling-place of His Father—is at once evident from His words to St. Mary, just after the Resurrection of His body from the sealed and guarded sepulchre. When she, with all the ardor of her woman-nature, and with all that zeal of love which only cleansed sinners and pardoned penitents can feel, would have embraced her risen Lord—Christ stayed her clasping arms, and held her warm-beating heart at a distance from His own, that was beating *still more warmly*—with the forbidding words—"Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father." St. Peter tells us that Christ, during that space of time which intervened between His death and resurrection, "went and preached unto the spirits in prison." He did not go there in His body, because all the while His body was motionless in the tomb. We cannot understand that He went there in His Divinity. * Divinity can go *nowhere*; because IT IS ALWAYS EVERYWHERE. What is *Omnipresent* can have *no one place* of location. There can be no place where Divinity is not. Consequently, *only* CHRIST'S HUMAN SOUL went into that prison—which is Paradise. Not until the day of His Ascension, when His nail-pierced feet forsook Mount Olivet; not till the chariot-clouds mounted majestically to those pearl-portals, at which waiting angels had been stationed, to shout Him welcome; did Christ ascend in His humanity of soul and body up to His regal Palace; and into that highest Heaven, which had been, since His eternal generation, His eternal home.

It is, as you will see, according to the Scriptures, a part of Gospel Faith, to believe that there is a waiting-place for us, somewhere, after we leave earth, and on this side of Heaven; that there is an intermediate state of existence, somewhere, between Death and Resurrection; that there is a located Paradise for departed human souls.

You will not, I am sure, think me other than your friend, if I tell to you some teachings of old Christians about our Paradise. Their teachings will cause the grass to green, in dreariest win-

ter's time, upon your darling's grave ; and by help of their hands, you will pluck, from even a snow-covered mound, many flowers of brightest bloom ; many flowers of sweetest fragrance. You will be taught that death is not loss, but only temporary separation ; that they who die, only depart ; that the grave, with all its darkness, is a golden gate.

St. Paul has written—"I knew a man in Christ, above fourteen years ago—whether in the body, I cannot tell ; or whether out of the body, I cannot tell : God knoweth ; such an one caught up to the third heaven. And I knew such a man, whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell : God knoweth ; how that he was caught up into Paradise, and heard unspeakable words." St. Methodius says, that, by the repetition of the words, whether in the body, or out of the body, St. Paul "intimates that he had seen *two* great visions—being twice assumed ; first, into the third heaven ; and then, into Paradise." St. Irenæus says the same—"He was caught up into the third heaven, and again was carried into Paradise." So also say Tertullian, and certain writings ascribed to St. Ambrose. Also Epiphanius writes : "He was wrapt up into the third heaven ; and, after adding into Paradise, he shows Heaven to be in one place, and Paradise in another."

St. Clement, of Rome, writes : "All the generations, even unto this day, are gone ; but they, who have finished their course in love, by the grace of Christ do attain to the region of the godly." St. Justin Martyr writes : "The righteous really abide in a certain better place, but the unjust and wicked in a worse place ; both waiting for the Day of Judgment." Tertullian writes, "that the bosom of Abraham is a temporary receptacle for the souls of the faithful." St. Ambrose writes : "It may suffice to observe, that the souls being freed from their bodies, go to Hades—that is, an invisible place ; and the Scriptures call those mansions the Receptacle of Souls." Origen writes : "When the soul leaves the darkness of this world—(of which the children of Israel's leaving Egypt was a figure)—and the blindness of corporeal nature, and is carried to another state ; it is termed Abraham's bosom, as in the case of Lazarus ; or Paradise, as in the case of the penitent thief ; or into any other of the places, or mansions, known to God, through which the soul of a believer does pass, until it cometh to the river which maketh glad the city of God, there to receive its lot, or share of the inheritance, promised to the Fathers."

I might quote much more from the old writings ; but enough has been quoted to satisfy you that, to teach that there is a Paradise, is no *new* teaching. Besides, your grieved hearts care not now for a show of learning.

Go, when you have finished reading these pages, and stand

by your darling's grave. Only his little body lies buried beneath your feet. Of course your tears will fall upon so dear a spot, that garners so dear a thing. Only they, whose hearts are dry and dusty, shed no tears. He is not a man, who never weeps. And she has but the name and sex of woman, who can visit *her own child's* grave, and not kneel down, and cover it with maternal arms, and wet its every blade of grass, its every bursting bud, with woman's tender tear ; with mother's fountain-gush of weeping.

But weep not, as though the beloved one was lost. He has but gone in advance of you, upon his journey to the new, honeyed Canaan ; to the sublime summit of the new Mount Zion ; to the summer warmth, and fragrance, and verdure, of the New Jerusalem. He has but gone from you, that he may be nearer to God.

When the sonorous trumpet shall sound, loud and long ; when the great fire shall wrap the world with flame, his grave shall open, and his buried body shall stand up alive ; and if it knew defect, its every deficiency will have been supplied ; and if it bore blemish, it will have been restored to beauty. In form and feature perfect, it shall rise ; and it shall shine with glory ; and it shall be seen, and felt, and known to be the once-buried body of your darling child. And you shall gaze into his living eyes ; and he shall twine around your neck his loving arms ; and lip shall press lip with never such sweet kiss ; and you shall be with him, and he with you, and both with Christ, forever and forever.

Think of him now as being in Paradise. Look not down into the grave to find him. Only his body is there. His soul is in Paradise, with the spirits and souls of the righteous. Abel has welcomed him to that happy realm. Abraham has greeted him more fondly than, when on earth, he greeted Isaac. Jacob has pronounced over him his patriarchal blessing. Hannah has whispered a new prayer at his coming. David has sung melodiously a new psalm. Isaiah has descended from his sublimity, to clasp his little hand. The Blessed Virgin has pillowed his head upon her fragrant bosom. He sits at table with Paul and Peter, and James and John. He has, for comrades, the blood-stained martyrs, and the blessed saints. He sees in beatific vision the glorified body of the crucified Christ. He lifts his voice in lauds, that blend in harmony with the praises of the angelic choir. He is praying God that you may share with him his blissful repose. He is waiting for you to join him, and to ascend up with him into Heaven.

O, weeping ones ! weep no more ! The child has gone from you ; but you shall go to him. With him it is well. He is not dead, but sleepeth. Christ shall speak, and he will awake

out of sleep. Then, you shall see him again, and fold him in your embrace.

Weep no more ! He is saved. He is happy. In Paradise, he bathes in waters that are clear, and cool, and cleansing. He slumbers beneath trees that are broad-branched, and thick with shading and sheltering leaves. He companions with the Happy Ones, on lawns that never lose their greenness ; that are perpetually spread with flowers most beautiful, and flowers most redolent.

Only believe, and Faith will wipe away all tears. Only realize that the darling is in Paradise, and you will cease all weeping.

Boston, *Mass.*, September, 1854.

REMEMBER always that Christ is risen from the dead, that He is gone to heaven, that He is now there at the right hand of God, making intercession for you. And "if ye be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth." For where should your hearts be, but where your treasure is ? Where should your affections be, but where your Lord and Saviour is—the best friend, the greatest treasure that you have in the whole world ? Let us, therefore, now bid adieu to all things here below, and go up to live with "Christ in heaven ;" that our hearts may be there now, where we hope both our souls and bodies shall be forever, in and through Him, who is risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept.—*Bp. Beveridge*.

THE flashes of lightning may be discerned in the darkest prisons ; but if good thoughts look into a wicked heart, they stay not there ; as those that like not their lodgings, they are soon gone.—*Bp. Hall*.

THE sling and the stone would have been useless, had not the Spirit of God guided the hand of David ; and in like manner the Christian must feel convinced that the various means which are allowed him of contending with sin, are only efficacious because "it is God which worketh in him to will and to do." The certainty that all his strength is from above, and the determination actively to employ that strength, must go hand in hand ; neither will effect anything without the other ; but the two combined will, by the blessing of God, finally "beat down Satan under our feet."—*H. Thomson*.

THE RUINED POTTER.*

JAMES FIELDING was the son of a potter, and bred up to his father's trade. He married young—long before he could keep a wife—and with both his parents' consent, or rather with their forgiveness, as they could not help themselves. For, as they said, it war very nat'ral, an' he might ha' done worse; 'twar, to be sure, the first time, an' belike he wouldn't do it agen. And so they cordially shook hands with him, and pledged the pretty bride in a flagon of old Burton, and were both present at the first child's christening. But the cholera came soon afterwards, and took off the old man and his wife. This was the opening scene of James Fielding's sufferings—want, pestilence, and death. His wife and himself were soon afterwards both seized with the disorder, and, though they recovered slowly, it was only to find their father and mother, and first-born child, removed from their once comfortable home to the church-yard, and they themselves with feeble bodies and accumulated debts, which had run on wildly during sickness. First, James was put into jail for the doctor's bill, and then the landlord distrained for rent, and turned them on the world; and so they were ruined.

To be in prison never serves a man; he gets a habit of shifting and shuffling, and leaning, and talking, and idling; he has the short-hand-in-the-pocket walk, and the hang-down look of a jail companion; he is never a man again. James Fielding came out of Stafford jail a changed character: more clever, and less capable of work—daintier, but not so refined—prouder, but not more honorable; the edge was taken from the mind and given to the appetites; nevertheless, he was a fond father, for he shortly became one again, and a loving husband, to a wife who doted on him. But a thoroughly fallen man seldom rights himself, and bankruptcy is a break-up for life, in the constitution of successful industry. James Fielding labored, but his toil was thriftless; he found friends, but, one way or other, he let in everybody who had anything to do with him. By degrees he got, as was natural, a very bad character, and, as is generally the case under such circumstances, without altogether deserving it. He was an unfortunate, but not an evil man; and we all know how falling bodies quicken in their descent.

Still, he was a nian born to suffer, and to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Men of all countries, stations, and fortunes, labor—from the serf to the lord—and Fielding's destiny was only that of his sex. But, the gentle, pretty girl, whom he had taken from her father's home to comfort and cherish, to keep his fireside clean, and to nurse his little ones around him—

* From "Household Words."

her lot was not cast by God for labor, for toil and moil, and anguish ; yet who can tell what arrows of grief pierced that woman's heart during her twelve years' apprenticeship to wifedom ! Who shall describe the unwomanly miseries, alas ! too common in England !—of her daily shifts and struggles, her pigmy gaunt looks, her threadbare clothes, insufficient to protect her from the winter weather ; her hard day-labor, her sharp endurance of her children's hunger, and forgetfulness of her own ; her long sad catalogue of distresses, compared with which the pains of childbirth, and even the death of the child at the breast, are nothing, being feminine sufferings !

This poor woe-begone mother stood before good curate Godfrey, one of a noiseless, wayfaring body of Christian men, who make little stir beyond their own parish, but are there constantly felt and heard of ; the true disciples of the Father of the poor, the world's first teacher of quiet charity.

"He be goin' fast, indeed he be," said Mary Fielding, speaking of the potter, who had been down some weeks in a low fever. "'Tis hard to lose the father of one's child'en. I could ha' borne any stroke but this. Everywhere is a church-yard now—the life is dug out o' me."

"Do not murmur, but think of the past. I remember christening some of those children, when he and you were full of health and joy. In this journey of life, Mary, there is no hill without its hollow. Your neighbor, Susan Jackson, will not have to mourn the loss of a husband, for she has never known the love and protection of one ; and when she goes, she will not leave orphans to grieve for her. But, for all that, Susan is very lonely and destitute, and says nobody cares for her."

"Mayhap ; but Susan Jackson can't be sorry for what she never had ; and poor folk didn't ought to be fanciful. 'Tis me, sir, partin' wi' my husband, that should fret."

"But you should remember, Mary, that when James and you were married, it was on the condition you were to part one day. We must not forget the ninety-nine favors, because the hundredth is not granted. The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away."

"Oh, sir, 'tis beautiful to hear ye talk ; you alway say summut so comfortin', feelin', an' sensible like. One is ashamed to grumble afore you, 'tis so selfish and ill-natured."

"But how are the little ones, Mary ?"

"I can't say much for 'em, sir—they be but poorly."

"They have had some food to-day, I hope ?"

"'Tis early yet, sir." (It was past midday.) "But, indeed, they hante well."

"Did they eat anything last night before lying down ?"

"Baby had a sup o' gruel out o' James's cup, but Billy an' Jackey, an' the t'other, ent had nothing."

"And you?"

"Oh, sir, God be praised, I am used to it. Ten years is a long 'prentisage. 'Tis surprisin' how the famine feeds itself. An' then, the children's cries, an' him dyin', drives the thought away from me. I ant got the hard stomach o' hunger, sir; 'tis unfeelin' in a mother."

No wonder she did not feel the gnawings of want; she had passed her being into other existences; she had lost her identity in the wife and the mother.

"Well, well, we must do something for the children, Mary."

"Oh, sir, I did na come for that. What I wants is work. You ha' comed atween us an' death, many's a time. But, indeed, what I am here for is, afore Jemes goes I wish he could see you, sir, an' talk wi' you a bit. His mind be strange an' uncomfortable like about religion."

"I thought him a believer, Mary."

"Mayhap he be; but men tell their wives what, if they could, they would hide from God; an' I ha' heerd him say awful things; he war alway so courageous like. Howsomdever, his hour be come, an' he ha' losed his darin', an' he believes jist like a child. I thought, if he could only see you, sir."

Mr. Godfrey rang the bell. An aged, but notable servant woman, came.

"Martha, bring Mrs. Fielding a little warm bread and milk."

"Oh, no, no, sir! 'Tis only my way, what you see in my face; I war alway palish like—leastways, this many a day."

Martha, who had promptly obeyed her master, returned in a few minutes with a basin.

"There, take that gently, Mary; it will warm you."

"Will you forgive me, sir? Indeed I cannot. It 'ud choke me. The child'en—the poor hungry child'en, sir!"

"They shall be thought of."

Mr. Godfrey left the room, returning shortly after, with his long surtout buttoned closely up, and a small parcel in his hand.

"This contains a loaf, Mary—and something else—you know what to do with it. Let me have the ticket when I call, which will be in the course of the evening. Leave me now."

The comforted mother looked on Heaven's minister, and then up to heaven, and passed noiselessly through the small door, with faith, hope, and maternal love—the three strongest pulses of the heart—to support her. She had had the only full and perfect lesson of religion—charity. But she did not know, until she got to the pawnshop, that the poor curate had taken his only waistcoat from his back to feed her children. Then, indeed, the tide of religion came strong upon her. So true it

is, that one act of kindness is worth a volume of sermons in converting people. The curate's vest was a baptismal robe to the unregenerated spirit of Mary Fielding, the free-thinking potter's wife.

It was on an evening in the middle of June, that Mr. Godfrey passed along to the potter's cottage. There had been some smart, refreshing showers during the day, and the grass was healthily green, and the flowers were vigorous and balmy, and here and there was the restless, uneasy chirp, in the tree or hedge, of the young bird in its nest. The sheep were settling down for the night in the meadows; and the cows, after milking, were scattered over the distant pasturages. At intervals there was an unyoked horse exulting in abundance and freedom. The poor saluted Mr. Godfrey as he passed, and the rich cordially greeted him, for he was universally beloved.

"All God's works are beautiful and happy," said he to himself, as he wound among the green lanes, and gazed upon the broad, benignant sky. "Man alone makes the world miserable. I cannot think the design of Providence was to make the chief of a joyous creation wretched; there must be some key to human felicity. The departing sun shines on these dingy cottages, and the few straggling flowers bloom cheerfully, and cast their sweetness abroad on the air. Outside is God's work; within is man's."

And the curate entered the cabin of James Fielding the potter.

There had evidently been preparations to receive him. The clay floor was newly sprinkled and swept, and the few articles of crockery and china, nearly all misshapen, or otherwise defective, were as clean as the pebbles in the river. The children's faces, hands, and feet—for they had no shoes—were all fresh from the washing-basin, and their hair was sleekly combed across their foreheads. There was evident poverty, but an equally evident wish to conceal it. Not a vestige of furniture or ornament was in the room, beyond the few articles of earthenware mentioned; all the rest, to the three-legged stool for the baby, had either been sold or burned for fuel. There were three or four hassocks of hay for seats; but these, too, had been preyed on for fuel, and ran out at the sides; and there were some layers of chipped, dried-up straw, as a bed, in the corner. On this was stretched the dying man. The eldest boy ran to borrow a chair as Mr. Godfrey entered, and the thrifty housewife had just drawn the old rags from the three lower panes of the glassless and only window in the hovel, to let the sun and air in. This was the abode of an Englishman, in the heart of England.

The patient had been propped up somewhat on his straw, and

a neighbor had shaved him, and lent him a shirt, which, though old, was clean. So, what with well-washed skin, and combed hair, and a cup of refreshing tea, he was prepared to receive the curate's visit in something of a decent and Christian manner. One of the boys was in, or rather on, the bed—for there was no covering—from sheer nakedness. He partly nestled in the straw, and was partly concealed by the rags taken from the window; he was contented and happy, for he had had the blessing of a full meal: a rarity in the hut of the dying potter.

The curate took the chair borrowed for him, placed it by the bedside, and leaned towards the sick man.

"Well, James, how do you feel now?"

"Better, sir, thank you, but still weakly. God will bless you for what you ha' done. 'Tis mony a long day sin' I could prove my gratitude to anybody."

"Never mind that. The Searcher of all Hearts knows your intentions, James."

"Yes—true! But d'ye think God heeds a poor critter like me?"

"Undoubtedly. Our Father."

"Ah! Good—good. But I never found a true friend but Him and yourself, sir—they all forsook and misbelied me. I never was as bad as people made me: He knows that, and the children. One's hearth is a fair assize."

"True, a fond husband and a kind father cannot be a very bad man. I never believed you ill-disposed, Fielding."

"No, bless thee for it, and *He* will bless thee. Ye ha' made me a Christian; the ways o' the world made me an infidel long ago. A man kindly treated feels like a Christian, sir."

"But we must give up resentments, now. I see by your countenance you will soon meet your God. Prepare, Fielding, for that great judgment."

"Yes, I know it will come soon, an' that ha' changed me. But, indeed, sir, I am aweary of the world. If it were not for her and the children, I had gone years back."

"The Christian religion always supposes poverty and suffering, James. Were all the world sinless and happy, the Atonement had been useless."

"I can well believe thins o' thee, sir. If yer wer dumb an' blind, yer han' would preach; 'tis the only sarmint as goes home to a hungry man. Fine words be o' small account. But when such as never gives, an' never suffers, tells starvin' poor fellows like me to bear their crosses, as the only road to heaven, it looks like humbug, sir. If heaven is to be won by poverty—sartinly nothing is so easy for 'em as to give all they ha' more than enow, to feed the hungry, an' comfort the afflicted."

"Ah, James, this is bad grace in a dying man. It is enough

for every one to look to himself; to bear his own burden, and to know that in the midst of trial, and sorrow, and suffering, he can have recourse to One who knew them all on earth. This, surely, is fair comfort."

"It be, sir. 'Tis at the point I am at now, a man feels he must believe in some religion, an' there is none so nat'ral like as our own. A dyin' man is not a doubter. I wish I ha' been o' this way o' thinkin' long ago—'twould ha' made me content—an' a contented man is a regular man, an' a regular man is a toilsome man, an' a toilsome man is a thriving man; but when one begins in grumblin' one ends wi' sorrow. Mary, dear, gi' me a drink. I feel faintish."

The curate took the teapot from the yearning and attentive wife's hand, and the fevered patient, from the broken spout held to his mouth, drained the vessel greedily, till the few leaves at the strainer whizzed with their dryness. As he drank, Godfrey had an opportunity of observing his countenance. "This man," said he to himself, "was formed for a lofty destiny, but with him ignorance has marred nature. When will man vindicate the purposes of God to his fellows? When will England provide education for all her people?" As these thoughts passed rapidly through the pastor's mind, the sick man spoke with a fainter voice, but with renewed energy: "'The spirit war willing, but the flesh war weak.' Well, sir, I know I am a dyin'. I war never a coward, but I does fear death. 'Tis like a goin' over a common one don't know, on a dark night—there be none about you but sperits."

"Keep your eyes steadily on your guiding star, James. That light sufficeth."

"I believe, sir. O Lord, help my unbelief."

"Thank Heaven for those words," said the curate; "and now, Fielding, since you are in this good frame of mind, I must tell you one thing that will lighten your last moments. Old Mrs. Williams is getting too aged for the parish school, and as she is to retire on a small pension, I have secured the post for Mary. I know she will fill it well. This will keep the wolf from the door, and I will look to the little ones. So you see things are not so bad as you expected. You will leave those dear to you pretty middling off, and they will remain, under Providence, to be a blessing to themselves and to their country."

"Thank God, thank God! My soul is at peace now. She is provided for, and they, too. Read to me, sir, please; 'twill rouse me up—I feel drowsyish."

The curate opened his pocket Bible, and in a sweet, low voice, read from the fourteenth to the seventeenth of John. As he proceeded, the little boy peeped up from his straw, and sucked in the words. The sick man opened his stiffening lids, from

time to time, and murmured a prayer from unparted, motionless lips, which sounded strange and unearthly in the small chamber. The pale wife, with her infant daughter in her lap, wept silently; and the little boy, Jemmy, was seated on one of the worn-out hassocks, holding the candle, which was stuck in a bottle, for the good pastor, as he read. The other boy was gone of an errand for a neighbor. Night had set in, and a gentle breeze fanned the chamber, through the open door and paneless window. People glided cautiously by, from time to time, urged by pity or curiosity.

After about an hour's stillness, the sick man stirred, then tried to sigh, but the groan died within him, and for a time he whispered; but nobody knew what he said. At length, after the curate had applied a few drops of moisture from an orange to his lips, he spoke audibly :—

"I was dreaming, Mary, as we war happy with God. The children had enow to eat; they give me my good name back agen; an' we war all very happy." After a pause, and much internal muttering, he resumed with a perceptible spirit of energy, although his spent powers made him scarcely audible :— "Oh, Mr. Godfrey, if more would, like thee, only come and see the poor, an' what they suffers! Tell the lads, sir, to wait a bit—but to struggle on, for there is hope for the working-man. An' bid the rich folk consider the laborer, an' the parsons to be all like thee, an' England will be right. Mary, a drink, dear: the heart is as dry as a cinder within me."

His wife brought him a little cold water, into which the curate squeezed some orange juice.

"Mary! To our Father I commit thee, girl, when I am gone. I am dead afore I am dead, leaving my Mary. Kiss my forehead, girl. God bless thee! Comfort these little children, God! they be orphans now."

And he prayed inwardly. In that hour he had no succor but prayer, and the remembrance of any good he had done in his life. The baby was crying on its mother's breast, and the candle trembled in the hands of the weeping boy who still held it. The wife was still and pale; her heart was being rifted from her. The curate had bent his knee in prayer, and comforted the dying and the desolate.

As the dry tree, when it partakes of water, puts forth shoots, so also the soul in sin, when it has, through repentance, been made worthy of the Holy Ghost, brings forth clusters of righteousness.—*St. Cyril.*

MYSTERIES IN MY PARISH.

BY REV. J. H. INGRAHAM.

THE TWO GRAVES.

ONE evening, at the beginning of autumn, I was engaged in my Vestry-room, in preparing for the approaching Sunday services, when I heard a slight tap at my door. Its uncertain force, and the timid touch, led me to suppose it to be some one of the poor women who were supported by the benevolence of my parishioners, and who often called to see me, to make known their little troubles. I at once arose, and opening the door, saw, instead of a poor woman in the humble garb of poverty, a graceful and richly-dressed female, of remarkable personal loveliness. She was a stranger. Her manner was embarrassed, and twice she made an effort to say something, but the words could not be spoken. I invited her in, and gave her a chair, which she took without having yet spoken. At length she said, with hesitation, and in a low tone :—

“Reverend sir, pardon the liberty I have taken in calling on you—but—”

Here she stopped, and dropped her cheek into her gloved hand, and over the polished surface of the lemon-colored kid I perceived a sparkling tear glitter, as it rolled to the floor.

“It is no intrusion. A clergyman has countless callers, and at all hours,” I replied; “can I serve you in any way, madam?” I added, in a tone of voice that could not but express to her my sympathy in whatsoever affected her.

“You are very kind, sir,” she answered, raising her face, and fixing gratefully upon me a pair of dark eyes, full and running over with tears. The twilight, that found its way through the stained Gothic window, fell richly and softly upon her face, which was of that fine oval cast, and with that delicate olive shade, which is supposed to characterize the high-bred women of the sunny South. The expression of this lovely countenance was unusually intelligent, and full of sensibility. Seeing that I awaited her introduction of the subject of her visit, she continued, with a voice tremulous and agitated, while she dropped her veil, so as to conceal the upper portion of her features :—

“I come to you, sir, in confidence. You are a clergyman, and I know will appreciate and honor the trust I am about to repose in you. I wish to make a confession. Therefore do I seek you.”

“Confession, as to a priest?” I asked, with surprise.

“Yes—in one sense, but not in another, sir. I am not come to confess for absolution; though I am not without sin. I wish

rather to ask your counsel, when you shall know what I desire to reveal."

This was spoken with sudden pathos and deep feeling. She threw aside her veil with an impulse, and I saw that her face was pale, and that her eyes were bright with the reflection of a hidden fire burning at her heart. The calm face, which had struck me, when she came in, as the perfection of quiet and gentle loveliness, was disturbed by the shadow of a dark cloud.

"Is it important that you should reveal the secret you allude to, to ME?" I asked.

"Yes: you are interested, sir!" she answered, with emotion which she was making an effort to subdue. "But I will not annoy you, or consume your time, sir, by delay."

She then looked cautiously around the room, as if to see that no one was within hearing of her voice, and then said:—

"You have met me before. Do you know when, sir?"

"No, madam."

"Have you forgotten the female who passed you some months ago, at midnight, near the wall of the cemetery?"

"Carrying an infant beneath her shawl?" I asked, with animation.

"Yes, sir."

"And who subsequently abandoned the helpless babe upon the steps of a door?"

"Yes, sir."

"I recollect the night and circumstances well," I answered.

"Are you Madam ———?"

"I am that woman, sir," she answered, taking up my question, and replying to it in a firm and singularly positive tone.

"Do not start, nor disdain me, sir. I am, indeed, that woman, whom you kindly raised to her feet, when in her flight she fell."

"And are you the mother of the infant which you so deserted—which you, indeed, left to perish?—for you delayed not to see what became of it."

"I *am* its mother!" was the firm response.

"An unnatural mother, then, art thou; and may God grant you contrition for the deed, and have that mercy on you in the Day of Judgment, which you had not upon your offspring."

I spoke with warmth, and emotions of unfeigned horror. Her wonderful beauty now seemed to my eyes the splendid beauty of a fallen angel. Yet it becomes not the servant of God to judge and condemn. It is for him to pity the sinner, and seek to win the guilty to virtue. He may not turn away, like other men, from vice, crime, and moral deformity. These are diseases which, like a skilful physician, he must heal. The fallen, the lost, the depraved, he must not desert nor abhor. His

office calls upon him to lift up those who fall, to be the friend of the wrong-doer, that he may lead him to repent and amend ; he must speak kindly to the Magdalene, whom all the world casts out, and lead her in the paths of virtue, and hold up before her the happiness and high rewards of virtue ; he must pray by the bed-side of the dying burglar, and be as a brother, in Christian tenderness and love, to the malefactor condemned to the gallows. He may not turn his face away from any sinning, erring, guilty, son or daughter of Adam.

"Sir, I am guilty. I have done a great crime ; but hear me ! When you know all, you will rather pity than condemn ! You see before you, sir, one of that class of females condemned by the inexorable laws of society to marry without the marriage vow. I am a Quadroon. You look incredulous ! Yet, sir, it is true. The curse of the African race flows in my veins. The race of bondmen, from which on one side I am descended, is many generations removed ; nevertheless, the stain is indelible. If the features bear no longer the mark of the base original, tradition preserves the fact. I am a daughter of this accursed people. The lowest negro may call me sister, and with the basest slave I must acknowledge consanguinity.

"I am a native of the lovely lake town of Biloxi. My father was a Spanish captain of the naval service in Cuba, but I am told was compelled to fly for having wounded the admiral in a personal quarrel. He brought gold, and built a villa on the borders of the silver-shored bay. My mother was then a young and beautiful slave, though fair, and with delicate European features. My father, at that time, was under thirty, elegant and fascinating. He had not long been in his exile, before he married the haughty heiress of a descendant of the Marquis of Ponchartrain, who dwelt at Biloxi. But my Quadroon mother was both her slave and her rival.

"There were two daughters born to the Spanish exile, but one of the mothers had no holy title to bear the name of wife ! and she was my mother. The two daughters, children of the same father, but separated as wide as heaven is from earth, by the races of their mothers, grew up to childhood. The wife died when they were yet children, it is said by poison. The daughters were equally beloved by their father. Both were sent together to the Convent of the Sacred Heart, in Louisiana, and educated. No eye could detect the race of Africa in her who was the slave's daughter. The sisters knew no distinction existed between them. At length they were removed from school, about the same time, for they were nearly of the same age. The true daughter then learned her true relation to me—yes, to me, her sister—of a race scorned by her own. From that hour she loved me no more ! She could not endure my

presence ; and, at length, I had to be sacrificed to her detestation of me. My father sent my mother and me to reside in Mobile, furnishing us with gold sufficient to supply all the demands of luxury. It was only then that I clearly comprehended who and what I was, and what destiny was before me. My mother purchased an elegant mansion, and furnished it with lavish expenditure ; but her caste, her blood, condemned her to the society of the Creole and Quadroon population, among which are many persons of wealth and considerable education, as you, sir, are aware. We had no visitors but these, and my mother went nowhere but to their houses.

“ Judge, sir, what must be, in such a condition, the sufferings of a young person educated with refinement, and, till within a few days, to believe herself of pure European lineage, the legitimate daughter of her father. I shut myself up in my sumptuous room, and abandoned myself to grief, and at times to the wild passion of despair. I was but seventeen ; and, at an age of the keenest susceptibility and delicacy of mind, I found myself degraded to a level with slaves—and dishonored by the participation of African blood.

“ At length my hand was sought by a young man of modest demeanor, manly beauty, and the most winning powers of conversation. He was skilled to play on every instrument, and had a voice of inconceivable richness. He won my heart, but I insisted that the solemn rites of the Church should seal and consecrate our union. To this he consented, and we were married a year ago in the Cathedral. But, sir, I by and by found that I had been deceived. He whom I believed to have been of European blood was a Quadroon, like myself, and had mocked me—for I hated, and do hate, the race of which I am, with the deepest repugnance. When, a few months after my marriage, I learned this fact, I turned from him with horror and detestation. The idea that I had degraded myself still lower than I was by birth, almost made me drive into my heart the dagger which, but for his flight, would have been driven into my Creole husband.

“ In the meanwhile, my sister, beautiful, accomplished, loved and honored, and moving, like a glorious star among satellites, amidst the society she adorned, was married ; yes, married ! Her union was consecrated by the rites of the Holy Church, and in the presence of God ! Happy and honored sister ! She became a resident in the vicinity of this city. If I met her, by accident, as she rolled past in her superb chariot, I shrunk from her gaze—for I felt my degradation ; while, if her proud eye lighted upon me, I could see the flush of scorn kindle upon her brow, and curl her lips.

“ We became mothers about the same time. One Sunday I was kneeling before the Madonna—for I am a daughter of the

Roman Church—when a gay party came in. It was for the christening of the daughter of my Circassian sister. I beheld her surrounded by her friends, and saw the lovely child consecrated to God. I witnessed the joy of its mother. The child was the image of my own, and I hated it; for, while it would grow up in honor and love, mine would fall lower and lower, by the curse of its birth, in the scale of society.

“They departed in glittering coaches. That night I carried my child, my accursed babe, into the streets, and left it to God and humanity!”

“Your history, madam, is extraordinary, and I sincerely sympathize with your condition; but wherefore desert your innocent offspring?” I asked, having heard with deep interest her narration, which finds many a parallel in the sunny land that borders the Mexican Gulf.

“Why? that it should never know the stain upon its blood. After witnessing the christening in the cathedral, I returned home—first to weep over the dark fortunes of my child, and then to burn with anger against Heaven. As I gazed upon the child’s sweet countenance, I came to the sudden resolution, which I afterwards carried into effect, to abandon my child, where it might have the chance of being brought up as a child of pure European blood, rather than keep it to entail upon it its mother’s misery, with its mother’s destiny. Therefore did you, reverend sir, see me gliding along the streets after midnight, on my way to the steps of the house where, in the morning, the poor babe was found. But I had mistaken the nature of the gentleman beneath whose portico I left my child, for I believed he would adopt it, and bring it up as his own! I have said, sir, that I hated my child, for the curse of its birth. Therefore I parted with it with less emotion; nevertheless, I loved it sufficiently to desire to avert from it the fate of its mother. The fair beauty of the child would ever have deceived those who should cherish it, and only accident could reveal the secret connected with its lineage. But, sir,” continued the mother, with emotion, “my affection for my child would not die. Its absence revived all my love; and when I learned that my lovely babe, instead of being adopted into the opulent family at whose door I left it, had been given up to the authorities of the city, I was in despair. I used every means in my power to discover my child again without betraying myself to be its mother. Hearing that an infant had been baptized by you last Sunday, which you stated at the time was a foundling, which had been discovered in a covered basket, on the side-walk, I have come to you, sir, to implore you to tell me who has my child, and to aid me in its recovery. So that I can once more embrace it, I will banish the idea of its dark future from my soul. I knew not the

strength of maternal love, when I resolved to hate and desert it. Aid me, reverend sir, in its restoration! You know who presented it to you for baptism, and can tell me where it is."

The passionate entreaty of the mother was painfully touching. I regarded her with deep interest, and with the profoundest pity.

"Madam," I replied, "I know where your babe now is, and I will try and restore it to you. But its foster-mother, who has no child of her own, has all a mother's love for it, and will part with it with reluctance. But I will see her, and in a day or two let you know."

"Oh, sir, each hour will be a day, that compels me to wait. Thanks! God bless you! If you restore to me my child I will pray for your happiness, morning and evening."

The next morning I went to the humble abode of the foster-mother, but learned at the door that she had gone to the country, and would not return for several weeks, and had taken the infant with her. In the meanwhile I had several visits from the beautiful Creole mother, in her anxiety to see her child once more. At length the foster-mother returned, but bringing back the babe with a fatal fever burning in its veins. The next day it died. The real mother received the intelligence with a stupor of the senses, that made her face wear the rigid immobility of a statue. She spake not a word—but motioned me to lead her to the house where her child lay. I obeyed. The infant was tastefully laid out, its brow wreathed with fresh flowers, and a bouquet clasped in its wax-like fingers. The face of the child was wonderfully beautiful in death. The mother drew near, and gazing upon the countenance of her dead child, burst into tears, and passionately kissed it again and again.

"Better in heaven than on earth, my babe! *There* are no distinctions of blood, for 'flesh and blood enter not into the Kingdom of God.'"

The last lingerer at a little grave, by the south wall of the old cemetery, on the following evening, was the Creole mother. For weeks afterwards she was seen there, training and watering flowers that her affectionate hand had planted.

At length she was no more seen by the dwellers near the grave-yard. Fever had seized upon her. She sent for me. I found her delirious, and talking with the spirit of her child, as if she beheld it hovering above her.

"Earth is no place for you and me, my babe! Earth is no place for those who are born accursed! In heaven they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God."

So she died, raving thus in speech until death descended upon her, and sealed her lips in silence.

DR. STERLING AND HIS CHOIR.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM STAUNTON.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Rev. WILLIAM STAUNTON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S. for the Southern District of New-York.

CHAPTER XII.

Approach of Christmas—Preparations for the Festival—Sketch of the Music selected—The Celebration—A Scene in Church—A new Spect of Rebellion—The Doctor girds on his Armor—His Address from the Chancel—Ruminations in the Study—Fears—Hopes—The Triumph of Principle, and the Reward of Perseverance.

CHRISTMAS was now drawing near. In honor of the Incarnation of the Redeemer of the world, a morning service suitable to the greatness of the Festival, comprising selections of music from the works of the Cathedral and other masters, was diligently practised by the choir. All appearance of dissension and strife had been vanishing from the organ-gallery, since the time when the choir entered on the enterprise of reviving the long-faded glories of the Churchman's "sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving." Dr. Sterling was gratified also with observing that in the preparation for the more than ordinary solemnities of a high Festival of the Church, there was less than he had expected to see of a disposition to revive the thirst for scientific display, and a deeper feeling of the sacred purpose for which the anthems of joy and exultation were to be called forth. It is frequently the case that choirs, whose general habits are unexceptionable and praiseworthy, are overcome by this temptation to convert the great Festivals of the Church into occasions for a special exhibition of musical talent, forgetting, meanwhile, that they are called, at such times, to offer a special tribute to the Almighty, in commemoration of His infinite mercies. And when such unhallowed opinions prevail in a choir, it is easy to understand why the hours of practising are turned into seasons of levity and gross irreverence, of merriment, of loud conversation, and even boisterous laughter, within the walls of places consecrated to the honor of God. Of this shameful abuse Dr. Sterling had more than once been witness in other times; but the choir were now fast getting rid of the temptation to indulge in conduct so unbecoming in the temple of the Lord. In proportion as they discovered the loftiness of the sentiments forming the burden of their songs, a growing feeling of devotion and seriousness came upon them with a subduing influence, which added very greatly to the impressiveness of the jubilant strains for which they were training themselves.

In due time the Feast of the Nativity broke in, with its gladdening return of those all-enlivening associations which cluster

around the day when the angels sung, "Glory to God in the highest;" and when the Church Catholic lifts up her white banner, with the inscription, "*God manifest in the flesh.*" Merrily had rung the church-bell on the frosty even,—the vigil-time forerunning the Festival; and now, at break of day, it rang merrily again,—its shrill metallic voice echoing through the clear, cold air, and streaming along the vale, as if to wake up the slumbering with the joyful cry, "Peace on earth; good-will towards men!" The day itself was bright, calm, and cheerful. In full splendor the sun came forth out of his chambers, as a giant to run his course, symbolizing Him who rose on a darkened world "with healing in His wings."

Mid-morn drew on. Through "the light and flaky snow" many had beaten their path to the courts of the Lord's house, to present their homage to Him "who, as at this time, was born of a pure Virgin." The church was appropriately—not profusely and fantastically—ornamented with evergreens, both to make the place of the Redeemer's feet glorious, and represent by apt emblems the unfading glory of the Gospel, and the immortality of which it bears tidings. As the hour of service approached, the pews were gradually filled, chiefly with the members of the parish, but in part also by persons not in communion with the church. Through the influence of various motives these had been led to mingle with Dr. Sterling's flock on this occasion: much, no doubt, they would find to censure; something, it was hoped, might affect them favorably. The parishioners were always disposed to give them welcome, in the trust that, little by little, their prejudices might melt away, when actually brought to witness the mode in which the Church offers her adorations in all "the beauty of holiness."

The Festival service opened as usual, having been preceded by one of Mr. Larigot's magnificent Voluntaries on the organ; for, on occasions like this, the Rector willingly consented to allow him all the scope that his ambitious genius could desire. The introductory Anthem,—*Venite Exultemus*,—was given in a chant of inimitable simplicity and expressiveness, not loud and boisterous, but stealing on the ear and the heart in a strain of quiet and serene joyfulness. Then followed the appointed Psalms for the day, the *Gloria Patri* flowing in at each termination, supported by the diapasons alone of the organ, except at the close, when some of the more brilliant stops were added. After the lessons, the *Te Deum* and *Benedictus* were poured forth in swelling chorus, the climax of joy, in the former, towering up on the words: "When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man, Thou didst humble Thyself to be born of a Virgin." Instead of the customary Metre Psalm, was introduced Handel's sublime chorus from the Messiah: "For unto us a child is born;" and as

a substitute for the hymn before sermon, the church rang with the triumphant shout of enthusiasm, "Break forth into joy," from the same Oratorio. The effect on the devotional feelings of the congregation generally was most happy; new force was added to the strain of thought and gratulation which the liturgical office of the day was so well adapted to excite, and there would have been no drawback to the tide of exultation, as it swelled from many hearts, had not an unfortunate evidence of human frailty occurred during the performance of the first of the choruses above mentioned.

In several parts of the service the Rector had observed symptoms of uneasiness within the pews of two of his parishioners. Edmund Nelson and Job Hardcast were men of a cold and rigid temperament, averse to everything which thwarted their notions of what they were accustomed to call "the simplicity of Gospel ordinances." They had, from the first, contended that the music formerly used—utterly contemptible as it was—should be retained; because, to *their* apprehensions, it was "good enough" for the worship of God. Dr. Wellworth had often reasoned with them calmly and patiently, but in vain; and now, on this heavenly Festival, they had resolved to show their *firmness*, (as they chose to call it,) while to every eye they proved only their weakness, folly, and self-will. In the midst of the chorus, when many hearts were thrilling with adoration of the "Wonderful Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace," these untamable foes to everything which rose above the level of their own paltry conceptions of things sacred arose in their pews, (for hitherto they kept their seats,) actually groaned aloud in token of their disapprobation, then seized their hats, deliberately and scornfully walked down the aisle, and passed out of the church. They had already made their opposition too public a matter to leave on any mind a doubt as to their intentions in thus abandoning their places. It was not a temporary forsaking of the parish church, but an act of daring schism, long meditated, and at last accomplished in this bold, unfeeling, and determined form. They forsook the church in earnest, without regrets or apologies; and on the very next Sunday, were numbered with the supporters of a neighboring denomination.

Dr. Sterling had, so far, said little in time of public worship, in relation to the improvements which had been so successfully effected in the choral services of his church. But the evil rumors which immediately took wing on this rash secession, brought him to the determination of explaining to his flock, in as few words as he could, the grounds on which—in conjunction with the choir—he had proceeded, and the opinions which all Christian men should maintain on the subject in question. It

seemed probable that in a mixed congregation, some might in a degree feel their old scruples reviving, now that two of their number had declared themselves "bound in conscience to separate from a Church which was fast becoming a seat of Antichrist." For their sakes and his own, and in order to check every appearance of evil on the threshold, the Rector took occasion on the next Sunday morning to address the congregation from the chancel, in terms of which the following may be given as the substance :

"My Christian brethren—the past week has not been one of unmingled joy. Deeply do I regret—and you will mingle your grief with mine—that anything should have occurred to disturb the common feeling of gladness inspired by the events commemorated at this holy season. It is unnecessary for me to allude more particularly to the painful scene witnessed in this church in the midst of the solemnities of Christmas morning ; but it does seem proper that I should clear myself, and all who are acting under my advice, from the serious charge of introducing the very elements of discord and division, where our united efforts should be centred on 'the things which make for peace.' As to those who have forsaken us, and others who are aiming to stir up disaffection, I have only to say that God is their Judge ; and, instead of indulging a spirit of resentment towards them, it will rather become us to commit our cause entirely to Him 'who alone can order the unruly wills and affections of sinful men.' Sure I am that every improvement which has here been made in the performance of the Church service, has had for its end 'the edification of the body of Christ,' and the increase of God's supreme glory. If our efforts had been to win human applause, or to lower the tone of public devotion, or to prostrate the life of the Church Liturgy, or to bring in music of an improper character from secular sources, and thus give rise to painful emotions in the hearts of the faithful, then might there have been just ground of offence, though hardly of contumacy and schism. But no man can be ignorant that our course has been quite the reverse of this. Our aim has been upward. We have been trying to render our praises more heavenly,—more in correspondence with the ideas we all possess of the songs of angels and of the spirits of the just made perfect. And if any forsake us because of *this*, our vindication is as complete as their error is manifest.

"But, in order that I may set the whole matter before you, once for all, in what I conceive to be its true light, I will venture to suggest a few thoughts on the *character* of the music which should be employed in the worship of God. To determine this, it will only be necessary for me to refer you to the general rule, that all our offerings to God should be *the best of*

their kind, subject only to those drawbacks or deductions which may unavoidably result from inability and other adverse circumstances. The Christians of former ages were not afraid of meeting this principle fairly, and vigorously acting upon it. They carried it out manfully, 'as seeing Him that is invisible,' and feeling that 'were the whole realm of nature' theirs, even '*that* were a tribute far too small.' Hence, besides presenting their bodies and souls a living and acceptable sacrifice, they sought to 'honor the Lord with their substance, and with the first-fruits of all their increase.' They consecrated their wealth; they hallowed the achievements of science; they sanctified, and, as it were, baptized the arts; they brought out the treasures of imagination; they grasped the powers of genius; and left no part or endowment of human nature without the stamp of the Gospel upon it, and the token that it was reclaimed and made sacred to the Lord.

"Now, to apply this to the matter before us, I inquire,—Why should not the *praises* of the Church be offered with a similar regard to the rule, that God should be honored with the best that we can render? Does not the rule bind every servant of God, from the child up to the archangel? Unquestionably. Then how is it that our practice is so far below the range of our convictions? In this matter, by a singular negligence, the Church has well-nigh forgotten herself. I speak the truth in sorrow, when I say that, instead of the resounding anthem and the pealing chorus, the thanksgivings of our churches are oftentimes given in strains which elsewhere would be considered intolerable. Time was when the most impassioned music in the world was employed in the exalting of our Redeemer's name. But now, the world has stolen from the Church her rightful property. We can no longer look in confidence to the sanctuary of God for the highest models of musical science. The very name of Psalmody and Church-music has become a by-word and a scandal, instead of being associated with all that is lofty and excellent in harmony. This is a grievous declension; for, if we look back to the *Jewish* Church, we find that the choirs and the accompanying instruments were on a scale of grandeur which, in all probability, far surpassed anything then extant among other nations. All this, too, was brought forth under the Divine sanction and approbation. And if we turn to the early days of the *Christian* Church, we shall look in vain for the abrogation of the principle on which it was founded. Very true, we do not see it carried into full *practice* in the Apostolic age; but it was for the best of reasons. The Church, for a considerable period, was not only in an infant state, but was subject to incessant persecutions. Spies were ever on the watch, to disperse and harass the believers. Consequently, those assemblies were held

in secret places, and with closed doors, and all other precautions for personal safety. Under such circumstances, it is easy to see that, in order to prevent discovery and interruption, they were compelled to suppress, in some measure, those triumphant songs of gratitude which their lips would fain have uttered. But when, by the kindness of Providence, the Gospel was afterwards relieved from these distressing adversities, then the songs of the Church burst forth anew, and ratified the principle on which they had ever been grounded. Once more, as we have reason to believe, the *Church*, and not the *world*, sent out the richest strains of melody. It became the special business of the clergy to attend to the praises not less than to the prayers of the Church; and to embody in the worship of God every fresh discovery or improvement in the divine art of song. Even the highest dignitaries of the Church thought it honorable to apply themselves to the cultivation of sacred music. Hence such men as St. Ambrose and St. Gregory, eminent Bishops, are distinguished as patrons, if not even composers of Church-music; and it is to them that we are indebted, directly or indirectly, for the affecting chants which to this day bear their names. In short, it was in the Church that men were accustomed to look for the noblest traits of melody; and while the inferior music of that day has almost all gone into oblivion, we can, at the distance of a thousand or twelve hundred years, still lay our hand on the Gregorian Chants, and apply them to the Psalms of David, as our forefathers were accustomed to do in the old time before us.

"I might easily pursue this subject much further, did the time permit, or the occasion need it. But this will be enough to prove that Church-music *ought to be* very far superior to what it really is. I know that a number of objections may readily be made; for it is the fate of Truth always to be annoyed by them, when she puts forth her claims. It is said, for instance, that if the *heart* be right, it matters not what may be the quality of that praise which comes from the lips. But as well might it be said, that if the heart be right, *all* outward ordinances not directly commanded, are alike worthless. It would be a better argument to say that, if these are neglected or contemned, it is a strong ground of suspicion that the heart is *not* right, provided that there is no inability in the way.

"Again, it is alleged that the view I have taken is adverse to the *simplicity* of the Gospel. This is one of the cant phrases of the age, and is founded on the assumption that the more we strike off from the externals of Christianity, the purer is the remainder; or, in plainer words, that the less we have of religion, the better;—for, constituted as we are, religion could not live without external acts. The objection, then, is but the plea of indolence, irreverence, avarice, and apathy. It leads to the de-

frauding of God in all matters pertaining to the honor of His name; and has been the fruitful cause of that low and degrading estimate of the circumstantial of religion, which too often appears, and naturally extends itself to the lowering even of moral duties and spiritual affections. To so mean and unworthy a standard has Church-music been graduated, that—with a few honorable exceptions—there are in the scale of science few degrees lower than that assigned to the songs of 'Zion. The excuse is, that this is agreeable to the *simplicity of the Gospel*. As if simplicity were synonymous with *meanness*. I should say, that it was rather a token of our negligence, and of our very imperfect estimate of the honor due to Almighty God. At all events, it is a remarkable truth, worth remembering, that all excuses grounded on the alleged 'simplicity' of religious ordinances, have a secret eye to the saving of labor, the saving of thought, the saving of time, and above all, the saving of money. So much, then, for excuses. I still maintain that the principle on which we are now acting is defended by Scripture, by reason, by enlightened devotion, by the example of holy men of old, and (if this be not enough) by the angels of heaven, and the throng of harpers before the throne of the Majesty on high. No music do I know in this fallen world,—no music can I conceive of in the better land above, which is *too good* to serve as the vehicle of praise from the hearts of God's faithful people.

"I am ready to grant, of course, that, sound as may be the principle now advocated, it must always be modified, more or less, by the circumstances and the grade of ability found in our congregations. To God is due all that is impressive in the compass of science or the power of art. But we must have respect also to the imperfect extent of our faculties and capabilities. Our Maker and Redeemer never expects that which we are unable to render; but he *does* demand the full exercise of our real ability. I have always borne this in mind; and in our own parish you now witness the development of powers which, a year ago, none believed to exist. In less favored parishes the same could not be accomplished; but much more *might* be done than really is done. Much of our best music is remarkably simple; while much of our worst is abundantly difficult. An infant congregation, if aware of this, may begin well; and by making every step sure, soon learn to offer their praises with becoming propriety and acceptable fervor. But I must not dwell on this. My only object, in these remarks, is to quell every feeling of disquietude, and to reassure your confidence by an appeal to your reason, to the whole drift of the sacred Scriptures, and to the emotions which must swell in every Christian bosom. The day will come when 'the whole earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord.' Then shall the song of humanity,

like the voice of mighty thunderings, set forth the gratitude of a triumphant Church. Every valley and hill shall ring with the sound of hallelujahs. Every voice shall be found uttering hosannas to the Prince of Peace. The mountains shall break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field clap their hands; and the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

[The remainder of the chapter is necessarily postponed until our next.]

Editor's Table.

OUR LATE PROVISIONAL BISHOP.—We had just time, in revising the last proof of our last number, to substitute, for a short article that had been printed, announcing the illness of Bishop Wainwright, one recording the melancholy event of his death. We, of course, desire that our pages should contain further and fuller reference to a loss so justly and generally lamented by the Church.

JONATHAN MAYHEW, son of Peter and Elizabeth WAINWRIGHT, was born in Liverpool, England, February 24, 1792. His father, a native of the same country, settled in this country immediately after the Revolution; where he married Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Jonathan Mayhew, D. D., a distinguished Socinian Congregational Minister, of Boston; a strong opponent of the Episcopacy, of which his grandson became an ornament; and who took an active part in opposition to its introduction into this country; having published one or more pamphlets on the subject; and being honored by having Archbishop Secker as his immediate opponent. Dr. Mayhew was a descendant of Sir Thomas Mayhew, the first Governor of Martha's Vineyard, and one of the earliest British settlers in this country. Mr. and Mrs. Wainwright were on a visit to England when their son Jonathan was born; and were detained there until he was about eleven years old. Meanwhile he passed some time at a school, connected with the Established Church, at Ruthin, in North Wales, where he was well indoctrinated in Church principles. On their arrival in this country, he was placed at Sandwich Academy, in Massachusetts, then under the conduct of the Rev. Elisha Clapp, a New-England divine (probably Congregational) of some distinction. Here he was prepared for College; and entered Harvard University; from which he graduated in 1812. His connection with the College, however, did not then terminate. He passed some years there as Tutor, and subsequently as Proctor, and as Instructor in Rhetoric; becoming, during that time, a candidate for Holy Orders.

His father, it is believed, remained firm in his attachment to the Church, and his mother in hers to Congregationalism; blending with it the Socinian doctrines so common among the New-England Congregationalists. Of her entire honesty and sincerity, in thus adhering to the principles in which she had been educated, there can be no doubt. It is believed, also, that she was a woman of strong powers of mind, and earnest devotional feeling. It is a very natural tendency, however, of the uncatholic mind to subject faith, not so much to submission to positive requirement, as to one's own judgment and logical powers—an effect by no means diminished when these are connected, in such a mind, with superior intellectual faculties. Hence, but little attention is often given to ascertain what *are* the positive requirements of the Gospel on the subject of faith; and the judgment—frequently, doubtless, unconsciously—strays into the serious error of following rather what seemeth good to itself. Sometimes an honest mind is thus led to Socinianism, or confirmed in it; or sometimes the same effects are produced in the same way, even to enthusiastic devotion and bigoted exclusiveness, in directions which, though very erroneous, are widely severed from the Socinian. The fundamental difficulty in all such cases is, the unevangelical notion, that a man has a right to choose his own religion, and adhere to that which he thinks the most reasonable, the best fitted to his nature, the most easily understood, and the most approved by his feelings, experiences, and assurances.

It certainly argued not a little for Mr. Wainwright's conscientiousness, his correct understanding of the evangelical and catholic system, and the right direction of his mind, that, in opposition to the cherished convictions of a mother, so fully entitled to, and so faithfully (as conscience would permit) receiving, not only the warm filial affection of his heart, but also his intelligent respect and confidence, he remained true to the Church.

In 1816 he was ordained Deacon by Bishop Griswold, in St. John's Church, Providence, Rhode Island: he being Bishop of the Eastern Diocese—a confederation, then existing, of the several Dioceses east of Connecticut. While in Deacons' Orders, he was removed to the charge of Christ Church, Hartford, Connecticut, where he was ordained Priest by Bishop Hobart, of New-York; who also had then provisional charge of Connecticut—no successor having been appointed to Bishop Jarvis, who died in 1813. Mr. Wainwright was instituted Rector of the Parish, by Bishop Hobart, May 29, 1818.

While at Hartford, August 16, 1818, he was married to Amelia Maria, daughter of Timothy Phelps, of New-Haven. She survives, with eight children, to lament their heavy loss; subjects of a widely-extended Christian sympathy; in which we would respectfully record our own heartfelt participation.

The vacancy in the Diocese of Connecticut was filled in 1819, by the election of the Rev. Thomas Church Brownell, then an Assistant Minister of Trinity Church, New-York. Mr. Wainwright was called to succeed

him in this station, November 25, 1819, and entered at once upon its duties, after having spent about three years in his charge at Hartford.

Soon after the resignation, by the Rev. James Montgomery, of the Rectorship of Grace Church, New-York, Mr. Wainwright was elected to that office. He declined it. The election was soon renewed, and accepted; and he accordingly resigned his station in Trinity Church, January 8, 1821. He remained the faithful pastor of the Parish of Grace Church (then worshipping in their late temple, at the corner of Broadway and Rector street) for about thirteen years—when, in 1834, he accepted a very urgent call to the Rectorship of Trinity Church, Boston. He was recalled to the office of Assistant Minister of Trinity Church, New-York, March 23, 1836. Circumstances, however, preventing his acceptance at that time, the invitation was renewed the following year, and accepted. In this parochial connection Dr. Wainwright (for such was then his proper title, by the act of Union College, in 1823, and subsequently of Harvard University, his *Alma Mater* in conferring the degree of D. D.) continued until his death. The connection in his case, as in that of the Rector, and other Assistants, was equally with the whole Parish, comprising Trinity Church, and St. Paul's and St. John's Chapels. Agreeably, however, to arrangements which had been introduced into the Parish since his first relation to it, the congregation of St. John's was more particularly the subject of his pastoral care.

Dr. Wainwright was a Deputy from this Diocese to the General Convention of 1832; and was a member of the Diocesan Standing Committee every year, from 1829 to 1833; between which and the following Convention he removed to the Diocese of Massachusetts. Having returned to this Diocese, he was replaced on the Standing Committee, in 1844, and continued there by four successive Conventions; when the state of his health required a long absence from the country.

He was Secretary of the House of Bishops in every General Convention, from that of 1841 until his elevation to the membership of the House. In his capacity of Secretary, he was a representative of this Church at the celebration in Westminster Abbey, London, June 15, 1852, of the close of the third Jubilee Year, of that great instrument and agent for the maintenance and diffusion of evangelical and catholic truth and order, against Popery and ultra-Protestantism, the Church of England Society for Propagating the Gospel. That venerable Institution had requested a delegation on this occasion from the American Catholic Episcopate. Our Senior Bishop requested a meeting of the Bishops for appointing such delegation. The Bishops thus assembled appointed Bishops M'Coskry of Michigan, and De Lancey of Western New-York. Peculiar circumstances at the time rendered it doubtful whether they, or any other Bishop, could go, consistently with duty at home. In this event, Dr. Wainwright, the Secretary of their House, was requested to be the bearer to the Society of the resolutions of Christian and Catholic sympathy and respect, passed by the Bishops, and to appear as their representative. It so happened, however, that after he had sailed, Bishops M'Coskry and De Lancey found that they could go. They

went; and truer representatives of our evangelical and Catholic Church could not have borne to the mother Church our bounden tribute of love and sympathy, and evidence of our firm and faithful adherence to the great principles which she has inherited from apostolic times, has restored to their genuineness and purity from the corruptions of Papal heresy, has preserved from the deleterious influence of uncatholic Protestantism, and is now so vigorously and successfully spreading throughout the world.

Notwithstanding the unexpected arrival of the Bishops, great and merited honor was paid to Dr. Wainwright; and he, with them, received from the University of Oxford the high literary distinction of the degree of D. C. L.

Besides these, and other more especially authoritative ecclesiastical appointments and trusts, Dr. Wainwright, both before and after his elevation to the Episcopate, enjoyed, in many ways connected with the promotion of religious, moral, and intellectual objects, evidences of the confidence and esteem of his fellow-members of the Church, and of his fellow-citizens.

He attained to the office of a Bishop in the Church of God in the autumn of 1852. On the first of October he was elected by the Convention of the Diocese of New-York the Provisional Bishop of that Diocese. The canonical provisions for securing the approbation and assent of the several Dioceses and Bishops of the American Church, having been cheerfully and promptly accorded, his consecration took place in Trinity Church, New-York, on Wednesday, November 10. It was remarkable, as being the first Episcopal consecration in this country, in which an English Bishop assisted.* His consecrators were—Thomas Church Brownell, of Connecticut; Francis Fulford, of the British Diocese of Montreal, Canada; George Washington Doane, of New-Jersey; Jackson Kemper, of Iowa, Minnesota, &c.; William Heathcote De Lancey, of Western New-York; William Rollinson Whittingham, of Maryland; Carlton Chase, of New-Hampshire; George Upfold, of Indiana; and John Williams, (Assistant,) of Connecticut.

The only consecration in which Bishop Wainwright assisted was that of Bishop Kip, for the Missionary Episcopate of California.

It would be easy to multiply epithets in describing, personally and officially, such a character as Bishop Wainwright's. Our limits will not admit of such enlargement. It is not necessary. A minister of the Gospel,

* The only other ones, thus far, have been the simultaneous consecrations, October 17, 1853, of Bishops Davis, of South Carolina, and Atkinson, of North Carolina. It appears from the Letters of Consecration, published in the Appendix to the Journal of the General Convention of 1853, that among the consecrators, in these cases, were "George Trevor Spencer, D. D., late Bishop of Madras," and "John Medley, D. D., Bishop of Fredericton." It is a remarkable fact, however, that the names of these Bishops are not published with the *signatures* of those Letters of Consecration, as given in the said Appendix. The discovery of this strange omission has brought to light another. In Bishop Atkinson's Letters of Consecration, as published in this Appendix, Bishop M'Coskry is represented as one of the consecrators, and yet his name is not printed in the *signatures*.

whose posts of duty have uniformly been of such high respectability and responsibility, and so indicative of the confidence, as well as love and esteem, of those in the Church who were best qualified to judge, has his best eulogium in these *facts*. The indications of character which they afford prepare us for the uncommon devotion and activity manifested by him in his short Episcopate—a devotion and activity which were clearly apparent means of bringing on his dissolution. This mournful event occurred, after much anxiety in the Church and the public generally had for weeks been excited by the knowledge of the progress that disease was making on his constitution, on the Feast of St. Matthew the Apostle, Thursday, September 21, 1854.

His obsequies, the notices of him in the various religious and secular newspapers of the day, and the proceedings had, on occasion of his decease, by the Convention of his Diocese, and by sundry vestries, and other bodies furnish proofs of the esteem in which he was held, wherewith we would be glad to enlarge the present article. Our limits, however, forbid. But the facts which we have recorded are the best evidence of his memory's claim to affection and respect, wherever and whenever the pious and reflecting heart would think of what God has done, through the ministry of His Church, for man's best interests here and forever.

OUR LATE DIOCESAN CONVENTION was a sad and solemn gathering. Its members came together with sorrowful and anxious hearts. The acting Bishop of their Diocese had been taken from them in the very midst of his plans and labors—just as they were ready to congratulate him for what he had accomplished, and to give him their help and counsels to accomplish more. At first it seemed to some as if they could do nothing. So thoroughly had Bishop Wainwright thrown himself, with all his energies, into the great work which the Church in this Diocese has before her, and so entirely was he identified with her sacred cause, that they almost felt the Church must stop without him. Indeed, it was expected by very many that the Convention would only meet to pass resolutions expressive of their sorrow, and then, after transacting the necessary business, immediately adjourn. Such a course was advocated by a few. The greater part, however, would not consent to it. They felt as much bereaved; they honored just as much their Bishop's memory; and they considered that it would not show them lacking any proper sense of loss or sorrow, or be in any way mistaken for a mark of disrespect to the departed, if, animated by the same spirit that animated him, they saw that that great work from which he had been called were with all speed resumed. If their lamented father had loved the Church's cause, had counted it far dearer even than himself, and for its furtherance had sacrificed his life, they reasoned that love and reverence for his memory required of all his children and co-laborers that they should not give the battle over, but choose another leader where he fell, and at once push on to win the victory for which he died. If for his

works' sake men esteemed him most, then, reasoned they, let those works go on, and let that holy cause for which he labored be thus advanced to yield the greatest possible degree of good to man and glory unto God.

These sentiments found their best expression in the opening sermon; and so ably did the venerable speaker vindicate their justice and their wisdom, that had there been doubt before, it must have then been dissipated. The text of Dr. McVickar's sermon, (Joshua, i. 2,) as he applied it, seemed to us the key-note, as it were, of all the action which followed. It sounded in the resolutions which were called forth by the Bishop's death. It sounded again in the report of the Bishop's labors. A *Moses*, indeed, was dead. The God-sent leader of his people—the loving missionary of peace and conciliation—the zealous apostle of the united interests of the Gospel and the Church, was gone—gone at the very time when he was doing the greatest service, and seemed to be most needed. But then those cheering words, "Now therefore arise," &c., which followed in the reverend preacher's text, were not forgotten. Their force was felt. Their guidance was obeyed. In the spirit of that peace and unanimity, zeal and energy, which the recollection of the labors and the virtues of their departed leader had inspired, they *did arise*. For they entered at once upon measures to make the Missionary work within the Diocese more united and efficient; and they looked around, and chose a worthy man to oversee and guide them.

The selection of the Rev. Horatio Potter, D. D., we regard peculiarly felicitous. For he is a man, in many respects, like-minded with his lamented predecessor. He will carry out his policy of setting every man to work, and giving no one time to quarrel. His enlightened, and yet conservative Church principles, will compel the respect of those who differ from him—will command the support of those who assent thereto—while his well-known rectitude of heart and life—his dignified and courteous bearing in social intercourse, will commend him to the love of all. He has been far enough away from the strongest and most influential of the Diocese, to have all the advantages of a stranger, and yet near enough, too, to lose none of the admitted dues of one who has ever been at home. He has been no man's rival, and could have been the envy of but few. Moreover, he has abstained from acting any prominent part in the difficulties with which our Diocese has been disturbed—and has never made himself a terror to the weak and fearful, by love for novelties or proneness to eccentric ways. In short, his antecedents are excellent. He was the candidate of all parties and classes, and even those who did not vote for him rejoiced at his election. We are glad to be informed that he is acceptable also to the Bishop of the Diocese, who remembers, with gratitude and pleasure, the expressions of his sympathy and friendly consideration which he has at various times received. May he have the grace to discharge the solemn duties of his office to God's glory—to the saving of his fellow-men! Sons and daughters of the Church, fail not to remember him in your prayers!

THE SUBJECT OF DIOCESAN MISSIONS deservedly occupied a considerable share of the attention of the late Convention. To our mind, by far the loftiest and most eloquent eulogy to the memory of our departed Bishop consisted in the record of his labors in the more destitute, and hitherto comparatively neglected, portions of the Diocese. In one year, four days—and in another five—did the Bishop spend with our worthy Missionary in Herkimer and Otsego counties, giving his counsel and encouragement to him and his co-laborer. How much is involved in this simple statement! What interest, what zeal, what toil and self-denial for a holy cause! Ten

more stations and ten more Missionaries added within the year, and not a hundred dollars more contributed; scarcely five thousand dollars yet received, and a thousand more needed—to pay quarterly stipends of \$37.50 to twenty-seven Missionaries, who make this pittance their main support! These are the facts—and what a wretched story do they tell! One might judge from them that this Provisional Bishop, whose death the whole Church mourns, was in his life-time a most unpopular, or else unnoticed man, who felt an interest in matters which were generally regarded wrong or trifling, and spent his time and strength in useless, or worse than useless, labor.

In return for all the interest, and zeal, and toil, and self-denial, that he manifested, this was the amount of sympathy, encouragement, and help that he received. One hundred dollars more for ten more Missionaries, and a thousand dollars wanting, where there should have been ten times as much in hand. An average contribution of \$25 from every congregation in the Diocese, would pay all that the Committee need to meet their annual obligations; and yet we venture to say, that of the 250 churches in the Diocese, there are several in which 250 members could be named, who might easily make up the whole amount. We know we are not writing for *The Spirit of Missions*—but this is a matter in which all Churchmen, and Churchwomen too, are interested. There must have been far too many rich men's *mites* contributed this year, and a monstrous deal of hypocrisy in Churchmen's professions and in Churchmen's prayers. Suppose that each piece of coin, from the three-cent bit, and upwards, that ever rings upon our offertory-plates, of a Sunday, could tell its own story of the giver—could tell what share it was of his or her weekly receipts and expenses. Suppose a dime, from some fair lady's purse, could say—"I left as many dollars there as I am cents—dollars that cost the owner nothing but her thanks, and will get her nothing but some gay apparel, that she does not need." Suppose a ringing quarter could articulate, and say—"I left a rich man's pocket—I am but one of four-score like me, that form his income, day by day—so many go for his necessities—so many go for business—so many more for pleasure—and when the week is ended, I, I only, am the all that is left, to be laid up in store towards God, and serve for token in the sight of men how He hath prospered my thriving owner." St. James tells us that the *rust* of the much money that men of avarice keep, shall witness against them at the last great day. We fear that the *lustre* of the little that they give will bear but feeble testimony in their favor.

Our Book Notices and Ecclesiastical Intelligence for this month, are necessarily postponed.

Calendar for November.

1. All Saints.
2. Thanksgiving Day—unless some other day be appointed by the Civil Authority: then such day. [The Proper Service for the Day is printed immediately before the Family Prayer.]
5. Twenty-First Sunday after Trinity.
12. Twenty-Second Sunday after Trinity.
19. Twenty-Third Sunday after Trinity.
26. Twenty-Fourth Sunday after Trinity; Sunday next before Advent. [The Collect, Epistle, and Gospel for the Twenty-Fifth Sunday are to be used.]
30. St. Andrew the Apostle.



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No. 12.

SARDIS.

"And unto the angel of the church in Sardis write: These things saith he that hath the seven spirits of God, and the seven stars: I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead. Be watchful, and strengthen the things which remain, that are ready to flee: for I have not found thee perfect before me. If thou shalt therefore, have thus loved, and kept, and hold fast, and keep, I will come on thee, and will sit with thee, and thou shalt not have any more sorrow. They that shall overcome, they shall sit with me upon my throne: they shall have power to overcome the devil, and shall be clothed in white garments, and I will not blot out their names from the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father, and before the angels. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the spirit saith unto the churches."—*Revelation, iii. 1-6.*

This portion of Holy Scripture gives the Christian a peculiar interest in the place represented in the emblem annexed to this number. It was one of "the seven Churches in Asia," to which our blessed Lord, by "His servant John," sent through the Angel or Bishop of each, the short epistles contained in the second and third chapters of "The Revelation of St. John the Divine."

Sardis, sometimes written Sardes, now called by the Turks Surt or Sard, about forty miles east from Smyrna, in what is now known as Turkey, was once the capital of the Lydian Kings, and as such, more than 600 years before the Christian era, of Croesus, proverbial for his immense wealth, and a liberal patron of learned men. His Church and Bishop may well be supposed, from the honor conferred on them of special notice by the risen and glorified Saviour, to have been of considerable size and early period of the Gospel. A sad contrast, however, in the temporal and spiritual distinction it once possessed, is presented by Bishop Newton, in his "Dissertation on the Prophecies,"—"*It is now a dead and learned city, and I forget the way of the name of a city. It is a most sad spectacle, nor can one forbear weeping over the ruins of so great a city. For now it is no more than an ignoble village, with low and wretched cottages of clay; nor hath it any other inhabitants besides the Turks and bootmen, who feed their flocks and cattle in the*

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neighboring plains. Yet the great extent and grandeur of the ruins abundantly show how large and splendid a city it was formerly. The Turks themselves have only one mosque, a beautiful one, indeed, perverted to that use from a Christian Church. Very few Christians are here to be found; and they, with great patience, or rather senseless stupidity, sustain a miserable servitude; and, what is far more miserable, are without a church, without a priest among them. Such is the deplorable state of once the most glorious city: but *her works were not found perfect*—that is, they were found blamable, *before God*; she was *dead*, even while she *lived*; and she is punished accordingly."

In 1678, a volume was published at Oxford, entitled "Travels in the East, by Thomas Smith, B. D., Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford." From it there is published in The Churchman's Magazine, volume 4th, for 1807, "A Survey of the Seven Churches of Asia, as they now lie in their ruins." We avail ourselves of this article for presenting to our readers, in extracts from it, further views of the fallen state of this once great and famous city.

"To the southward of the town, at the bottom of a little hill, the castle lying eastward of them, are very considerable ruins still remaining, which quickly put us in mind of what Sardes was, before earthquakes and war had caused those horrid desolations here; there being six pillars standing, of about seven yards in compass, and about ten in height; besides several vast stones, of which the other pillars that are thrown down were made, one placed upon the other, and so exactly closed in those that stand, as if they were one entire piece, now lying by in a confused heap; the first row of pillars supporting huge massy stones, that lie upon them.

"From hence we went up to the castle. Within the castle we found an inscription upon the chapter of a pillar; by which it appears that it was erected in honor of Tiberius the Emperor, whom Sardes ought to acknowledge as a second founder; he having taken care to repair the breaches caused by an earthquake, and having given it the form of a city again, as Strabo has recorded. Easterly of the castle lie the ruins of a great church." "Into such a sad and miserable condition is this once glorious city and church of Sardes, the metropolis of Lydia, now reduced."

Who was the Angel or Bishop of the Church in Sardis, to whom our Lord's epistle, given at the head of this article, was directed, history gives us no reliable information. The most noted of its Bishops, according to still existing historical evidence, was Melito, after the middle of the second century, and about fifty or sixty years after the apocalyptic epistle was written. He was the author of several theological and philosophical

works ; among which was an able, frank, and fearless appeal to the Emperor Antoninus in behalf of the Christians whom he was persecuting. Of this good Bishop, Polycrates, Bishop of Ephesus, says, as quoted by Eusebius :—" Melito, whose walk and conversation was altogether under the influence of the Holy Spirit ; who now rests at Sardis, awaiting the Episcopate from heaven, when he shall rise from the dead." He was evidently a better and more faithful Bishop than he to whom our Lord's epistle was addressed.

It is pleasant to hope that there were other Bishops, in this ancient church, like this good Melito. The great enemy, however, of good Bishops and good Churches availed himself too successfully of that "infection of nature" which "doth remain, yea, in them that are regenerated, whereby man is very far gone from original righteousness, and is of his own nature inclined to evil;" and in consequence of which, "in the visible Church, the evil" are "ever mingled with the good, and sometimes the evil have chief authority in the ministration of the Word and Sacraments."* "The Church in Sardis," like the other churches honored with these epistles of Christ, fell from its steadfastness, its integrity, and its purity, and became mournfully corrupt. It failed to profit permanently by the kind and solemn admonitions which Jesus had given it, through its too negligent Bishop. It heard not rightly what the Spirit said unto the churches. Therefore "the Son of Man" *came on it*. In His divine authority and power, He used, as God is ever wont to use, His enemies for accomplishing the judicial purposes of His wise and righteous providence. Through the Saracens and Turks, the Church at Sardis, after greatly degrading itself, morally and spiritually, became, a few hundred years after the administration of Melito, the miserable and hardly existent body which now crouches, in utmost privation, beneath the yoke of Turkish dominion.

It may be profitable to consider our Lord's message to this Sardian Church, the neglect of which brought on it His desolating wrath. It appears from the fourth verse that the Church, with the exception of "a few" members, participated in the faults of its Bishop. And such a Church and such a Bishop, it may be reasonably supposed, had a corresponding clergy. All, therefore, who make up a church, collectively and individually, have a deep interest in hearing, seriously and effectually, what the Spirit, through Him who possessed the Spirit without measure, said unto this church.

It is represented as having a name to live, and yet being dead ; making profession without corresponding practice ; hav-

* Articles of Religion, IX. and XXVI.

ing the outward form and show of a church, but lacking that inward spirituality in which alone consists a church's true life, and without which individual Christians are dead to honest consistency of profession, and to the privileges and hopes, for time and eternity, of the religion of which they bear the name.

Good qualities do not appear to have been entirely wanting in it. There were, probably, many *almost Christians*, who had too many lingering cravings for indulgences of the world and the natural man to be willing to give themselves entirely to Christ, in the faithful fulfilment of their baptismal obligations; and yet had conscience enough to avoid gross and hardened sin, although their works were not found perfect before God. They did not *all they could*, but stopped where their blinded and selfish hearts induced them to think they did *enough*. They are exhorted to be *watchful*—to take care lest they continue under this sad delusion until the fatal moment when, their earthly probation closed, they can never recover the possibility of salvation. Whatever good things remained in their character, they were to *strengthen*: unless they did, they must inevitably become weaker; they were even then ready to die. There is no standing still, in partial religion. It must be going towards *entireness*, or it will be constantly becoming less and feebler, until all that can fairly be called religion dies out.

The Sardinian Christians, for their instruction and admonition in the ways of faith and duty thus pointed out, are referred to the spiritual privileges opened to them in their church-character—how they had received and heard—what blessings had been conferred upon them by the evangelical covenant, and what good, and serious, and everlastingly momentous things they had heard, through the ministry of that covenant. On these they were to hold fast, with that earnest faith and devotion whereby alone members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the Kingdom of Heaven, can keep fast and saving hold on the blessings, of which the means and pledges were given them, when, by being baptized into Christ, they put on Christ. If they have failed herein, they are to *repent*; which, in its full Bible-sense, means so to *change their heart and life*, that the things repented of shall be utterly and forever renounced, and their opposites control that heart and life. But this can never be perfectly done, until old things shall have so passed away, and all things so become new, that the member of the church shall find himself removed from its earthly state, and taken to its blessed fellowship in Paradise. Therefore "*Repent*" is an admonition to which even the best of men—and the better they are, the more sensible will they be of it—will ever find it seasonable and necessary to give heed, while the failures, imperfections, and lapses, impurities incident to this probationary state are upon him.

Dreadful is the meaning of the threat denounced against such as profit not by the counsel and admonition of this short but comprehensive epistle: "*I will come on thee as a thief, and thou shalt not know what hour I will come upon thee.*" The Church in Sardis experienced this in full and overflowing measure. Every faithless church, and every faithless member of a church, is doomed to experience it. Whatever *temporal* judgments—and they are often most appalling—may be thus incurred, are but slight presages of the horrible *eternal* punishment written in God's unerring and unchangeable Word, as the recompense of those His enemies who would not have Him to rule over them, in the fulness and purity of the requisitions of His holy religion.

"Even in Sardis" there were a few names, that is, individuals, who had "not defiled their garments"—had not dishonored that *putting on of Christ*, which was the blessed privilege of their being made His disciples, by the holy sacrament of Baptism, ordained by Him for the purpose of making men His disciples. God rarely leaves Himself without witness of the truth and excellence of His religion, in communities professing it, however inconsistent their general character. This increases the guilt and danger of the unfaithful. The example of a righteous few will render more unpardonable the sins of the unrighteous many.

God loves to win by His promises, more than to terrify by His threats. This epistle closes with offers of that infinite and everlasting mercy which will reward the faithful followers of the Lamb. To be confessed, that is, acknowledged, as His, by the blessed Jesus, before His Father, and before His angels, in the final award of the GREAT DAY, will be such a consummation as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive of its blessedness. O that sinners may think in time what will then be their loss—what the dreadful alternative then to be experienced by the ungodly! It is, as yet, impossible for the human mind to form an idea of the utter wretchedness and hopelessness that must be entailed on the miserable beings who incur the Saviour's threat: "Whoever shall deny Me before men"—that is, not so confess Me as I require to be confessed—"him will I also deny before My Father which is in heaven." Then they will be WITHOUT A SAVIOUR!

Never better, than at the close of a year, can such thoughts sink deeply into every Christian's mind.

THE COLD HEART.

CHAPTER III.

No friendly star lighted the wretched Peter to his home that night ; and darker than the black darkness that shrouded everything else from his sight, strode a well-known gigantic figure by his side, and a well-known voice said :—

“It is all over with you, Peter Munk ; all your glory is at an end, and I could have told you, long ago, how it would be, if you put yourself into the hands of that stupid glass-maker ; you can now see how those fare who despise my counsels. But I will not be hard on you. I pity your miserable condition ; no one ever yet repented of following my advice, and I will give you another opportunity of seeking it. All to-morrow I shall be at your service ; you will find me at any hour you like, at any place you will name, in the pine-wood.”

Peter knew very well who thus addressed him ; he wished to answer, but a cold shudder came over him, and he ran hastily home.

When Peter went to his manufactory the next morning, he found his workmen engaged in conversation with three visitors, in whom he recognized a sheriff and two policemen. The sheriff wished Peter a good morning, asked him how he had slept, and then drew from his pocket-book a long bill, which confirmed the poor glass-maker's worst fears.

“Can you cast accounts, or not ?” asked the sheriff ironically ; “come, be quick, for time presses, and I have a good deal of business on hand.”

Peter, who knew he was ruined, desired the sheriff to value his house and furniture. Peter thought to himself, “I am not far from the pine-wood, and since the little spirit will not aid me, I must c'en betake myself to the great one !” He ran to the pine-wood as swiftly as if the policemen had been at his heels. When he reached the spot where the treasure-keeper had appeared to him, it seemed as if he were pulled back by an invisible hand ; but he disengaged himself from its grasp, and continued to run till he had passed the ditch which had formerly saved him from Dutch Michael's fury ; when on the other side he paused to take breath, and ere he had recovered himself, he whom he sought stood by his side.

“So you are here,” said Michael scornfully ; “you are more fortunate than you deserve to be, in escaping with a whole skin. What could you expect else from such a niggardly little fellow as the glass-man ? But all your dealings with him are over. Come to my house, and we will have a little traffic together.”

"Traffic," thought Peter, "what have I got to sell him? Will he have me serve him, I wonder?" However, he said nothing, but followed his guide along a steep, woodland path, which led to a deep cleft in the side of a pine-covered hill. Michael leaped into the gloomy abyss from the frowning crags which encircled its yawning mouth, and assisted Peter to descend, who, on touching the ground, found himself in a dimly-lighted subterranean passage, through the many windings of which his guide conducted him, until they reached a small but good house; into this house Michael led him, and he found himself in a room differing in no wise from those above ground. The large stove, the wooden clock, the broad benches, the kitchen utensils arranged on projecting shelves—all were familiar to Peter's eyes. Michael offered him a seat at the table, on which he placed a flask of wine and a couple of glasses; and whilst they regaled themselves, Dutch Michael related such interesting tales of foreign lands, of magnificent cities and rivers, that Peter could no longer restrain himself, and told his host how much he wished he could thus see the world, and see similar adventures. "Ah! that is very easy to talk about," answered Michael; "but you are a pretty fellow to go seeking for adventures; you, whose foolish heart trembles at everything; and then you have fanciful ideas of honor and the like; what did you feel when you lost your last dollar, and were turned out of the public house with contempt? Doubtless, you felt a great deal; but *where* did you feel? Did it affect your *head*, Peter? And when the sheriff came this morning to turn you adrift on the world, a homeless wretch, did the sight of his cold, calculating countenance give you a *head-ache*? Tell me, Peter, *where* do you feel your woes?"

"In my *heart*," replied Peter, placing his hand on his left side as he spoke, as if to still its throbbings.

"Do not be offended with me," continued Michael, "if I tell you plainly that you have thrown away many hundred dollars on beggars, and such like unprofitable persons; let me now ask you, what did you get in return? Blessings? aye, blessings, and much good did they do you; have they preserved you from want, from sickness, from sorrow? I trow not, Peter; and what do you think of the matter? and what made you so tender to the beggars, so careless of your own prosperity? was it your head, your eyes, your arms, your tongue, or any other of your members? No, Peter, it was your *heart*—your foolish *heart*."

"But what can I do?" asked Peter, mournfully; "I try in vain to master my heart, but in spite of me it throbs and beats."

"I believe you," interrupted his host, laughing. "Poor fellow, you cannot help yourself in this case; but give me the use-

less throbbing thing, and you will see how pleasant life will be without it!"

"Give you my heart!" cried Peter, violently excited. "No, never! why, I should die on the spot!"

"Aye, that you would," answered Michael quietly, "if a surgeon were to attempt to extract it from your breast; but that is not my intention, good friend; compose yourself, and follow me."

Michael rose as he spoke, and, opening a door, led Peter into an inner room.

His heart throbbed more than ever it had done before, as he stood on the threshold and looked around him. The room contained nothing but a number of wooden stands, on each of which was placed a glass box, containing a transparent fluid, whereon floated a heart, a human heart! Each of these boxes was labelled with the name of him whose heart it contained.

Peter read with eager curiosity the name of the sheriff, of Eyekiel the Great, the Long Schlurker, the King of the Dance, and many more of his most envied acquaintances. "Look!" exclaimed Michael, "those who once owned these hearts have cast them away forever! they have done with all the cares and anxieties of life, and right glad are they to have expelled from their breasts so troublesome a guest."

"But what do they carry in their breast instead?" asked Peter anxiously.

"This," replied Michael, handing him *a heart of stone*.

"What!" cried Peter, unable to repress a shudder at the sight. "A heart of stone!" is it not very heavy and cold, Mr. Michael?"

"It is cool, certainly; but what do you want with a warm heart? It is a very *quiet* one, Peter; it never swells with anger, or sinks with fear; it throbs not at grief, nor beats with the sickness of disappointed hopes."

"And is this all you mean to give me?" asked Peter, fretfully; "I came for gold, and you give me nothing but a bit of stone."

"Well, I think a hundred thousand dollars are enough to begin with, and, when they are spent, millions more are at your service."

"A hundred thousand dollars!" cried Peter joyfully; "excellent! give me the stone and the dollars, and here is my heart, with all its cares and troubles."

"You are a wise fellow, Peter," answered the host, laughing in a friendly manner; "come, let us go back to our wine; when we have drunk enough, I will count out the money for you!"

They went back to the sitting-room, and drank until sleep

overpowered Peter, and he lost all consciousness of his situation.

When he awoke, he found himself in a handsome carriage upon the high road; behind him, as a dark speck in the landscape, lay the Black Forest.

At first, he doubted that it could be himself who thus rode in state, richly dressed, and he could not help wondering also, that he felt no regret at leaving his home for the first time. He thought on his peaceful forest life, and on his poor old mother, whom he left in helpless misery; but not a sigh could he heave, not a tear could he drop. "So much the better!" said he to himself. "Tears and sighs, love of home, and fond regrets come from the heart; and thanks to Dutch Michael, mine is cold for evermore!"

For two years he travelled, but in vain did he seek for pleasures; in vain he saw the most beautiful landscapes, the most ingenious works of art. Nature had no longer a hold on his affections; his heart had no connection with his eyes or ears; so fine pictures, sweet music, and the kind smile of friendship's life—the warm grasp of friendship's hand—all passed unheeded by. The only pleasures left him were sensual—eating, drinking, sleeping; so passed his life.

At length he returned home; his carriage rolled over the soft sward, through the long, shadowy vistas of his native forest; his eye once more rested on the tall figures, and honest, friendly countenances of his countrymen; his ear was again met by the sound of the woodman's stroke; everything was familiar to him, and he thought that he could surely now rejoice; but no! he had a heart of stone; and if stone weeps not for sorrow, neither can it laugh for joy.

His first visit was to Dutch Michael, who gave him a hearty welcome.

"Michael," said Peter, "I have now seen the world; but nothing that I have seen has given me any pleasure or satisfaction. That stony thing of yours that I carry in my breast oppresses me grievously. I am never sorrowful, it is true; nor am I ever angry; but then I never rejoice, and I am, to all intents and purposes, more dead than alive. Could you not make this heart of stone a little more excitable? or, better than all, give me back my own?"

The Wood Demon laughed scornfully. "When you are dead, Peter Munk," said he, "you shall have your soft heart again—you shall feel once more; but on earth this can never be! You do not know what you are talking about; you are weary of travelling; but establish yourself at home—marry—use your riches, and you will have no reason to complain of your heart."

The news soon spread through the forest that Gaming Peter had returned richer than he had ever been.

Peter now engaged in the corn trade, and carried on extensive dealings with the poor of the forest, in which he displayed great avarice and harshness. When his customers could not pay their bills, Peter would brook no delay; the sheriff was immediately sent to seize their goods, and turn all families out of doors. At first, this occasioned Peter some inconvenience; for the unhappy beings he had ruined besieged his house—the men entreating forbearance, the women weeping silently, and the children clamoring for bread; but he soon put an end to “this cat’s squalling,” as he termed it, by setting a couple of bull-dogs on his petitioners.

But the most troublesome and incorrigible of them was “the old woman,” who was no other than Peter’s own aged mother. Barbara Munk had long been in great poverty, and forced to subsist on the bounty of some charitable persons; but, when her wealthy son returned, she hoped to end her days in peace and plenty. Her hopes were bitterly disappointed. Peter would do nothing for her. Sometimes, on Sunday evenings, when she tottered to the door of his house, he would send her a small piece of money, by a servant, in order to get rid of her; and though he marked well her pale face, her entreating looks, her feeble, bowed-down form, and thin, out-stretched hand; though he heard her trembling voice, as she thanked the servant and wished his master health and happiness, though her hollow cough met his ear, as she turned in sadness from his door, thinly clad and half starving, nothing could make any impression on his heart of stone! he only regretted that he had spent even the trifling sum he had sent her, on other than himself.

Peter at length determined to marry, but as he intended to make a very prudent choice, he took his time, and went hither and thither throughout the wood, and he might have had no difficulty in selecting a wife from the many fair forest-maidens. But beautiful as they were, not one was beautiful enough for him. He had almost given up his search, when he heard that the loveliest and gentlest maiden in the neighborhood was the daughter of a poor wood-cutter. Timid as she was fair, she lived quietly with her father, and never showed herself upon the green, nor sought to join in the dances and sports which were the delight of the forest youth.

When Peter heard of her, he made up his mind that she should be his wife, and accordingly he took an early opportunity of riding over to the distant hut, which had been pointed out to him as her abode.

The woodman received the wealthy Mr. Munk with no small astonishment; how much more was he surprised when he learnt

his errand! The answer to Peter's gracious proposal was not long delayed; the woodman promised his daughter away, without consulting her, and shortly after, the lovely Lisbeth became Peter Munk's bride.

Lisbeth was young, and youth is ever hopeful; certainly she had anticipated more happiness than she was fated to experience.

Peter was not unkind to *her*, and she might have learnt to love him, but his heartless conduct to the poor around him, especially to his old mother, grieved her more than she could say. When she first entered on her duties as his wife, and as the mistress of his house, she gave away trifling sums to those who stood in need, and never let an aged person pass her door without a refreshing drink. But when Peter found out that this was her practice, and in truth Lisbeth took no pains to conceal it, his anger knew no bounds. "What," said he, "dare you waste my fortune on beggars? did you bring so very much into my house, that you presume to give away what you find there? Let me hear of no more such doings, or you shall feel the weight of my hand."

Poor Lisbeth's tears flowed fast, as she listened to her husband's cruel words; but had she known that his heart was hard, even as stone, Lisbeth would have wept and wondered still more! And now when she saw a beggar approaching the house, she would shut her eyes not to see his want and woe, and clasp her hands tightly to prevent them from unconsciously finding their way to her purse.

One day, Lisbeth sat at her cottage door, looking out on the green-sward that surrounded it, whilst her busy fingers plied the distaff; the forest trees spread far and wide in every direction, but there were openings here and there, and the evening sun was gilding the dark green foliage, and casting lengthened shadows athwart the woody paths; the air was sweet with the breath of flowers, and tuneful with the voice of birds: the lovely weather and the quiet woodland scene had a soothing effect on Lisbeth; her husband, too, was absent from home, and, altogether, she was more cheerful than she had been for many weeks past.

Her light-hearted song was soon interrupted by the appearance of a way-worn traveller; he was an aged man, but heavily laden with a great sack, which he with difficulty deposited before Lisbeth's door, and implored her to take pity on him, and give him a draught of water; "for really," said he, "I am so exhausted, that unless I have some refreshment I shall faint on the spot."

Lisbeth hastened to the cottage, and soon returned with a mug of water; but when she reached the door, and saw the poor old man sitting on his sack, pale, faint, and weary, tears

filled her eyes; perhaps she remembered, too, that Peter was not at home, for she put down the water, filled a goblet with sparkling wine, and carried it, with a large slice of rye-bread, to the poor traveller.

The old man looked at her till large tears rolled down his withered cheeks; he then said in a trembling voice, "I am an old, a very old man; but I have never seen in all my life one who gave so freely, so kindly. You will not want your reward, however: such a heart cannot remain unrewarded!"

"It shall not! the reward is ready," cried a thundering voice, and Lisbeth and the traveller beheld, with equal astonishment and dismay, the flushed and angry countenance of Peter Munk.

"And this is the way you amuse yourself in my absence, by giving away my choicest wine to beggars, and offering my own goblet for the use of vagabonds? There, take your promised reward!"

Lisbeth had thrown herself at her husband's feet; she clasped her hands, and implored forgiveness; but what does a heart of stone know of compassion? Peter seized his riding whip, and, with all his force, struck with its massive handle, the fair forehead of his kneeling wife; she uttered no cry, but sank lifeless into the arms of the dismayed traveller. As he bent over the lovely form to see if life yet remained, the old man spake in a well-known voice, "It is all over, Peter Munk; you have crushed the loveliest and sweetest flower of the forest, and for you it shall never bloom again."

The color forsook Peter's cheek as he answered, "So it is *you*, Mr. Treasure-keeper? However, what is done, is done, and cannot be helped now. I only hope that you will not accuse me of the murder."

"Wretch!" answered the Glass-man, "what would it boot me to bring your body to the gallows? It is not earthly judges you have to fear, but fear him to whom you have sold your soul."

"And if I have sold my soul, I have to thank you for it! it was you who drove me to it, and on you be its blood forever."

Peter trembled at his rashness, as he beheld the changed form of the glass-man, who, in fearful rage, flung himself upon the cowardly wretch, and struck him to the ground.

"Worm!" burst in thundering accents from his lips, "I could destroy you in a moment, and send you to the doom you so justly merit; but for the sake of your dead wife, who gave me food and drink, I spare you for the present. Your punishment will not, however, be long delayed; you cannot live forever; and you shall then repent to all eternity your dealings with Dutch Michael."

It was late at night when Peter Munk was found by some

passers-by, lying on the ground at his own door. It was long ere he could convince himself that all that had passed was dire reality, and no frightful dream, as he had at first supposed.

The deep solitude of his home was oppressive to him. True, he had a heart of stone, and could not feel; but whenever the thought of his gentle wife, murdered by his hand, came across him, he trembled like an aspen leaf; everything seemed to accuse him and make his heart of stone heavier than lead. The tears of the poor that had failed to soften him, the curses of those on whom he had set his dogs, the silent despair of his mother, the blood of the lovely Lisbeth, all cried out for vengeance upon him!

His dreams, too, were very fearful; but when his terror was greatest, a sweet, low voice whispered in his ear, "Dear Peter, seek a warmer heart." This happened for several nights in succession.

Peter's remorse and dread of detection and punishment increased hourly; he felt the voice to be that of his injured wife; he thought much of the punishment threatened by the Glass-man, and at length he determined to follow the gentle spirit's advice and seek a warm heart. He put on his Sunday suit, as he had done in happier days on similar occasions, and went to the pine-knoll. He soon reached the spot; the day was a gloomy one, and, as he stood before the gigantic pine and saluted it as heretofore, no cheering sunbeam broke through the thick branches over head to light up the scene. In a sad, faltering tone, he said—

"O! Treasure-keeper, in pine-wood green
For many a rolling year,
Lord of the shadowy woodland scene,
Show thyself to me here."

Then the little Glass-man came forth from the underwood, but he gave no friendly greeting to the unhappy Peter; he was dressed in deep mourning, his jerkin and hat of black-spun glass, and a long weeper attached to the pointed crown of the latter.

Peter knew but too well for whom he sorrowed. "What is your business with me, Peter Munk?" asked he in a sad tone.

"I have still a wish, Mr. Treasure-keeper," answered Peter with downcast eyes.

"Can hearts of stone wish?" replied the Glass-man; "you have everything your wicked thoughts can desire, and I am unwilling to gratify them further."

"But you promised me three wishes, Mr. Glass-man, and I have still one remaining; will you consent to gratify it?"

"I will, if it be a reasonable one," answered the spirit; "at any rate, let me hear it."

"Oh! Mr. Treasure-keeper," cried the wretched man, "I implore you take this stone out of my breast; give me back my living heart! this is my sole desire on earth!"

"Give you back your heart! did I take it from you? Ask it of Dutch Michael!"

"Ah! he will never, never give it me."

"You make me pity you, wicked as you are," said the Glassman, with a sorrowful look; "and as your wish is the best you could form, I will help you to its fulfilment. Listen and do just as I tell you." He then gave Peter directions how to act, and handed him a little cross of pure white glass. "Michael can neither touch your life nor your liberty whilst you fight him with this weapon; and when you have found what you seek, return again to me."

Peter Munk took the little cross, and set out for Michael's dwelling. He called him three times by his name, and the giant stood before him.

"So you have killed your wife, Peter!" said he with fearful laughter; "if you had not put an end to her, she would have ruined you with her charity; but you must leave the country for a little while; and I guess you are even now come for some money for your journey."

"I am come to deprive you of some of your treasure, certainly," said Peter.

Michael led Peter into his cottage, and handed him several rouleaux of dollars.

Peter counted them over, and said, "Now, Michael, I wish to be convinced that you have my living heart in your possession, and that I have a stone in its place."

"What! is it not so?" cried Michael, astonished; "do you not feel your heart as cold as ice in your breast? can you repent, or feel sorrow and fear? And I assure you, moreover, Peter Munk, that I have your living heart quite safe in the other room in a glass box."

Upon this, the demon, smiling grimly, threw open the door into the inner room, and cried, "Here, Peter, come and see your own heart; does it not beat high? could wax do that?"

"I do not know," said Peter; "but this I know, that that heart is made of some material or other."

"Of course it is made of your own flesh and blood, you simpleton," said Michael angrily; "here, take it in your hand, feel how it throbs, and then doubt if it be yours."

Peter took the heart, pressed it to his side, felt indeed its anxious throbings, and could now rejoice that it was once more in his power.

"Well, how do you feel!" asked Michael anxiously.

"Better than I have felt for a long time, Mr. Michael; and, moreover, I do not intend to part with my heart again, now that I have it."

"I see you do not know me yet, Peter; come, give me back the heart again, if you please."

"Not so, Mr. Michael," cried Peter, stepping back and holding up the little cross; "I have been cheated by *you*, and now it is fairly *my* turn to deprive *you* of what is not yours."

The effect produced by these words was fearful; Michael fell back abashed before the cross; Peter fled hastily from the spot, followed by the ravings and threatenings of the conquered demon.

A fearful storm burst over the forest; the peals of thunder were echoed by the hollow rocks around; the vivid lightning flashed across the narrow path, illuminating the dark recesses and long shadowy avenues of the pine-wood; and the tall trees swayed and creaked in the wind, whilst their outspread branches proved a slight protection to the bewildered Peter from the heavy rain that poured in torrents down. He held on his course, however, and paused not till he reached the base of the hill on which the Glass-man's pine-tree stood.

His heart beat joyfully, but his only cause for joy was, that it beat at all; for memory was busy with him, setting before his affrighted conscience the dark catalogue of his crimes.

He thought mournfully of his aged mother; he forgot not his inhuman cruelty to his poor debtors; but chiefly did he think—and the thought was agony—of the lovely and gentle wife he had sacrificed to his avarice. Large tears rolled down his cheeks, and deep sobs impeded his utterance, as he again found himself in the presence of the Treasure-keeper.

The little man was smoking peacefully, and seemed in better spirits than before.

"Why do you weep, Peter?" asked he; "have you not succeeded? have you still your stony heart?"

"Ah, Mr. Glass-man," answered poor Peter, "when I had my cold heart I could not weep, my eyes were as dry as the thirsty flowers in July. No; I have my living heart again, but it is ready to break at the remembrance of all my crimes."

"Peter, you *have* been very wicked," said the Glass-man solemnly; "wealth and idleness have been your ruin; but, great as your misdeeds have been, there is still hope for you. Remember, Peter, that the cold heart is gone, I trust for ever, and therefore hope for a better mind!"

"I can hope for nothing," said Peter despairingly. "I am alone on the earth; my conscience my only companion, and an accusing conscience gives the guilty soul no rest. My mother

can never forgive my conduct to her; perhaps she may be dead, too, killed by her son's unkindness. And my wife! my Lisbeth! Oh! Mr. Treasure-keeper, all you can do for me is to put an end to my remorse by slaying me on the spot. I pray you, do so, and end my woes."

"What?" exclaimed the little man, turning on Peter a look which seemed to chill the blood in his veins, and in a voice of terrible anger—"What sayest thou? Dost thou seek death? Thou, the miser, the drunkard, the murderer? But, be it so; I will grant your request. My axe is hard at hand."

"O mercy! mercy!" shrieked Peter in agony of terror, "I thought not what I said; O spare me, spare me! I am unfit to live, but more unfit to die!"

"No, no," cried the Glass-man, "it is too late now; you have asked for death, and you shall die. I will be trifled with no longer."

"Spare me but for a day!" exclaimed Peter, throwing himself on his knees.

"Why should I spare you?" asked the Glass-man with a bitter sneer; "you spared not Lisbeth."

"But half a day, then, that I may spend it in prayer?"

"No, nor a quarter of a day—no, nor an hour—no, nor a quarter of an hour. Come, bare your neck for the axe!"

So saying, the Glass-man went behind the pine-tree, and was lost from sight. Peter continued kneeling on the grass, offering up such prayers as rose to his lips, and thus awaited his death stroke. Oh! the agony of those few minutes—for they were minutes, though they seemed like years—while the Glass-man was absent!

When those minutes were past, Peter heard light footsteps behind him. He groaned bitterly—"Oh that I had been wise! oh that I had listened to advice! Oh that it were not too late now to show my contrition!"

"I am come to slay you, as you desired," said the Treasure-keeper. "Will you not give me a farewell look, Peter?"

Peter had closed his eyes to escape the cold, shimmering brightness of the descending axe. He now opened them, and lo, it was not the form of the old Glass-man on which his eyes first rested. A sweet, youthful countenance smiled on him, and a well-known aged face looked tearfully at him.

"My mother! my wife!" cried he. "Lisbeth, do you yet live? Mother, can you forgive me? Oh! this is too much, far too much."

"All is forgiven and forgotten by *them*," said the Treasure-keeper. "But if I spare you at their prayer, it is because I have hopes that you will henceforth be a different man. I grant you life; take heed you do not abuse the gift. I grant you life,

but it is upon the condition that you set yourself in earnest to the task of reformation. You have been greedy and sensual: now you must mortify your appetites. You are by nature covetous: now you must labor hard, and give a portion of all you earn to the poor and needy. You have neglected to pray: take heed that one night in every week—the night of the same day in which you attempted (and, but for my intervention, would have taken) your wife's life—that one night in every week, from year's end to year's end, you spend in prayer at the top of yonder mountain. And now farewell; but take heed that you trifle not with the Treasure-keeper!"

Then he disappeared, and Peter, whose penitence was sincere, became the master of himself and the conqueror of his evil passions; and often, during the remaining course of his humble but pious and peaceful life, did Peter say, "It is better to be poor and contented with poverty, than to be rolling in riches and possess a COLD HEART withal!"

ADVENT.

Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion: shout, O daughter of Jerusalem: behold, thy King cometh unto thee.—Zech., ix. 9.

LET us, then, at this season of Advent, go forth to meet Jesus, like the multitudes, on His entry into Jerusalem, with the sincerity of disciples, with the innocence of children. Let us, like them, cut down the "branches" from our trees; those worldly vanities and carnal affections, which, like luxuriant boughs, must be lopped off and cast under the feet of this heavenly King, by stooping to His holy discipline. Let us, too, "spread" our hearts, as "they their garments," that every faculty, and every thought, may be subject to His dominion; and labor to adorn the body of this mystical Head, the Church and doctrine of Christ. So shall this clothing of flesh, which must shortly be put off, be resumed again with joy; and, from a "vessel of honor and sanctification here," become His attendant and companion "into the heavenly Jerusalem." So shall we be qualified to bear our part, in the most exalted sense, of these hymns and acclamations; and, in that day of salvation, shout forth with gladness and thanksgiving unspeakable, "Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord;" yea, blessed be He that cometh, not to suffer, but to reign; not to redeem, but to recompense. Hosannah to the Son of David!—*Dean Stanhope.*

ST. JOHN AND THE ROBBER.

A TALE FROM HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.

A CONGREGATION of Christians were assembled together in the church of a small town near Ephesus, and the Apostle St. John, the disciple whom Jesus loved, now an aged man, stood in their midst to preach to them the word of life, to administer the holy sacrament of the Lord's Supper to the faithful, and to invoke the Holy Spirit upon a band of newly baptized Christians, by the laying on of hands with prayer in the solemn rite of confirmation.

Among those who knelt before him was a beautiful and lovely youth, who interested him so greatly, that he immediately addressed himself to the presbyter, who officiated in the congregation, in these words :

"Before Christ and this congregation, as witnesses of the solemn act, I intrust this youth to you."

"I accept the trust," replied the pastor, "and will watch over him and instruct him, as a child of God, to remember the vows of his baptism, and to walk in the footsteps of his Saviour."

"Amen," responded the Bishop fervently ; and then turning to the youth, he laid his hands upon his head, and raising his eyes to Heaven, prayed aloud in words like the following :—

"Defend, O Lord, this Thy servant with Thy heavenly grace, that he may continue Thine forever, and daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more, until he come unto Thy everlasting kingdom."

The congregation, after the services, retired from the sanctuary, and the Apostle and presbyter alone remained.

"Thou wilt remember," said the Apostle, "the charge I have given thee this day, for my heart yearns over that young soul, snatched from the delusions of idolatry and dedicated to the living God."

"I will do all in my power," answered the presbyter, "God being my helper."

"When I visit this place again," continued St. John, "I will inquire of thee concerning him."

When they parted, the pastor took the youth into his own house, and the Apostle, having blessed them both, continued his journey through the neighboring country to ordain elders and to form congregations.

CHAPTER II.

AMONGST the many arduous engagements and duties of his ministry, the pastor, after a time, relaxed in his care and watchfulness towards the youth. Impelled by the natural violence of

his temper, and too early freed from the restraints of discipline, the latter fell into a snare laid for him by his former companions, and renewed his intimacy with the heathen around him. For a long time he struggled against the warnings of conscience, and resisted again and again the strivings of God's Holy Spirit vouchsafed to aid and strengthen him in the path of Christian obedience. But he neglected prayer, ceased to examine himself by the light of God's Word, and at length absented himself from the sanctuary, where he had once felt it his privilege and delight to attend. Casting off all restraint, he joined himself to a band of reckless young men who were accustomed to rob those who travelled by night. He left the house of the Christian pastor, and despairing of the grace of God, as he was to share the fate of his companions, he was ambitious of distinguishing himself by something great. He assembled his companions, and forming a band of robbers, became their leader, and soon surpassed them all in bloody deeds and scenes of violence.

After some time St. John again visited that town. Again he stood up before the assembled Christians, and preached to them most tenderly and fervently of the love of Jesus. Among the many familiar countenances of those who hung with breathless interest upon his words, he saw not the bright and beautiful face of the youth for whose spiritual welfare he felt so peculiar a concern. So when his sermon was ended, he said to the pastor :

"Return now to me the pledge with which I and the Saviour intrusted thee in the presence of this congregation. I demand the youth of thee again, and the soul of that brother."

The aged pastor sighed deeply, and replied with tears,

"He is dead!"

"Dead?" asked the disciple of the Lord; "and what disease did he die of?"

"He is dead to God," replied the old man; "he has become a robber. Instead of the Church, he now occupies a mountain with his companions."

The Apostle, on hearing this, tore his garments with loud lamentations, and smiting his breast, exclaimed :

"O, to what a guardian hand have I intrusted the soul of my brother!"

Then kneeling down, he offered up solemn words of prayer for the ignorant and all who had gone out of the way, and besought God to arrest the youth in his apostacy, and to bring him back to the fold of Christ.

And all the congregation, touched to the heart by the sad story, and the deep grief of the Apostle, responded with tears, "Amen."

CHAPTER III.

THE day was about to close when the aged Apostle approached on horseback the precincts of the camp of the robbers, in the obscure recesses of the mountains.

Worn down by fatigue and the infirmities of years, the holy purpose of his heart, the rescue of the apostate youth, gave him strength and animated him with courage to face the many dangers to which his lonely journey exposed him.

As he was near the residence of the outlaws, he was seized by the guard, who expected that he would make all the resistance in his power rather than suffer himself to be made a prisoner. But instead of attempting to fly at his approach, he exclaimed,

"For this very reason I am come: bring me to your leader."

Unterrified by the dark looks and threatening array of the band, he followed the guard with firm step to the presence of their leader. The latter awaited him in full armor, but when his eye rested upon the meek and pale countenance of the Apostle, he arose, full of shame, and attempted to fly from his presence.

Forgetful of his age, the Apostle followed him to an antechamber, and falling prostrate before him, exclaimed:

"Why dost thou flee from me, O my child? Me, thy father, an unarmed old man? Take pity on me, my child! Be not afraid of me! There is yet a hope of life for thee. I will account for thee to Christ; I am ready to die for thee if it be necessary, as Christ has died for us. I am willing to give up my life for thee! Stand, and believe that Christ has sent me!"

The robber, when he heard these words, at first stopped with downcast eyes; he then threw away his arms, and began to tremble and to weep bitterly. When the old man approached, he embraced his knees, and with great lamentations asked his forgiveness, conferring on himself, as it were, a second baptism by these tears: his right hand only he concealed. But the Apostle assured him, in earnest and touching words, of the forgiveness of his Saviour: he entreated him, and throwing himself on his knees, he kissed his hands, which had become clean, as it were, by the purifying of repentance. Thus he led him back to the congregation, and prayed so earnestly with him, and to such a degree wrestled with him in fasting, and so admonished him, that he could finally return him to the Church as an example of the change of disposition, and genuine regeneration.

THE contributor of this little story has copied it, almost in the language of the author, from the writings of St. Clement, a learned and holy presbyter of the Church of Alexandria, who flourished about one hundred years after the death of St.

John. He calls it "a true story, concerning John the Apostle, which has been faithfully preserved in memory." The lesson which it teaches is worthy of being treasured up in every heart. Although no inspired Apostle is near the young readers of the Magazine, to watch over them and instruct them, they have still all the privileges of the Gospel and the Church of Christ, and the eye of the "Great Shepherd and Bishop of souls" is always upon them to see whether they improve or abuse their great privileges. He has commissioned His ministers, the successors of the Apostles, to speak to them in His name; to watch for their souls as those that must give account. At the great day of account, pastors and people, old and young, shall all meet together, face to face, before the throne of God. Christ will then demand of the ministers of His Church, "Where are the souls which you were commissioned to train up for my kingdom in the skies?" Of how many of you, dear young readers, shall they be privileged to say, "Lord, here are we, and here are they whom Thou hast given to us to be our glory and crown of rejoicing throughout eternity?"

J. W. B.

CHRIST'S RESURRECTION.

"Risen with him through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised him from the dead."—Col. ii, 12.

LET us remember that Christ is risen; but let us remember withal, that they only will have comfort of His rising who are thus risen with Him. The great revolution of the whole world, its second and better creation to immortality, began at Christ's resurrection. But if we have no part in it, by reformation and a new life, we are of all men most miserable. Our Prince and King hath overcome indeed "the sharpness of death; but it is to believers" only that "he hath opened the kingdom of heaven." And such believers are only they who prove their faith by their works; and to those he hath given sure comfort, such an one as "neither tribulation, nor distress, nor even death" itself can rob them of. For, since their "Redeemer liveth, they are certain that though, after their skin, worms destroy this body, yet there will come another day, when in their flesh they shall see God."—Job xix: 25, 26. Whom God grant us to behold and to see ourselves, that is, for our own unspeakable and everlasting happiness, through Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Dean Stanhope.*

Blessed is the soul that heareth the Lord speaking in her, and receiveth from his mouth the word of comfort.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

DR. STERLING AND HIS CHOIR.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM STAUNTON.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Rev. WILLIAM STAUNTON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S. for the Southern District of New-York.

CHAPTER XII.

Approach of Christmas—Preparations for the Festival—Sketch of the Music selected—The Celebration—A Scene in Church—A new Speck of Rebellion—The Doctor girds on his Armor—His Address from the Chancel—Ruminations in the Study—Fears—Hopes—The Triumph of Principle, and the Reward of Perseverance.

(Continued from page 693, wrongly printed 686.)

DR. STERLING now felt that, whatever might be the reception given to this admonition, he had done all that lay in his power to give success to the enterprise on which, months ago, the choir had embarked. When evening came on, he retired to his study, not without feelings of depression, mingled with the joys inspired by the season. What would be the issue of the rebellious conduct of Nelson and Hardcast, he had not yet been able to discover. The event itself was enough to pain him deeply. Its extraordinary nature, its publicity, its air of defiance, the ease with which it might be construed into a result of tyranny in his administration of the affairs of the parish, and the possibility that it might create a rallying point, not only for a revival of old jealousies, but for the calling forth of the latent sympathies of the disaffected, were reflections well calculated to give fearful strength to the anxieties and apprehensions of an ingenuous mind. He reviewed with care his whole course of action, from the time when the first step was taken, in removing the abuses which had grown up in the choir, and in impressing on the congregation more correct views of the nature of Divine praise. He examined the *motives* which had led him to this course of action,—comparing them with the unerring standard of duty, and endeavoring to detect any subtle element of frailty which might have mingled with his heartfelt desire to minister to the honor of God alone. To this close and rigorous analysis of motive the Doctor was urged, from a consideration of the numberless trials and obstacles which he had met in carrying forward this work of reformation—trials, which more than once had suggested to him the thought, that they might possibly be signs of disfavor, which a higher power had sent, to admonish him of some imperfection in the sources of his zeal. But the bitterness of such thoughts passed away, when, after earnest scrutiny, he could not detect the presence of any motive which had interfered, except very transiently, with his supreme desire to ad-

vance the glory and praise of that holy Being, to whose service his life was consecrated. It was a thought which resolved all difficulties into trials of his fortitude, and proofs of faithfulness to duty,—and eventuated in the establishment of that perfect confidence, which, after so many overcloudings, was now about to meet its full and grateful reward.

"To God be the praise!" was Dr. Sterling's exclamation, when he found by intercourse with his endeared flock, during the week following the delivery of his address, that trouble was no longer "hard at hand;" for the spirit of peace had come even upon the timid and the wavering; "the voice of joy and health was in the dwellings of the righteous;" and the last spark of unholy fire had flickered, and finally died out, in the temple of the Lord. No longer now were Christian men to "rob God" of His praises, and bring for an offering "the halt and the maimed." The truth, at last, had flashed on every mind, that the Church on earth was designed to be an image of the Church in heaven,—the anthems of the one, an earnest of the eternal chorus of the other. This idea took possession of every heart, giving a new impulse to devotion, and affording a new and high encouragement to faith and ardor. And, as time swept along, the services of the Church grew daily more inviting; for the *rationale* of the entire Liturgy gradually displayed itself to men's understandings, and then took their affections captive. So will it ever be. To those who are not acquainted with the deep secret on which the Liturgy reposes, that Liturgy will often appear cold, dull, and stiff, as polished mechanism. Indeed, that it should ever appear otherwise may be almost accounted a mystery. That it fails to take instant hold on the souls of men, is no subject of wonder. It is easy to trace it *verbally*, from beginning to end, and through all its windings, as many do,—who then congratulate themselves on having mastered the routine of the Prayer-Book. A "routine" they have surely mastered, just as devotionally as school-boys master and run through the paradigm of a verb. The Liturgy does not expose *everything* in paper and print. Its philosophy lies deeper. It has a foundation "whose Builder and Maker is God." It has hidden roots, which pierce and spread far below the aspiring trunk, the waving branch, and the shining verdure, which meet the glance of every eye. Admit this, and you account at once for the strong attachments of some to the Church, and the slight affinities by which others are connected with it.

In bringing our story to a close, we shall now quietly pass over a space of nearly two years, and re-introduce the reader to our quondam friends, Edmund Nelson, and his fellow-remnant, Job Hardcast. It would seem that Job—like James Bullfinch—had some little pride of musical talent, which had

not escaped offence when his lot was with the Church. The extent of his proficiency will be duly appreciated when we state, that he had passed two quarters and five weeks, many years ago, under instruction at a country singing-school, where the stiff, mechanical system of those times flourished in all its glory. And besides this, he had been at a further expense of some nine or ten dollars in finishing his musical education. It was, therefore, no very pleasant thing "to be slighted," as he said, "by a man like Mr. Larigot, who was nothing at all but a mere organist." However, to make amends for this, he soon attained a position in the Presbyterian choir, which afforded him a fair opportunity of exhibiting his merits and vocal acquirements; and, Sunday after Sunday, he might be seen in the front gallery, most laboriously and energetically delivering himself in those homely strains, whose primitive structure almost induce the belief that the first groan of their existence was heard in the days of New-England witchcraft.

But, as it happened, Job's course was not destined to be perfectly smooth among his new friends. A dangerous feud sprung up between him and the proprietor of a certain "little fiddle," which had long been in use as a support to the singers. Job contended very stoutly that the instrument must, in all cases, be guided by the voice, and not the voice by the instrument. This the man of the bow was unwilling to grant, even for a moment. Job persisted,—for he was a man of decision. The controversy waxed hot, and became personal. At last the musician declared that, even if it were *right* for the instrument to follow or be governed by the voice, yet it would be quite impossible for any man, though he were a Paganini or an Ole Bull, to follow *Job's* voice, through all its quirks, and false intonations, and breaches of time.

This stupendously wicked assault drove Job from the gallery at once, wounded to the quick, at the reception of so base a thrust at the perfection of his judgment, and the worth of his vocal accomplishments. It was bad enough to be affronted by an *organist*; but alas! what could equal the disgrace of being snubbed by a *fiddler*? Job, therefore, retired to a post in Edmund Nelson's pew; and afterwards assumed a look of great pensiveness, as if deeming himself a flower nipped in the bud; or an incipient martyr, whose merits would be better understood by some future and wiser generation.

But, even this was not all. There were more evils yet to come,—more trials fast hastening on, to disturb the repose of these unfortunate victims of pride and self-will. The Presbyterians and their choir had, by some means, caught some portion of that spirit of improvement which showed itself in St. Michael's; and, to the horror of Mrs. Nelson, and the confusion

of poor Job, a subscription had been opened, and was rapidly filling up, for the purchase of an organ,—a committee had been appointed to select the instrument, to provide for its erection, and to procure the services of an organist, without loss of time.

With the organ, came in a new and better style of music, resembling, in some respects, that which was heard in the Church, but still considerably below it in rank and effect. Neither Nelson nor Job could endure this with becoming patience; for they had not counted on the probability of such a step being taken, nor were they prepared to meet so heavy a blow at their peace. Their feelings soon became irritable and discontented. They found themselves exposed to greater annoyances, on the whole, than they had suffered before their separation from St. Michael's. A singular restlessness and anxiety grew upon them. They were distressed, and ill at ease, without knowing precisely on what grounds. The religious atmosphere began to seem less peaceful and pure than they had anticipated. They had suffered passion to lead them astray on a point of secondary consideration, and had acted most rashly in consequence of it. Even the Presbyterians, to whom they had loosely attached themselves, had no reason to value the new-comers. They had acted without principle, prudence, or reason; and were now reaping the bitter fruits of their folly.

For several weeks they now cut themselves off from intercourse with all religious societies, remaining at their homes on the Lord's Day. But this could not last long. The thought of retracing their steps came seriously before them. But there was a hard struggle to be met. Pride and shame were fearfully at work within them. Once more, and for the last time, they sought quiet by wandering from one place of worship to another; and they returned without the relief for which they were pining. There was something yet wanting,—“an aching void” to be filled in their throbbing hearts; and in the household of faith alone could they see a remedy for their troubles. Every successive day brought them new proof of this; and, at last, Dr. Sterling had the satisfaction of hearing their declaration that, after flitting from place to place, and finding no rest for the sole of their feet, they had now come, with humble submission and sincerity, to plead for a re-admittance into the ark of Christ's holy Church.

THE END.

MYSTERIES IN MY PARISH.

BY REV. J. H. INGRAHAM.

No. III.

(Concluded.)

THE church of which I am Rector is a dark, stone-colored, Gothic structure, of the mediæval style, with pointed windows, turrets, and lofty gables, in shape cruciform. It is in a natural grove of live oaks, above which its symmetrical spire points to heaven like a finger, ever elevated, and directing my parishioners to their home above.

Not many yards from my church, south, and in the same grove, is the Rectory : also a Gothic edifice, in the old fashion of the Church, from which only a green lawn separates it. From the piazza of my library I can walk, under the shade of the foliage of these majestic trees, to my vestry-room door. The whole has an air of quiet, domestic peace, and religious seclusion, that is very congenial with the character of my mind, which loves retirement rather than the sunshine of the open out-door world. Such is my home—and the house of God, at the altar of which I serve, from Sunday to Sunday.

Not far from the Rectory, on the south side of an inclosed green, studded with fine forest trees, stands a long range of tenements, twelve in all ; but covered by one extension of the roof. This row of dwellings is but one story high, and the roof, projecting far over on each side, forms a sort of porch along the whole line of tenements, sheltering the doorways and windows from the sun and rain. Behind each tenement is a small garden and wood-yard ; and in front of each a little green yard, fenced off from the street, which is sometimes ornamented by the taste of the occupant of the house, with little gravel walks, flowers, and shrubs.

This range of houses is known by the term “ Widows’ Row,” an appellation which clearly expresses its use. It was a charitable work, a labor of love of some Christian ladies, of various denominations. With money collected by them this Widows’ Home was erected, and furnished with such “ comforts” in the way of furniture, bedding, and cooking utensils, as would make it a suitable abode for the persons whom it was destined to relieve. And these were poor and destitute widows, who had no means of support ; and of such widows the cities of the land are full.

At the period to which my Diary refers, these houses were all occupied, and chiefly by the aged and infirm. It was a privilege to pay them a visit, to witness their gratitude to those who

had provided for their old age this shelter from the cold world ; to see the neatness of their apartments, and witness their looks of serenity and peace. With them the storms of life had passed, and they had reached a haven of rest. Sometimes, when I would drop in about the time of meals, they would insist on my taking a seat at their little and lonely board. There were two or three who were too infirm to go out to church, and as they were pious women, sanctified by much suffering in this naughty world, I held prayer-meetings in their rooms, inviting all the other inmates of the Row to be present. For this privilege they felt the profoundest gratitude, and those evenings are bright places in my parish work.

From these widows I have heard stories of years of struggles with life. Their lives were a volume of human experiences, some of them strange and unusual. Ah, what wickedness had conspired to bring one of those aged, white-haired widows to that place of charity ! Once, she who sits alone by her table and her hearth, with none to care for her but the benevolent, once she was a lovely bride ! once a mother of nine children ! husband, children, were all gone from earth, and she is alone. But her children's children live, and one of them, who dwells in a stately mansion, on a fashionable street, in another city than this, and who is a director in a bank, and an owner of stocks, got all, house, position, money, by fraudulently drawn papers : and she, whom he robbed, the mother of his mother, was left destitute, and would have perished for want of food, but for the extended hands of the ladies of this Society. They gave her a home, and shelter for life, beneath this long, low roof, over which angels hover, if they visit and linger on earth. The aged widow retains still traces of former remarkable beauty, in the fine color and shape of her hazel eyes, and in the symmetrical nose and mouth. Her manners are polished by intercourse with the society she once moved in, but they are sweetened by Christian humility.

Among these widows were those who had been deserted by unthoughtful children, who, emigrating West, heartlessly left "the old folks" behind, to be dependent on the charity of the world. One of them, who was living in her son's house, awoke one morning to find the house deserted, and herself left alone, to the tender mercies of charity. One of the widows has two daughters married, and one son ; but she does not know where they are. Such desertion of aged parents, by sons and daughters, is not rare in this country. To a great portion of the poor the fifth commandment is a dead letter.

Among the inmates of the "Widows' Row" was one whose romantic history I found of sufficient interest to transfer to my Diary, though each inmate of that benevolent Home had her

story of "life's trials," which would have made a volume of painful interest—recitals of sins and persecutions, desertion and frauds, cruelty and dishonor—of sufferings, and woes, and destitution.

The widow of whom I speak had come into the Row on Saturday night, and the following Monday, being on a visit to one of the inmates, who was an invalid, she said:—

"There is a stranger taken the next room, sir."

"I am glad to know it," I answered, "as you will have a neighbor."

"Yes, sir; but I hope she will not suffer and take on like the other occupant—who is now, I hope, at rest, where there is no pain," said the invalid, sighing.

The other occupant alluded to had been long afflicted with a painful disease, and a few weeks before had sunk under her troubles, dying a sincere and pious Christian, and rejoicing in spirit, to leave her racked body in the grave, and take on her spiritual body, which disease and death can never hurt.

"What is the name of the new-comer?" I asked.

"Mrs. Limerick, they say. She seems to have seen better days, sir. She looks so proud and lady-like!"

After leaving the apartment of the invalid, I knocked at the door of the stranger, it being my custom to visit all the widows once a month; and I wished to ascertain if she needed anything which I could add to the narrow comforts bestowed by the ladies of the Committee.

The door was opened by the widow, whose air and carriage were so evidently superior to her present state of dependence, that I regarded her with intetest and curiosity, as she invited me to be seated in one of the old chairs, high-backed, basket-bottomed, which the room contained. Her age could not have been above fifty. Her figure was stately, and yet her manner subdued, if not humble. Her eyes were jet black, very handsome, and full of a soft light. Her face was finely shaped, with a perfectly rounded chin, and her throat was superbly formed. Her height was a little above the usual tallness of her sex, and the whole form was graceful and lady-like. Her hair was very black, like her eyes and brows, and here and there showed a silver thread of approaching age. Her face was colorless, and an expression of suffering and sorrow deepened its lines. Although her dress was a very humble, faded black gown, and her occupancy of a house for charity showed her destitution and want, yet I felt that I was in the presence of a lady who had moved in the most cultivated walks of society, and associated with the most refined and educated persons. Her hands, those indices of rank, were beautifully shaped, and though thin, were still strikingly pretty. On the fourth finger of the left hand was a plain gold ring; and about her neck, hung to a ribbon,

which held a pair of iron spectacles, was a broken ring, the two parts tied together by a piece of green silk, and suspended to the ribbon.

"You are a clergyman, sir?" she said, partly interrogatively, and partly affirmatively, bowing, as she spoke, with grace, and speaking in low, sad tones, but of great sweetness of cadence.

"Yes, madam, and have taken the liberty to call and pay my respects to you, as my custom is, and to assure you that if in any way I can be of assistance to you, you have only to send me word."

"You are very kind, sir. I shall want nothing. This place seems to afford all the comforts I require. It is, indeed, a secure and peaceful shelter, after the storms I have passed through." She spoke sadly, and perhaps bitterly, I thought.

"You, also, have had your sorrows and trials, madam?" I said inquiringly.

"Few women more, sir," was her reply, in a very emphatic manner. "But I will not intrude myself upon you, sir; nor will it be of use to any one to recur to the past. It is sealed up with its wrongs and tears, to be opened only at the last day, when all that is now hidden shall be revealed. You are very kind to call upon me, and I thank you for your sympathy."

While she was speaking the door opened, and a fair young girl of thirteen or fourteen summers entered, saying, "Ma, I have got the first prize to-day!"

But upon seeing me she stopped, confused; and then, smiling, as if at her own enthusiasm, bowed and spoke to me with self-possession and grace.

"This is my daughter, sir," said the widow. "She is my only joy in this world. She attends the public school, and is there doing as well as if I had a fortune to spend upon her education. Such an institution is a blessing to this city."

Anne, for such was the lovely daughter's name, though dressed simply in calico, had an air of refinement and a thorough-bred carriage that could not but strike the most indifferent observer. Her eyes were blue, her hair a golden brown, and flowing in shining masses about her neck, her form symmetry itself, her voice gentle and musical.

"Have you been baptized, Anne?" I inquired of the little maiden, after some conversation with her upon her studies.

"Yes, sir, when I was a babe, mamma says."

"By the Archbishop of——," also answered the mother, with a slight air of pride.

"Then you have seen the Archbishop?"

"Often. He was a frequent guest at our table, during a few months' sojourn of my husband and myself near ——. He was a cousin of my father's."

"Then you have indeed seen better days than the present," I remarked, surprised to find an inmate of the humble "Widows' Home" thus claiming kindred with this eminent prelate.

"Anne, dear, you may go to Mrs. Du M. with this embroidered ottoman cover, and she will pay you six dollars for it."

The young girl left upon her errand; and then her mother, as if she had sought this opportunity to speak with me, unheard by her child, said—

"Yes, sir, I have seen better days. I am the wife of the Earl of A—a. Your face expresses surprise and doubt, reverend sir, but it is nevertheless true. You shall hear my story, so that after I am dead you may see that justice is done my child."

THE STORY OF THE OCCUPANT OF NO. 7, "WIDOWS' ROW."

"My father was an English baronet of wealth, and a member at one time of the House of Commons. At the age of eighteen I was taken with him up to London. I was presented to the queen, and entranced by the brilliancy and fascinations of the gay world into which I had been so young introduced. My father was proud of my personal appearance, (for I was then called beautiful, sir,) and would give dinners only for the pleasure of having me preside and be seen by his titled friends. The Earl of A—— was one of these guests. He was many years my senior. I was captivated by his marked attentions. He proposed for my hand and was accepted, and we were married in St. George's Chapel. My father's ambition, as well as my own, was perfectly satisfied by this distinguished matrimonial alliance.

"At the close of the season my husband took me to his noble residence far from London. I was happy in his love, and in the honors of my high position. Five years elapsed, and nothing had crossed the peaceful skies of my domestic peace. I was the mother of a lovely babe, and believed I had the heart of my husband. But now approached that storm which, sooner or later, darkens the zenith of all terrestrial joy; for on earth? 'nothing is on one stay.'

"From some cause which I could never exactly comprehend, it became necessary for my husband to defend the title to a large portion of a recently purchased property, and in succeeding, ruined the defendant. This led to a public revelation of a most dreadful nature, which overthrew all my happiness, and dishonored me in name and rank. It appeared that, two years before my marriage, the Earl had met with the daughter of a half-pay officer whose beauty ensnared him, and he was induced to enter into a secret marriage, on condition that the fact should never be divulged so long as a certain part of his income was settled on the lady, who was to reside permanently in France.

"The person who had lost the estates recovered by the Earl had been his agent in transmitting the payments to his wife in France ; but, owing to the suit at law, the agent was replaced by another. The former, however, who was well acquainted with the modes of transmission, and who was party to the Earl's secret marriage, contrived to stop the remittances for more than a year, in hopes to bring about the result which followed, viz., the publication of the secret marriage.

"The fact could not be denied, and being legally proved and confessed, also, by the Earl, I became at once repudiated, humbled, and outcast. Instead of having been an honored wife, I had been holding a position (though ignorantly) of crime and shame. When I fully comprehended my situation, I refused all proffers on the part of the Earl of A—— to be dependent on any bounty at his hand ; but, gathering up a few articles in a handkerchief and some jewelry which my father and mother had given me, I took my little girl by the hand, and secretly, by night, left the roof of my dishonor. I sought shelter in the abode of a faithful, good woman, who fully sympathized with me. Her son was master of a small coasting sloop that ran once every two weeks to Liverpool. On this small vessel I embarked, and on the fourth day found myself alone and unknown in that great city. By the kindness of the young sailor I got passage on one of the American packets ; for all I wished was to place the wide ocean between me and the scenes of my disgrace and sorrow.

"After a long passage, the ship arrived in New-Orleans ; and with a few pounds in money and a small value in jewelry, I went on shore with my little one—we two now all the world to one another. By the kindness of the captain I was directed to a respectable boarding-house, where, under my maiden name, which I still wear, I took lodgings until I could look around to see what I should do as a means of support. I found all avenues of employment crowded. I sought a situation as a teacher of music or French ; but having no recommendations, I was unsuccessful. To whom could I refer ? The past was a blank to me. At length the epidemic began its ravages. It seized upon the inmates of the house, five of whom died in two days. I and my child were also taken, and carried to a hospital. By God's goodness we recovered ; but I was discharged without any means of support. My money and jewels had been removed with my clothing, and we had nothing but a plain gingham dress each, which was bestowed upon us in charity when we left the hospital.

"But, sir, I weary you. After suffering for want of food and rest for two days, I succeeded in finding a little work in a French shop. They paid me twelve dollars for one week's la-

bor in transferring. Into this shop came a woman who was purchasing for her store in Mobile. She invited me to come with her, and she would pay me for as much such work as I could do. I accepted her offer. But I had not been here five days before she was taken ill and died of fever, contracted while in the city. I was now thrown upon my own resources. The climate enervated me, and I was thrown into a state of nervous suffering, which rendered me helpless. By the kindness of a clergyman, the Rev. Mr. M——, I was provided with nurses and a physician, and my daughter placed at school. When I recovered, being feeble and broken in body and spirit, the kind ladies of the "Widows' Home" offered me their shelter. I am able to do something for my support, though my eyesight fails me with late night work. I have but one thought now, sir, holding possession of my heart, which is, that I may soon be safely sheltered in my home in heaven. It is for this I daily wait and pray, for earth has now no hold upon me. My child I will leave to God's care, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. Pardon me, sir, for keeping you so long."

I was deeply interested in her recital; but I could not fully credit it. But subsequent events showed that it was far from being incredible, and that her narrative is perfectly true.

She is now dead—at rest, I trust, in that home for which her broken spirit sighed. No one who heard her story gave it credit, perhaps, besides me. In derision she was called "The Countess," by the other dwellers in the "Row."

Her daughter is now, by the kindness of friends, at a distinguished boarding-school in Tennessee. I have said that subsequent and recent events confirm her story. Five months ago appeared in the English, and copied into many American papers, the following announcement:—

"Deceased, at N—— Castle, the Earl of A——, after a brief illness. This is the nobleman whose two-fold marriage, some years ago, created such sensation throughout the country. Both of his wives are dead; at least, it is reported that his repudiated Countess died of the plague in America, whither she retired after the *éclaircissement* of a first wife's existence."

That the stately "widow" of No. 7 "Widows' Row" was the discarded Countess of A——, there is no reason, therefore, to doubt.

CREATOR SPIRIT, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every pious mind;
Come pour thy joys on human kind.
From sin and sorrow set us free.
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

OBSERVANCE OF THE EMBER-DAYS.

BY THE REV. CORNELIUS R. DUFFIE.

As the Ember-Days of the Advent Season are now close at hand, it is incumbent upon the members of the Church, especially under the peculiar circumstances in which she is now placed, to remember and perform the duty which she requires of them on those days of Fasting and Prayer; a duty which she deems so important as to have set apart three days in each of the four seasons, for its more especial performance.

That duty, as all properly informed Churchmen are aware, is the offering of *prayer to God in behalf of those who are to be admitted to Holy Orders.*

Since, however, some of the readers of this Magazine may, perhaps, be ignorant of the origin of these fasts, and of the reasons for their appointment, a brief account of them, explanatory and historical, from Wheatley's valuable "*Illustration of the Book of Common Prayer,*" will not be out of place.

Speaking of the "original, antiquity, and reason of these four Ember Fasts, and the fixing the ordination of ministers at those times," he says that "they are certain days set apart for the consecrating to God the four seasons of the year, and for the imploring His blessing by fasting and prayer upon the ordinations performed in the Church at those times; in conformity to the practice of the Apostles, who, when they separated persons for the work of the ministry, prayed and fasted, before they laid on hands. It is true, at the first planting of the Gospel, orders were conferred at any time, as there was occasion: but as soon as the Church was settled, the ordination of ministers was affixed to certain set times, which was the first original of these four weeks of fasting."

They are called *Ember-weeks*, (as some think) from a German word which imports *abstinence*; though others are of the opinion that they are so called, because it was customary among the ancients to express their humiliation at those seasons of fasting, by sprinkling ashes upon their heads, or sitting on them; and when they broke their fasts on such days, to eat only cakes baked upon the embers, which were therefore called *Ember-bread*. But the most probable conjecture is that of Dr. Mareschal, who derives it from a Saxon word, importing a *circuit* or *course*; so that these fasts being not occasional, but returning every year in certain courses, may properly be said to be *Ember-Days*, i. e., *fasts in course*.

The reasons why the ordination of ministers is fixed to these set times of fasting are these: first, that as all men's souls are

concerned in the ordaining a fit clergy, so all may join in fasting and prayer for a blessing upon it: secondly, that both Bishops and candidates, knowing the time, may prepare themselves for this great work: thirdly, that no vacancy may remain long unsupplied: lastly, that the people, knowing the times, may, if they please, be present, either to approve the choice made by the Bishop, or to object against those whom they know to be unworthy; which primitive privilege is still reserved to the people in this well-constituted Church.

The special prayers appointed to be used during these weeks are very suitable to the occasion and purpose, and those persons who are in the habit of attending the week-day services of the Church, have doubtless often joined in them. They are to be found among the "Prayers and Thanksgivings upon several occasions." And it is a subject for regret, that they are not in all churches used on the Sundays of the Ember-Weeks, as well as on the Ember-Days themselves, that so those who are prevented from attendance at other times, may still be reminded of their duty, and have the opportunity of offering their prayers to God in His holy House, for His blessing on those to be ordained. This is evidently required by the Rubric, as one or the other of the two prayers is directed "to be used in the weeks preceding the stated times of ordination," and not only on the Ember-Days themselves.

But enough has been said as to the nature of these days, and the object had in view by their appointment. All must pronounce their observance a wise, and pious, and salutary requirement of the Church. It only remains, therefore, to urge all to improve these days to the end designed.

In the opening sentence of this article, allusion was made to the peculiar circumstances of the Church at the present time. They are not only *peculiar*, but *alarming* to all friends of the Church and of religion. While the country is increasing in population at a rate unexampled in history, the Church adds scarcely more than enough to the ranks of her clergy to make good the annual loss in their number. So far from keeping pace in her ministry, with the growth of the nation, or even with her own growth in lay members, she does barely more than replace those whom she loses by death, so that her actual increase is only about thirty or forty a year. And not only are the ordinations now few, but, what may well fill Churchmen with concern for the future, they will, according to present prospects, be fewer still hereafter.

The number of candidates for Holy Orders, instead of increasing with the wants of the Church, and her growth in other respects, is becoming smaller and smaller every year. One would imagine that our parishes, large and small, in the city and coun-

try (in some of the former of which may be found one or two hundred young men), would average one candidate for Orders for every two congregations. This certainly would be a reasonable expectation. Having about sixteen hundred congregations, this would furnish eight hundred candidates for Orders. But how stands the fact? From the Journal of the last General Convention (1853), it appears that twenty-four dioceses, which reported the number of their candidates, had then one hundred and seventy-six; and allowing that there were some in the six dioceses which made no report as to this particular, the number in all cannot then have been much over two hundred.

Assuming that the candidates pursue their preparatory studies for three years, this would give an annual addition to the clerical force of less than seventy, to place against losses by death and other causes, such as old age, or infirmity of mind and body. Meantime, while this is the only increase to be looked for, unless larger numbers should unexpectedly apply for admission, there are thousands of souls who might be brought into the Church, had she but the men to send forth and gather them in. Many, weary of the distractions and changes of dissent, its departure from the old standards, and surrender of what even its own founders regarded as the fundamentals of the faith, are longing to have the Church brought to them, that they may find rest in her peaceful ways and her unchanging creed.

Others, even the irreligious and the infidel, might be reclaimed if the Gospel were but made known to them, in its simplicity and integrity. For "how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear, without a preacher? And how shall they preach, except they be sent?"

The fields are white unto the harvest, the harvest is plentiful; but the laborers are few.

The Macedonian cry is heard from every part of our rapidly growing West, "Come over and help us." The question is everywhere asked by the Bishops, and by all who feel any zeal and interest in the extension of Christ's kingdom and the salvation of mankind,—What shall we do to supply this want of men? Whom shall we send, and who will go for us? And almost none are found to present themselves to the Bishops, to be commissioned for the work, saying, "Here am I, send me."

Into all the causes of this alarming deficiency we cannot now enter. It may be that young men are driven from all thoughts of the ministry, dispirited and almost in despair, by the fear of a condition in it little removed from starvation; and this, not so much for themselves, as for their families. For it cannot be denied, that the support given their clergy by the people is, in the vast majority of cases, terribly inadequate; and, considering the wealth of the members of the Church, disgracefully small.

But not to treat of this, let us speak of another duty of the laity, one which is more closely connected with the present season.

If they would see the Church rejoicing in more candidates and more ordinations; if they desire her to have an adequate body of clergy, men fitted by talents, learning, and, above all, by Divine grace, for their important work, *they must pray for them*. They must ask God to raise up such men in abundance, and to bless their labors with success. And if they do pray for their clergy, for those to be ordained, and that others may be inclined to devote themselves to the ministry, they will support them. Their hearts being interested in those for whom they pray, they cannot withhold their wealth. Prayer, then, is the great means by which the wants of the Church, and the needs of the perishing millions who know her not, are to be supplied. This, too, is the divinely ordained means. Our Saviour, when He said, "the harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few," might have supplied the laborers by His own omnipotence. But yet He bade His disciples, "*Pray ye therefore* the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth laborers into His harvest." As if the supply were made conditional; dependent on their prayers.

Let, then, all the members of the Church bear this in mind. Let them make this both a constant subject of their prayers at all times, and the special one at the approaching appointed season.

It may be, that the present scarcity of ministers to do the work of the Church, and of the Church's Lord, is owing to our having restrained prayer before God. And as a just punishment, if this duty be still neglected, we may yet bring down upon our heads the woe denounced of old: "Behold the days come, saith the Lord God, that I will send a famine in the land; not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of *hearing the words of the Lord*: And they shall wander from sea to sea, and from the north even to the east; they shall run to and fro to seek the word of the Lord, and shall not find it."

Thus may the evil return upon the heads of the now flourishing portions of the Church, those who have the ministry and means of grace, but are indifferent to their extension to those who have them not. The voice of the Church will soon be heard calling us to the performance of our duty in this matter. Yet with the full knowledge of her need, and of the appointment of these special days, that this need may be supplied, how few observe the Ember-Days as they should—as she intends! How few observe, or even remember them at all!

But prayer is not the only means to be employed. While we pray, we must also act. While we ask God to raise up laborers, we must do what we can ourselves towards furnishing them.

Parents, especially, have here a duty to perform. This Magazine, doubtless, circulates in hundreds of the families of the Church. In those families there are hundreds of the young children of the Church, her hope for the future. They are now growing up, and being trained to act their part as men hereafter. Let the heads of each family, then, ask if there is not one of their sons fitted by natural abilities and disposition, and who might be qualified by Divine grace, to be a minister of God to his fellow-men, and win souls for Christ and heaven, and who only needs to have his thoughts directed to the ministry to embrace the idea, and devote himself conscientiously to the needful preparation. Let them remember that God works by means, and that a parent's prayers, influence, and exertions, are most important means, and will be blessed. Let them pray for the increase of the ministry at this Ember season. And while they pray, let them influence their own sons for God. Let them pray that God will accept the dedication of the choicest of their own offspring to him, as He did that of Samuel, the child of prayers, of old; that He would incline the hearts of their sons to the ministry of His Church.

Instead of inculcating on their young minds only the idea that they must seek for an advantageous position in the business of this world, and make haste to be rich, let them place before them the necessities of the Church, of the world, of the souls for whom Christ died, and dwell upon "the high origin, the salutary tendency, the awful duties and responsibilities, and the rich rewards of the Gospel ministry."

Each one now deploras the need of the Church, and looks around at a distance for its supply; but why not look at *home*, and see if there are none qualified, or who by God's grace and blessing might be qualified, for the priesthood *there*? Begin early, too, to place this idea before the youthful and susceptible mind, before the world and the desires of worldly ambition have taken possession.

Nay, let even the Christian layman of mature years, engaged now, it may be, in some business or profession, or living in leisure; let him, while he prays for an increase of the ministry, ask himself, May it not be *my* duty to minister before God and to my fellow-men in the sacred office? Have not *I* the qualifications thus to serve God, to His glory and the edification of His Church? And if, after meditation, self-examination, and prayer, he feels that he can be useful in the ministry, let him, like St. Matthew, leave "the receipt of custom," abandon his money-making, or his enjoyment of wealth and leisure, and follow Christ as His ministering servant.

Some of the best and most devoted and successful ministers whom the Church has ever had, have been those who, in middle

age, have turned from the business of this world to the sacred office, which was more congenial to their character, disposition, tastes, talents, and piety; and for which, it was evident to others, (before, perhaps, they would admit it to themselves,) they were eminently fitted by nature and grace.

The influence which the clergy themselves might exert over the pious and talented youth of their respective congregations, or over older persons whom they see wasting their energies in secular pursuits, when they have qualifications adapting them for usefulness in the ministerial office—this opens a wide and suggestive topic of remark. But the proposed limits have already been far exceeded. The clergy, it is hoped, are alive to their duty on this point; and this article will probably meet rather the eye of the laity.

In conclusion, then, may not the hope be expressed, that all who may read these thoughts, hastily thrown out, on this important subject, will bear that subject in their minds, both in their prayers and in the education of their sons?

The Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday after the thirteenth of December, are the Ember-Days of this season, which, this year, will fall on the 20th, 22d, and 23d inst.

Let, then, the members of the Church attend her services on those days with the performance of the duty she then requires, especially in their intention; and those who cannot thus attend, make the increase and success of the ministry the subject of their prayers at home. Let all pray to the Lord of the harvest, not only that those about to be ordained to any holy function, may worthily execute their office to the glory of God and the benefit of His holy Church; but also in the words of the Collect for the Sunday previous, being the third Sunday in Advent, that all "the ministers and stewards of His mysteries may likewise so prepare and make ready His way, that at His second coming, we may be found an acceptable people in His sight," and that it may please Him to send forth many more laborers into His harvest.

The united prayers of the whole Church, showing that we are in earnest, must prevail with God to the raising up of an abundant supply of able, faithful ministers. God, even our own God, shall give us His blessing.

The Lord will give the word. Great will be the company of the preachers. Kings with their armies; Satan, with his angels and all his host, will flee and be discomfited; and they of the household of faith shall take the spoil, even precious souls, rescued from error, ignorance, infidelity and vice, "plucked from the destroyer's hand."

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EXPERIENCES OF LIFE.

BY REV. J. J. NICHOLSON.

CHAPTER XIII.

BATH, situated in Somersetshire, England, about one hundred and ten miles west of London, in a beautiful valley, through which sweeps the River Avon, is said to be the best built and one of the most attractive towns in our mother-land. It is a town of antiquity, but became important in comparatively modern times on account of its mineral springs, and for many years has been a noted summer resort and the permanent residence of numbers of the wealthy and higher classes. Here, in days gone by, dwelt Richard and Jane Grantner. Richard Grantner had been a prosperous merchant in London, and a man of prominence in the commercial enterprises of that great city; but having amassed a large property, he retired from business, and selected the beautiful town of Bath as the home of his declining days. Devoted members of the Church of England, living for the good of man and the glory of God, this pious couple descended to the tomb, leaving after them a memory which yet lives in the traditions that have come down from their day, and the generations that succeeded them yet rise up and call them blessed.* In a fast age, forty or fifty years seems a long time for "the memory of the just to be blessed." Ah, how soon are the pious, the holy forgotten! Even the tombs that contain their sacred dust—the consecrated ground that holds their ashes—how are they rudely assaulted, or desecrated by the grasping hand of this money-seeking, mammon-worshipping age! There is no time to dwell on the past. The past is slow. Throw over the mantle of obliviousness—sound the whistle—ring the bell—give us steam—we must away—away! There is no time for rest, for reflection, for meditation—no time to look up towards eternity, to count the sands of life as one by one they drop from our hour-glass. No—no time. Talk to us about the present; the past is obsolete—the future is in the womb. *The present*, that is ours—ours for gain, for pleasure, for excitement, for gold. Give us gold, or we die! Ah, we live in an *earnest* age about everything of *time*; but, alas! we are not in earnest about *eternity*. We want the spirit of the nobleman who, from the depths of his soul, cried out, "Sir, come down, ere my child die!"—John iv., 49. Here we see the real man's heart, not in any half-way work, but whole-souled, gushing and running out in deed and in truth! And is it not even so with man, when he undertakes a work that he *intends* to accomplish? Run your eye through

* We mean, to be had in reverence by their descendants.

all the avenues of life, and see if you cannot point out the men who are going to succeed in their undertakings; and who are they but your earnest men? They who lay their shoulders to the burden, who go to work with spirit, and help themselves along by their own indomitable efforts? All men are ready to help them who help themselves. But take a mere drone—one who trifles, dilly-dallies with his work, goes at it half asleep, half awake—who moves along as though he aimed at nothing, expected to accomplish nothing—and what is he set down to be worth? Just nothing. He is accounted a trifle. No one is willing to incur the risk of helping him. There is no time for experiments. He has no credit in the world. His note in the money market is no better than a piece of blank paper. It is so the world over. Men have keen, sharp eyes everywhere, and a mere trifle is worth nothing. He is of less account in this fast age than the airy bubble which the boy blows from his pipe, and which dances awhile in the air reflecting the sunlight, and then bursts asunder and is gone, for that affords some childish pastime and amusement; but a mere trifle cannot lay claim even to that.

This, you say, is all true. And yet we see not that we need the same deep earnestness in *spiritual* things. We are dying, and our sons and our daughters are dying. The plague is rife among us. We must arouse and be aroused from our pleasing dreams. Our perishing souls must be held up before us, sickening and dying for the healing medicine which Christ alone can give, and which He hath commissioned His Church to dispense. But, alas! we will not have it; we will not cry out for it. And yet the day of the Lord cometh; the night is approaching, in which no work may be done. The Apostle hath written, "For that day shall not come, except there come a falling away first."—2 Thess. ii. 3. Ah, this is an awful prophecy; and how is it fulfilling at the present day! What a lamentable departure do we behold from the faith, as with one heart and mouth it was held and professed in the early Church! And oh, how sadly have mankind called Christian become lovers of themselves rather than of God! Some deny the divinity of the Son of God; some, the Sacraments of His appointment; some, the unity of the Church; some, the endless punishment of the wicked, (forgetting that, in the nature of the case, the *character* formed in this life must endure forever.) Some reject *all* mysteries; others cannot have mysteries enough without manufacturing them. Some have itching ears, and run after the fables of heresy and schism. Some profess without practice. Is it a word of theory? How many listen to it gladly! Is it a word of correction and reproof? How many turn away from it and harden their hearts! Give us smooth things, they say—delec-

table diet for the mind ! Let us not hear of the rigors of repentance, or strictness of life, or soundness in the faith ! Every man must go to heaven in his own way ! Do not all men act so in the things of this life ? Would you tie every man to your notions ? No—we will be free. Give us not *teaching*, but tickle our fancies. We have not time for prosy dogmatizing, it is too slow for us. Give us pretty prayers and pretty preaching. Abuse sin as much as you elect, but let us alone. It is not applicable for us. Let us dream on—sleep on ; our dreaming is sweet ; our sleep is glorious. Sound not in our ears that terrible sentence, “Awake, thou that sleepest !” And so, as the Apostle foretold, there is a falling away. The world called Christian is rocked in a cradle of ease, and, like a sleeping infant, is fretful when it is aroused. Let us sleep on—rock on. Sing to us a lullaby. Give us soft music and gentle whispers. But the blast of the trumpet will come, and that lullaby will be over—the dream past and gone. “Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light !” “The night is far spent, the day is at hand.”

Richard and Jane Grantner had but two children, a son and a daughter, who succeeded to the fortune of the father. Mary Grantner, at the death of her father, who outlived his wife but a few years, was a sprightly, flaxen-haired girl of ten years of age. Her brother Richard was her senior by twelve years. On the death of the father, the management of his estate devolved on Richard, who was also by the father's will the guardian of his sister, Mary. After the first sharp affliction of the death of the last of his parents had measurably subsided, Richard Grantner placed his sister at a reputable school which at that day was conducted at Cheltenham by the venerable Dr. Gnout. Here, the youthful Mary grew up under the watchful eye of her preceptor and his excellent family. Dr. Gnout had grown gray in the service of training the daughters of England, and many are the venerable matrons who now in their age adorn the English Church and the “doctrine of God their Saviour,” who reverence the memory of this noble man, and sanctify it in the eyes of their children. Every good influence, every holy exercise was here brought to bear on the youthful mind and heart, to expand and train them for time and eternity. In the bosom of this pious family had Mary Grantner grown to woman's estate. For eight years she has been accustomed to look up to Dr. Gnout as her father, and to his venerable lady as a mother. His children were as her own brothers and sisters. But now the time has arrived when these ties must be broken in upon. The young must, by an absolute necessity, go forth into the world to shape, under God's overruling providence, a destiny for them-

selves. Richard Grantner was expected the next morning to convey her to her childhood's home—to meet, for the first time, the strange faces that lighted up her father's old mansion. Richard had been married for some years, and now the old halls rang again with the merry music of laughing voices and prattling tongues. That night, at an earlier hour than usual, Mary retired to her chamber. Her heart was full, too full to enjoy the society of her kind friends. Indeed, a heavy gloom seemed to pervade all countenances in that hitherto happy family, for Mary was a universal favorite, and loved by all the family as a daughter and sister; and there, in her own quiet chamber, she knelt before her God and poured out her soul in prayer for strength and grace to meet her lot in life, and now to go forth into the world, no more a girl, but a *woman*, to fulfil a *woman's* duty, and move in that sphere of usefulness which seemed about to open before her. Ah! sorrow is the portion of all hearts here below, especially of those who bear the cross. Unto it were they baptized when they were "made members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the Kingdom of Heaven." They were baptized into the sufferings and sorrows of the Son of Man, that they might also be partakers of His joys and crown of glory. We would not dry the tears of that young girl who is about to go out into the world to meet its realities,—and especially in the case of Mary Grantner, for there is yet a mightier sorrow before her. She had been in her room above an hour when the arrival of her brother was announced; and she would have hastened down to meet him, but before she could assuage her tears, he clasped her in his arms in her room, and together they wept in joy and sorrow, and mingled their tears in one. Drawing her to a seat, he said to her—

"Mary, I have sad news for you—not, however, so much for you as for myself—but I know that what concerns me will also concern you."

"Oh, brother, do tell me what it is! I hope, dear sister, whom yet I have never seen, but whom I love for your sake, I hope nothing has happened to her or your sweet little Bessy and Bob! I have been so sad all day, that my heart has been nearly breaking!"

"No, my dear sister, nothing of that sort; Bessy and Bob and dear Maggie are all well! But, Mary, your brother is a ruined man! You know, Mary, that I have never been able to say 'no,' that I have always felt obliged to do all the good that I could; that I could never endure to see one of our friends or relatives stand in need of a helping hand without stepping forward to their aid. Cousin Robert, you know, was driving a large business in London; and for the last six years, I have been in the habit of giving him my name and becoming security for him.

Robert has failed, and I am penniless. I do not censure him. He is as honest a man as the world can produce. I had, you know, unbounded confidence in him, and my confidence does not swerve a hair's breadth. But he has failed through the failure of others, and I am a beggar. All my property will not pay half my liabilities for him."

"Brother, this is indeed sad news, but my heart is lightened of a heavy burden. Our happiness does not depend on wealth. We can be as happy in poverty as in wealth. We cannot, indeed, do as much good, but so much will not be required of us."

"My sweet sister, you are to me like another angel of mercy. My own dear Maggie consoles me in the same way. I know it is right, and I bless God for giving me grace to bear my trial, and two such godly and sympathizing friends and companions as yourself and my own Maggie. With your sympathy and encouragement, I feel that I can breast the wave. But ah me! how can I stagger through that overwhelming debt, or see the name of old Richard Grantner dishonored in London, where it passes as the sign-manual of all that is upright and honorable!"

"The name of Richard Grantner shall not be dishonored as long as I have a cent on the earth—I would beg my daily bread first!"

"God bless you, my sister! But it will take every dollar we both are worth to meet my liabilities for Cousin Robert."

"Take it, then. And if that will not suffice, here is my jewelry, as far as it will go. Never, never shall the name you bear be dishonored if I can save it. Poverty is no disgrace, and I welcome it, if on such terms it is to come."

"But ah, my noble sister, I must insist on your not making such a sacrifice. Your property is all safe and secure. And you must not beggar yourself on my account. I can buffet it through the world. But you! I can never bear to see brought to so hard a struggle for my sake. You have never yet buffeted your way in the rude world. No, sister, I love you too well."

"Ah, you do not know me. It is true I have never known a want. But I am a woman, and your name and fame are dearer to me than dollars and cents. Perish the thought! I know it will be a sore trial to us both to see our dear old homestead and all our father's toils go into the hands of others. But what do you suppose he would do? Ah, I know full well. And if, in Paradise, he can know aught of earth, my deed will meet his approbation. No, I can meet all. Fear not for me. If need be, I can come to toil—yea, drudgery and poverty—anything, but disgrace on our father's name. This is the lesson he taught us when his locks were silvered over; this the milk which we drew from the breasts of our sainted mother. This the loving teaching which for eight years I have received beneath this hallowed

roof. And I will be true to it. I will not forsake you, brother. Your lot shall be mine. And if you love me, say no more in opposition to my course."

In a twelvemonth, the magnificent estate of the Grantners was gone. The debt of their Cousin Robert was liquidated, and a few hundred pounds remained. In the spring of 18— Richard Grantner, his wife, two children, and his sister Mary, bade farewell to their native isle, and sailed in a packet-ship from Liverpool to the New World of enterprise and activity. . . . Mary Grantner became the wife of William Wallace, and is the veritable mother of that little Agnes whom we met under the lamp, and whose story has entered into our former pages. We are writing from life. And life, as we have said before, runs often in crooked paths. And we have seen that Mary Grantner met her pledge. We have not dwelt on all her story. There is a chasm between her marriage and the evening that we found her in that paneless upper story. Over this we pass, as it is not the main part of our design to give her history. But she fulfilled her high pledge to her brother—she met toil, and drudgery, and poverty, without murmuring, believing that it came from God, blessing the hand that sent it, and looking up to Him for strength to bear whatsoever He sent. A sister's endurance, a mother's love—ah! there is nothing like these on the earth. Treasure them, whoever thou art that hast them. They are jewels, always bright and sparkling, but most so when our days are dark and friends are few. Nobody loves us as our mother. No one sympathizes with us as our sister. Ah me! I had a sister once—but she is gone—the tall grass waves over her grave—her pure spirit dwells in the Paradise of God. She died, leaving two babes, two innocent little cherubs, but two years apart in age. They never knew their mother. A frail, youthful, and lovely flower—oh, how soon was she nipt by the icy hand of death! And those little babes are now a prattling boy and girl—but they know not their uncle. They water the flowers over their mother's grave—that is all they know of her—she sleeps so quietly there. But they yet shall see her and know her. Yes, in their Father's home above there will be no more death, no more parting. Train them, Father, in their Spiritual Mother's bosom, and they will not be long separated. They will go to her, and angels shall introduce them to their Mother. Nay, she will know them, for God hath not given us affections to be forever blighted. No, no, no—"we shall all be satisfied when we awake with His likeness."

I saw her not in death—duty called us into different spheres and fields. The last time I saw her, the parting broke my heart. She clung around my neck, bathing me in tears—I tore

myself from her, never more to see her in this life. The white-robed priest, a kind, good brother, knelt at her side while her pure spirit went to meet its God. "My brother! oh, that I could see my dear brother!" were among her latest words. Sleep on, blessed one—thou art in peace, and thy brother is yet struggling on, doing our Master's will. In His own good time we shall meet—and then, the time will have been short—"a thousand years in Thy sight is but as yesterday, seeing that is past as a watch in the night."

And then to be far, far away from home and friends, and receive a mother's letter! Ah! there is a joy in this which all cannot appreciate. Hear how she writes: "Though you are far from me, I must try to be resigned, and commit you all to an all-wise God, who will ever be over those who *trust in Him alone*; for 'vain is the help of man,' and all things below are unsatisfying. I shall try to write more cheerfully, though it would be unnatural for me not to *feel*—and that you will admit, and think me more than callous if I could do so—for my thoughts will follow you, and not always painting scenes that are brightest. A mother will, as long as life lasts, fondly cling to her children—yea, in death. . . . It is cold, cold here; a snow lies on the ground, while, no doubt, you have spring weather—some beautiful flowers out, too, I expect. Dear —, you must press me the first pretty bunch, and send it in a letter; I will keep it for your sake, and fancy you in the sunny South. . . . Half past twelve o'clock. No letters! sad news for me. Still I hope on till to-morrow. But Sunday intervening seems to speak home to the soul; then all week duties are laid aside—the heart holds even a nearer and more holy communion with its God; then, if possible, far off and absent ones seem brought nearer. When we kneel in prayer, all the loved ones are remembered; memory is set free from all that is earthly, and then we can bear them more fervently to the throne of the Lord in our prayers. . . . Sing, sometimes, the songs you used to sing, dear —, for me; and, when spring comes, our voices may mingle in the air together. Tell me what you'll sing at a certain hour of the evening, and I will sing the same, at the same hour; though far away, there can be communion of thought and feeling. You used to love 'When the swallows homeward fly.' For your sake I sing it, and often think of you, and apply many of the words to myself."

Ah! our dear mother! It may be she may come and see us. Come on, mother, come on!

NELL ENGLISON;*

OR, THE STORM AND THE SUNSHINE.

CHAPTER I.

THE sun was setting as Nell Englison left her cottage door and sped away, with the swiftness of an arrow, over the broad meadows that lay between her home and the pleasant little village of Elmwood. Afar off she could see the spire of the village church, burnished with the golden sunlight, rising over the wood, while the river that swept the meadows on the south lay like a broad silver mirror, imaging the landscape in its untroubled waters.

Nell Englison was a sweet little girl of twelve years, the only child of her widowed mother, who sat at the cottage window and watched her motions as she bounded over the meadows.

"Bless her merry young heart," said Farmer Hodge, as Nell passed him with a smile and a courtesy, and then went on singing like a summer bird—"The God of the fatherless bless her—bless her"—muttered the farmer at intervals, until he found himself beneath the cottage window.

"Good evening, widow," he said—"whither goes our little Nell at this time of day?"

"Her brother George is at the village, and she goes to bring me tidings."

"How heard you that?" said Farmer Hodge, appearing not at all satisfied with the tidings.

"He sent us a message," she replied, "by the miller's boy."

"You were wrong, widow!" answered the blunt old man, "in letting her go—and to *him*;—pray heaven no harm befall her!"

"Harm"—echoed the widow—"what harm could happen to her?"

"Pray heaven there be no harm," repeated the old man more anxiously, as he cast his eye towards the western horizon, where dark heavy clouds were gathering—"But we shall see. I shall be returning to the village in half an hour, and will ask after the child."

Farmer Hodge passed on, and Widow Englison, laying aside the work upon which she had been employed, bent over the humble casement of the cottage window and began to watch the clouds anxiously in the west. A brilliant belt of light, of golden and purple hues softly intermingled, yet lay along its whole extent. But above it were clouds from whose black bosom a

* Selected. *

threatening flash now and then proceeded, which, running along the rough edges which skirted the horizon, lit up the scene below with a fitful and lurid glare.

The widow's heart sank within her as she saw these indications of the coming tempest. As a sense of danger settled upon her mind, she endeavored to find refuge and consolation in prayer.

"God of the fatherless," she said, "Protector of the orphan and the widow, watch Thou over this dear child in her journey, for Christ our Lord's sake. Amen!"

"Amen!" echoed the good farmer, who, having finished his errand, was now on his return to the other side of the village. "But be of good heart, widow! I will look after the child, and if naught else will do, will bring her safely home to thee."

To any one who had been at the side of little Nell that evening, as she bounded away over the meadows, with the sunlit spire of Elmwood Church in her eye, as her guide and landmark, it would have seemed as if a troop of bright angels were around her, invisible to all eyes but her own, with whom she held on her way in sweet and innocent converse.

Fragments of holy hymns which her aged mother had taught her in her infancy, solemn sentences from the Bible and the Catechism, and prayers from the Prayer-Book, occurred to her thoughts, and were audibly uttered by her.

As she passed the little bridge that crossed the brook in her way, she paused a moment to watch the shadows of the dark clouds above, in the clear, still waters. The water-lilies floated along the grassy banks, and their white petals seemed more beautifully delicate and pure from their contrast with the clouds in which they were cast. The glancing fin of a fish now and then shone like a ray of light among them—suddenly brightening the surface and as suddenly disappearing.

But she did not linger long. Her heart was full of the business for which she had left her home, and as she again caught the gleam of the spire, she went forward with a hopeful heart on her journey.

And now the storm began to gather. Nell knew what the threatening clouds meant, and what the danger of the storm was, for in the region where she dwelt they were often very sudden and very destructive. As the first peal of the thunder and the first glare of lightning came, she gave herself up to God in prayer, and felt strong in the assurance of His protection.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN we left little Nell, the storm was gathering in all its fury; nor had she proceeded far before the brief twilight faded

entirely away and night set in. The moon and stars were completely hidden by clouds, which rolled in huge masses over the sky. By-and-by, a few drops of rain, the heralds of the torrents that were to follow, caused her to quicken her pace more and more, until at length she ran as fast as her strength could carry her towards the little village.

By daylight she was acquainted with every step of the way, for she had trodden it again and again on her errands to Elmwood. But the fear of losing the track in the darkness soon troubled her; nor were the scattered lights which shone here and there in the distance any indication of her route, as there were many dwellings in the vicinity of the village on both sides.

But commending herself to the protection of the God in whom she had been taught to trust, she ran forward until the fierce wind, bringing with it the cold and heavy rain, arose to impede her progress. So strongly did it beat against her, that she could no longer see the gleaming lights which she had been able to discern before. Deprived of even this uncertain guidance, she gave up all hope of reaching the village, and turned her face homeward. But in that direction the darkness seemed more intense; and as she heard the storm howling through the trees on all sides of her, a feeling of dismay, more hopeless than any she had yet experienced, seized upon her distracted mind.

She had travelled farther than she supposed, and in retracing her way, aided though she was by the wind which blew in the direction of her home, an hour wore away, until, drenched with the storm, it seemed as if her trembling limbs could carry her no farther. As she dragged her steps feebly onwards, a sound of rushing waters caught her ear, and she remembered that she must be near a brook that crossed her road. But how to find the bridge she knew not; how to tell where she was, she was utterly unable. Once the vivid lightning's flash, nearly blinding her with its intense but momentary brightness, enabled her to see that the surrounding objects were unknown, and that the little brook was already swollen and turbid.

In this fearful uncertainty, what was she to do? To go forward she dared not; to go backward was even more unsafe; to stand still was terrifying in the extreme. Should she lie down and die? Should she make a frantic effort to o'ertop the hoarse voice of the storm and cry aloud for assistance? Alas! who was there to hear; who was there to bring help; who was there to pity and stretch forth the arm to save? No wonder if, in this dreadful strait, little Nell for the time forgot that there was One who never slumbers nor sleeps, One who is always ready to save, at that moment beholding his tempest-tossed child. Yes, Nell did forget, and darkness like unto death seemed to

come over her, and she sank to the earth, exhausted, terrified, and in despair.

But hark ! is it not a voice which seems to be coming in the distance ? or is it only the delusion of an over-excited fancy ? Can it be that succor is at hand ? Yes, surely there *was* a cry—the brave old watch-dog, good, faithful Towser, hark, his notes are unmistakable—he is bounding along followed with no tardy steps by our kind friend and neighbor, Farmer Hodge. They are coming, cheer up, Nell. They are coming ; thy Saviour has not forgotten thee, though thou for the moment didst forget to put all thy trust in Him.

“Hilloa, Nell ! dear little Nell, where are you ? Find her, Towser ; find her, brave fellow !” So shouted the good farmer ; and Towser, well understanding him, made almost directly for the spot where Nell, now assured that help was at hand, had risen on her knees and was pouring forth her humble thanksgivings to Almighty God.

It would be difficult to tell which of the three had most joy at meeting. Towser almost trampled upon his loved young mistress ; he jumped and gambolled at a rate quite beyond his usual sobriety. Farmer Hodge caught up little Nell in his arms, and, ensconcing her in his broad overcoat, hugged her to his rough but honest breast with unmitigated satisfaction ; and our little heroine, who knew his worth, clung to him and murmured thanks to God and blessings on her deliverer.

How shall we picture forth the anguish of the mother’s heart, during the time that Nell was away from home exposed to she knew not what ? We cannot do it. How shall we speak of the joy of that mother when her loved daughter was safely laid upon her own little bed by the farmer ? We know not how. A mother’s grief—a mother’s anguish—a mother’s joy—who can describe ?

CHAPTER III.

THE next morning the storm had subsided, as is often the case in the regions of sudden and violent storms ; but little Nell lay in a burning fever, and at times delirious from the fatigue and terror of the preceding night. Long did she lie on that bed. Weeks elapsed ere she knew or could speak of her situation ; and then it became but too evident that the blow had fallen upon the little and sweet child, and that she must die.

But it was not immediately. Many a day, when the sun shone out in all his brightness and beauty, she, propped up in her couch, would gaze upon the spire of the church in the distance, and wish that she might again go and hear there the words of God’s minister. Many a day she looked upon the beautiful flowers which bloom but to die, and thought how soon she too would be like the faded flower and the withered

stem. Yes, day by day she seemed to ripen for heaven—far beyond her years she was wise in Scriptural knowledge, and God was very gracious to her. He made all her bed in her sickness; He made light the dark valley of the shadow of death; and as she sank into the grave, it was truly “sleeping in Jesus,” His arms supporting her; His Spirit sustaining her.

And so she died; and so the storms of life were succeeded in her case, not by the fitful sunshine of earth, but by the enduring, eternal and unfading glory of the Sun of Righteousness, in the garden of delights, the Paradise of God. J. W. B.

THE TRUTH-MARTYR.

Who has not heard of the little Norwegian hero, Kund Iverson, of Chicago,—who was drowned by his comrades because he would not *steal*, or join them in theft?

The case of Emanuel Danou affords another instance of *heroism*—of the mighty power of religious teaching on the heart—of lofty Christian fortitude: exceeding, in my judgment, that of the Norwegian, inasmuch as he suffered death by protracted and intolerable violence—still refusing to tell a lie.

This beautiful, fair-haired, blue-eyed boy, about nine years old, was of English birth; an orphan child, of pious parents—members of the Established Church. They emigrated to this country, with him and an elder sister, seven years ago—when he was an infant. After the decease of his parents, he was for a year or two with his sister, an inmate of the family of the Episcopal clergyman of Milwaukee,—and afterwards adopted by a respectable farmer of the neighborhood.

The boy, soon after his adoption, discovered *criminal conduct* on the part of his new mother, and told his sister. The woman was indignant—and instigated her husband to whip the lad till he should deny it—and confess that he had *lied*.

The child was stripped naked, and suspended to the rafters of the house, and *whipped two hours!* A bundle of rods, four feet in length, was used up—broken into fragments—the woman standing by, exclaiming—“Do your duty!” still urging on the diabolical act. The blood from his lacerated body ran through the flooring, forming a pool in the room below: the man only stopping to interrogate the boy whether he would confess; but getting no other answer at any time than this: “Pa, I tell the truth,—I cannot tell a LIE.” The poor little hero, at length being released from his torture, threw his arms around the neck of his tormentor, kissed him, and said—“Pa, I am so cold!” fell back—AND DIED.

True child of the great Master! how few of maturer years would have withstood temptation, and sustained the trial like *these*—O, thou young Immortal!

The truth of Emanuel’s statement has since been verified before a court of justice. During the investigation few, indeed, were the dry eyes in that assembly. And both of the culprits, the man and the woman, were convicted—and are now in the State Prison.

AGAIN the Martyr-Spirit lives!

An Altar raised again to Truth!

The very babes their voices raise

To Him whose “name is Truth,” in praise,

And to the world their witness give.

Church of the living God! behold

A tender lambkin of the fold

Thy teachings own—

“The Cross, the Crown”—

And perfectness of Manhood ripe in Youth.

Dwell imps incarnate here on earth?

And spirits foul in human guise?

So are there sons of truth, sublime,

Resplendent on the track of time—

With witness of celestial birth:

“I cannot lie!” the martyr cried,

And in his bloody baptism DIED;

As sets the sun

When the day is done—

And leaves his glory written on the skies.

Blest martyr-boy! a name hast thou,

Enduring as the throne of God:

“Father, I tell the truth,” he said,

And dying, meekly bowed his head,

Kissing the slayer’s angry brow:

Windsor, Vt., March 21.

The teaching of the Church was there—

The Word Divine—a mother’s prayer;

And from on high

A Ministry,

With might more potent than the scourger’s rod.

A monument to thee, brave boy!

More lustrous than Corinthian brass:

A monument of lofty height—

As ‘twere a polished shaft of light—

Purer than Gold without alloy:

Based on the “living Rock” shall be

That peerless monument to thee—

When crumbling falls

The marble walls,

And lingering Time itself *away* shall pass!

Lift up the polished shaft, ye men!

Ye builders of the work divine:

Your motto be the Martyr’s cry—

“I perish—but I CANNOT LIE!”

Repeat the phrase again! again!—

The column lift above the earth,

A Pyramid to TRUTH—to worth—

And let it rise

And pierce the skies,

Until its apex ‘mid the stars shall shine.

E. R. C.

Editor's Table.

THE LOSS OF THE ARCTIC.—We would improve the first opportunity afforded us to notice this sad calamity. Time has already worn away the deep impressions of grief and awe which at the first it made upon the public mind. All that is known about it, by those who lived to tell the tale, has been told; all that is thought and felt about it by those who are wont to make their thoughts and feelings public, has been expressed; and all that has been learned from it by those whose office it is to interpret God's Word and ways, has been preached to us. The sorrow at the loss of so many and such valuable lives—the sympathy for their bereaved kindred—the indignation at the cowardly and selfish conduct of the crew—the admiration for that heroic youth who, to the very last, kept firing his signal of distress—the joyful surprise, and almost exultation, at the wonderful escape of the brave commander, given up for dead—are now emotions which the mass of men remember, but do not feel. Yet there are those, and alas! how many! whose minds cannot so quickly be diverted from the sad effects of this event, to them. For them, we know, it is not too late to express our sympathy. They are among “the desolate,” “the afflicted,” and “distressed in mind,” whom we still feel bound to think of in our daily prayers.

Prominent among the many valuable lives which were lost by the sinking of the Arctic, was that of Prof. Henry Reed, of Philadelphia. Less general notice, so it seems to us, has been taken of his death, than is becoming a community that he has served so well. But thus it is—

The strongest minds
Are often those of whom the noisy world
Hears least; else surely this man had not left
His graces unreveal'd and unproclaim'd;
But, as his mind was fill'd with inward light,
So not without distinction had he lived,
Beloved and honor'd—far as he was known.

MADAME IDA PFEIFFER.—After reading of the fate of Sir John Franklin, and the luckless passengers on board the Arctic steamer, it is pleasant to be reminded, in the case of Madame Pfeiffer, that some travellers escape the perils of land and sea. This famous individual—now among us—has, so the papers say, gone round the world three times. That, in itself, perhaps, were not enough to make her famous, but she is a woman, and she always travels unattended and alone. Think of that, ye city ladies, that dare not venture to a next door neighbor's after dark! But Madame Pfeiffer is too strong-minded—too decidedly Bloomerish, to serve for an example to any, but to those who happen to be constituted like her. So singular is she, indeed, that we must think she is a law to no one but herself. If all her sex were like her, there would be no such thing as having them at home—our houses would be *inns*—our homes nowhere. But this lady, according to her own account, was born a traveller. She cannot recollect the time when she did not desire to go to strange places, and see new things. Her first essay in travel was a pilgrimage to Palestine, undertaken, *she* says, with religious motives; but only partly so, we judge, for other motives have kept her going ever since. Her next, a voyage to Iceland, in obedience to that strange (query, is it magnetic?) attraction, which northern countries are said to have for many minds; and her third undertaking, a journey round the world, with Vienna for a starting point, and a course due east, through Turkey in Europe, and in Asia, Persia, Cabool, and so on to China, whence she obtained a passage to South America, and crossed that

continent to Rio, and so came to her home, if she can properly be said to have one. She has published accounts of her adventures in the two latter expeditions. They are, of course, all the more interesting for coming from so strange and venturesome an author. One cannot read them, and not be impressed with a lively sense of the many peculiarities which fit her for a traveller. She wants to see and to know everything. Her curiosity is perfectly insatiable. It must be gratified; and as nothing can, so nothing does, effectually oppose it. She has wit to find her way wherever she wants to go—foresight to keep out of many difficulties, address to get out of many more, and patience to endure the rest, if she have not power to override them. She can do as well with a short purse as a long one; if anything, gets along better with pennies than with pounds. She can ride, or drive, or go afoot,—sail in a ship, canoe, or junk,—mount camel, mule, or elephant,—go over land or water,—through sand or snow. She can eat what we eat, and as we eat—with plates, and forks, and spoons; or she can eat what the Chinese, and the Arabs, and the Hindoos, and Hottentots eat, and as they eat—with chopsticks or fingers. She can sleep on a bed, on the floor, or the ground,—under shelter, or out of doors. With the Arab or Icelander, she can bear any extremes of heat or of cold,—be wet or be dry, be dirty or clean, as the needs of the case may require. But though she can, when she must, put up with indifferent, with even the worst of fare, she is not, by any means, lacking a lady-like preference for that that is good. She submits to so much, only in order to see, and the newer and stranger the sight she desires, the more she will risk, and do, and endure, to behold it. This, we believe, is the reason why she prefers to visit the remotest and most inaccessible countries, and to move among the savagest and most inhospitable tribes. It is something new to be dining with cannibals, and driven to joke about being aged and tough, in order to save oneself from being dined upon. It is something new to go on an Indian tiger-hunt—take passage with a Chinese pirate—and, in a raging storm at sea, to procure oneself to be tied to the binnacle, “in order to observe as much of the scene as possible,” and of salt water no less. And yet these are fair samples of her many astonishing exploits. Truly, Madame Pfeiffer is a remarkable person. For the amusement of the world, it would be well if there were several such in every generation. But we of the present day are favored. Her like has never been before:—now she is alone; and no one yet appears to follow her.

THE FATE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.—Our hopes are dissipated, and our fears confirmed. It is at last well ascertained that this brave navigator, and such of his little party as had been saved from shipwreck, and the ordinary perils of ice and cold attendant on an Arctic voyage, died at last of starvation, while attempting to force their way on foot to a warmer and more hospitable zone. It has taken this intelligence more than four years to reach us. It seems that the ill-fated voyagers, comprising some thirty-five persons, died in the spring of 1850. Their bodies were found by a party of Indians; and the little valuables, of which they rifled them, in the shape of seals, crests, silver forks and spoons, &c., marked with the arms and initials of their owners, tell the tale of the lost ones—if not with so much of fulness, with far more certainty, than the hear-say, traditionary stories of that most stupid of the Indian race, the Esquimaux. Of the many exploring parties, that went in search of the missing navigators, it now appears that only one was sent in time to have afforded them relief; and that death had put an end to all their sufferings before any of the other expeditions were undertaken. There is now only one vessel absent upon this fruitless search. It is our own good Mr. Grinnell's ship, “The Advance,” commanded by the noble Dr. Kane. He started only a year last spring; but in two months' time had gone so far upon his way, that letters

written then, have been till now in reaching us. Yet it is not distance, but the ice that separates us; and that after such a year as the last has been, is an almost impenetrable barrier. At the latest accounts our countrymen had gone to the highest latitude yet known to have been reached by man, and when their ships could go no further through the ice, were ready to advance beyond with sledges and with boats, and in that way scour the Polar Sea, in search of the long lost Franklin. Alas! all the success we can wish them now, is a *safe return*, and on their account no widows and no orphans! Poor Lady Franklin! She must regard herself a widow now, though, against the fears and judgment of nearly all her friends and her advisers, she has acted so long and nobly the hoping and the trustful wife. But she has many consolations. The sympathies of Christendom are with her; and hers is the widow's God!

• THE BISHOP OF NEWFOUNDLAND'S YACHT.—Upon the arrival of a party of the survivors of the Arctic at St. John's, Newfoundland, we are told they sought for aid to rescue such of their less favored fellow voyagers as might still be wandering on the sea in open boats, without a compass, in the fog, or drifting to and fro upon the rafts which had been framed from pieces of the wreck. Attempts were made to charter for this purpose a steamer which, at the time, happened to be in port; but, through some disagreement, not very creditable to either party, about the terms, they failed; and then the offer, which the Bishop of the Island made them of his so-called yacht, was gratefully accepted. At the time we read the notice of this little incident, we wondered what the almost Apostolic Bishop Field could have to do with a vessel of state or pleasure, such as this term "*yacht*" suggests; and we presume that a few, we hope not any of our readers, straightway concluded that its owner was some fine gentleman—some grand Lord-Bishop, who, too proud and independent to use the ordinary methods of conveyance from his insular sea, must keep a *yacht*, to take his lordship when, and as it pleased him, to Quebec, or Halifax, or whithersoever else he chose to go. But the English, we are glad to find, know the habits of their Colonial Bishops better than we, their neighbors. In their accounts of this same incident, they call the yacht a Church-Ship, and so the mystery is solved. For the Bishop of Newfoundland needs a church-ship as much as any country parson needs a horse. He needs one even more. For on that barren, fog-bound island, there are few settlements, excepting those of fishermen, along its coast—the whole of the interior has never even been explored—there are few roads from place to place—the almost only method of communication is by water; and that, at times, by reason of the fog and ice, is difficult and dangerous in the extreme. One of the most needed offerings, then, and it was wisely ordered the earliest, too, which Bishop Field received, to equip him for his work, was "an unpoetical schooner, with the unchristian name of *The Hawk*," in which, through some well-grounded sufferance, it still rejoices. In this vessel, then, the Bishop, with his attendant clergy, sails from cove to point—from point to cove; and thus accomplishes the visitation of his island Diocese. Its little cabin is furnished chapel-wise, with lectern, and with altar, where, when upon a cruise, "the order for daily Morning and Evening Prayer" is said. If they come to any port where there is no church to hold a service in, they take their portable church furniture ashore, and fit them up a temporary chapel, in any upper room that may be offered. If even such accommodation is denied them, they ask their congregations to come on board. Such is the Bishop of Newfoundland's *yacht*. She is no fishing, and no pleasure craft, excepting as her master makes pleasure of his duty, and follows out his Apostolic functions, to be "a fisher of men." She carries him to every little cove and inlet along the coast, not only of his island home,

but of the bleaker and more barren Labrador, and to those only green spots in his Diocese, the far-removed Bermudas. She never frequents any Newport waters, to make an exhibition of her sailing qualities. She runs to win a crown of glory for her master, and not cups of silver or of gold. "Through the angry waves of this troublesome world, through the fog and mist of prejudice and sin, the sacred bark speeds on her sacred mission—now welcomed by the rejoicing few, now scorned by the careless many. Yet she leaves her witness on many a dreary rock, in many a melancholy cove—here the Word of Life, there the word of human exhortation—now a sacrament, and now a stern rebuke—in one place she builds a church, in another she can but mourn over those dead in trespasses and sins. And her crew are men of simplicity and faith—the master is a man of prayers, and tears, and self-denial; he kneels with the humblest, prays with the sinner, visits the sick, consoles the aged, crushes the impenitent. Zealous for the honor of the sanctuary, he is more zealous for perishing souls. In hunger and weariness, in long journeys over the ice and through the forest, he has but a single eye to his great calling. Surely, all this is in the Apostolic spirit—and in the Apostolic way, 'in journeyings often, in perils of waters, . . . in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, . . . in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, . . . besides those things which are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches.'"

OUR ENTERPRISE.—The present number completes the first volume of the "*Churchman's Monthly Magazine*." Our friends will be glad to hear that we shall enter upon the new volume with prospects of usefulness, encouraged and increased by the experiences of the last year. Thus far our Magazine has enjoyed a good share of the favor and support of Churchmen. That it has met the want which existed—a monthly budget of entertaining and instructive reading, made subservient to the great ends of Christian truth—the assurances received from our subscribers put beyond a doubt. The biographies of the deceased Bishops have been, and will be, prepared with great care and accuracy, and when finished will form the most complete and useful chapter in the local history of our Church ever published, and be invaluable for reference. Although the cost of paper, labor, &c., has largely increased since the Magazine was started, so that the expense of publishing is far greater now than it was then, the price will still remain the same, and we shall look to the kind interest of our friends to overcome the difficulty, by forming clubs, and thus increasing our subscription list.

There are a few subscribers who are still in arrears. We will be glad to receive from them the amount due, and from all our subscribers early remittances for the coming volume. In conclusion, we have only space to wish them the full enjoyment of the Christian's Christmas, and to invoke upon them the blessings of the opening year.

We cannot, however, take our leave without expressing our sense of the obligation we are under to the numerous friends who have aided us by their contributions to the Magazine. We offer to them our sincere thanks. If the assurance that their contributions have, with God's blessing, been instrumental in good, can compensate for the time and labor bestowed, then have they not written without a reward.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.—We would call the attention of our readers, who intend keeping up the good old custom of welcoming the Christmas morn with gifts, to family and friends, to the choice assortment of Books, Stationery, and Fancy Articles, which may be found at our Publishers, SHEPARD & Co. Their selection is large and choice, and our readers will

scarcely fail to find there anything they may need in their line, and what is a great desideratum in these times, at reasonable prices. Give them a call.

Messrs. Stanford & Swords have, in addition to their usual assortment of books, &c., a selection of PRAYER-BOOKS, which will compare with that of any other establishment in the United States. Some of the bindings gotten up for the holidays are truly magnificent. Our readers can find at their counter Prayer-Books at *all* prices, varying from the *dime* to the *eagle*. With such an assortment they cannot fail to meet all tastes and all pockets.

We would also call attention to the many valuable and interesting publications of the Church Depository. Their books for children are admirably adapted to convey pleasure and instruction. Parents cannot do better than to make a selection from their catalogue. The beautiful style in which they are published, and the illustrations with which they abound, are additional attractions to young folks.

Book Table.

LEGENDS AND RECORDS, Chiefly Historical. By Charles B. Taylor, M. A., author of the "Records of a Good Man's Life," "Lady Mary," "Angels' Song," &c., &c. New-York: Stanford & Swords, 637 Broadway. 1854.

Another welcome volume from the pen of this excellent author, and one which is in some respects superior in style and composition to many of his previous works. There is an elevated, noble vein of sentiment interwoven in every tale—perhaps, on account of the events recorded, belonging unavoidably to them, a principle of Christian self-sacrifice, akin to the enthusiasm and Heaven-sent power of martyrs, which raises us, as we read, above the ordinary cares of life, and the selfishness that besets us at every turn. May *such* books multiply, for they cannot be read without benefit by young or old.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF PERCIVAL MAYBERRY. An Autobiography. By the author of *Lafitte*. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

A *very* romantic book, evincing the talent of its well-known author; it resembles tales of the olden times—so full is it of the marvellous and the queer—yet it is innocent in most respects, and of a character to please the young. With some qualification of the scenes at school, in which the hero takes revenge for insult, and thereby obtains universal honor, it may be pronounced very interesting, and quite harmless.

PLAIN MUSIC FOR THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER: Being a Complete Collection of Sacred Music, for the Worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church; Designed especially for Congregational use. Edited by Rev. George T. Rider, M. A. New-York: Published by Mason Brothers, 23 Park Row. 1854.

Great pains seem to have been taken by the author of this new work, to render it an aid both to the choir and people, and to present music of so simple a character, that the most unlearned, who have any ear at all, can find it a convenience and an aid. It is very complete, providing not only a great many easy chants, but a variety of airs for the hymns. The book is of a very suitable form and size for purposes of worship, very neatly gotten up, and cannot fail to prove a great convenience to the lovers of sacred music.

HELP TO THE READING OF THE BIBLE. By the late Rev. Benjamin Elliott Nicholls. New-York; S. S. Union and Church Book Society. 1854. 12mo., pp. 436.

This is the very best book of its kind which we know of, for families, Sunday-School teachers, and intelligent Christian people in general. The Church Book Society have got it out in capital style, with all the maps, indexes, &c., page for page, with the Christian Knowledge Society's edition. This is the *genuine* work of Nicholls, not to be confounded with the *mutilated* one published by the American S. S. Union—and the price is only 75 cents.

A SYSTEM OF INTELLECTUAL PHILOSOPHY. By Rev. Asa Mahan. New-York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1854.

This is a thoroughly revised and enlarged edition of President Mahan's work on Intellectual Philosophy. Its merits are already too well known to need enlargement in this place. Like Mr. Barnes's books in general, it is well printed.

Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

CONSECRATION OF A BISHOP.

October 18. Henry Washington Lee, D. D., for Iowa; by John Henry Hopkins, of Vermont, Samuel Allen McCoskry, of Michigan, William Heathcote De Lancey, of Western New-York, Manton Eastburn, of Massachusetts, George Burgess, of Maine, and Henry John Whitehouse, of Illinois.

Deacons.

Ala.—October 4. Frederick A. P. Barnard.—1.

Conn.—Sept. 24. Samuel Farmar Jarvis, M. A.—1.

Ky.—September 10. Francis R. Holman.—1.

Penn.—August 22. John C. Eccleston, A. M., M. D.—1.—4.

ORDINATIONS.

Priests.

Ala.—October 10. Rev. Stephen B. Wright.—1.

Conn.—October 15. Rev. Alfred B. Goodrich, Rev. John N. Marvin, —2.

Me.—September 27. Rev. William Edmund Armitage.—1.

Md.—September 24. Rev. Enoch Reed.—1.

Ohio—August 30. Rev. William B. Rally.—September 7. Rev. N. Hunt Schenck, Rev. Francis Granger, Rev. Thomas Corlett, Rev. Nicholas C. Pridham, Rev. J. E. Ryan.—6.

R. I.—October 15. Rev. George W. Chevers.—1.

Western New-York—Septemb'r 22. Rev. Napoleon Barrows.—1.—13.

CONSECRATION OF CHURCHES.

Del.—September 14. Church of the Ascension, Claymont, Brandywine Hundred, Newcastle County.—1.

New-Jersey—October 14. Church of the Redeemer, Morristown.—1.

New-York—Sept 14. St. John's Church, Champlain, Clinton County.—1.

N. Carolina—October 12. ——— Church, Flat Rock.—1.

Ohio—September 7. St. James's Church, Zanesville.—26. St. John's Church, Lancaster.—2.

S. Carolina—October 6. Christ Church, Greenville.—1.

W. New-York—Sept. 21. Christ Church, Corning.—1.—8.

CONFIRMATIONS.

Ark.—Sept. 24. St. Mary's Parish,

El Dorado, 1. — 29. St. John's Ch., Camden, 9.—10.

Conn.—Sept. 11. St. John's, Salisbury, 1. — 13. St. Andrew's, Kent, 5. — 14. St. Andrew's, New-Preston, 1.—7.

Indiana—Sept. 15. Trinity Church, Michigan City, 5.—5.

Ky.—Sept. 10. Church of the Ascension, Frankfort, 16.—16.

Md.—August 16. Sherwood Ch., Baltimore Co., 2. — 17. St. James's Parish Church, do., 14. — 20. Christ Church, Rock Spring, Harford County, 5. — 22. Spesutia Church, St. George's Parish, do., 4. — 23. St. John's Church, Havre de Grace, 4. — Sept. 3. Trinity Church, Elkton, 13; Chesapeake City Mission Station, 6. — 10. Harriott Chapel, Catoclin, St. Jude's Parish, Frederick County, 8; All Saints' Parish Church, Frederick City, 8. — 11. Zion Parish Church, Urbana, Frederick County, 2. — 17. Ascension Parish Church, Westminster, Carroll County, 4.—70.

Michigan—August 13. St. Mark's Church, Grand Rapid, 39.—39.

Miss.—July 16. Pass Christian, 1. — 23. Biloxi, 1.—2.

New-Jersey—Sept. 18. St. Peter's Church, Perth Amboy, 3. — 24. St. Mary's Church, Burlington, 30. — October 8. Trinity Church, Newark, 16; Christ Church, do., 5; Grace Church, do., 11. — 9. Grace Church, Vanvoorst, Jersey City, 8. — 10. St. Thomas's Ch., Vernon, 4. — 11. Christ Ch., Newton, 7. — 12. St. James's Ch., Knowlton, 8; Zion Ch., Belvidere, 2. — 14. Ch. of the Redeemer, Morristown, 7. — 15. St. Peter's Ch., do., 16; Zion Church, Madison, 5. — 16. St. Mark's Ch., Orange, 5; Grace Ch., do., 11. — 17. St. Matthew's Ch., Jersey City, 11; Christ Ch., Belleville, 5; St. Paul's Chapel, Newark, 22. — 18. St. Paul's Church, Hoboken, 30; Trinity Ch., do., 9.—215.

N. Carolina—Sept. 28. Lenoir, 5. October 1. Valle Crucis, 6. — 4. Morgantown, 1. — 8. Asheville, 8.—20.

W. New-York—August 27. St. John's Church, Catharine, 15. Sept. 3. St. Mark's Church, Penn Yan, 6. — 10. Christ Church, Pittsford, 2. — 16. St. James's Church, Syracuse, 3.

— 17. Zion Church, M'Lean, 3; Calvary Church, Homer, 3. — 19. St. Mark's Church, Candor, 2. — 20. St. Paul's Ch., Owego, 7. — 21. Christ Church, Corning, 7. October 20. St. Paul's Church, Brownville, 2; All Saints' Ch., Dexter, 2. — 21. Three Mile Bay, 2. — 22. St. John's Ch., Cape Vincent, 6. Since September 24. Church of the Redeemer, Addison, 6; St. Thomas's, Bath, 15; St. Andrew's, Bradford, 5.—86.—470.

CLERICAL CHANGES.

Rev. Samuel G. Appleton, to the charge of Christ Church, Ausonia, Connecticut.

Rev. William Armstrong, to the charge of Zion Parish, (Post-office Urbana,) Frederick County, Maryland.

Rev. William Atwill, to Paris Hill, Oneida County, Western New-York.

Rev. Henry B. Bartow, to the charge of St. James's Ch., Bristol, Pennsylvania.

Rev. John Bayley, to the charge of St. Peter's Church, Bainbridge, and Christ Church, Guilford, Chenango County, Western New-York; Post-office at the latter.

Rev. William White Bronson, to the Rectorship of Calvary Ch., Stonington, Connecticut.

Rev. Clement M. Butler, D. D., to Cincinnati, Ohio.

Rev. George N. Cheney, to the Rectorship of Trinity Church, Rochester, Western New-York.

Rev. T. Grayson Dashiell, to the charge of Copal Parish, (Post-office the Hague, Westmoreland County,) Virginia.

Rev. James De Koven, to the Church of St. John Chrysostom, Delafield, Wisconsin.

Rev. Stephen Douglass, to the Pastorship of the Free Episcopal Ch., Jersey City, New-Jersey.

Rev. George B. Eastman, to the Rectorship of St. Paul's Church, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

Rev. John C. Eccleston, M. D., to the associate charge of the Free Ch.

- of St. John, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.
- Rev. Henry Edwards, to Cumberland, Maryland.
- Rev. Edward O. Flagg, to the Rectorship of St. Paul's Church, Paterson, New-Jersey.
- Rev. William D. Harlow, to the charge of the Church at Maysville, Kentucky.
- Rev. Jubal Hodges, to Drewsville, Cheshire County, New-Hampshire.
- Rev. Theodore A. Hopkins, (Assistant to the Rector,) to St. Luke's Church, Rochester, Western New-York.
- Rev. William A. Leach, to St. Barnabas's Church, Roseville, Newark, New-Jersey.
- Rev. De Witt C. Loop, to the charge of Christ Church, Quakers' Farms, and St. Peter's Church, Oxford, (Post-office Oxford,) Connecticut.
- Rev. Nicholas F. Ludlum, to St. Andrew's Church, Hopkinton, Merrimac County, New-Hampshire.
- Rev. John M'Carty, D. D., to Steilacoom, Washington Territory.
- Rev. John Wells Moore, to the Rectorship of Grace Church, Canton, St. Lawrence County, New-York.
- Rev. John T. Phillips, to St. Mary's Parish, St. Mary's County, (Post-office St. Inigoes,) Maryland.
- Rev. James Philson, to the charge of St. Mark's Ch'ch, Raymond, Hinds County, Mississippi.
- Rev. John B. Pratt, to a Mission in Potter County, (Post-office Cowdersport,) Pennsylvania.
- Rev. Horace L. Edgar Pratt, to the Rectorship of Grace Church, Sacramento, California.
- Rev. Edmund Roberts, to the Rectorship of St. Peter's Ch., Peekskill, Westchester County, New-York.
- Rev. Erskine R. Rodman, to Mecklenberg, (Post-office Boydton,) Virginia.
- Rev. A. F. Neville Rolfe, to Newbern, North Carolina.
- Rev. Montgomery Schuyler, to Christ Church, St. Louis, Missouri.
- Rev. I. Leander Townsend, to the Rectorship of St. James's Church, Danbury, Connecticut.
- Rev. Maunsell Van Rensselaer, to the charge of St. Paul's Church, Rochester, Western New-York.
- Rev. Daniel F. Warren, to St. John's Church, Buffalo, Western New-York.
- Rev. Edward Waylen, to Philadelphia.

Died,

- September 21. The Right Rev. Jonathan Mayhew Wainwright, D. D., D. C. L., Provisional Bishop of New-York, aged 62.
- August 20. Rev. James Rawson, D. D., Rector of Hungar's Parish, Northampton County, Virginia, aged 41.
- September 25. Rev. James Ward Simmons, of Charleston, South Carolina.
- October 3. Rev. Benjamin Benham, of Brookfield, Connecticut, aged 82.
- 9. Rev. John H. Hanson, Assistant Minister of Calvary Church, New-York.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO CHURCH INSTITUTIONS AND OBJECTS IN THE UNITED STATES, AND IN THE DIOCESE OF NEW-YORK.

Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church
in the United States:—

Domestic Committee.....	\$3,672 36	
Foreign Committee.....	3,912 48	
		<hr/>
General Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union, and Church Book Society	105 64	\$7,584 84
Diocesan Missionary Committee.....	2,265 83	

Diocesan Education Fund.....	136 90
Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society for Seamen in the City and Port of New-York.....	292 00
Diocesan Fund for the Relief of Aged and Infirm Clergymen.....	640 80
New-York Bible and Common Prayer-Book Society	542 51
Protestant Episcopal Tract Society	128 42

SUMMARY FOR THE YEAR.

BISHOP CONSECRATED.

The Right Rev. Thomas Fielding Scott, D. D., Missionary Bishop for Oregon and Washington Territories.

BISHOP DIED.

The Right Rev. Jonathan Mayhew Wainwright, D. D., D. C. L., Provisional Bishop of New-York.

	Priests Ordained.	Deacons Ordained.	Churches Consecrated.	Confir- mations.
African Mission.....	1.....	3.....	0.....	14
Alabama.....	3.....	2.....	1.....	47
Arkansas.....	0.....	0.....	0.....	10
California.....	0.....	0.....	0.....	19
Connecticut.....	4.....	4.....	1.....	594
Delaware.....	0.....	0.....	1.....	00
Florida.....	0.....	1.....	0.....	28
Georgia.....	0.....	0.....	0.....	48
Illinois.....	1.....	0.....	1.....	36
Indiana.....	0.....	4.....	1.....	89
Iowa.....	0.....	0.....	0.....	28
Kentucky.....	2.....	1.....	2.....	129
Louisiana.....	1.....	0.....	2.....	139
Maine.....	1.....	2.....	2.....	75
Maryland.....	5.....	3.....	2.....	356
Massachusetts.....	1.....	2.....	1.....	66
Michigan.....	3.....	1.....	0.....	155
Minnesota.....	0.....	0.....	0.....	3
Mississippi.....	2.....	2.....	1.....	55
Missouri.....	0.....	0.....	0.....	34
New-Hampshire.....	0.....	1.....	0.....	20
New-Jersey.....	1.....	3.....	2.....	516
New-York.....	8.....	22.....	5.....	1,418
North Carolina.....	1.....	3.....	2.....	70
Ohio.....	10.....	4.....	3.....	353
Pennsylvania.....	2.....	6.....	8.....	611
Rhode Island.....	1.....	0.....	0.....	00
South Carolina.....	1.....	2.....	4.....	453
Tennessee.....	0.....	0.....	0.....	47
Texas.....	1.....	1.....	0.....	7
Vermont.....	0.....	1.....	1.....	00
Virginia.....	2.....	9.....	2.....	220
Western New-York.....	4.....	4.....	4.....	563
Wisconsin.....	0.....	4.....	2.....	29
Total.....	55.....	85.....	48.....	6,232

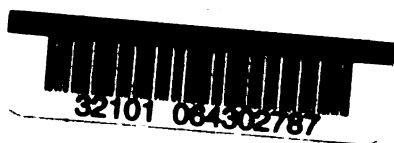
CONTRIBUTIONS.

Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States:—	
Domestic Committee.....	\$38,849 02
Foreign Committee.....	59,890 73
	<hr/> \$98,739 75
General Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union and Church Book Society.....	\$12 34
Diocesan Missionary Committee.....	8,699 33
Diocesan Fund for the Relief of Aged and Infirm Clergymen..	4,674 58
Diocesan Education Fund.....	430 92
Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society for Seamen in the City and Port of New-York.....	8,388 00
New-York Bible and Common Prayer-Book Society.....	7,946 18
Protestant Episcopal Tract Society.....	3,246 20

Calendar for December.

3. ADVENT SUNDAY.
10. Second Sunday in Advent.
17. Third Sunday in Advent.
20. Ember Day.
21. St. Thomas the Apostle.
22. Ember Day.
23. Ember Day.
24. Fourth Sunday in Advent.
25. THE NATIVITY OF OUR LORD, OR THE BIRTHDAY OF CHRIST,
commonly called CHRISTMAS DAY. [Proper Psalms instead
of the Psalms for the day of the month.]
26. St. Stephen the Martyr.
27. St. John the Evangelist.
28. The Holy Innocents.
31. The Sunday after Christmas Day.

ERRATUM.—In our last (November) number the paging of the last form is incorrect. To prevent confusion in the bound volume, the reader is requested to make the proper correction. All the numbers should be changed after page 688, by being altered respectively to 689, and so on to 704, the proper number of the last page.



[illegible]

